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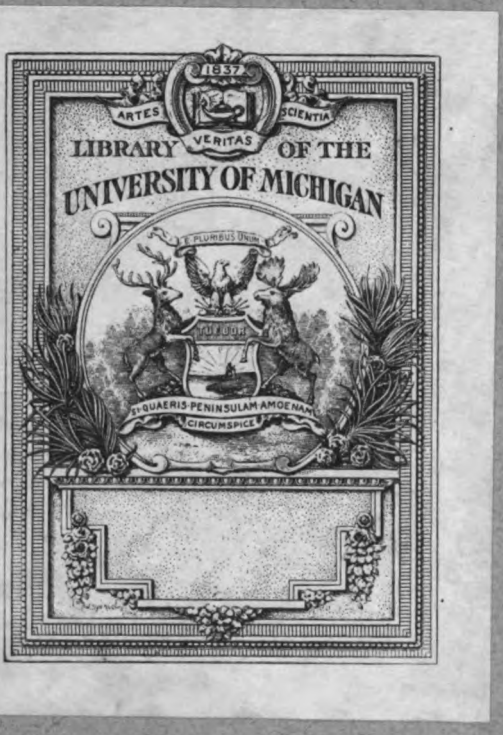
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THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

Vol. XLVII

JANUARY TO JUNE.

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1914

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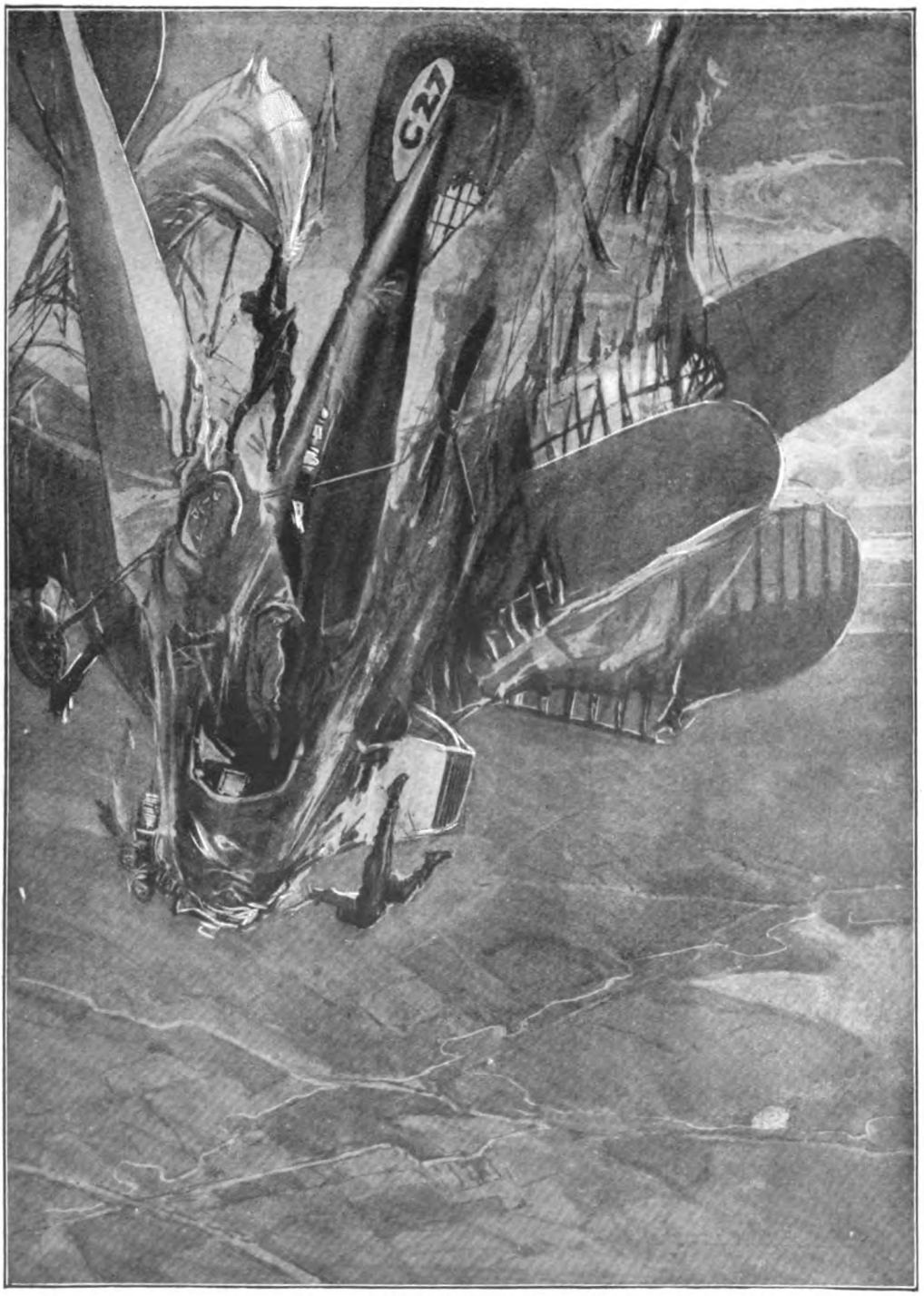


"THE MASS OF TANGLED WRECKAGE DROPS SPINNING TO EARTH."

(*See page* 12.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xlvii. JANUARY, 1914. No. 277.

Full Back

By Ole Luk-Oie

Illustrated by C. Fleming Williams

I.

IT is the event of the football year—the match for which both schools have striven during the season. The Whites are two points ahead, but there are only five minutes to play, and it is still anybody's game. Amidst intense excitement play has been slowly forced into the Reds' twenty-five, and each scrum now starts closer to their line and more in front of their goal. But their defence is good. Time after time does the ball appear from the forest of legs and get slung out by the White scrum half, and time after time is the dangerous attack thus initiated smothered by the fierce tackling of the defenders, or spoiled by a hasty pass or a fumbled ball. The tired players of both sides, inspired by the frenzied encouragement of their supporters, are making the utmost efforts, the Whites to ensure the match by increasing their lead, their opponents to score once again and so reverse the position. And there is time yet. The ball is slippery, and one intercepted pass may give Red the match.

The growing darkness, added to the autumn mist which always hangs over the clay soil of the football ground, increases the anxiety of the White full back now peering at the game from the near end of the field. At this distance he can only divine what is happening by intuition, for he can barely see the dark and greasy ball as it flies from hand to hand, and is only able to guess at its course outside the steaming scrum from the movements and attitudes of the players. He is a slim youth, and as he stands there in the drizzle, arms akimbo, tapping the muddy ground with one foot, he presents a lonely figure. At intervals he prowls backwards and forwards slowly, watchfully, now blowing on his hands, now putting them into his pockets, now swinging his arms across his chest, at times performing a solemn shuffle in the sticky mud.

It is raining, and cold with that raw chill which penetrates to the bones of all who are not taking active exercise, and the back has had little to do for some twenty minutes; in fact, since he failed to save that try, when the big oaf of a wing three-quarter sent him sprawling by a hand-off, the muddy impress of which still stings on his face. The memory of his failure, also, rankles, though it was caused by bad luck. A slip in the mud, and he had tackled a thought too high to stop a

faster, heavier man in his stride. Of no special physique, and blessed neither with great speed nor with phenomenal powers of kicking, he owes his position in the team to two qualities—pluck and coolness. He is a safe tackle.

Though by now there is hardly any colour distinguishable amongst the players, except brown of various shades, their arrangement can be seen to keep on swiftly changing like the patterns in a kaleidoscope; and as a fresh outburst of roars sounds from the far end of the ground, where the crowd is thickest, the centre of action shifts over to the Whites' left. To judge from the shouts, they must be very near the Reds' line.

The Whites' back stands still, tense, on his guard, for at these moments of quick movement anything may happen. He also glances at the clock over the pavilion.

The high-pitched shouting is taken up closer down the ropes, and there is a sudden change in its tone. The back crouches expectant, waiting for a long relieving kick from the Reds, which, however, does not come. Instead, the whole game seems to approach, the players to loom larger. Then out from the ruck bursts a Red with the ball. A White three-quarter dives at him and is floored. A second White player meets the same fate, and the runner staggers on amidst a fresh outburst of confused yells. On, on he comes down the field, gathering speed with every stride. Behind him stream a few of both sides: in front, between him and his opponents' goal-line, there is one player only.

The last hope of the Whites begins to sidle cautiously to his left with a crab-like motion. As he moves he rubs his hands down his short knickers, and every few steps clicks his heels together to shake the mud from his boots, for he does not mean to slip this time. His face is set and his mind is working quickly. He knows that if he does not tackle the man with the ball, and tackle him thoroughly, the game is lost. He is too absorbed to be rendered nervous by the fact that he shares the attention of the whole field; but he notices subconsciously that the shouting has almost died away. By now even the bulk of the two teams are standing still, watching, for they can do nothing; the fate of the game is out of their hands.

As he watches the runner who floored him with such ignominy the last time they met he smiles slightly, partly from the lust of personal combat, partly because he knows that this somewhat lumpish player can only run straight and trusts to his speed and brute strength to get through. Thank Heaven, it is not their long-haired centre who, ball held out in front, as if to pass, and head wagging, snipes irresponsibly down the field in a succession of feints and wriggles which leave his paralyzed opponents standing, or more often sitting, in the mud; nor one of those tricky performers who at the last moment either kick over the opposing back's head and race for the ball or pretend to kick and run on. No; it is to be a straightforward thing this time.

Full back carefully regulates his pace and moves in a nicely-adjusted curve so that his path will intersect that of the advancing runner just upon the touch-line. He will nurse the fellow right down the line and throw him into touch. Then, before the ball can again be in play, the whistle will have sounded. He is careful not to get too much in front of his opponent, for that may drive him inwards, and then, even if he is brought down, he may be able to transfer the ball into the willing hands of one of the Reds following up.

Except for the tramping of the feet of the spectators running behind the ropes up to the critical spot, there is now a hush over the field. On races the three-quarter, ball under arm—in the old style—head up and mouth open, with a somewhat stupid expression on his face, like that of a startled moose. He observes the calculated approach of his adversary, and, knowing his own limitations, appreciates his danger. Nevertheless, he is all the time edging more and more towards the boundary, as the other desires. Even travelling at his top speed, as he is, he will not be able to get round the back, and cannot swerve or turn at that pace. With an anxious expression he glances over his shoulder, to see if any backer-up is close enough for him to pass. This checks him.

It is full back's chance. Quickening his stride, he launches himself in a running dive at the knees of the big fellow. With a thud the two locked players shoot over the line and slide for yards on the sodden turf, scoring it with a dozen parallel grooves. The ball is hurled far beyond the ropes.

There is no need for the flag of the touch-judge. Above the frantic cheers of the Whites shrills out the long blast of the whistle for "No side." The match is won.

II.

TIME has passed. The scene is again laid in a field. But the game being carried on is more serious than football, and there are no crowds of cheering spectators.

"HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF IN A RUNNING DIVE AT THE KNEES OF THE BIG FELLOW."

Down one side of the flat meadow runs a country road between a double row of poplars. The three other sides are bare of trees, and the hedge and fencing along them have been knocked down and lie on the ground. Alongside the road is a line of large marquees of a special and curious shape, pitched broadside to the field. They do not look old ; but they are extraordinarily dirty and creased, and have the appearance of having travelled much and of having been packed up and pitched again and again. At one end of them, in the usual regular lines, is a camp of living tents, and beyond this, in orderly disorder, stands a medley of vehicles of all shapes and sizes. Here are motor lorries, cars, and bicycles, and several uncouth trollies long enough to carry stage scenery ; on one of the lorries hums a dynamo. In the background lurk two draggled motor-omnibuses, with no glass in their windows and their original garish colouring showing in patches through a hastily-applied coat of drab paint. In front of the marquees, more or less dismantled, and in every stage of the process of being repaired or "tuned up," sprawl some six or seven aeroplanes, the monoplanes looking like monstrous, winged minnows. They are set in the midst of a litter composed of planks, tarpaulins, strips of fabric, cans of "dope" and of varnish, drums of paint, kegs of nuts, coils of wire, members of framework, shining new propellers, parts of engines, and all the thousand-and-one articles which go to make up the equipment and *débris* of a military aviation depot in full operation. This portion

of the field is a scene of feverish activity. Men are busy everywhere, some clustered round the aeroplanes, others working at the benches fitted with electrically-driven tools spaced between them. The aeroplanes themselves seem to be chafing at their confinement and enforced idleness, and every now and again one apparently tries to burst away. After a sharp struggle men fall back hastily from the head of a monster, whilst others hold it down by wings and tail. The creature snorts, gives a hoarse roar, and trembles; its propeller melts into a shimmering blur; and a jet of blue smoke and steam is ejected backwards, flattening the quivering grass for yards. But all these exhibitions of temper are in vain. The giants are in every case too well secured to escape, and after much fuss are again reduced to quiescence. That the torture of the captives does not cease even at night is shown by the number of lamps fitted with large metal reflectors, which are slung from rough posts all round the benches.

In three of the corners of the field, also, like baby howitzers at extreme elevation, the projectors of small search-lights gaze skywards, and in the fourth stands a tapering steel mast in the centre of a wire spider's web of some hundred yards diameter. It is the "aerial" of the field station of the wireless. Pegged out on the grass in the centre in yard-broad strips of freshly-whitewashed canvas is a large equilateral triangle. This cabalistic sign is intended to convey to those in the air the same information as the flag now hanging limp from its staff over the end marquee is meant to convey to those on earth: that here is the aeroplane park attached to general headquarters of the defending army, and the landing-place for airmen.

From north-east to north-west comes the distant noise of battle, and the palpitating air quivers every now and again to the concussion of big guns firing in the distance. But no one in the field is disturbed by the sound, and the work goes on without interruption.

At the open flap of one of the living tents stands a young officer. Except for the helmet and goggles, which he is carrying in his hand, he is fully dressed for flight, and as he stands, arms akimbo, listening to someone in the tent, he taps the ground thoughtfully with one foot. He is the "observing officer next for duty," or, in ordinary language, the officer whose turn it is to make a reconnaissance flight. Lying on his bed inside the tent is the airman who has just returned from a long reconnaissance. He has made a successful trip, and has reported to the Commander-in-Chief, and should be resting. But it is a special occasion. He is elated almost to the extent of garrulity, for he has ascertained that the invading enemy is still ignorant of the great move to the south-west which the defending commander has attempted to carry out during an inexplicable cessation of the invaders' air-service.

"It really is touch and go. If they don't spot this flank move of our Sixth and Seventh Corps before dark, they're done! And they've only got half an hour to do it in. The artillery of the Third Corps has just been ordered to follow up all night and co-operate in the morning, so that, in any case, surprise or no surprise, the attack will be an awkward one to stop. I wonder what can have happened? Not one of their machines in the air since yesterday afternoon. Can't make it out, unless they've had a fire in their main park, or some kind friend of ours has sought death by running amok amongst their machines with a sledge-hammer!"

Since everyone else has been wondering the same thing for the past twenty-four hours this talk is neither interesting nor profitable, and the man outside the tent shows signs of moving on. The speaker then comes to the point:—

"I was able to examine all their dispositions at my ease, just as if it had been an inspection, and saw practically everything, in spite of all their wood-haunting, hedge-sneaking, canvas-screening dodges. If I was puzzled by anything looked at from one side, I just went back and looked at it from the other side—from every side. The brutes haven't the vaguest idea of what's coming to 'em." The speaker likes this expression, and pauses to chuckle over it. He continues: "Never saw the Chief in such a state. He couldn't hide it. His feelings were a bit mixed, though. Quite pleased that his great *coup* was successful so far, but wondering if our run of luck would last out till dark. Like a man swimming with a shark after him—cheered after each stroke to find that he is still able to kick, but worrying how long his legs will be hanging to his body. Kept looking at his watch, then the sky, then the clock."

There is another short pause before the speaker runs on: "Not that I wonder. Not a bit. If they *do* find out before dark, not only will they be able to upset our game, but they'll know where our general reserve has gone, and will press their attack on our right. Then we shall be in Queer Street! There's the deuce of a fight going on there now."

The other speaks for the first time, thoughtfully, monosyllabically, as if to himself: "They—must—not—find—out."

"Yes; that's all very well; but—by the way, are you taking up Number Twenty-seven again?"

"Yes."

"You know that the beastly gun won't work—at least, it wouldn't when I came back—nor the wireless—I found one of the generator brushes gone, and we've no spares left."

"Yes, I know."

"None of the other 'planes ready yet?"

"No."

"Awkward if they do manage to scratch up some machine at the last moment, and it blunders on to our secret! Going alone?"

To this remark and question the next-for-duty makes no answer. There is the glow of exaltation on his face, and his eyes are directed towards a wooded hill not far off, now all lit up in the slanting rays of the sun, which has peeped out for a minute. But he is not thinking of the beautiful colour effect produced by golden light on tender green foliage. A call from the telephone orderly breaks his reverie.

"There are my orders. Good-bye." He nods casually and walks off, taking a note-book from his pocket.

"Good-bye. Good luck," comes back, in a serious tone, from the tent.

He reaches the telephone. "Halloa—observer-next-for-duty here, sir.——Yes, I'll book it." The speaker then listens and jots down notes alternately. Finally he says: "Yes, I'll repeat. 'Fifth Divisional Artillery at east edge of Square J 16 reports large biplane, carrying two, passed at 5.37 p.m., flying fast south-westerly course.'——Yes, the direction is probably mere chance.——What's that? You'll arrange for interference from our wireless stations?——Oh, no, it won't worry us; our wave is three hundred metres longer than their longest, and we shall be clear enough on loose coupling. But, anyhow, Twenty-seven's transmitting gear is out of order for this run. *Must be stopped at all costs!* I understand. Good-bye."

There is a more sincere note than is usual in this conventional telephonic farewell, and the speaker twice misses the hook as he essays to hang up the receiver. For the moment he seems still to be cogitating some knotty point. However, it is soon settled, and it is with a quick, firm step that he moves off towards monoplane Number Twenty-seven, lying apart from the other machines, facing the open field. It is "The Last of the Mohicans," the only aeroplane at present capable of flight, but a swift one. On the way he is met by the officer in charge of the refitting, a subaltern who has one arm in a sling and a shade over one eye—the one wounded officer or man in the Air Corps, the duties of which are not responsible for many wounded. As was said by some cynical member, who has since found out the truth of his own epigram, its motto ought to be "Neck or nothing."

"Off?"

"Yes."

"The machine-gun isn't quite ready, nor is the wireless. We may have the gun going in about a quarter of an hour; but the wireless can't be rigged up for some time."

"Can't wait."

The commandant of the Air Corps, who is also present, now has a short talk in an undertone with the departing airman. His last words are spoken high: "We shall be able to carry on. Number Nineteen will be ready in an hour, Number Ten in three hours, and Number Thirty before morning."

He then goes back to his work. There are no such things as "send-offs" in military aviation on service, nor is it the custom for the *morituri*, as such, to salute anybody.

The observer-next-for-duty turns to the pilot sitting waiting on the monoplane.

"Bomb magazine charged?" It is distinctly a question designed to mislead.

"Yes, sir."

"Right. I am taking this trip alone. You can come down and stand by for the next."

This amounts to an order, and there is no room for any argument; but the desire to travel alone betrays the airman's intention and the question about the bomb magazine no longer deceives. He takes the pilot's place. His first act is to study the map while the machine is steady, to see how far in a direct line the east edge of Square J 16 is from the situation of the force whose movement it is so necessary to keep secret. But he does not at the moment waste any time in calculations which he will shortly be able to make at his leisure. Seizing the control, he tests the elevating and warping gear and tries the steering with his feet. Then, after a last look round, he puts on his helmet and gloves, pulls down his unglazed goggles, and nods to the man at the propeller. The latter gives two preparatory swings, a big heave, and shouts "On." The airman repeats "On" as he throws open the throttle. The engine "bites" and starts at full speed, and the whole machine trembles and quivers like an excitable horse at a covert-side.

Throttling down to half-speed and then opening again to full, the airman watches the needle of the counter dial mount quickly up to eleven hundred and fifty revolutions and hover there. He also listens attentively to the purring of the engine, which is now pulling fiercely against the men holding the machine back. Satisfied with the "grain" of its rhythmic roar, he grips the control firmly, gets a fresh purchase on the steering-bar with his feet, and waves his right arm. The men let go. The machine runs forward with quickly-increasing speed, dancing along until it leaves the ground and its motion steadies into that of flight.

Once clear of the ground the airman begins a spiral climb, turning to the left in a volute of large radius. An expert flyer, he soon feels the mouth of his mount, which he has not recently flown, and his touch on the control becomes as light as that of a good jockey on the mouth of a horse. He keeps the ascending and turning monoplane up to the bit without allowing it to lose speed, and occasionally counteracts its tendency to bank excessively by a flutter of the warp; but his movements are barely perceptible. As the machine swings round gracefully the sun again appears for a moment from between the clouds, and its rays, shining through the semi-transparent fabric of the planes, transform the monoplane into the likeness of a gigantic hawk-moth with gauzy wings of golden brown, the large black bull's-eyes and the numbers on the underside of the planes accentuating the resemblance.

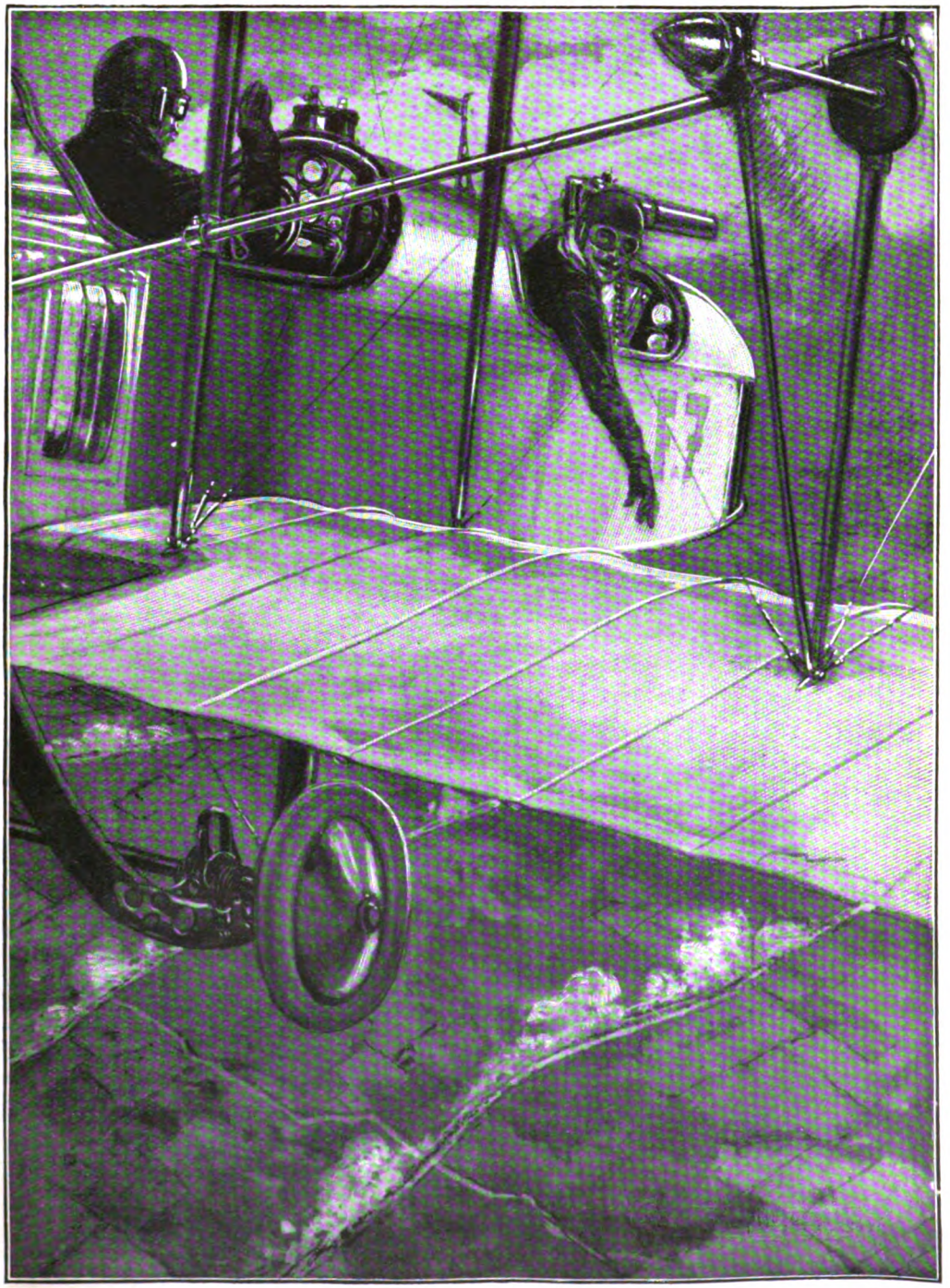
Since the airman's attention is not distracted by the act of flying, which is entirely instinctive, he is able to concentrate his mind upon his tactics. The clouds are high, thank God! Before doing anything in the way of scouting he intends to take an unusual course—to climb at once to a height of five thousand feet, so as to obtain an extensive range of vision, and also to be high enough to gain that command of altitude which in action in the air is as necessary as the weather-gauge was in a sea fight in the olden days. To reach that height will take nearly ten minutes. A brief mental calculation based on times, distances, directions, and the estimated speed of the enemy shows him that if the hostile biplane by chance or by design continues its course far enough to the south-west, he cannot prevent its discovering the presence of the Sixth and Seventh Army Corps out in that direction. But he may be able to intercept it on its return journey, and so prevent it getting away with the information, which, after all, is the essential thing. It is true that by laying his course to head off the biplane in that one direction he may, if it reconnoitres elsewhere, miss it altogether; but so long as the great flanking movement is undiscovered, or is discovered and remains unreported, nothing else matters —nothing! And if he meets the hostile scout, he intends to take no chances by relying on such refinements as bomb-dropping. He will not even attempt the finesse of giving him the wash from his propeller. He will make a certainty of it, go the "whole hog," and ram. It is this that explains his indifference to the absence of a machine-gun and his resolve to pilot himself.

Maintaining his angle of ascent by touch on the control, he continues to climb steadily and steeply, thanks to being over-powered and the absence of a passenger and of the unshipped wireless gear. Nor is there need to look at the speed-indicator dial. In the absence of wind the sweet drone of the engine, now purring like the low note of a circular saw, is a sufficient guarantee of speed.

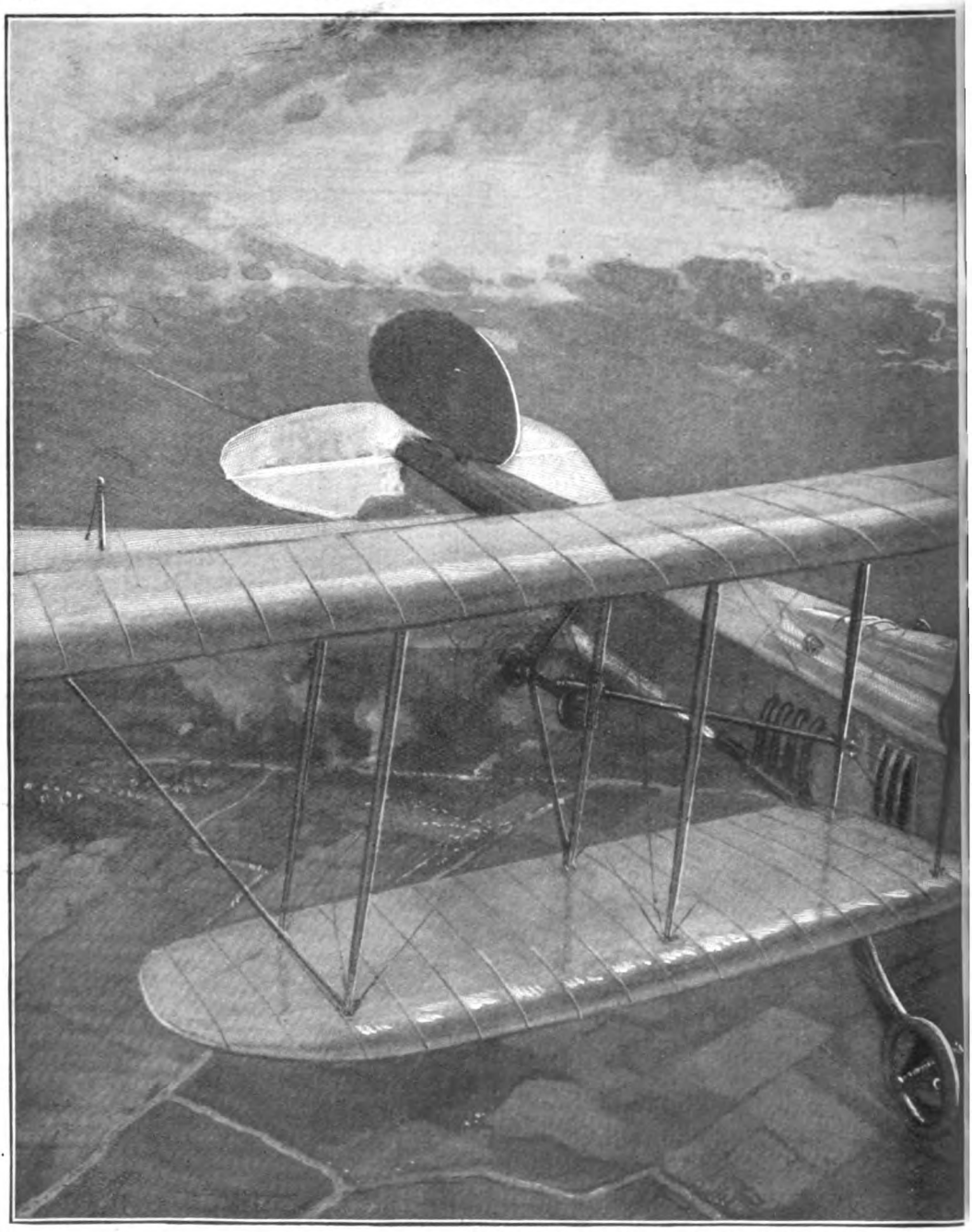
At last the pencil of the barograph, which has been tracing a nice, smooth slope without "saw teeth," crosses the five-thousand-foot line. Swinging round till the bearing of his course is due west, he readjusts his goggles and heads horizontally in the direction of the setting sun. The needle of the indicator jumps to ninety miles an hour.

So far he has one advantage, in his direction of approach. There is no sun to dazzle him, whereas, if the biplane takes its expected course somewhat earlier than he estimates, it will be silhouetted against the western sky, which, though overcast, is marbled with glowing spaces between the clouds. As he flies, his eyes continually search the horizon from west to south. He descries no speck, no blur, not even a bird. After a glance below and one at his map he throttles down and turns south. He has travelled but a short distance on this course when he makes out, away to the south, just off the direction of the marching Sixth and Seventh Corps, at about three miles distance, and somewhat below his own level, a faint smudge circling in the air—a smudge with a suggestion of light on it. He throws open the throttle and elevates, and with a growl his machine leaps upwards on a ten-degree slant. Discovery must be mutual and simultaneous, for the smudge at once turns and flees south, still climbing. For about a minute there is a stern chase.

It has not been entirely by accident that

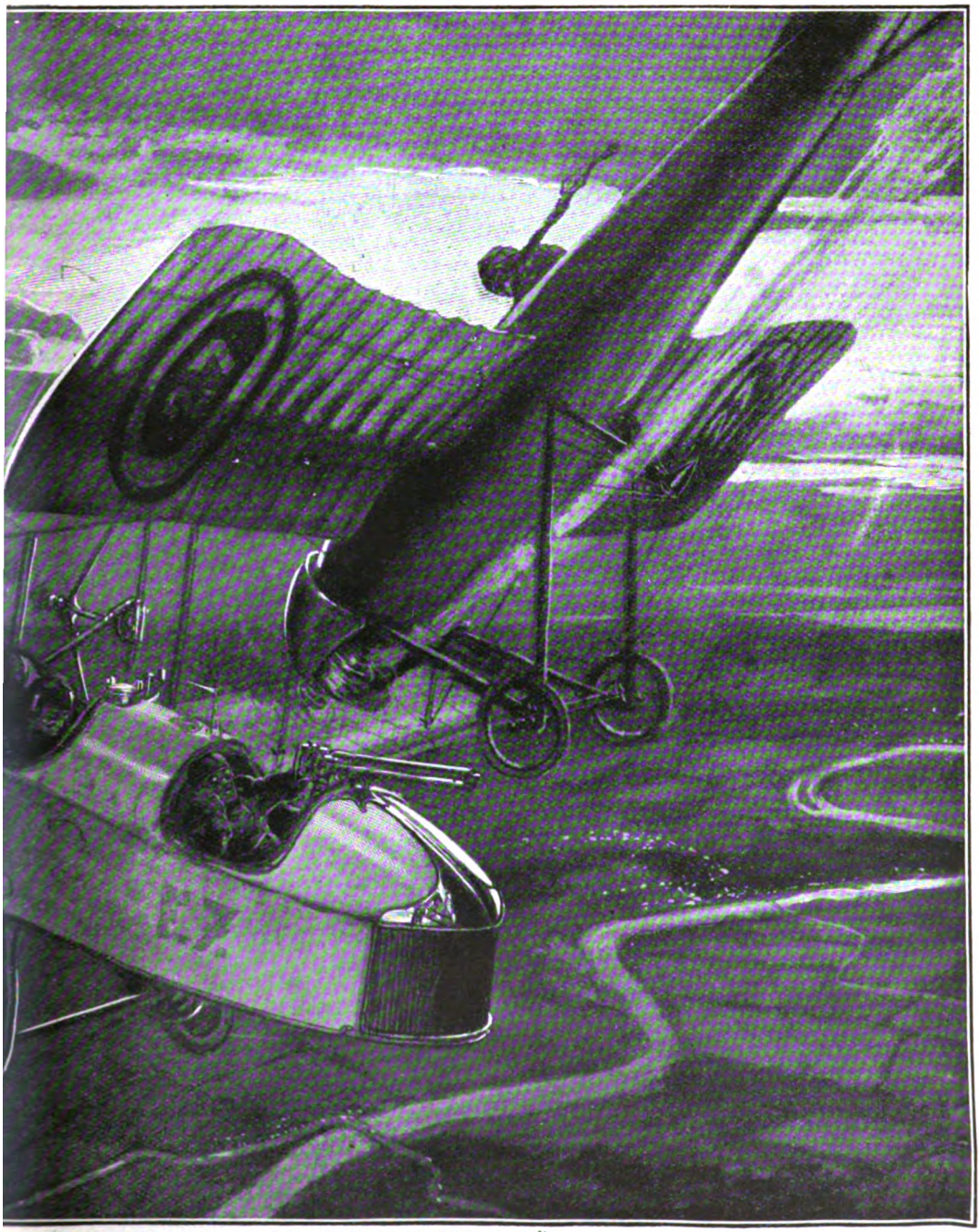


"THEY DISCOVER LONG COLUMNS VEILED BY DUST ON PARALLEL ROADS LEADING WEST."



"ITS PATH IS NOT FAR FROM THE VERTICAL, AND

the invaders' scouting biplane has so quickly discovered the secret of the defenders. The first machine to be repaired after the disastrous conflagration in their main aviation park, it has been sent out with the express purpose of discovering what the defenders have been doing behind their front line during their temporary freedom from espionage in the air. And it is of the south-western portion of the battle area that least is known. The invaders' observer, also, has been made suspicious that he is getting "warm" by the fact that, for the last twenty minutes, after each wireless message to the ground station with which he is working,



IT DESCENDS WITH A CRASH UPON ITS HAPLESS PREY."

he has received the despairing letters—"J. E. S."—"Jammed by enemy's station," instead of the welcome "S. R."—"Signals read." Consequently it is not altogether a surprise for the two men on the biplane when they discover long columns veiled by dust on one, two, three, four parallel roads leading west, and hit upon the great concentration behind the enemy's left and opposite their own weak right. And the observer does not waste time in a meticulous investigation of numbers. Valuable as details generally are, it is in this case of absolutely vital importance that the bare intelligence of the presence of

this large force should be conveyed to headquarters at once. He realizes one thing most clearly: that the secret that has been discovered is of such significance that the defenders will stop short of nothing to prevent him getting away with it.

He continues his efforts to get into touch with one of his own wireless stations to impart the news, though he has few hopes of success, and tries sending in turn on the three tunes with which his set is fitted. But the defenders' installations are evidently still busy interfering, and "J. E. S." is still all that he can get. The choice of the method of escape he leaves to the pilot, who better knows his own powers and limitations and those of his machine. As has been seen, the latter at first tries to get away by climbing, with the intention of getting above the cloud layer and then steering north-east. Then, on being discovered, he turns away from his destination, hoping that if the speeds of the two machines are not very unequal he may avoid an encounter till nightfall, and then run for his own lines under cover of darkness. It is not long before he discovers that the monoplane has the "wings of him," and must overhaul him before dark. He realizes that his pursuer will endeavour to ram; that in such a case his only course is to dodge; and that his best chance of dodging successfully is to do it when meeting the enemy, when the speed of approach of the two machines will be so great that a swerve will be most difficult to follow. Since he cannot climb above the monoplane, also, he decides to go as far below it as possible, so that any attempt to ram will probably end in a dive from which there will be no recovery in case of a miss.

Acting on this principle he turns and makes directly for his pursuer at a descending angle.

Full back—for it is he who is the pursuer—instantly flicks down his elevator, and the monoplane, engine at full speed, roars down an invisible slope in the air at a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. He sees the object of the enemy's manœuvre, admires its cleverness and audacity, and smiles grimly. At the approach of the supreme moment the lust of battle seizes him and adds to the exaltation produced by speed and patriotism. It is his old game. Subconsciously he sees before him a foggy field and feels the hush that comes over it. Though the touch-line—the final touch-line—is some thousands of feet away this time, it can be reached very quickly; and his opponent, unless he has passed on his news already, by wireless, has no one to pass to, for he cannot drop his message in its weighted carrier until he gets over his own lines, which are far distant. As he leans forward in a tense attitude, a loose end of his scarf streams out rigid behind, like the hair of a Valkyrie. His moustache is blown to either side of his mouth, flattened against his cheeks, forced up his nostrils. His bared lips are set in a line.

The monoplane, descending in a curve which grows steeper and steeper as its target approaches, hisses through the air like a meteorite.

The two machines, now half a mile apart, are approaching at a rate of over three miles a minute.

On the biplane the observer has left the transmitter and crouches behind the ready-belted machine-gun. Though there will only be time for very few rounds, even at the maximum rate of fire, before the two machines must meet, he opens fire on the off-chance of making a disabling hit.

The distance is now three hundred yards.

Now! Now! With a jerk the pilot of the biplane suddenly elevates fiercely—madly for one who wishes to survive. As he presses the control lever back almost against his seat the machine shivers with the strain put upon it; but the planes do not split, nor do the stays give way, and it slackens speed at once as it turns steeply upwards. That is enough. Forward goes the lever again, and the comparatively sluggish machine, in spite of the long length of copper wire trailing behind it, leaps forward once more like a live thing, "jinking" at the very last moment as a boar at the spear's point.

Full back almost feels the check—which he has been expecting—before he sees it and, as the other anticipates, responds by flattening his angle of descent. But he does so only slightly, retaining something in hand, for he knows that the biplane must straighten or "stall" and drop.

When he sees it again dart forward he throws his whole weight upon the control with a snarl.

In a terrific *vol piqué* the monoplane dives downwards. Though its momentum in its former direction carries it onward in a curve, its path is not far from the vertical, and it descends with a crash upon its hapless prey. In flames and amidst a shower of detonations the mass of tangled wreckage drops spinning to earth.

Three more of the salt of their respective nations are out of play. And though for the rest of the armies "No side" does not yet sound, and the great game goes on, full back has saved again.

THE MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

by

H.R.H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

The Memoirs of the Infanta Eulalia—sister of the late King of Spain and aunt of the reigning Sovereign—will be found of unique interest. For the first time in history a Princess of the Royal Blood has told the story of her own life, with all her thoughts and feelings, from her earliest days. The Memoirs are brilliantly written, and provide a most striking picture of Court life as seen from the inside.

Illustrated with a series of Photographs of the Infanta taken at various times and in many countries.

III.

IF our fortunes had carried us directly from Paris to stay with my brother in the palace of Madrid, perhaps I should have found myself still caged there. But freedom is only by comparison; and, after my unhappiness in the Alcazar, it seemed to me now as if my life had really been given wings. Our arrival was almost private; the people in the streets, accustomed to the sight of Royalty, did not make a great to-do about us (for it is chiefly curiosity that draws crowds, I find, even to see kings !), and the one thing that looked like a public decoration in our honour was the washing, which it is the custom in Madrid to hang from the street windows to dry. It was an embarrassing decoration, because the articles were, as one might say, very intimate. They made a joke for us.

We arrived in high spirits at the Royal Palace, and I was glad to find it not only gorgeous, but most comfortable. It had been built by Charles III.—as everything in Madrid seems to have been built—but my brother had had it modernized with those conveniences of heating and plumbing which our antique splendour had hitherto done without in Spain. He had allotted a whole wing to us three Infantas (my sister Pilar, my sister Paz, and I), and we each had our own maids and servants from Sevilla, so that we made quite a household. He had installed in another wing my sister the Infanta Isabel, whom I hardly knew, because she had not been with us in France during the revolution. She was to take our mother's place towards us. She had been married at sixteen to a Prince of Naples; she had lived all her life among the forms and traditions of Royalty, and she was genuinely devoted to their maintenance. I should have been afraid for my new liberty if I had not foreseen that her direction over us would be tempered by my brother's indulgence. I knew that he had as much impatience as I for what we called, jocularly, between ourselves, the "singeries" (monkey tricks) of Royalty. And so I began, with great expectations, what proved to be the happiest period of my life.

I was able to rise early, because my brother was always up at half-past seven, to ride in the

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Casa Campo for an hour, and I rode horseback with him—to my great joy. Then, at nine, we girls had our lessons while he met his Ministers. Early rising is not a Spanish habit. My mother, when she was Queen, had met her Ministers after the theatre, at midnight, and worked with them more in the night-time than during the day. And my brother's Ministers had protested against his nine o'clock Cabinet meetings; but he had won them to it with the smiling and tactful determination that always got him his own way.

At midday we lunched with him, the whole household together, a score at table, with ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting, officers, and aides-de-camp; but, on account of the presence of the latter, conversation was always formal. It was different on the afternoon drives. Then we were alone, for he drove himself, and I sat beside him; there were just the two servants on the rear seat, and no one to overhear us. Best of all were the visits I paid him in his apartments, where it was not considered necessary that I should be followed by a lady-in-waiting, since I was under the protection of the King. The guards only took me across the public gallery in the centre of the palace—a soldier on each side of me and an officer in front, because in this gallery some attempts had been made to kill my mother when she was Queen—and the ushers, who led me down the halls, left me when I

entered my brother's antechamber. He had collected a large library for his own use, and he made me free of it on condition that I should not tell anyone. At last I had books! And more than I could read.

What adventures! I was most eager for history and philosophy, because my mind had been denied access to facts, and I read all that I could find, indiscriminately. It was probably my brother who directed me to Kant, his own education having been chiefly German, in Vienna. But my personal favourite among the philosophers was Emerson. I suppose it was his sturdy doctrine of self-reliance that appealed to me—his insisting that nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of one's own mind—and, although I have not read him for years, I still remember him with the glow of my pleasure in his words. For poetry I had no appetite. French poetry seemed to me very light, without ideas. And fiction, English fiction particularly, to which my sisters were devoted, interested me but little. I wanted things to be true. I could not read Balzac; I do not know why.

With Shakespeare I had an odd experience. We studied him with our governess to perfect our English, and of course I realized that his verse was beautiful; but when his kings and queens spoke their lines they seemed to me to be playing parts that had been written to make fun of the claims of Royalty. My governess was indignant when I told her that. She said it was not

Photo. by Lilian Griffin.

true; that the speeches were meant to be taken seriously. "But no!" I would cry. "Don't you see? Shakespeare is making fun of us. He knew we were not so, but he could not tell it in those days. He is laughing at us. He knew it was absurd."

And when we read "Hamlet," I argued with her: "There! He has made a mad prince who

talks foolishness. If he had respected Royalty as much as you say, he would not have written it. If you have an idiot in your family, you do not let people see him. No; he is laughing at his pompous kings." And my governess scolded in vain. I still feel the same about Shakespeare's Royalties.

Outside of my books I began to be most interested to understand the conditions in Spain itself. Why had there been a revolution? And why had my brother been called to the throne? I was told that my mother's rule had been too "clerical"—that the priests had had too much power—and that when the Republicans had failed to provide a stable Government my brother had been welcomed as a liberal King. But the story of the way in which he came to be proclaimed seemed to contradict this reasonable explanation.

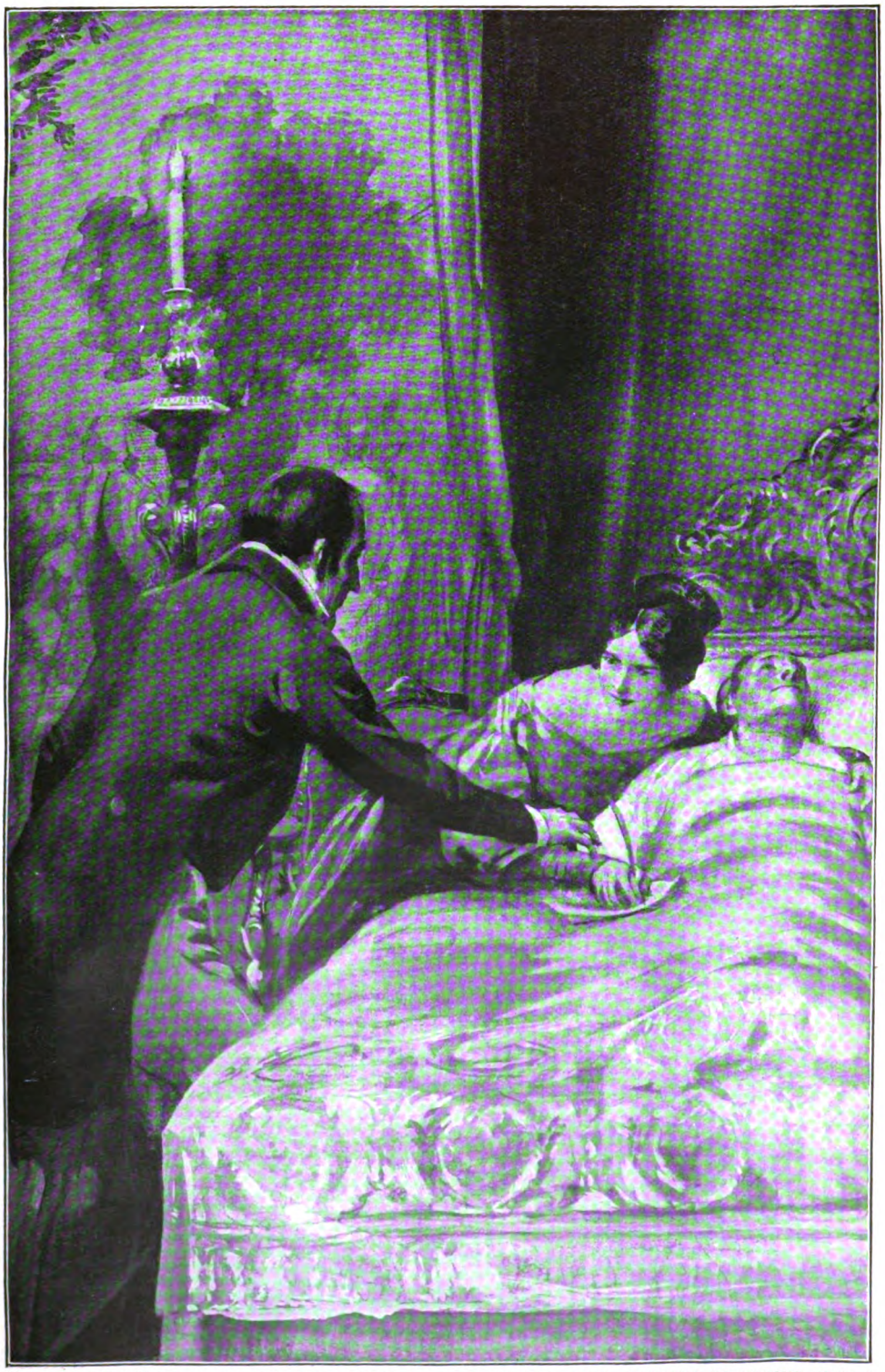
The ladies of the Court, it appeared, had merely given money to soldiers in the army to cry "*Viva el Rey Alfonso!*" when General Martinez Campos called out to them one morning, "*Viva el Rey!*" General Campos had then telegraphed my brother that the army had proclaimed him King. My brother admitted to me that he had received the telegram as an invitation to an adventure, and, being fond of adventures, he had accepted it. He rode into Madrid, a boy of seventeen, on a spirited horse, followed by the general and his officers. The horse, excited by the crowds, pranced and curveted; the crowd cheered his riding, and the more they cheered the more he made the animal caper. Everyone admired him. He had—what is a valuable asset for a King—a very winning smile, and he smiled and rode his way into the hearts of the people. From the palace he announced to the Parliament that he had been proclaimed King, and the Parliament accepted him on behalf of the country. The only opposition came from the Carlist rebellion, led by Don Carlos, a rival claimant to the throne. My brother went at once to the war, and the rebellion was put down. General Campos and his family were rewarded with lands and titles, and my brother remained securely on the throne.

I thought it was a strange thing that a King could be made in Spain on the strength of a shout from a few soldiers; but it was the only explanation that anyone could give me. When my mother had been dethroned, the Republicans had first chosen as King a Prince Amadeo of Savoy, son of Victor Emmanuel. But after a brief reign Amadeo resigned the crown and left the country. He told me himself that he had never found out why the throne had been offered to him, nor why his rule had been rejected. It was all a mystery to him.

Similarly, I found that the way in which my mother herself had come to the succession was as peculiar as all the rest. When her father, Ferdinand VII., was taken with his final illness, there was a Salic law in Spain by which his brother Carlos would be his heir and successor. But an old enmity existed between Don Carlos and my mother's aunt, the Infanta Luisa Carlota. She had said to him, "You'll never reign." And he had laughed at her. But when the King was plainly dying of paralysis, she put before him a paper that she had prepared, abolishing the Salic law; and, placing a pen in his hand, she took hold of his fingers and began to sign his name to the decree. The Prime Minister, Calomarde, seeing what she was doing, put his hand over hers to stop her. She stopped long enough to strike him a blow on the head that dazed him. When he recovered himself the document had been signed and King Ferdinand was dead. Calomarde bowed gallantly and said to her, in the words of a Spanish proverb, "A fair hand can do no wrong." She replied, "No; but it can strike, eh?" And the law against the succession of a woman having been thus repealed, my mother came to the throne, an infant, under the regency of her mother, Queen Maria Cristina, and protected by her aunt. Don Carlos made war upon her, but he was unsuccessful.

This story my mother told me herself. I was puzzled to know why no one but Don Carlos had objected to such a manner of changing the succession. I got no explanation. Like the proclaiming of my brother and the summons to King Amadeo to rule, it was a mystery. Did it all mean, then, that no one but the Royal claimants cared who was King in Spain? Was it that the apparent Government in Spain, as in most countries, was not the real Government, and that the actual rulers of the country did not worry about who was in power in Madrid, since the power was impotent?

I found in talking with my brother that he was very interested in his work and the problems of government—but puzzled to know how to do anything to help the people—and saddened by conditions that he could not improve. He used to say, "I do not understand this country yet, but I shall find a way to do something with it after I have reigned over it a little longer." He had no faith in the politicians, and when one party lost office and another came to authority,



"HE PUT HIS HAND OVER HERS TO STOP HER. SHE STOPPED LONG ENOUGH TO STRIKE HIM A BLOW ON THE HEAD THAT DAZED HIM."

and I asked him if this would improve matters, he replied: "No. It makes no difference. They are the same dog with different collars."

He was apparently very popular, and no one openly opposed him; but one could see that much of the common show of loyalty was a pleasant make-believe, designed to flatter. Once when we were visiting a town together, driving in a carriage with the mayor, the boys in the street kept screaming "*Viva el Rey!*" so shrilly that my brother, who was trying to talk with the mayor, could not make himself heard. "It is too bad," he said to the mayor. "They scream so loudly that I cannot talk with you as I wish." The mayor replied, with simplicity, "Ah, your Majesty, if I had known that you would wish to talk with me, I would not have paid them so much." And thereafter, whenever I saw a people very enthusiastic in welcoming a King, I wondered how they were being paid.

At another time my sisters and I were making an excursion in the mountains, and we were accompanied by a mayor who had provided us with the donkeys on which we rode. Whenever we came to a village, the children first, and then the older people, would come out and cheer us. And they cheered us by name. "See!" the mayor would say. "See how popular you are! They know you all." As there were four of us, and we had never been in the district before, we were astonished. And very much flattered! And the mayor beamed. At every village it was the same. "*Viva la Infanta Isabel! Viva la Infanta Pilar! Viva la Infanta Paz! Viva la Infanta Eulalia!*"—each as we came. And the mayor, delighted and smiling and bowing, kept repeating: "But see! It is really wonderful! You are all known. You are so popular!"

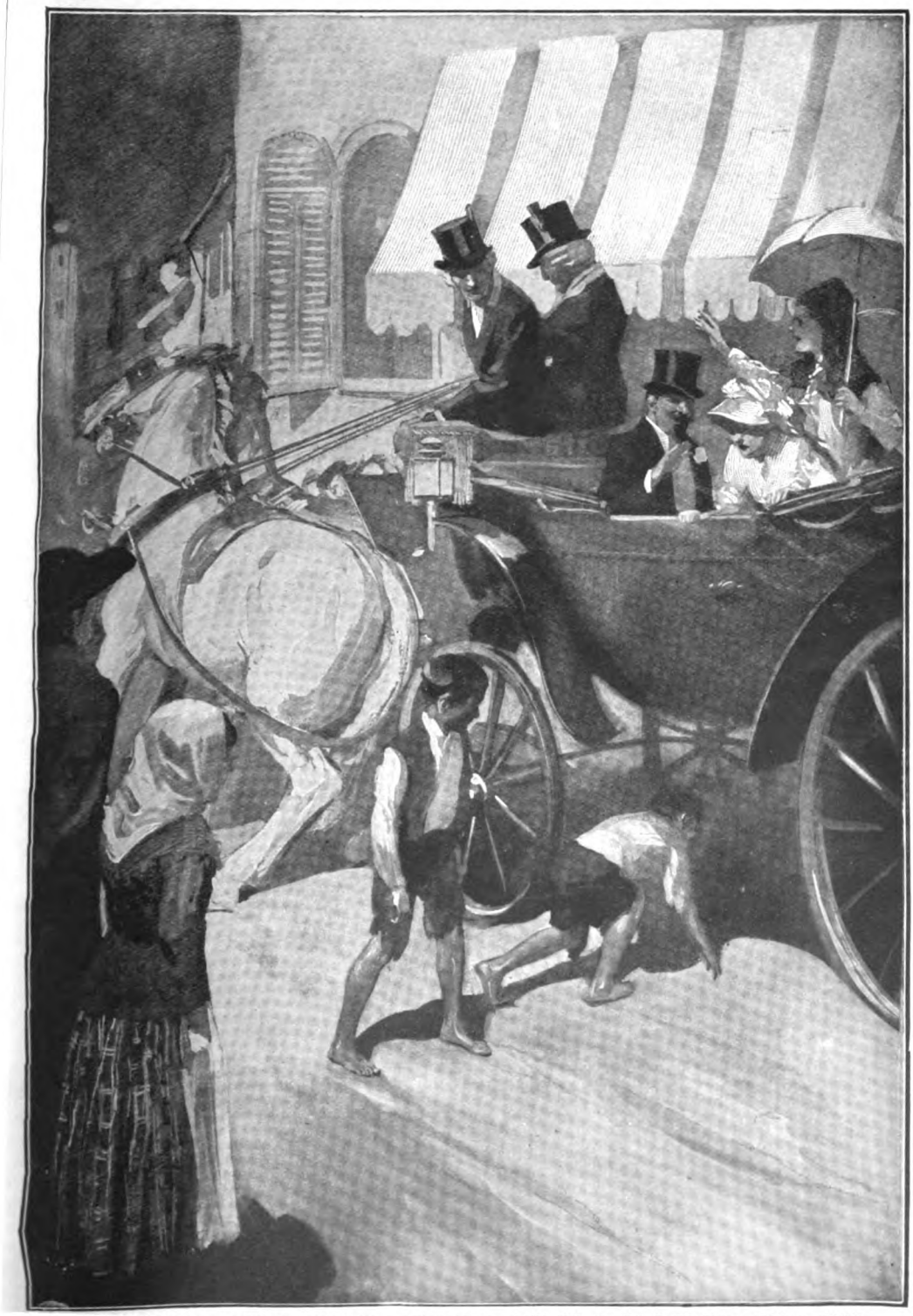
After a time I wished to try my sister Pilar's donkey, and I asked her to change with me. The mayor objected. No, no; I must not do it. It would not be right. "What?" I said. "Is it forbidden by Spanish etiquette that I ride my sister's donkey?" And I insisted. Then the mayor, seeing that I was determined, explained, in angry confusion, that we could not change donkeys because our names had been clipped on their tails, so that the people might know who we were! And at the next village I watched the boys come behind us and read our names on the donkeys' tails before they set up their shouting!

I thought it very clever—though such a joke on us—and I soon found that it was typically Spanish. They were very ingenious at playing such little tricks of deception. One of the oddest happened when we were making an official visit to another town, and driving again with another mayor. As we proceeded slowly through a crowded street, suddenly a boy ran into the roadway and dived between the wheels of our carriage. We were afraid that he would be killed, and we shouted to the driver, who pulled up his horses. The boy crawled out between the opposite wheels and ran away, but before we could start on again another boy did the same thing. This alarmed me so—with the fear of running over someone—that I wanted to stop altogether. How could one drive through a town where the children did such mad things? I would not go. The mayor assured me that it would not occur again, but I refused to believe him. How did he know? If these two boys would do it, why not others? Finally, to calm me, he admitted that he had hired these two boys to throw themselves under our wheels. But why? Because we were in front of his house, and his wife and family had wished to have a good look at us, and he had devised this charming plan to stop the carriage under their windows.

With a people whose simpler citizens are capable of such subterfuges, you may believe it was not easy to discover the truth of what was going on in the intricacies of Government. The truth, as far as I was ever able to discover it, was this.

In Spain there was an elaborate system of what is called "bossism" in the United States of America. But in Spain it had been carried to its final perfection. In every small community there was some wealthy person who controlled the machinery of public administration. He chose the persons who were to fill the elective offices, and the election returns were changed or manufactured to certify the election of his creatures. In office, then, these men obeyed his orders. Taxes were levied, the laws were administered, and justice was dealt out, as he directed, for the benefit and protection of himself and his friends. All the officials, ostensibly appointed or elected to represent the people and carry out the popular will, represented only the "cacique" (as he is called) and obeyed only him.

Over the smaller caciques were bigger caciques, with more power and a larger following, just as, in the United States, over the boss of a city there is a State boss. But in Spain the people had become quite unable to free themselves, and there was an absolute



"WE WERE AFRAID THE BOY WOULD BE KILLED, AND WE SHOUTED TO THE DRIVER, WHO PULLED UP HIS HORSES."

administration of the functions of Government for the benefit of the office-holders and the wealthy men who put them into office.

A change of the party in power at Madrid made no difference. They were, as my brother said, "the same dog with different collars." They all obeyed the caciques. In filling their offices they desired chiefly to fill their pockets with bribes and the sale of favours and the diverting of the public funds to their own use. The revenues of the country leaked away into their purses, and there was not enough left to pay the Government salaries. I have seen a letter from a Minister of the Government to a schoolmaster, telling him "times were so hard" that the State could not pay his arrears of salary, but the Government would shut its eyes and the schoolmaster could make up his arrears himself. Actually an official invitation to robbery! I have seen customs officials taking bribes instead of collecting duties. That was a notorious scandal. It was equally notorious that no influential person ever paid full taxes. Only the poor paid—the small farmer, the little man in business, anyone who was too weak in pocket to protect himself. As in America, all indirect taxes fell most heavily on those least able to bear them. The rents, the cost of living, the necessities of life were high; wages were low. No poor person ever dared to go to law. There is a Spanish proverb that "Lent and prisons are made for the poor." Money ruled, and ruled everything.

Along with this rule of money went a rule of the priests. Spain had been for centuries the outpost of Christianity in the war with Mohammedanism. In the age-long struggle against the Moors the Church became the symbol of national freedom to all Spaniards; their faith and their freedom were both threatened, and they fought for both together. The wars for the possession of America kept the same aspect of religious wars, because they were waged against a Protestant nation; and down almost to modern times the Government and the Church were such partners in being that it was impossible they should separate.

Now, with peace and commercial development, the problems of Government had become wholly political, and the priests were as busy in politics as the caciques were. The State not only maintained all the churches and buildings of the religious orders, but paid salaries to the priests and the monks and the nuns. They were all, in this respect, officials of the administration, drawing money from the public revenues, so that they conspicuously benefited by the plundering of the people. Therefore, whenever discontent with the Government gathered head in rebellion, it was inevitably an "anti-clerical" revolt, even though it had no concern whatever with religion. That was

Photo. by Lillian Griffin.

not only very unfortunate for the State, since it made reformation difficult by making it seem anti-religious; it was also very unfortunate for the Church, since it directed popular dissatisfaction against the priests instead of against the misgovernment.

So the people of Spain, although they were almost as free to vote at elections as the people are in the United States, had really no voice

at all in their own government. When they revolted they made a useless "anti-clerical" revolt that took them nowhere, because they got involved in a quarrel about religion and the burning of churches. When a Republic was declared, with the aid of the army—which was Republican because the aristocracy did not even serve as officers—the system of misgovernment continued under a new name. It made no difference to the caciques whether there was a King or a Republic; *they* ruled. If the army proclaimed my brother King, the Parliament, for the caciques, accepted him in the name of the people. It did not matter; he was powerless, simply because he could only act through the officials of the State who were largely responsible for the conditions. I think the caciques would rather have a King than a Republic, because the throne could be made a scapegoat in case of revolt. And, though jealous of the influence of the priests with the people, they were always in partnership with that influence to protect themselves,

I write this explanation here as if it were something that I and my brother and everybody else understood. As a matter of fact, we none of us understood it. How should we? We were strangers to the country. There was a Chinese wall around us, to keep us from learning anything that the administration did not wish us to know. My brother was very young—at this time only nineteen. (It is significant how the Government of Spain prefers young Sovereigns.) And the poor people of Spain, who might have told us if they had not been dumb, did not even know themselves what was wrong any more than the people of the United States did a few years ago.

My brother worked very hard, trying to oversee those departments of the Government that were most easily watched, such as the army and the navy. He did not trust to official reports, but went himself to see if the reports were accurate. It was on such visits that we had our adventures with the mayors. Once when we were out driving, he said: "Let us go to the French hospital. I must inspect it. We will go without warning, so that they will not be able to prepare appearances for me." So we drove to the hospital, and when we entered and it was seen that the King had arrived a man who had been paralyzed for years was so startled that he got to his feet and walked. A miracle! And I thought if it had happened a few centuries earlier it might have made my brother a saint. Who knows? I might have had a little shrine myself.

He gave audiences every afternoon to whatever persons wished to see him, whether to present petitions, or merely to pay their respects, or what not. And his patience with everybody amazed me. It was impossible, I found, to learn anything from those who came. They were usually too oppressed by the formalities to be natural. One day, when I was assisting an older sister at an audience to ladies of Madrid, one lady was so embarrassed that when my sister invited her to sit down—in the rather brusque voice that was her characteristic utterance—the lady sat down on a chair in which a kitten was lying. I supposed, at first, that the kitten had escaped, but I soon saw the lady growing red in the face and shifting in her chair, as if she were painfully uncomfortable. My sister tried to put her at her ease by asking her the conventional questions about herself, and I struggled to control my amusement, but without succeeding well enough to trust myself to interfere. At last my sister dismissed the lady, and turned on me to demand what was the matter with me that I should be grinning and choking instead of behaving myself with dignity. I cried: "But your kitten—your kitten!" And then I saw that my laughter had been very cruel, for the kitten was dead. The lady had accepted the invitation to sit down as a Royal order, and had not dared to get up off the cat till she was dismissed, although the poor thing was struggling and fighting under her for its life.

Naturally it was difficult to get any information from people under such conditions. Not that I wish to represent myself as going about with the air of a determined student eager to know. I had only a desultory curiosity that was continually stirred by finding some new puzzle of false appearance. My brother's problems of government were usually laid aside with us. We shared his recreation rather than his work. And, being human, I was much more interested in myself, my own problems of life, and the outlook of my future than I was in anything else. Being a Royal person in Spain was, in some of its aspects, rather a lark, but in others it was serious. For, however free I might be in my mind, to be amused, to be curious, to be cynical, there was no disguising the fact that I was limited in my friends, controlled in my affections, and of liberty in love and marriage wholly deprived. My mind might be what I pleased—my body was Royal.

(To be continued.)

The Fourth Man.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

A CAB swung down the chief street of Silchester, gave a little tuff-tuff of warning, and turned in at the gateway of the Grand Northern Hotel. It crossed the courtyard, picked a vacant ten feet in the long file of vehicles, and pulled up beside the kerb. Almost before it stopped, its occupant had the door open; he handed his suit-case to a waiting minion, fee'd the driver, and followed the minion through the revolving glass-paned entrance into the hotel. The hall-porter, magnificent in braid and buttons, saluted, and came to his side.

"Have you booked a room, sir?" he asked, with a faint inclination of the head.

"Yes. I wrote from Lancaster yesterday. I suppose it's all right?"

"Yes, sir." The hall-porter turned to another underling. "Jackson, take this gentleman's bag. We've been very full till to-day—but a lot of gentlemen have left us; they always do towards the end of the week. That window, sir—over there!"

The gorgeous *employé*, swift to judge men and their callings, gave a shrewd glance at his interlocutor; then turned away quickly to greet another incomer by the great revolving door. The visitor walked to the office-window and leaned over the ledge.

"I wrote for a room yesterday," he said. "Cunningham is the name!"

"Yes, sir." The clerk consulted a ledger. "Number three-eight-three. Here is the key, sir. Will you kindly write your name in the book?"

"Thank you."

The visitor took the key in his left hand; with his right he assumed a pen. He wrote his name in the register in a stiff and legal hand:—

"Charles Cunningham; Grantford, Yorks."

He blotted it deliberately; as deliberately, with the aid of a forefinger, he looked at the names above. He saw this name, within two or three of his own:—

"G. A. Finlay; Leicester."

He looked farther; he turned vainly, page upon rustling page. He put down the pen on its little bracket and glanced at the man with his bag.

"Where is the lounge?" he asked.

"Through there, sir"—the man pointed forward—"up those steps and turn to the right!"

"Thank you. I think, though, that I will go to my room."

Cunningham washed, and began to change. In ten minutes he was in his dinner-jacket. The dark clothes and black tie became his slight, fair figure, with its long and thin-lipped face. He walked out of the room and, disdaining the lift, walked down the easy-falling stairs. He carried himself well; but he stooped a little. His eyes were strained, and seemed as if they needed glasses; his complexion was youthful; but he was beginning to lose his hair. He looked like a man who lived cleanly, but who was either driven or voluntarily worked too hard.

He reached the hall, went up a short staircase, and turned to the right. Before him, through an arched and curtained opening, was the octagon lounge of the hotel. It was immensely comfortable rather than immensely gorgeous; there were soft carpets; there were Chesterfields and chintz-covered sofas; there were large, inviting chairs. It was nearly full of people, and still filling. Cunningham wandered round. He was looking for someone whom he expected to find there.

He found him. From the corner of a Chesterfield a man, stiffly built, with grey hair and a monk-like tonsure, hesitated and rose. Cunningham walked across and put out his hand.

"Hâlloa, Finlay," he said. "I recognized you at once!"

"And I you—almost. You're hardly changed!"

"Aren't I? Neither are you—although you're stouter and grey. We *are* changed, you know! Why is it that we should seem the same?"

"I don't know—I don't understand. I

suppose we see each other's characters rather than each other's faces—you remember how we found the masters at Malvern always the same age when we went back. Well, well; it doesn't matter. I'm glad that we could meet. Shepard hasn't come yet. Suppose we sit down and wait!"

Finlay seated himself. Cunningham did the same. Finlay's right foot tap-tapped the floor involuntarily. Cunningham passed and repassed his hand across his lips. A silence enwrapped them, awkward, uncomfortable; the result of unbridgable years. The need for action that should overcome nervous silence impelled Finlay to his feet.

"Sherry and bitters?" he asked.

"Quite a good scheme. Shall I ring?"

"No; I will."

Finlay went to a pillar and put a finger on a bell. He resumed his seat in silence. The waiter came, went, and returned.

"How's the school, Finlay?" said Cunningham, taking his glass in hand.

"Very flourishing, thank you—that is, as flourishing as limited premises will allow. Cheer-oh, and to our next meeting! How's the practice? Going strong?"

"Pretty solid, thanks—and better than it ever was—but I wish I could buy a partnership in a bigger place. There's not much scope in a place like Grantford and—halloa, here is Shepard coming along now!"

Cunningham coughed; Finlay made a gesture; a man who had been searching among the company caught sight of them, and quickened his pace. He, too, wore a dinner-jacket, but he had a clerical collar, and he looked like a minor dignitary of the Church. He was clean-shaven; his face was characterful, ascetic, and good.

"Well, you two," he said. "How are you? I'm glad we were able to come. A drink? No, thank you; I diet myself; it helps me to get through my work! A satisfactory *rendezvous!* A wonderful hotel!"

"Wonderful!" said Cunningham.

"Eight hundred bedrooms!" said Finlay.

"And I hear the Americans say it's the finest in the world!"

Shepard sat down, as he contributed this assertion; and another silence followed, more awkward, more insupportable, in that three people had to bear it instead of two. At last Finlay jumped up.

"Suppose we go in," he said. "I don't see why we shouldn't dine!"

Finlay walked forward, going out of one of the entrances of the great lounge. The others followed; all three crossed a passage, came to the dining-room, and went in. It was an oblong room, decorated in Tudor fashion, panelled, carved, with two huge fireplaces, now screened with flowers, for the month was July. The head-waiter approached at once. The schoolmaster, as he had done in his school-days, unconsciously took the lead.

"A table for four in the name of Finlay," he said.

The head-waiter bowed. He conducted them to a table with a chair tipped against it in a corner of the room. They sat down. The head-waiter looked at the vacant place.

"Will you wait for the other gentleman?" he asked.

The three men glanced at each other. Finlay shook his head.

"The other gentleman will not be here," he answered. "You can serve the dinner at once!"

The head-waiter bowed again, and retreated; the table-waiter brought the soup; the three men began to discuss the dishes, and to speak of trivial things. As they talked, so, almost furtively, they looked at each other, recognizing old characteristics, little tricks of gesture and intonation and tongue. They were very English; they were deadly shy of the sentimental associations which had brought them together after so long a lapse of time. They had corresponded spasmodically; they had not seen each other for exactly twenty-one years; they had held to pact and promise; they had come to keep a long-ago-made tryst. But of their ancient friendship they said nothing. The talk turned into one common channel—that of cricket, which had been their game.

"I see Oxford are doing well," said Shepard, presently. "A Malvern boy got eighty-odd. Caldicott, his name is. I wonder if he was in our house?"

"Don't know, I'm sure!" said Finlay.

"Nor I!" Cunningham shook his head.

"Don't either of you ever go down?"

"Not nowadays," answered Cunningham. "Finlay, what about you?"

"No, never. Don't suppose I shall till my boy is old enough to go!"

"Same here," took up Cunningham again. "But I sometimes write to old Smugey, all the same."

Shepard looked up.

"I'm glad," he said. "I seldom see him—but I shall never forget. He didn't play games or anything—but he did more than any man to help his boys."

Finlay nodded, vigorously. Cunningham's pale cheeks flushed.

"D'you remember the afternoons?" he said. "How he used to come round and sit beside us all in turn for five or ten minutes, and make us feel that it mattered to him and us whether we got on or failed? He was great, in his quiet manner; he was more *personal* in his fashion, more——"

"More spiritual, Cunningham," Shepard put in.

"Yes; more spiritual, without being priggish, than any master I know. I think he put aspiration into us—something that was in us, p'r'aps—but which he quickened in his kindly way!"

Shepard and Finlay nodded. Finlay spoke.

"I suppose that at every school there's some such man as that. Environment produces him; he's a reaction against other, and by no means harmful, things."

"Yes, Finlay," said Shepard. "Didn't Henley find Brown at Clifton?—there are always such men at every school!"

There was a pause. Finlay began again.

"He was a good judge, too," he said. "I think he could see what boys would be as men."

"Often—generally—but not always," said Cunningham. "I remember he said that we should be well-to-do men of the professional classes, with incomes of between eight hundred and a thousand a year; but that a certain lack of courage and our conventional outlook would never get us farther, and that Gilmour would do better than us all. Perhaps he was right enough about us three—but he made a bad blunder in putting poor old Gillie so high!"

It was the first time that the absent man's name had been mentioned. All three men looked at the vacant place.

"I suppose there's no news of him?" said Cunningham, presently.

"None," answered Finlay. "I haven't heard of him since his father had those trust funds, and poor old Gillie, who had nothing to do with it, got struck off the rolls. That was just after he qualified; he was married the same year. What about you, padre? Have you heard anything at all?"

"Yes," answered Shepard. "I have had news of him since that."

"Recently?"

"No—only Masson, of the school-house—the gunner fellow—ran across him in Jo'burg."

"When?"

"Ten or eleven years ago."

"Just after the war!"

"What was he doing?"

"Holding horses' heads."

"Good heavens!" said Cunningham, with a shudder. "What a fall for a man of pride! And, I suppose, he's right down in the gutter, past all redemption and help."

"If I could find him," said Shepard—"with all the claims upon me—I would try to set him on his legs!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"But we sha'n't have to do it," said Shepard. "He won't be found—and he'd be too proud, if he were!"

"Yes, he was proud," said Finlay. "Perhaps that is why he has failed. It is strange how some men go out unexpectedly—and how others hold their own. I suppose we *have* succeeded! Cunningham, are you a success?"

Cunningham shrugged his shoulders. A smile—a wry smile—hovered about his lips.

"I suppose so," he answered. "But to me it seems poor enough. I have the biggest practice in my little town; all the business worth having is in my hands. I can do no more. My ambitions are seeding. At forty-five I am finished with—and only my expenses grow. You know what it means—I live up to my income—and the women set the pace!"

"Yes," Finlay nodded. "The women set the pace, indeed! My school pays splendidly—but the expenses are so heavy, and my wife likes the social side of things—and though I might treble my income, I cannot spare the money to expand!"

"Yes," said Shepard, and drummed his fingers on the table. "It is something like that with me. I could spare so much more to do good in my parish if it were not for my children and my wife. It seems a shame to give away money which ought to be theirs. It's this awful living up to appearances which makes us all so poor!"

"Appearances!" echoed Cunningham, bitterly. "That's just what it is!"

"Yes," agreed Finlay. "Appearances. Nothing but that. Appearances are the curse of us all; they are the drags which keep us back. But—we have competency, comfort, and a certain social standing. I suppose the average man would call us men who have found success!"

He ceased. No one answered him. The talk turned to games-playing, which serves to drug men's thoughts. The sweet was served. Dessert came. Finlay filled Shepard's glass with champagne.

"A drop won't hurt you, padre. Besides, we must drink a toast!"

"Gilmour?"

"Yes—as we promised at Brussels—the health of the dead—or missing. Have you got your little black cross? Here's mine!" Finlay took a polished bogwood thing from a waistcoat-pocket and set it beside his plate.

"And mine," said Shepard,"—he pointed at his watch-chain—"I've worn it ever since!"

"And mine!" Cunningham unwrapped a piece of tissue-paper, and read from the back of the piece of wood it hid: "Kermesse, Bruxelles, eighteen-ninety-one!"

The three crosses lay on the table. Each man regarded the empty chair. The waiter, who had retired himself to a discreet distance, looked on, observant and unseen.

"An absent friend!" said Finlay. "Georgie Gilmour—alive or dead!"

"Georgie Gilmour!" echoed Cunningham. Shepard's lips moved, silently; his words could not be heard. The three men drank. Finlay, afraid and ashamed of being sentimental, set down his glass with a bang. The base shivered, and a little piece broke away. His friends, looking at him, did not hear the waiter approach.

"Gentlemen!"

"Yes—what's the matter?" Cunningham turned round.

"Have any of you gentlemen lost anything? Because I picked this up beside your table just now!"

As he spoke, the waiter opened his fingers. Each of the three men gave a start. For in the palm lay a thing of black bogwood—a tiny polished cross.

There was a full half-minute of silence. Then Shepard put out his hand. He took the cross and turned it over. He read these words aloud:—

"Kermesse, Bruxelles, eighteen-ninety-one!"

Cunningham and Finlay were speechless. Only Shepard found voice.

"Thank you, waiter," he said. "It *does* belong to us!"

The waiter bowed and turned away.

"Waiter!"

"Sir!"

The man turned again. Finlay, who had called to him, looked the little man up and down. "All right," he said. "I thought I wanted something. I was wrong."

Again the waiter bowed to them, again he went away. Finlay took the cross from Shepard, examined it—and passed it to Cunningham, without a word. Cunningham sat turning it over while Finlay watched him. Shepard broke silence at last.

"It's Gilmour's cross!" he said.

"It must be!" said Cunningham.

"It *is*," said Shepard. "It is, without a doubt!"

"How did it get here?"

"He found it on the floor!"

"Yes, but——"

"I thought the waiter was Gilmour, for a minute," said Finlay, "but Gilmour is twice his height!"

"And Gilmour is fair," said Shepard. "What does it—what can it mean?"

"Gilmour is dead," said Cunningham, slowly. "But the cross came in some way we cannot know. The same force—the same unconscious sentiment—which drove us to meet again——"

"There must be some natural explanation!" interrupted Finlay. "Perhaps Gilmour is here!"

"Here?"

"Yes—in the flesh! Look! Is he in the room?"

The three men swung round in their chairs; from their corner table they could survey the entire room. Pretty women were there; young men; superior commercials; bloods about Silchester; manufacturers, lawyers; folk of every kind and rank. But Gilmour was not among them. Shepard made a banal misquotation, and turned back.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy!" he said.

Cunningham shivered. Finlay twisted and intertwisted his hands. Suddenly he put one of them on Shepard's arm.

"Padre," he said.

"Yes."

"Have you any prejudices against variety entertainments?"

"Not when they're clean!"

"They're clean enough here—the Watch Committee sees to that! Suppose we go to the Palace. I feel as if I'd like to forget my thoughts!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

Finlay made a signal. The waiter hurried up.

"The bill!"

"Yes, sir."

The bill was ready; the tip was given; each went for hat and overcoat to his room. They met in the outer vestibule. Finlay pointed at the glass of the revolving doors.

"It's raining," he said. "It's always raining in this beastly hole! We shall have to take a cab!"

As he spoke the waiter opened his fingers. Each of the three men gave a start—For in the palm lay a thing of black bogwood — a tiny polished cross.

Finlay advanced. The others followed him. The hall-porter preceded them to the revolving door. But, when he reached it, he did not set it swinging; he put his back to it and extended his hand.

"Halloa, Bunny," he said, smiling. "You see, I've kept my promise—I'm here!"

Finlay started, gasped, stayed speechless, and looked into the hall-porter's face. The man's features were as fine as his figure; he had a fair moustache, beautiful teeth, and extraordinarily blue blue eyes. His voice was that of an educated Englishman; he had nothing of the menial about him except his menial's clothes. Cunningham and Shepard stared at him as if he were a basilisk; and Cunningham had hold of Shepard's arm.

"Halloa, Ferret—halloa, Shepard—how are you, after all these years? Sorry I couldn't come to the dinner. I was on duty—as you see!"

"Gilmour," said Finlay, breathlessly; "Georgie, it's you!"

"Yes, it's me all right, but——"

"What are you doing here?"

"Doing here, Shepard?" The hall-porter glanced at his uniform. "Doesn't this speak for itself?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Seven years!"

The three professional successes looked at each other; one thought—forced and quickened by the instinct of self-preservation—had jumped to life in the heart of each. Each, at that moment, remembered his assertion that he would help to set Gilmour on his feet again—and the hour of test was at hand.

"But—but we must talk to you," said Shepard, who had more claims on him, and more moral courage than Finlay and Cunningham. "How soon will you be free?"

"In five minutes—and it will take me ten to change. But are you sure that you care to know me?" The hall-porter's laugh was very merry. "You were such sticklers for social things!"

"Nonsense!" Finlay, ashamed of his thoughts, spoke sharply. "You've no business to talk like that!"

"Then I'm glad I sent the cross. Go——" Gilmour, once head of their house, assumed his old habit of direction. "Go across to the little Italian restaurant across the Square. It is quiet, and they know me—there is a table reserved for me—where I sup before I go home. I *beg* your pardon, sir——" A client had come up to him. "Glasgow train—ten-forty—sleeping-car on Saturday nights? I think not, until August, but—Carter, give me that time-table; I'll have a look and see!"

He turned away eager and *affairé;* his three school-fellows, Finlay leading, passed through the revolving doors. In them that strange snobbishness, so often in the very veins of the professional classes, was running riot; fighting with a sense of old comradeship, with sentiment, with the public school instinct for playing the game for the side. In front of the hotel, outside its courtyard, Finlay stopped dead.

"Good Lord!" he said. "He *has* come down!"

"Yes," said Cunningham, He spoke in a half-whisper. "If it were the Colonies—but in England—at an English hotel!"

Shepard said nothing. He was aware of his own feelings—and he was very greatly ashamed.

So, in silence, the three men crossed the Square. Before them a little Italian restaurant displayed its windows, full of empty Asti bottles and Chianti flasks.

"Petrucchio, from," it said, in tiny letters over the door and on the windows. "Gatti's," it added, in letters that were very large.

"This is the place," said Finlay; "second-rate spot—very. But, of course, we must go in!"

They entered. On the left was a counter; before them an oblong room, with a coarse, purple carpet, and little tables, and between the tables a narrow lane.

"Looks clean, anyway," said Shepard. "No, waiter, we don't want dinner. We've come to meet a gentleman called Gilmour, who usually sups here, and——"

The waiter's demeanour altered. From mere politeness he half-fell over himself to oblige.

"Will you, please, sit here, gentlemen," he said, eagerly—and he indicated a table with "Reserved" upon it, before which was a single chair. "I will bring more chairs at once!"

He brought them. The three men sat down.

"A whisky and soda!" said Cunningham. "Finlay, will you——?"

"Rather!"

"And you, Shepard?"

"Some black coffee—very black!"

The waiter hurried to the counter. Finlay looked critically around.

"FINLAY STARTED, GASPED, STAYED SPEECHLESS, AND LOOKED INTO THE HALL-PORTER'S FACE."

"A decent place—of its class," he said. "And they're attentive enough, too!"

"Yes, and I suppose the waiter's a pal of Gilmour's," said Cunningham. "He overwhelms us with polite attentions; doesn't he, padre?"

Shepard did not answer. Cunningham spoke again.

"What's up, padre?" he asked.

"What's up!" echoed Finlay. "Well, I should say, Gilmour. It's about the biggest come-down I've ever heard of. That's what's worrying you, padre—what?"

Shepard nodded.

"It does worry me," he said. "And another thing worries me, too!"

"What's that?"

"He doesn't seem to mind. He has no sort of shame!"

"I noticed that," said Finlay. "Don't quite see what we can do!"

"Nor do I," said Cunningham, whose thoughts and Finlay's were the same.

"I know what we ought to do," said Shepard, looking up.

"What's that?" The unnecessary question came from Cunningham and Finlay in a breath.

"We ought to have a whip round and put him on his legs!"

"I suppose we ought," said Finlay. "Anyway, we must do something, Cunningham—what?"

"Yes, I'll do something," said the solicitor. "But I know my wife will grumble — not without reasonable cause. It's all this beastly need for keeping up appearances!"

"Yes, curse 'em!" said Finlay, ruefully. "Appearances are the deuce!"

"They're Old Men of the Sea," said Shepard. "But we must do what we can. We shall have to get Gillie a job somehow and pull him out of the mire. What are you good for, Cunningham — at a pinch?"

"Oh, put me down for fifty—if it's necessary," said the solicitor, with a heavy sigh. "But I shall have to work it in as office expenses, somehow. I simply daren't tell my wife!"

"Nor I," said Finlay. "Still, stick me down for the same."

"And the poor in my parish will have to go without something," said Shepard. "I can't spare money in all directions; and my second boy is going to Malvern this term."

Cunningham and Finlay nodded. A heavy gloom enwrapped them all. Each was lamenting, blaming the ridiculous piece of sentiment which had led to their meeting; which had placed them in this plight. Every now and then one of them looked apprehensively in the direction of the door. But it so happened that the eyes of all were on the table when the man for whom they waited came in. He walked up to them; they did not hear him. He stood behind Finlay's chair.

"'THEN YOU'RE RICHER THAN ANY OF US!' CRIED FINLAY.

"Well, Bunny," he said, "how's life?"

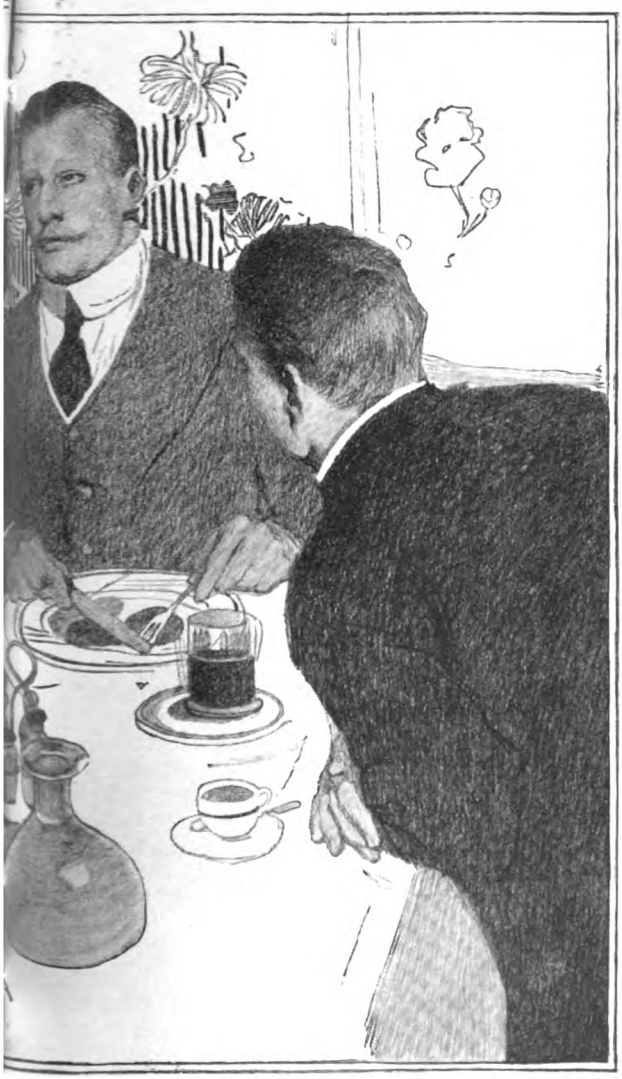
Finlay looked up. A most unreal gaiety was apparent in his voice.

"Gillie, old man, we're jolly glad to see you—aren't we, you two?"

"Rather!" said Shepard and Cunningham, without enthusiasm; and they looked at the man who had failed. He was big, but in good condition; he positively exuded vitality; he smiled happily, naturally; and he seemed an utter stranger to shame.

"You're all flourishing, I see," he said, gaily, as the waiter brought him steak and spinach and Münich beer.

"What makes you think that?" asked Shepard.



'WE NONE OF US MAKE HALF THAT—NET!'"

"Oh, you have the air of it. You look intensely professional and respectable—as I always knew you'd be. Go on talking. I must eat. I'm hungry. I always come in at eight-forty-five to sup."

Gilmour began his supper. The others watched him; they saw that his suit was a good one, that even under the heel of misfortune he had preserved his sense of clothes. They began to hope that things were not quite so bad with him as they had supposed. Shepard put out a feeler in response to Finlay's glance.

"Gillie!" he began.

"Yes, parson."

"We're awfully sorry!"

"Sorry!" Gilmour looked up with a piece of steak on his fork.

"Yes"—Finlay jumped in now—"and we'd like to help you if we can. We're not rich men, any of us—and we have very heavy expenses, but if we can get you a clerkship or a secretaryship—why, we will!"

"Yes," said Cunningham, nervously. "We can't do everything—but we'll be only too glad to give you a hand."

"That's awfully good of you." Gilmour smiled at them affectionately. "But you needn't bother. I'm pretty satisfied with my job."

"Satisfied!" Shepard winced palpably. "But you've lost your sense of proportion, Gilmour. It isn't good enough for a man like you."

"Good enough—when I've half starved and swept crossings and held horses' heads! I'm proud of it! I don't want to change!"

"But you *ought* to want," said Finlay, shockedly. "You ought to try to succeed. You're only about five-and-forty—and you might redeem yourself yet!"

Gilmour did not answer. But he smiled—more broadly than before. Cunningham, who wanted to know the worst and to have done with it, put a question in a roundabout way.

"It isn't as if you'd got a lucrative job," he said. "If you had, I could understand your pocketing your pride. But, as it is, they can't pay you very much."

"How much *do* they pay you, Gillie, old man?" said Finlay, the most direct of them all.

"Five shillings a week."

"What!"

The three men stared at him. Involuntarily they shuddered; involuntarily they thought of their fifty pounds. Gilmour went calmly on with his steak.

"But I suppose"—Shepard hesitated; the question was delicate indeed. "But I—er—I take it that the hall-porter comes in for his share of tips?"

"Oh, yes," Gilmour nodded. "There are eight hundred bedrooms; the hotel is always full to overflowing, and about two hundred

people leave every day. Nobody gives me less than a shilling; many give me half a crown."

"A shilling!"

"Half a crown!"

His old school-fellows leaned forward. Each was doing a sum. Finlay got the answer first.

"An average of four hundred shillings—that's twenty pounds a day. Man alive, you're making seven thousand a year!"

"Ah, no, not so much as that!" Gilmour's voice was deprecating. "You see, I have several assistants as well. But my clear personal takings in the worst year have never been less than three thousand pounds!"

There was a gasp from Shepard; an oath from Finlay; from Cunningham an hysterical laugh. The weight was gone from their bosoms, and Gilmour shot up in their sight. They looked at him with admiration and envy—and even with affection, too!

"Then you're richer than any of us!" cried Finlay. "We none of us make half that—net!"

"Yes—I suppose I am very fortunate," said Gilmour, with a thankful sigh.

"Fortunate!" echoed Cunningham. "I should think you *were* fortunate. How did you get the post?"

"The manager knew me—in South Africa. I was barman at a Jo'burg hotel. We worked it up and he sold it; and he came home—and got this."

"And he asks no percentage?"

"Of course not. Why should he? He knows I am worth what I make. He tells me that I have a personality which pleases people and makes them feel at home as soon as they pass the door. I suppose he's right, too—or I shouldn't have so many friends. Some of them come to see me on Sundays, at Northport, where I have a little house."

"And your wife is still alive?" said Shepard, fighting for his breath.

"Yes, thank God! She stuck to me like a brick."

"And she doesn't mind?"

"*Mind!* Why should she? She isn't that sort. You see, she's a niece of Lord Granston's and she hasn't any social ambitions. She just *is*."

"But your children—have you any?"

"Three—all boys."

"And you're going to send them to universities?"

Gilmour gave a hearty laugh.

"Not much! I am going to send them into business—into which the best brains of England go. Just now they are at St. Peter's, York. When they leave they have each the promise of an opening with great firms whose directors know my story and who stay at the hotel. My boys will not acquire foolish ideas about keeping up appearances. What did you say?" (At the word "appearances" an audible shudder had come from his hearers.) "And I think they will make a big success of life!"

Gilmour paused. The others looked at him without speaking. They had become aware that he had gained something—not merely concerned with money—which they had completely missed.

"You said you lived at Northport," began Cunningham, presently. "But that is forty miles away! Do you go out each night by train?"

"No, by car."

"By car?"

"Yes; it is outside waiting for me now. And I must be getting off, too." He signed to the waiter. "I don't go to the hotel on Sundays, and our week-ends are very dear to my wife and me. The usual, waiter—there you are—thanks!"

He put down the money, rose, and was helped into his coat. Like a general, followed by his subordinates, he went down the long room. Outside was a magnificent Rolls-Royce. The chauffeur touched his cap. Gilmour shook hands with his old school-fellows, made as if to enter; then paused with his foot on the step.

"You must come over some week-end soon," he said. "Just write and pick a date. Northcote, North*port*—that will find me. Once again—good-bye!"

He shook hands a second time, turned again, and was getting into his car. Finlay, with a sudden impulse, put a hand upon his arm.

"Gilmour!"

"Yes?"

"I—we—I think you're the luckiest of all of us. You haven't a care in the world!"

Gilmour expanded his arms and stretched himself, and gave a contented and luxurious "Ouf!"

"Yes, Bunny," he said, "I *am* lucky, gloriously lucky. I'm the happiest fellow in the world. I like my job and I live quietly, and I have no appearances to keep up!"

TIPS FOR THE TANGO.

By PHYLLIS DARE.

DANCERS' MOST COMMON MISTAKES.

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR DANCING FIFTY PER CENT.

MISS PHYLLIS DARE. MR. HORACE HOWARD.

The Photographs illustrating the following article were exclusively posed for "The Strand Magazine" by Miss Phyllis Dare (who first danced the Tango in "The Sunshine Girl" with Mr. George Grossmith, and who even then, when the dance was not in favour, predicted its great future success) and by Mr. Horace Howard, the well-known dancer.

AT the present time the Tango reigns supreme. And yet only a few months ago a heated controversy was raging in Society on the subject of modern tendencies in dancing, and, with but a very few exceptions, the majority of English "authorities" attacked and belaboured the Tango with that wild fury which so often betokens most vacuous ignorance.

However, to those of us who have studied the dance—many people who condemned it in the severest fashion seemed a little uncertain as to what the Tango really was—it has always been obvious that this wholesale abuse

FIG. 1.—EL CORTE—THE RIGHT WAY.

was so utterly and entirely unjustified that, in time, we all felt sure that there was bound to be a reaction. And now that reaction has surely arrived with a vengeance, for it is no exaggeration to say that for the next few months "everyone will be Tangoing."

This change in public opinion, I must confess, is particularly satisfactory to me, for ever since I first danced the Tango in "The Sunshine Girl" I have most enthusiastically recommended it to my friends. When first I did so I was told that Mrs. Grundy would never permit so improper a dance to be danced in our drawing-rooms. And when I pointed out that the Tango, as properly danced to-day, has been shorn of all its objectionable features, I was politely but acidly told that I was "too up-to-date in my ideas."

Still, all's well that ends well, and, although I admit that the original Tango was undoubtedly unsuited to the ballroom, as the dance should be danced to-day it is surely one of the most attractive and graceful ballroom dances that have ever been "all the rage." Whether it will appear yet awhile at the State Ball and at hunt and county balls, which are proverbially conservative, I should not like to say. The fact remains, however, that every dancing enthusiast is now "doing it," and, this being so, and as one who was one of the first to realize its many attractions, I hope and think I may be able to unravel not a few Tango tangles for those who call this dance "the Tango tease"—because they find they cannot master it as quickly as they conquer the dear old waltz and polka.

What are the worst faults that Tango enthusiasts usually commit? Well, first and foremost, I think that they do not show a sufficiently discerning judgment in selecting

FIG. 2.—EL CORTE—THE WRONG WAY.

a teacher. The name of Tango teachers to-day is legion, but many of them unfortunately only teach their own versions, with the result that the pupils find that, although he or she can Tango quite excellently in the particular style in which their teacher has taught them, when they enter a ballroom they discover that their partners "Tango" in an entirely different manner. The reason for this lies in the fact that, to a certain extent, the Tango is a law unto itself, and therefore when learning the dance it is advisable to select a teacher who follows out some popular and fixed method of initiating pupils into this most fascinating dance "craze."

In my opinion, there is only one really sound way of learning the Tango; and that is to take lessons from a really good exponent who has also proved herself a good teacher as well as a good dancer, and to afterwards supplement these lessons by private practice at home. It is well, too, to go to a teacher who understands the advisability of showing his or her pupils five or six of the most important figures first. Under this head I would place (1) El Corte, the fundamental movement of the dance — this movement once mastered, the rest is easy; (2) El Paseo, which is the peculiar walk with which it is usual to commence; (3) Media Luna; (4) Huite Croisse; (5) The Scissors; and (6) El Roueda.

FIG. 3.—EL PASEO—THE RIGHT WAY.

FIG. 4.—EL PASEO—THE WRONG WAY.

It is quite unnecessary for me to explain in this article the various intricacies of these figures, and I only mention them to impress on Tango enthusiasts the advisability of selecting a teacher who will commence by putting them "wise" as to exactly how these figures should be danced.

Perhaps, of all figures, the most important and at the same time the most characteristic is El Corte. The enthusiast who has mastered the peculiar time and rhythm of this figure will have practically overcome fifty per cent. of the difficulties of dancing the Tango as it should be danced. I would emphasize, too, the all-important point of remembering to dance the Tango

FIG. 5.—THE SCISSORS—THE RIGHT WAY.

as smoothly as possible, and also as quietly and gracefully as possible. The reason why the Tango is so frequently danced in a manner which sends a cold shudder up one's back is that, in their enthusiasm to show how thoroughly they have mastered the Tango, ballroom dancers forget the value of dancing smoothly and indulge in various jerky, jumpy steps which effectually kill the true spirit of "The Tango." To dance the Tango in a jerky manner is as unpardonable an offence as to play a passage in music marked *pianissimo* with the loud pedal down.

In Fig. 1 (right) you will see a position in the dancing of El Corte which is correct in every way. In Fig. 2 (wrong) you will see the most common faults perpetrated by Tango dancers in this movement. Far too many dancers are prone to look down when learning this step, thus causing the incorrect attitude shown in the photograph, and also causing one partner—in this case it is the lady, your humble servant—to lean back too far. I admit it is a natural fault on the part of a beginner to wish to look down to see whether he or she is moving the feet in a correct manner, but the mere action of looking down is quite sufficient to upset the grace of deportment which is absolutely essential to dancing the Tango as it should be danced.

In Fig. 3 (right) I have illustrated the start of El Paseo, the peculiar walk with which it is usual to commence, as it should be done. In Fig. 4 (wrong) I have shown—in the illustrations demonstrating the most common faults Tango dancers commit, I have purposely slightly exaggerated these mistakes so that they may be apparent to readers at once—some particularly prevalent errors. Thus, firstly, the partners are too close to each other to allow freedom of movement; and, secondly, my partner in the illustration is holding me far too tightly, thus causing the cramped position here shown, a position, by the way, which you can see in any ballroom where the Tango is danced.

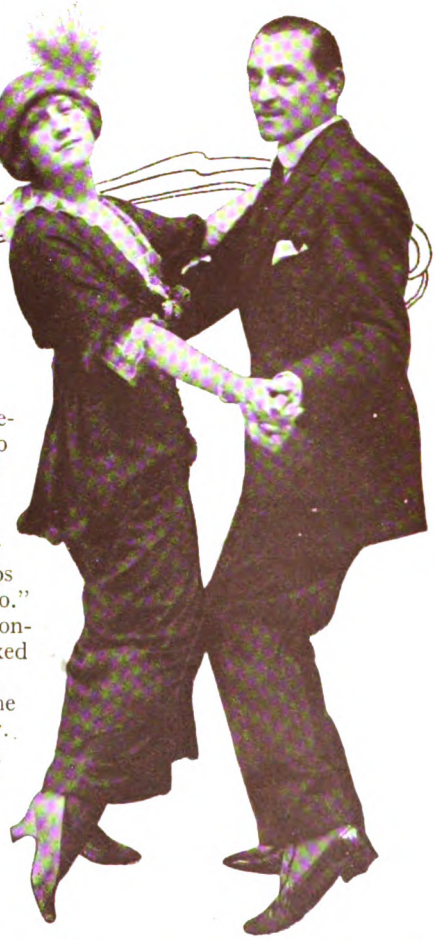


FIG. 6.—THE SCISSORS—THE WRONG WAY.

Fig. 5 (right) shows an attitude which occurs most frequently in the Tango. At the moment this photograph was taken I and my partner are seen making a "tap beat" after three walking steps commencing the "Scissor" movement. In every way the photograph shows this movement as it should be executed. In Fig. 6 (wrong) you can see at a glance that we are again too close to each other, and that, as a result, our knees are touching, a fault which obviously causes the movement to appear ungainly and awkward.

At all times I would ask Tango dancers to see to it that they are quite sure of their balance, that they are keeping their knees supple, and—this is most important—that they are not holding each other too tightly. Again, at all times the arms should be held loose, and the Tango danced slowly and to the time of the music. Not for a single instant do I agree with those who say that the Tango should be danced against the time of the music, although I know not a few capable exponents who hold this belief. Personally, I repeat that experience has taught me that it is quite an erroneous one.

FIG. 8.—THE MOVEMENT SHOWN IN FIG. 7 INCORRECTLY CARRIED OUT.

But to proceed to the most common Tango mistakes. In Fig. 7 (right) will be seen the first movement preparatory to commencing the "Scissor" figure. I and my partner are dancing the way we should dance correctly in every respect. In Fig. 8 (wrong) we have illustrated a pose which is seen very frequently indeed in the ballroom. In the first place, my partner is leaning forward too far, and as a result is dragging me with him, and is also allowing his knees to touch—and touch stiffly. I grant that this movement will not at first be found too simple, but, after all, is any real satisfaction to be derived from learning a dance the intricacies of which can be mastered in ten minutes?

FIG. 7.—ANOTHER MOVEMENT IN THE SCISSORS—THE RIGHT WAY.

Let me here say a few words about Tango music. Every Tango enthusiast, of course, knows that the music of this dance is founded on the Habanera. There are dozens and dozens of Tango tunes, but one of the best for beginners to study the marking of time from is "El Choclo." Still, even in this popular tune there is a considerable lack of melody, and therefore perhaps the best advice to give to Tangoists in their early days is to see to it that the time of the tune from which they study the

FIG. 9.—A FREQUENT POSITION IN THE TANGO—THE RIGHT ATTITUDE AND—

various movements is absolutely correct. And also never to confuse Tango movements with ragtime movements—a mistake, by the way, which, strangely enough, is quite a common one.

Fig. 9 (right) shows a pretty position which often occurs in the Tango. I am not attempting to give a name to each position mentioned in this article, as so many people christen the various positions in a different manner. A glance at the pose here shown should, however, be quite sufficient to show Tango dancers exactly the attitude they should adopt.

Fig. 10 (wrong) shows a particularly common fault in this movement—namely, that the dancers are turning their toes up. At first this is what one might almost term a "natural" fault; but, at the same time, it is a particularly serious one, for the toes turned upwards rob the movements of the dancers of the last shred of grace. Bad habits are easy to acquire in the learning of the Tango, but I would mark this particular fault as quite one of the worst, usually committed by moderately efficient dancers.

I would mention, by the way, that I have met wildly enthusiastic experts who declare that to dance the Tango really well one should master anything between seventy to eighty steps. My own idea, however, is that if a dancer can thoroughly command a dozen, he or she will be able to derive quite as much amusement out of the dance as so-called experts who are continually inventing new steps, every one of which is more or less of a close relation to one of the dozen steps the less versatile performer has at his or her "feet" ends. Besides, it must be admitted that the Tango is not an easy dance to master thoroughly, and even the learning of a dozen steps is no small undertaking.

Fig. 11 (right) provides, I think, a particularly graceful attitude, in which my partner is seen standing still, while I make two or three steps in front of him, finishing with El Corte. This figure is really quite easy to learn, but, unfortu-

FIG. 10.—THE WRONG.

nately, in the learning of it Tango dancers are, at first, liable to fall into one or two serious errors. What these errors are can be seen at a glance in Fig. 12 (wrong). Thus my partner's feet are locked together, while I am on the turn a few inches behind him, which causes the position to look awkward in the extreme. Compare this incorrect position, which is so very frequently seen in the ballroom, with the correct position, and you will see at once what a vast difference there is between the correct and the incorrect way of carrying out this movement.

I now come to a particularly effective and very graceful movement (Fig. 13—right). In this it is necessary to turn the feet out and keep the knees open to secure a graceful result. It is also necessary for the dancers to preserve an absolutely perfect balance, and to move together in perfect time; otherwise—well, take a glance at Fig. 14 (wrong).

FIG. 11.—COMPARE THIS GRACEFUL ATTITUDE WITH THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 12.

FIG. 12.—A POSITION WHICH LOOKS AWKWARD IN THE EXTREME.

This photograph, which I have purposely very much over-exaggerated, shows the appallingly ugly pose which results from dancers not carrying out the advice given. And yet, times without number, I have seen couples dancing the Tango, each of whom has been making almost precisely the same faults as are shown in this illustration.

So far as men are concerned, I would most earnestly advise no Tango enthusiast to attempt to dance in a public ballroom before he has practised assiduously at home, and has thus been able to gain considerable proficiency and experience. In the Tango the main responsibility of initiation and guidance rests almost entirely on the male partner, for I am not exaggerating when I say that, so far as his partner is concerned, all that is demanded of her is intelligent anticipation.

would-be Tango experts who base their style on movements they have seen on the stage would be well advised to subdue that style before giving an exposition of it in the ballroom.

And now I think I have thoroughly covered the question as to what faults are the most common among Tango enthusiasts in ballroom dancing. I would repeat again that, comparatively speaking, the Tango is not a dance which can be "picked up" in a few minutes. At the same time, when once the groundwork has been mastered, whatever you do, *please* go to a teacher who will initiate you into the six figures I mentioned at the beginning of this article—it is quite a simple matter to learn many new figures. In one's early Tangoing days it is, I think, advisable also to go to a teacher who holds dancing classes; but I also think it is a mistake to attend a class until one has had a few private lessons, for at first the steps are apt to appear so intricate that, until one has thoroughly mastered them, one always runs the risk of discouragement through becoming confused in showing off one's scanty knowledge before others.

And just one last word! Please don't imagine that there is the slightest impropriety about any single movement of the Tango as it is danced to-day. It has long since been rescued from the cabarets of the Argentine and of Montmartre, and is now an original and beautiful dance which anyone can learn with a certain amount of practice.

FIG. 13.—A VERY GRACEFUL MOVEMENT SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT.

Some people who have only seen the Tango danced on the stage still believe that many of the movements err on the side of "acrobaticism," for not a few of my friends have told me that movements they have seen in the theatre have impressed them as being far more acrobatic than graceful. To a certain extent, no doubt, this criticism is a just one; but then it must be remembered that on the stage, to secure a really good effect, a certain amount of exaggeration is absolutely necessary.

This being so,

FIG. 14.—THE UGLY POSE WHICH RESULTS FROM NOT CARRYING OUT CORRECTLY THE MOVEMENT SHOWN IN FIG. 13.

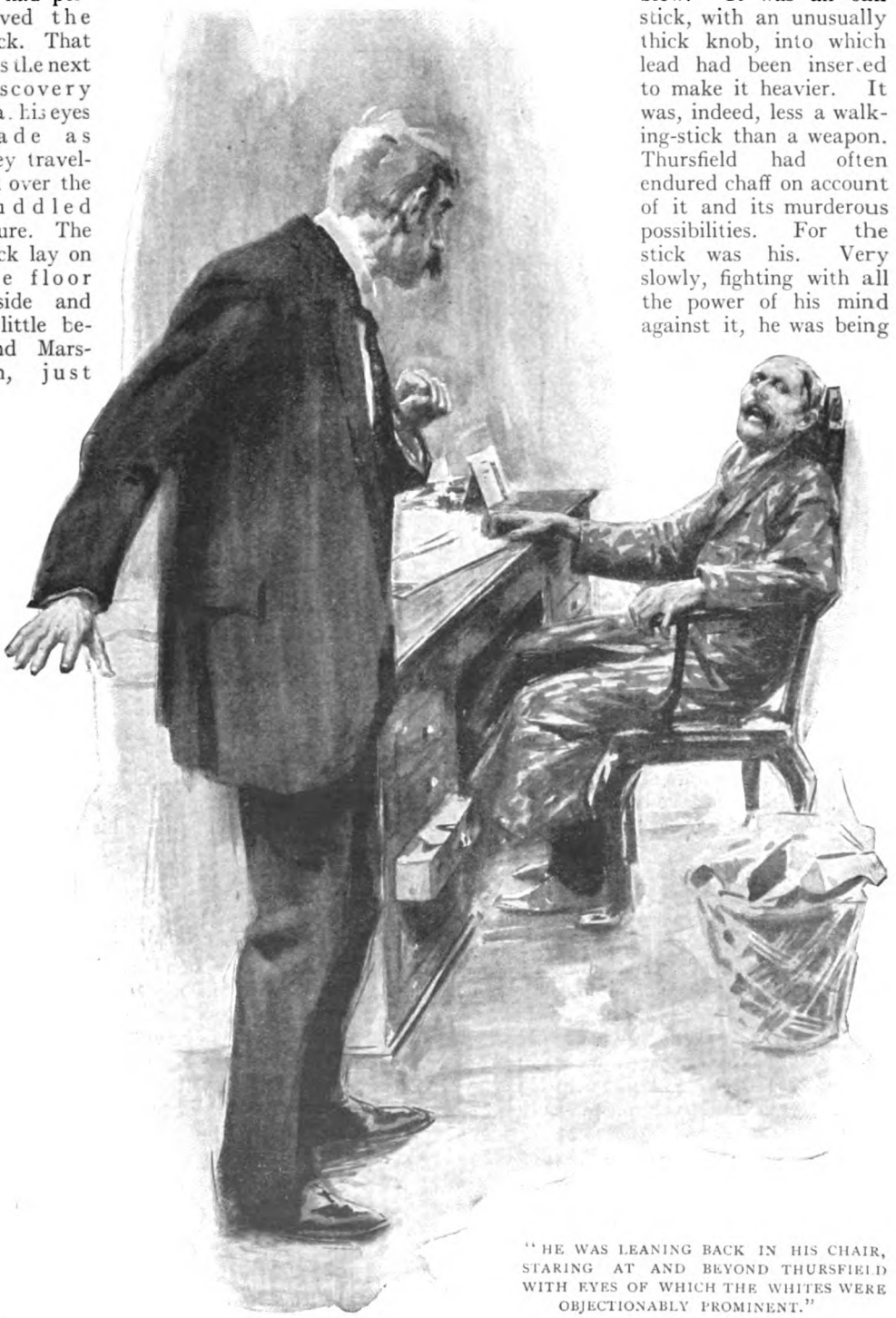
The Man Who Killed Marston

By Arthur Eckersley
Illustrated by A.C. Michael

SO still and dark was the room that Thursfield, opening his eyes, imagined himself for some moments to be wakening in his own bed on a winter's morning. But the bed was strangely hard and uncomfortable. He shivered, and, putting out a hand to drag the clothes more closely over his shoulders, became aware that they did not exist. This roused him sufficiently to sit up, when he realized that he had been lying fully dressed on a sofa in a room that was unfamiliar to him. He paused there to grapple with this problem; and very slowly the vague consciousness of something unpleasant that was in his mind took shape as a clear recollection of the events of the previous night. His head ached furiously; that told him that he had been drinking; and immediately he remembered where and how he had spent his last sovereign in the effort to acquire courage enough for his interview with Marston. Marston? That brought him a little nearer. He could recall now an uncertain journey through the streets to the money-lender's house, and how Marston himself had come to the door, explaining that he was alone, and led him upstairs to the room in which he transacted his accursed business. Afterwards there must have been high words between them; he had an impression of himself full of blustering defiance, and the other impassive, mercilessly courteous, as always, towards his victims; then the picture clouded. It appeared as though the wine must all at once have taken effect, since he had no recollection whatever of leaving the usurer's house, or of how he came to his present position. It was at this moment that he made the second startling discovery. He had not left the house at all. The paper on the walls was the same that had danced before his eyes during the scene with the old man. Therefore he was still in Marston's room.

Stiffly he raised himself to his feet, and looked round. The blind was drawn; but through the chinks of it came a faint light as of early morning. Turning from this, at once his eyes fell on the figure of Marston himself. The money-lender sat at his desk, exactly as Thursfield remembered last to have seen him, wrapped in a dressing-gown of flowered silk. He was leaning back in his chair, staring at and beyond Thursfield with eyes of which the whites were objectionably prominent. His face was of a greenish pallor, except on one side where blood had run down from a wound somewhere in his head, staining his hair and the neck and breast of the silk wrapper. He had obviously been dead for some hours. Just as Thursfield was about to demand an explanation he realized this, and stopped. Then he began to tremble so violently that he had to catch hold of the table to steady himself.

All this was before he had perceived the stick. That was the next discovery that his eyes made as they travelled over the huddled figure. The stick lay on the floor beside and a little behind Marston, just where it must have been dropped after the fatal blow. It was an oak stick, with an unusually thick knob, into which lead had been inserted to make it heavier. It was, indeed, less a walking-stick than a weapon. Thursfield had often endured chaff on account of it and its murderous possibilities. For the stick was his. Very slowly, fighting with all the power of his mind against it, he was being



"HE WAS LEANING BACK IN HIS CHAIR, STARING AT AND BEYOND THURSFIELD WITH EYES OF WHICH THE WHITES WERE OBJECTIONABLY PROMINENT."

made to realize the meaning of this. He himself had killed Marston!

His imagination, having accepted the fact, raced away over details and possibilities. He must have already been half insensible when, in a fit of drunken frenzy, he had done this thing; else how came he immediately afterwards to have fallen asleep in the same room as the corpse? But drunken frenzy is not commonly accepted as an excuse for murder. Thursfield saw himself on the gallows. Unless —unless—— At once an extraordinary watchful calm fell upon him; and while one part of his brain yet reeled with the discovery, the other began devising and rejecting schemes for escape. It was precisely as though he were two persons—the murderer, and an alert onlooker who wished to save him.

He glanced first at the clock. It pointed to a few minutes past six. That meant that he had at most only half an hour before the house would waken. He must be well away by then. He stooped and noiselessly picked up the stick, noticing, as he did so, that there was a red stain on his own hand. This might have been made only a few minutes ago when he touched the table. Or it might have come earlier. His cap was on a chair by the door, where he remembered to have flung it down on entering. He put this on; and then, very quietly, opened the door. The most difficult part of his task was now before him. If, by chance, he were to meet anyone on the stairs!

As he stood hesitating, with his hand on the door, another idea struck him. In the shock of finding Marston dead he had forgotten the living Marston, who had goaded and terrorized him for debts. The papers acknowledging these were, he knew, in the safe that stood behind the writing-table. With his own eyes he had seen the usurer replace them there, gloatingly. And—yes—the key was even now in the lock. It would be the easiest possible thing to open it and remove the papers. After all, if he was to run this risk it seemed a pity not to have some advantage from it. In a moment he was fumbling at the safe with hands not so steady as the brain that directed them.

It was this watching and planning Thursfield that now suddenly pulled him up by pointing out that his present action was enormously increasing the chances of detection. It was inevitable that besides the papers themselves some record of his transactions with Marston existed in ledgers or diaries kept by the dead man. If these were read, and the documents missing, the rope was already as good as round his neck. The relief from financial want that he had been about to secure was nothing in comparison with this danger. Instead of opening the safe he locked it, and removing the key laid it on the desk beside the outstretched hand.

That had been a narrow escape. He crept to the door again, and passing out on to the landing closed it very softly behind him.

So far as he knew, Marston lived in the house alone except for an old man who had long been his servant and clerk. It was probable that he slept on the floor above, and would not be easily aroused.

Twice or thrice the stairs creaked an alarm that his fears magnified a thousand times, but the silence of the sleeping house remained unbroken. He gained the front door, and was about to turn the handle when he remembered the marks that his fingers might leave. He muffled his hand in his soft cap, and thus grasped and opened the door.

Another danger that the watching intelligence had enabled him to avert. The air of a damp autumn morning struck his face with an invigorating chill. As far as he could see, the square in which the house stood was empty. Fortune favoured him. He closed the door cautiously and began to walk briskly away.

To have got clear of the house was so much to the good that he felt his elation and certainty of escape increasing with every step. The knobbed stick was still in his hand. On a sudden impulse he crossed the road to the railings that enclosed the garden of the square and thrust the stick in as far as he could among the bushes. This action pleased him enormously. It was, he thought, the last place in which the police would think of searching for the missing weapon. He returned to the houses and walked on.

It was at this moment that he became aware of other footsteps in the square. For a moment he took the noise for an echo; but when he paused to test this he could still hear it. In the silence it had a sinister and mysterious sound. All at once an uncontrollable curiosity as to this solitary wayfarer took possession of Thursfield. He felt that not to see him would be a thing intolerable; something that would haunt him like a nightmare. As he hung irresolute the footsteps ceased suddenly; they had come to a halt just out of sight round the corner that he himself had turned. But the first house round the corner was Marston's. At this Thursfield knew that he must see the unknown at any cost; sanity demanded it. He crossed again to the railings and, keeping close to

them, tip-toed at a run back to a point whence he could command Marston's door. It did not occur to him that all this might appear a very extraordinary proceeding to anyone watching from the many windows of the square. He thought of nothing except the fact that a man was standing on the steps of the house he had just left, in the act of applying a latch-key to the lock. As it turned he raised his head, and Thursfield recognized the old clerk Wickstead. Fool! So all that elaborate caution had been needless, since there had really been no one in the house but himself. Then he remembered how Marston had told him that the clerk was away. Fool again! But there was no harm done. The thing now was to put as great a distance as possible between himself and the house before Wickstead made his inevitable discovery.

Walking quickly, in twenty minutes or so he had gained his home and let himself in with the key upon his watch-chain. The streets were by this time growing populous, and Thursfield had met many persons in the last mile; fortunately, however, no one who had appeared to recognize him. Even the policeman whom he passed at the corner of his own road was a stranger. It gave him an oddly adventurous thrill, the first of many, to approach this man. Almost without intention he very slightly brushed against the uniformed arm in passing, thinking to himself, "If he only knew!" Neither now nor later was he aware of the slightest remorse for the dead man.

Thursfield, like his victim, lived alone; he inhabited two small rooms at the back of the second-hand bookshop that furnished his ostensible means of livelihood. As a matter of fact, the shop was a hobby, and rather a loss than a profit—hence his implication with the money-lender. The quiet familiarity of its appearance was grateful to him now. He went to his bedroom, and, taking off the suit he had been wearing, put on another, hiding the first in a parcel under the bed. Then he lit his kitchen fire and prepared breakfast, all in a manner entirely methodical; after he had done this and taken down the shutters of the shop, there was nothing left but to wait.

The first tidings would probably reach him with the afternoon papers. As the day wore on his interest and (one might almost say) his secret pleasure in the situation waxed enormously. He had no longer the slightest fear of discovery. The steadiness of his own hand interested him; and he was more than ever conscious of that double brain, the one performing its ordinary, everyday tasks, the other watchfully preoccupied with one thought.

When the earliest boy appeared with the evening papers he went to his door and bought one; he did not retire with it to the parlour behind the shop, but opened it where he stood in the full light of the street.

There was a touch of "swagger" in this, the dawning of an impulse that was to increase. As he expected, the paper contained a brief paragraph about Marston; it was a few lines only, in the "Stop Press" column. "It is reported that Mr. James Marston, a money-lender, was found murdered in his residence at —— Square this morning. The shocking discovery was made by Alfred Wickstead, confidential clerk to the deceased, who, on entering his master's office about nine a.m., found him dead. The police were at once communicated with, and an arrest is said to be expected shortly."

The conventional optimism of the last words did not greatly disturb Thursfield. He was, however, surprised at the lateness of the discovery; it was remarkable that Wickstead should have been in the house for more than two hours before making it. However, it was done now, and the air felt clearer in consequence. A great curiosity, that was quite removed from fear, as to the movements of the police took possession of him. If he could only get information about this he would be doubly armed. Then his eye fell upon a pile of books on his desk, and he had difficulty in preventing himself from shouting. Of course! That was the way. Fortune was certainly favouring him. Among his few clients was Pilling, the great Scotland Yard expert. Hitherto their relations had been simply those of bookseller and customer; but it chanced that Pilling had come into the shop a few days before in search of a particular volume that the dealer had promised to procure for him. The arrangement had been that the detective should call again for it at a date unspecified; but there was the book now on Thursfield's desk. Nothing would be simpler or more natural than for him to take it to the house himself after business hours.

Apart from other reasons, the idea pleased him by its suggestion of carrying the war into the enemy's country. He should be spying upon the spy.

It was some time after dark when he set out, carrying the book, which was the first of two volumes of a county history; he had retained the second in case the pretext for another visit should be necessary. The

interval, since closing the shop at dusk, he had spent in burning every scrap of clothing that he had worn the night before. It seemed then that the last link associating him with the crime was destroyed.

The detective was at home and welcomed him warmly. Pilling was a rotund, benevolent-faced old gentleman, whose appearance—rather like that of a country cleric—had long been his greatest asset. Apart from his work he had but two enthusiasms—gambling, and the collection of works bearing upon the topography of Norfolk. It was one of these that had furnished Thursfield with his excuse.

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said Pilling, fingering the volume lovingly and gazing in a friendly manner at the visitor. Work being over for the day, Pilling had permitted himself to relax into a velvet smoking-jacket; there were spirits on the table beside him, and a kettle on the hob. "Draw up your chair, Mr. Thursfield, and let me mix you something."

Thursfield obeyed the suggestion. He had been glancing round the comfortable, book-lined room; it was as unlike a spider's web as possible, yet that was what it represented for him. And here he was in the midst of it and not afraid, only amused.

"I knew you were a busy man, Mr. Pilling," he said, "but I hoped this late hour would find you at liberty."

"To be sure. I work for my living the same as another. Precious hard work, too, sometimes."

"But interesting?" Thursfield ventured.

His host handed him a glass, smiling benevolently.

"It brings one into contact with human nature," he admitted, "and, of course, there is to some extent the element of sensationalism." He lifted his own tumbler, nodded, and drank. "But not nearly so much so, Mr. Thursfield, as outsiders would suppose."

"No?" Thursfield drank too, gazing with apparent reverence at the smiling face of his host. "One imagines," he said, timidly, "all sorts of things—murders——"

Pilling laughed easily. "Believe me, my friend," he answered, "the average murder is the most humdrum affair conceivable. You can take that from one who knows!"

"Pretentious ass!" reflected Thursfield, inwardly. "Fancy his teaching me!" Conceit tickled him again. If this patronizing old fool only knew! Then he schooled his face to the proper degree of deference. "Really?" he murmured.

"Yes," said Pilling. "Take a case in point. This new murder that the late editions are so full of. I'm not professionally concerned, so I can talk freely. They call it a mystery at present, but I haven't the least doubt in the world that it will turn out quite a simple matter."

"You think they'll take the—him?" asked Thursfield. It had been a sharp disappointment to learn that Pilling himself was not conducting the investigation. But a moment later he saw this as another advantage. The detective would be sure to know what was on foot, and he (Thursfield) would benefit by his lack of professional reticence.

"My dear sir," returned Pilling, "in a large experience I have never yet met the case in which I myself was not certain of the guilty party. As for this Marston affair, show me the facts, and I am prepared to wager I could put my hand on the murderer to-morrow." In an expansive mood he laid his open palm upon Thursfield's knee as he spoke.

"I'm sure I believe you, Mr. Pilling," said the bookseller. He was quivering with secret and exquisite laughter; this visit was proving even more amusing than he had hoped.

Pilling smiled, not ill-pleased. "Let us see," he answered. "It might be an interesting exercise. I wonder if you have time to attend the inquest? I haven't. But if you care to drop in and hear the evidence, you bring it to me in the evening and I'll tell you who did the murder. Is it a bargain, eh? We might even have a little money on the result—say, the price of this book?" The idea evidently appealed to him; he sat forward regarding Thursfield with alert interest. "Is it a bargain?" he repeated.

"Well, really, I—— By all means," said Thursfield. Things were working out even better than he had dared to hope. At this rate he should be well in with the enemy's camp.

"Excellent. In the meantime, I consider myself free to make use of any facts that may come my way." The detective paused thoughtfully. "I suppose you yourself knew nothing of this man Marston?" he asked.

The question was entirely unexpected, but Thursfield, to his own admiration, met it without a tremor.

"Unfortunately, I did," he admitted. "I owed him—indeed, I suppose I may say I still owe his executors—a fairly big sum." To himself he was reflecting that a fool would have blustered or denied.

"Ah," said Pilling, with an accent of

"IF YOU CARE TO DROP IN AND HEAR THE EVIDENCE, YOU BRING IT TO ME IN THE EVENING AND I'LL TELL YOU WHO DID THE MURDER."

sympathy, "a hard creditor, by all accounts. I hope you may find the estate easier to deal with." He rose, ending the interview. "Till to-morrow, Mr. Thursfield."

Outside the bookseller paused on the pavement, looking up to the quiet stars that seemed to twinkle at him in recognition of his daring.

"Who would have believed it?" he thought. "I am more than a match for them all!" And to-morrow, the inquest. While they pryed and questioned he would be sitting at hand all the time, unchallenged. He lay long awake, hugging himself with amusement at the irony of it.

As things turned out, however, the inquest proved somewhat disappointing. The proceedings were largely formal. Wickstead was there, of course, and his evidence caused Thursfield some quiet amusement. The old clerk looked to have aged appreciably in the few hours since the watcher had last seen him. He gave his evidence feebly, and seemed dazed by what had happened. Anyone who had not known Marston might have supposed him overcome by the loss of a beloved master. He was unable to explain anything, or to throw any light upon the crime. He himself, as it happened, had been absent from the house that night, only returning in the morning. At about half-past eight, he believed, but was unable to say precisely.

Thursfield suppressed with difficulty an insane impulse to correct this. Then he leant forward, as did the rest of the company, while, amid a tense silence, the old man described the finding of the body. The room, it appeared, had been almost quite dark, and as in any case his sight was not strong, he had not at first perceived that anything was amiss—not, indeed, till he had turned from drawing up the blind. After he had given in detail the position and appearance of the body some questions were put by the coroner with the apparent object of finding out what portions of the room were invisible from the door.

"This sofa, for example"—Thursfield gave an almost imperceptible start—"which, as we have seen from the plan, was on the other side of the writing-table, would be hidden from you entirely?"

Wickstead was understood to agree.

"Then," said the coroner, with a glance

towards the reporters, "it would have been quite possible for the murderer to have been concealed in the room when you entered it, and to have made his escape while your attention was occupied with the blind?"

Wickstead, after a moment's hesitation, admitted the truth of this.

"Ah!" said the coroner, triumphantly. It was a dramatic point, and produced a perceptible thrill amongst the spectators. The coroner, feeling he had secured a good climax, adjourned the inquiry. Thursfield, mingling with the crowd that flocked out of court, was hardly able to restrain his laughter. How easy it was to outwit such dullards. But he was sorry for the old man; something should, if possible, be done to compensate him for all this.

The remainder of the day wearied and irritated Thursfield, who was all impatience for his interview with the detective.

He found Pilling awaiting him with an air of obvious expectation. The benevolent patronage of the detective's manner half amused and half incensed Thursfield; his self-importance and the knowledge of his secret made it difficult to bear. But it was clear that the other was eager to give him some information.

"Sit down, sit down!" he cried, fussily. "You have come about our little wager? Well, did the inquest throw any fresh light upon this precious 'mystery'?"

Pilling's eyes were twinkling with anticipation. He was so clearly only marking time before making a sensational disclosure that Thursfield answered shortly.

"Nothing that everybody didn't know before. With all their trouble they are as far as ever from putting their hands on the criminal." The mocking quotation was a little skip upon the tight-rope that he could not resist.

The other leant back comfortably. "What would you say, then, Mr. Thursfield," he asked, "if I told you I have already done so?"

For a moment even Thursfield was startled. He recalled the incident of the previous night. Then he glanced again at the smiling countenance opposite to him, and was reassured.

"You're not serious?" he said.

"Never more so. As I anticipated, the case is as plain as the proverbial pikestaff. I should, however, make an admission. Our little talk last night interested me so much that I found time to-day to pursue some inquiries on my own account. I spent an hour or so on the scene of the crime. But it didn't take me a quarter of the time to get at the truth. Bowers, who is doing the case for the Crown, was good enough to compliment me on my quickness. His conclusions were, of course, the same as my own, but he'd taken two days to reach them."

"And what were they?" asked Thursfield.

"Well, primarily that the murder must have been committed by someone who was an inmate of the house. This was shown in twenty ways, many of which might escape the superficial observer. I was able to point out a few to Bowers. Did you speak?"

Thursfield had made an inarticulate sound, which might have been a cough or a strangled laugh. He shook his head.

"It would take too long to go into all the proofs I found, some of them very minute. The most obvious was that of the finger-marks. The impression of a man's hand, stained with blood, was clearly visible on the door of the room in which the body lay. The house door yielded no marks whatever. What do you make of that?"

Thursfield cleared his throat again. "What do you?" he asked.

"In combination with one or two other little curious points (amongst them the fact that the key of the safe, found beside the dead man, must have been placed there by the murderer some hours after the crime!), the inference is surely unmistakable. The man who killed Marston lived under the same roof."

"But there was nobody——" began Thursfield; then he paused, silenced by the triumph on the face of Pilling. "There was only old Wickstead," he substituted.

"Either to-night or to-morrow morning Wickstead will be arrested for wilful murder," said Pilling, calmly.

To say that Thursfield was staggered by this information would be untrue. As yet he was conscious of nothing but that his plans would require some rearranging in face of a new development. He had never expected anything of the kind. Of course, the man could be in no actual danger; there must obviously be a flaw somewhere that would make conviction impossible. Still—it was a complication. He was silent for a moment or two.

"So I'm afraid I get my county history for nothing," observed Pilling, pleasantly.

Thursfield laughed; he had already made up his mind. "Only when the case is proved," he answered. He had determined that the first thing he must do was to see Wickstead and warn him, if it were not too late. In that case there were other steps.

His boundless confidence in himself had not been shaken. "But I have to thank you for an interesting object-lesson," he added.

He rose, declining Pilling's hospitable offers of refreshment, and as quickly as possible got himself out of the room. Not only did what he conceived to be duty urge him towards Wickstead, but he was subconsciously aware that an experience lay before him of keener quality than any yet. The real murderer intervening to save a wrongly-accused man—there was drama in that!

It was already ten o'clock when he left Pilling's door, and every moment was precious. As he drew near the house of the dead money-lender he recalled vividly his last visit, just forty-eight hours before. Strangely (even to himself), the thought of re-entering the scene of his crime had no terrors for him; vanity seemed altogether to have taken the place of fear.

He knew from the evidence at the inquest that Wickstead still slept at the house. As he mounted the steps towards the familiar door the figure of a policeman emerged from the shadow of the opposite trees, and for a moment a lantern was flashed upon him. This reassured Thursfield, since it told him that the arrest had not yet been made. The place was still under observation.

In answer to his summons the old clerk himself opened the door. Great as had been the change that he had noticed earlier in the day, Thursfield was hardly prepared for the haggard and ghastly face that confronted him by the light of the hall lamp. The shock seemed to have destroyed in it all vitality.

Wickstead, however, gave no sign of astonishment at the visit at such an hour. Silently he motioned the other to enter, and, closing the hall door again, led the way to a little room on the ground floor that served for his office. The other room, acutely present in Thursfield's thoughts, lay immediately over this.

Inside, Wickstead turned towards the bookseller, and stood waiting patiently for him to speak. Thursfield was suddenly conscious of something in his manner that he could not define. He began almost blusteringly.

"It's about this affair of Marston." Then, with a memory of the sentinel outside, he lowered his voice. "I've come to warn you."

"Ah?" Wickstead's eyes, incredibly sunken and old, dwelt upon him for a moment. "That was kind of you, Mr.—Thursfield, isn't it? Yes, I remember you well."

"You ought to know," whispered Thursfield, "that there is every likelihood of your being arrested on suspicion. I heard of it to-night by—by accident. I want to do anything I can to help you."

"Very kind," repeated the old man; "very kind, indeed. I'm sure I don't know why you should interest yourself in this way. It's no use now, but I thank you all the same."

Thursfield imagined that his mind was wandering. As he spoke he had begun to fumble with a long drawer in the table. The bookseller watched him impatiently.

"D'you understand me?" he said. "Of course we know that the charge is impossible. You were away from the house all that night. There should be no difficulty in proving this; but in case——" He broke off, the words frozen on his lips by astonishment at something that the old man had just taken from the drawer and laid upon the table between them.

It was an oaken stick, with a jagged knob impossible to mistake.

"Heavens!" cried Thursfield, sharply. "Where did you get that?"

Wickstead glanced down at it for a moment, then raised his eyes again to his visitor.

"That," he said, "I found in the garden of the square. How it came there I don't know. It is the stick with which I killed Marston."

The words were so gently spoken that Thursfield could not credit his own hearing.

"What?" he cried, leaning forward and staring at the other in bewilderment.

"I'm afraid I startled you," said the old man. "Yes, it was I who murdered him. I could see that they suspected me at the inquest. In any case, I should have given myself up to-morrow. The strain has been too great. You would hardly believe what the past two days have been to me."

"But—but——" Thursfield gasped, incoherently. The ground was trembling beneath his feet. "It's impossible!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. You see, I was not really away all that night. I came back unexpectedly about two o'clock. Things had been happening to me, and I was a little excited. I went up to the office, never expecting to find Marston there at such an hour. I had made up my mind to destroy certain papers of mine that he had been using to hold over me. I hated him very much. When I opened the door the room was dark, except for a reading lamp, which showed the desk and Marston sitting there with his back to me. As I entered I knocked against this stick, which must have been left near the door by some visitor. All at once my hatred against the man became ungovernable.

"'HEAVENS!' CRIED THURSFIELD, SHARPLY. 'WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?'"

So I killed him with the stick where he sat."

His quiet voice repeated the story almost without emotion or feeling of any kind. As Thursfield listened, and the conviction grew upon him that this was the truth, the whole monstrous structure that his egotism had built up began to crumble about him. He trembled.

The old man was still speaking, apparently unconscious of the effect of his words.

"Directly it was done I fled from the room and the house. For hours I wandered the streets. It was early morning before I returned, and even then not for a long time could I nerve myself to face the study again. The disappearance of the stick perplexed me. I did not know, as I do now, that I must have taken it away myself. You see, I can explain everything."

Thursfield saw. The whole sequence of events was clear to him. He saw the old clerk striking down his master, while all the time he (Thursfield) lay wrapped in drunken stupor on the sofa where doubtless Marston had contemptuously allowed him to remain. This was the part he had really played, who had believed himself the superman, exulting in his own audacity and skill. Disillusion overwhelmed him.

"But mind," the other protested, with the first touch of feeling that he had shown, "the man was a villain. I am not sorry for what I did."

"Neither was I," answered Thursfield. He turned towards the door, moving heavily. "There's a policeman outside," he said, "if you want him."

WHY MEN DO NOT MARRY.

IS IT THE FAULT OF MAN OR WOMAN?

A Symposium of the Opinions of Many Celebrities in Various Walks of Life.

FOR a number of years past the marriage rate has been slowly, but none the less steadily, on the decline. Is this the fault of man or woman? The subject is one of such far-reaching interest and importance that we have obtained the views of many well-known people in various walks of life.

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.

It seems to me that the vastly interesting and still more important query as to why the marriage rate is declining is one almost impossible to answer with any degree of real conviction. My own personal opinion, however, is that we shall need to make the conditions of marriage, including divorce, infinitely fairer for women if marriage is to maintain its place in the social structure. At present these laws leave so much to be desired from the standpoint of fairness that, to all thinking people, it cannot be a matter for surprise that the marriage rate is on the decline.

CANON HORSLEY.

Nothing is so simple as to have but one cause or one remedy. Therefore, if one should say "the" cause of a decline in marriage rate, which need not be symbolical of racial decay as is the greater decline in birth rate, is this or that, the best answer is the remark of a duck when it enters water: "Quack." Nor do I think that it is easy to indicate with obvious and entire truth what is the chief cause of a decline, nor to make separate causes of influences which intertwine and react one upon another.

Yet the cause which occurs to me as the chief, according to my experience in the lower and lower middle classes, is that young men, more than young women, require for themselves a higher standard of comfort at the beginning of housekeeping than their parents, and still more than their grandparents, required. This is not mainly due to an increase in the cost of living, for *pari passu* has gone on some rise of wage and income; but it is due to the vision of comparative luxury, and the envy of those to whom it is financially easy of attainment, which has

obscured the light and beauty and moral education of beginning life in a humble, simple, and even self-denying way.

As to the query, " Is there anything wrong which is entirely the fault of either men or of women? " I think the fault is mainly on the man's side. The woman, usually, is ready for the sacrifice involved in beginning simply, and not requiring that the home of the artisan husband shall be equal in comfort and ease to that of the foreman ; but the man is perhaps excusing selfishness by a cloak of considerate affection when he talks of not wanting to marry until he can give the girl all she has been accustomed to at home.

I married into two furnished rooms, and the gradual gathering together of furniture for a home, and the gradual filling of that home with simple things beyond mere necessaries, had its own pleasure and gave a fragrance of its own to early married life which no immediate entrance into an amply-equipped villa could have provided.

Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT.

It is, I feel sure, the change in the manners, habits, customs of the times that is responsible for the steadily-decreasing marriage rate. When I was a girl it was not permitted for young ladies to have a tenth of the amount of freedom and liberty that is theirs to-day. The daily lunching and dining at restaurants with young men and girls of their own age which is so common to-day was unknown in my girlhood days. In consequence, both girls and men felt that if they wished to meet often, and as, in such case, they would always have to meet at home, it would save a lot of trouble if they were to marry and make a home for themselves.

But what is the case to-day? In many respects girls enjoy almost equal freedom and liberty as do men. True, if their parents happen to be at all strict they are supposed to requisition the services of a chaperon, but the majority of chaperons in these days are far more lenient than they used to be. The result is that young people have so much more freedom, see so much of each other as a "matter of course," and not as "an occasion on a red-letter day," that after a time they begin to feel that it might be irksome to have to give up some of this freedom and sacrifice their butterfly habits—to a considerable extent at least.

Someone has said that our grandmothers' chief privileges were to be permitted to knit —and to swoon. If this be true, they must have done so at home. What are the chief privileges of modern girls? Certainly they can knit and swoon if they like, but they wisely prefer not to ; in any case, if they did they would never think of doing so at home. No ; to look at the question broadly and with unbiased mind, and bearing in mind the changes which have taken place in our daily habits within the past fifteen or twenty years, I cannot help thinking that the chief reason why the marriage rate is declining lies in the fact that intercourse between men and women to-day is ten thousand times less restricted than was the case in the childhood days of our parents.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON (Author of "Richard Furlong," "The Greatest Wish in the World," etc.).

To lay the fault of the decline of the marriage rate at any one party's door would surely be grossly unfair. If there is a quarrel on this point between the sexes, then it must have taken two to make it. Perhaps women know their men better than they did, and men their women. Possibly, too, there is too little idealism in life, and maybe the vulgarity of the daily Press is the cause of it. There is no man, as there is no woman, who is not the happier for being happily married, for which reason one can only sincerely hope that the decline of the marriage rate is merely a temporary decline. These are very matter-of-fact days, but I cannot help thinking that we should hear no more about the decline of the marriage rate if only most engaged couples were not quite so matter-of-fact, and would believe, what is as true to-day as ever it was, that marriages are made in heaven. That they are celebrated on earth has nothing to do with the matter at all.

Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

In my humble opinion the fact that the marriage rate is declining is almost entirely the fault of the woman. The modern woman is assuredly less forbearing and less patient than was her grandmother or great-grandmother. She is, too, excessively prone to indulge in that most unpleasant of all habits—from a man's point of view—nagging.

The one thing on this earth a man cannot stand is to be nagged at. If, therefore, the man is not nagged at, I feel certain he would give no cause for dissatisfaction to the woman. Compatibility of temper is the one essential for keeping man and wife together. Does a man ever nag at his wife? Never. He has something better to do. From these premises I therefore come to the conclusion as above stated.

Mme. CLARA BUTT.

To a very large extent I think the decline in the marriage rate is due to the different standpoint the younger generation take of life as compared with the standpoint of their grandfathers and grandmothers. The younger generation have larger ideas, more varied and wider interests, more ambitious ambitions than were those with which their fathers and mothers started life.

When they think of the struggles their fathers have told them about their early married life, how they pinched and saved and screwed and denied themselves almost the ordinary necessaries of life to provide their children with the means to procure a good education, and so on and so forth, they think to themselves: "Is it worth while? I am now earning a small income. Have I the right to ask a woman to lead the life of self-denial that my mother has told me she had to lead in her early married life?"

They remember that their mother always used to seem to be working. She would sit up sometimes far into the early morning darning her husband's socks, mending rents in her children's clothes, sewing buttons on antique shirts, and occasionally—but only very occasionally—making a new blouse for herself or "turning" her skirt, in a vain endeavour to imagine that, when once it is turned, she will have a dress which will look almost as good as new. They think of all these things, and, having thought about them, they say: "Well, I should like to get married, of course, but really it doesn't seem worth it for me—or my wife."

And so the question they had once thought of putting to that charming girl who, somehow or other, they feel would say "Yes" were she asked, is never put. And the years pass by until they have lost the inclination to put it—and that charming girl has lost the freshness of youth.

Looking at the question from this point of view, who shall say whether the man is right or not to remain unmarried? I, for one, could not reply to it with any degree of conviction.

Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS (Author of "A Doubtful Character," "The Notorious Miss Lisle," etc.).

There are many causes for the decline in the marriage rate. One reason is certainly to be found in the new gospel of the pursuit of happiness. Happiness is one of the words almost invariably misused—almost as invariably as that other word, Love. When we talk of happiness nowadays, as a thing everybody ought to have, we mean, not happiness at all, but amusement; the sort of amusement which money buys and leisure enjoys. Marriage upon small means is the very opposite of this kind of happiness. It demands effort, struggle, discipline, self-sacrifice—all the things which the present age dislikes and affects to despise.

There is another reason which operates among the more thoughtful. The generation which preceded us—my parents, the grandparents of the present generation—married, as a rule, without reflection. They had families of ten and a dozen, upon means

which were not enough to educate four properly. The results of this are fresh in our memories. We desire to be more prudent. We desire, especially, to be independent—to be able to support ourselves and equip our children for their struggle in the world. When we are young marriage on these lines is impossible. We must either sink in the social scale—which means renouncing one's own circle wherein one was born, a thing only a few are strong enough to face—or we must wait until we are better off.

The result of waiting often is that the desire to marry, so strong in youth, dies down in us. We grow more fastidious, more set in our own ways, more timorous, more used to do as we like. The longer we wait the greater seems the risk. It often ends in the refusal of the Great Adventure of matrimony.

Sir HIRAM MAXIM.

A few decades ago it seemed to be the destiny of everyone to get married. In New England and Old England it was quite exceptional to find a well-set-up young woman or man over thirty who was not married. But many things have conspired since that time to discourage marriage among young people. At the present time vast sums of money are required to educate the children of the poor and improvident, and the number of imbecile and insane asylums has increased very much faster than the population has increased. Taxes are very high, and many young men are prevented from getting married on account of high rents and the expense of living. Young ladies who have been well brought up and educated hesitate to leave a luxurious home to share the lot of a young man in a humble cottage, and I think it is safe to say that vast numbers of young women look with disfavour on motherhood and the care of children.

When I lived at Queen's Gate an old resident told me that there were at least thirty-five thousand of the finest young women in the world in and about Kensington, and that the great majority of them would be only too glad to get married, and he believed that the principal obstacle in the way was the expense of keeping up a fairly good home in London.

When I was twenty-four years of age I went to Boston, Mass., and obtained a situation as draughtsman in a machine works. I was the only draughtsman employed, and one day the men in the shop asked me to assist them in a problem of geometry. One of the leading men, who was much older than myself, said: "You ought to be a very happy young man; you have got the nicest and the cleanest job in the place and the highest pay; and, more than all, you are not married. Believe me, it is the greatest advantage in the world not to be married, therefore look out and avoid it if you wish to be happy." A fortnight later he introduced me to his daughter, who was very pretty, very ladylike, and well dressed. He asked me to visit them on the next Sunday, but his advice, was ringing in my ears and I didn't go.

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY (Author of "Married When Suited," "Maids' Money," etc.).

The fact of the marriage rate declining is nobody's fault, but is a proof of the high courage and candour of our age. It is due also to the spirit of comradeship which is growing up between the sexes, and so far from being a proof of selfishness and degeneracy, as many think, it merely points to the growth of idealism.

In the past the fact of a person being of opposite sex and equal social station was thought to be a good enough basis for marriage; but lovers nowadays demand more than that. It really seems as if, by a queer mixture of passionate poetic feeling and clear common sense, the present generation is arriving at that goal which the Christian religion demands; that is, the sacramental idea of an indissoluble marriage.

The vast change in the position of woman also affects the question, and especially to practical minds; but I should always put the ideal before the economic as a prevailing factor. The latter is topical, the former eternal.

Miss HILDA TREVELYAN.

In my opinion there is little doubt that the decrease in the marriage rate is mainly due to the increased cost of living, the greater love of amusement which is such a very pronounced feature in the characters of the majority of youthful members of both sexes these days, and, last but not least, to woman having earned for herself far more liberty and freedom than the laws of society have hitherto permitted her.

There is, too, I think, a more general feeling among members of both sexes that marriage does not now necessarily mean to either a man or a woman that he or she is doing what the world expects of her. I know many happy "bachelor" girls, as I know many happy "bachelor" men, who are perfectly content to remain bachelors—chiefly, I imagine, because they have found the state of "bachelordom" quite a pleasurable state. And having found that it is quite possible to be single and happy, they prefer what they have come to regard as certain single happiness to possible married unhappiness.

So long as women maintain the degree of independence they are allowed to-day, so long, I think, will the marriage rate remain lower than it was in the days when an unmarried girl lived, to a very great extent, the life of a recluse.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.

The question as to why fewer people marry to-day than was the case ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago seems to me one of the most difficult in the world for any individual to endeavour to answer; I am inclined to think, however, that the main reason for this falling off in the number of marriages lies in the greater freedom women are now allowed. In the days of old Mrs. Grundy laid down a hard and fast rule that woman must have a very dull time. She was not to play any games except those of the most sedate and boring kind; she must learn to sew and do crochet work, and do it every day; she must seldom go out alone, and so on and so forth. The result was that the unmarried girl soon began to feel that she was a sort of prisoner so long as she remained unmarried. The only way in which she could obtain more freedom was, she felt, to marry.

To-day women are probably allowed more relaxations, more freedom, in every way than ever before in our history. For which reason many of them doubtless feel that as they are happy and free enough in an unmarried state they would be ill-advised to risk losing both by making a mistake in marriage.

Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON, the well-known novelist.

I think that people marry less often because the cost of things keeps going up, and even "love in a cottage" is much more expensive than it used to be. Poverty seems to be coming in at the door unless a chauffeur can drive up to it with some vague, cheap suggestion of a motor-car; and Love stands ready to bolt out of the window unless it can be curtained with the most charming muslin and chintz.

There seem to be so many more things in the world to want than there used to be, so naturally we want them; and, therefore, it takes more courage for a poor man to propose to a pretty girl than in days when all novelists had to end their stories with an engagement or a wedding. Besides, of course, young women have a better chance of finding work which is fairly well paid than they had years ago; so they need not marry just for the sake of being married. Perhaps, therefore, if people are marrying less often, they may be marrying more happily!

Z. Temple Thurston, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, and Dr. C. W. Saleeby, photos. by J. Russell and Sons. Mrs. C. N. Williamson, photo. by Lallie Charles. Canon Horsley, photo. by R. Haines. Irene Vanbrugh and Hilda Trevelyan, photos. by Foulsham and Banfield. Sarah Bernhardt, photo. by Dover Street Studios. Mrs. Dudeney, photo. by G. Vandyk. Arthur Bourchier and Clara Butt, photos. by Ellis and Walery. Sir Hiram Maxim, photo. by E. H. Mills.

"The SOUL of the AFRIDIS"

BY EDWARD CECIL

Illustrated by Wilton Williams

"THE Soul of the Afridis," to translate into its nearest English the high-sounding name by which the man was known, lay prone on a slab of rock and gazed down into the gorge below. He gazed long and steadily, and he sighted his rifle with infinite care. He lay motionless, like a figure cast in bronze, and the tribesmen watched him with silent but profound admiration.

Away down in the gorge, at its mouth, a tiny figure was advancing nearer and nearer. Gradually the component parts of this figure became more and more distinct to those hawk-like watching eyes so carefully following it from that slab of rock on the mountain-side at the head of the gorge. These component parts were a bay horse, a man in khaki riding-breeches and a loose shirt, and on the man's head a large white sun-helmet. A shadow of amusement passed across the watcher's face. That helmet was a most excellent target.

The man who lay there so still and yet so keenly alert, "The Soul of the Afridis," as he was called, had the advancing horseman easily within range. The tribesmen who accepted him as their leader did not know this, however. To their weapons the horseman was a quite impossible target.

"The Soul of the Afridis" and the rifle in his hands were well mated. Both were perfectly effective for the task set them—the destruction of that rash horseman taking his morning gallop up that lonely gorge. The man whose hawk-like eyes followed the approaching target was physically superb. On his brown body there was no superfluous flesh. Under his skin the muscles could be seen like fine, strong wires. His bare shoulders would have inspired a sculptor to enthusiasm. And the weapon in his hands, a new model of a famous rifle, was of the very best workmanship.

The horseman below came closer, and one of the tribesmen moved, a sign of impatience. For he and the others were beginning to feel that there had been enough waiting. They wanted to blaze away with their own inferior weapons, to make a noise and a show of skill and do nothing useful. Just for a moment their leader's eyes left the doomed horseman and transferred their gaze on the man who had moved. He became still again. He knew, of course, just as the others also knew, that they could blaze away and gratify themselves with a display of noise and a waste of cartridges, but that it was their leader who could kill.

"The Soul of the Afridis" looked back at his prey. Then he fired. Down below the horseman stopped, stumbled, and fell.

It was a long shot, but it had come off. A murmur of approval went up from the tribesmen. Once more their leader's skill had been proved.

Yet had it?

It was the horse which had been shot, not the rider. For the rider could be seen running back to shelter. The horse was kicking and struggling as it rolled on the ground. Again there was a shot. Again it was the horse which was hit. It lay still.

The rider ran to shelter in the rocks, and as he ran his helmet fell. Again there was a shot, but still he ran on, apparently unhit.

"The Soul of the Afridis" spoke. It was to the effect that the others might blaze away. They began to do so with a good will, quite useless, since for their weapons the prey was out of range.

There were murmurs of anger when it was seen that the Englishman was escaping.

"On that dead horse," said "The Soul of the Afridis," sharply, "there is a most excellent saddle, of the very best leather and the very best make. It belongs to the first man who gets down to it."

A few hours later, in the full heat of the day, a hot, perspiring and footsore subaltern reached the fort in the main valley into which led the gorge in which he had so narrowly escaped death.

Graham, the officer in charge of the fort, saw him coming, and also saw that he was on foot and weary. He guessed what had happened. He, who knew the mountains surrounding the Khyber Pass like a book, knew that outside the fort one always took one's life in one's hands. He did not trouble to hide his annoyance.

"You took your life in your hands, Carstairs," he said, abruptly, when the subaltern came up to him, "and you are lucky to bring it back."

"But surely we are at peace with these scoundrels?" exclaimed the subaltern.

Graham, the grey-haired, dried-up man who had immense experience of the frontier, smiled, his annoyance relaxing in his amusement.

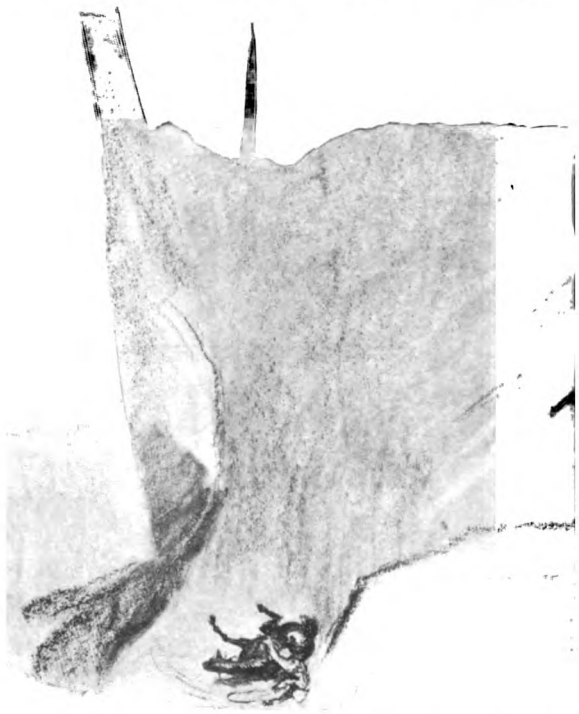
"Peace?" he said, grimly, with a slight lifting of his eyebrows. "Why, in these mountains there is always war. Officially, perhaps, there may be peace, but not in reality. Give me the details of your experience."

He listened carefully to Carstairs's narrative, and when he heard that the first two shots were so close to their mark he asked a question.

"You are sure about the great distance from which you were fired at?"

"Yes. Why?"

"The rifle must have been an accurate weapon. That's all. Plenty of these dusky



gentlemen think they can shoot. But they have very inferior rifles."

"Well, sir, what I have told you is as I have said. The shots came from the mountain-side, but up at the head of the gorge, and they were long shots—and very accurate, since the first shot my horse under me and the second shot him dead as he lay struggling."

"I do not think it was an Afridi who fired at you," said Graham, slowly.

"Why?" asked Carstairs, amazed.

Graham did not trouble to answer him. He was annoyed with his subordinate, and did not intend to conceal his annoyance.

"But the most extraordinary thing is that he did not kill you—whoever he was. That's enough for you, Carstairs. All that you have to remember is this—that you have not been given the King's commission to risk your life for nothing."

And Graham turned away from him and looked up the valley, puzzled. He who knew the Khyber Mountains so well scented something strange and unusual, coupling Carstairs's narrative with what he had already

"DOWN BELOW THE HORSEMAN STOPPED, STUMBLED, AND FELL."

heard about a leader of the tribesmen known as "The Soul of the Afridis."

And Major Bruce Graham was far from an ordinary Army officer, turned out in accordance with type and steeped in regulations. He had imagination and insight, and knew that there in the North-West Frontier mountains one may meet with strange experiences. But he did not know how strange the experience was with which he was on the point of meeting, nor how great the consequences on his own life to which it would lead. All he was thinking of at that moment was the possibility of capturing the Afridi leader who could take long-distance shots with such remarkable accuracy.

Fort Margaret deserves description. It stands solitary and alone, an outpost of the English power, in a country bleak, inhospitable, and inconceivably cruel. For nowhere is the face of Nature more austere than it is in the Khyber country, where her bleak austerity eats like iron into the very soul. And in that country there is for an Englishman something worse than the austerity of Nature. In Afghanistan the English power was once cruelly and savagely humbled. To the men of the hills between Peshawar and Kabul, what has occurred yesterday may occur to-morrow. Moreover, since in the East time counts for less than it does to those who know Western civilization, the massacre of Koord Kabul is to them but an event of yesterday. So that hatred of the English has, in the Khyber Mountains, a real hope which keeps it alive.

Fort Margaret is like half-a-dozen others. It is always well provisioned, since no one knows when it may have to stand a siege, and within it there is a well, so that it never lacks water. Every precaution is taken to make it safe. The ground around it has been cleared, and this clear, rough glacis of inhospitable ground extends right up to the encircling hills. The smooth, loop-holed walls are grim and stern. Those loop-holes, eyes which never close, stare always at those grey,

rocky, treeless mountains, and within the fort there is a vigilance which never sleeps. Afghan and Afridi alike know it, and both hate to know it with that peculiar bitterness with which one does hate that which one's hatred cannot conquer.

Yet in that fort, inside the smooth perimeter of loop-holed walls and machicoulis galleries, there is a court which is a pleasant little garden round the deep and ever-springing well.

It is an extraordinary contrast, the fort and the surrounding country and that pleasant little gem set in the fort, the tiny garden-court round the well.

And on the night of the third day after the early morning adventure, from which the subaltern Carstairs had narrowly escaped with his life, this contrast was emphatically brought out.

Major Bruce Graham was showing the hospitality of Fort Margaret. He sat there, wearing the evening clothes of civilization. With him sat not his brother officer, as might be expected, but two women of his own race and rank—his sister Janet and a younger woman, Adela Scott, who had been a friend of the Graham family for many years. It was extraordinary to see two women in that lonely outpost, there by their own choice, paying a visit to a place which could not be said to provide any pleasure or amusement, or even danger, since had there been real danger they would not have been allowed to be there. They presented a most remarkable contrast to the ugly, squat, but useful fort, standing there in the inhospitable Khyber Mountains. They were out of place, where only men and men's work were needed, and yet it thrilled them to be there in that lonely guard-house of the Indian Empire, in that difficult and dangerous country where Bruce Graham had done so much good work and made his name.

And Graham liked to see them there. Not that he went out of his way to say so. He was not that sort of man. He seldom gave expression to his thoughts and feelings unasked, but was glad to see the woman who was going to be his wife actually in the hard, wild "No Man's Land" in which he had made his reputation. In the future it would be pleasant for her to have known that country of which he had a unique knowledge. If he wrote a book on it, as he very likely would, she would have actual first-hand knowledge to bring to the reading of it.

Bruce Graham was one of those men to whom difficulties present themselves to be quietly overcome.

His wooing had been one of those difficulties. Adela Scott was of unusual beauty. She was tall, slim, and straight as a beech sapling. She possessed unmistakable breeding, and in her girlhood, before India spoilt it for her, a complexion of milk and roses. Men had met her in the days when she first came out, and gone down before her like ninepins. She had refused them one after another, as kindly and gently as she could, till at last she met Jack Lessing, of the Queen's Hussars, and all the world then knew that it was a libel to say that Adela Scott was as beautiful as a marble statue and as cold.

So Graham had only been one of the crowd of the unsuccessful in those early days.

But, unlike the others, when refused the supreme honour he had remained a friend; and when the terrible scandal came about Lessing, and Lessing dropped out of his world, he was ready to give the quiet help of his steady, persistent friendship. Consequently, when in due season Time began to do kind work, he slipped again into the position of wooer, and eventually won his reward.

That night, when he and his sister and Adela sat together in the garden-court of Fort Margaret, he had only just recently won it. In fact, their engagement was not yet announced. It was, however, to be publicly known when in a few weeks' time Graham was relieved, and he returned to Peshawar, never again to work on the frontier, since he was retiring and going home to England.

So Graham sat there well content.

He had good reason for his contentment. After much patience and waiting and difficulty, he had won for his wife the woman he loved. He was a rich man, for money had recently come to him, and he would go back to England to enjoy the position which this wealth would give him. He had the knowledge that he had done good service in the Army. And he had reason to know that his surveys of the valleys and gorges of the Khyber country were appreciated. He had been assured that his service on that difficult North-West Frontier would gain recognition on his retirement. He would probably be gazetted colonel. Finally—it was a small thing, perhaps, but it was eminently satisfactory—plans of his had worked out very well, and a few hours ago "The Soul of the Afridis" had safely been brought into the fort, his capture quietly effected that very afternoon without loss of life.

The successful capture mingled pleasantly with thoughts of his approaching return to England in Graham's mind.

"It is very beautiful out here to-night," said Adela, lazily. "We are the centre of such a deep silence—all around us the inconceivably wild mountains, and here we are in the heart of this ugly little fort, quite safe, quite safe, surrounded by flowers, sitting drinking our coffee and watching you, Bruce, smoke your cigar—just as it might be in the garden-court of some hotel!"

"Yes, these few hours at the end of the day are sometimes beautiful here, as they are to-night, after the heat and dust of the day, but only by comparison. As I sit here to-night I am thinking. I am standing knee-deep in bracken. I am looking out to sea. And on my face there blows a cool breeze, and on my lips there is the kiss of keen salt air, pure and strong and sweet—a hundred times more beautiful, Adela, than those cold, hard stars and the cruelly savage mountains around us which you speak of so romantically as 'inconceivably wild.'"

It was a long speech for Graham.

"Well, to you it is all only too familiar—but to me it is all novel and strange and—thrilling."

"Well, dear, I've had twenty years of India—quite enough."

"I dare say—hot, blighting sun; hot, dust-laden winds; a hot, glittering, and gaudy heaven and earth—and even here the ever-slumbering feud between the conqueror and those who bow but do not submit. You want to be out of it all and back again in the cool, clean life of Home, where the hills are carpeted with heather and thyme, and not mere wildernesses of bare rocks and arid soil. I know what you are longing for, Bruce. I understand."

Thus spoke Janet Graham, with a light in her eyes and a quiet but very deep enthusiasm in her voice. And she smiled.

"They have been hard years, Bruce," Adela said. "But they have been successful—you would not, I think, unlive them."

It was Janet and not Bruce who noticed that though the words were quite sincere, there was no "glow" in them; Janet knew, in the privacy of her thoughts, that however much he might prize the reward he was winning, he was not winning all he sought.

"I would not unlive them," said Graham. "But, now they are over—or wellnigh over—I like to think that the sun which has dried up and burnt brown this hand of mine will know me no more."

He stretched out the lean and haggard brown hand in which he held his cigar, and both Janet and Adela fully understood him.

"Well, at any rate," said Janet, proudly, "you are a good man at your job, Bruce. You have caught this ruffian who calls himself 'The Soul of the Afridis.'"

"Yes. You see, I knew the ground, and my plans worked out well. But I've not seen him yet. It was Carstairs and his party whom I had waiting for him, in the line I knew he would go, who actually ran him in. I'm going to interview him as soon as I've finished this cigar."

The cigar was already a stump between his fingers.

"Oh, why not wait till the morning?" said Janet.

"Because I am curious."

"Curious? Surely he will be just an ordinary Afridi ruffian," said Adela, slowly.

"I don't think he is an Afridi at all."

"Not an Afridi!" exclaimed Janet. "Don't be absurd and imaginative, Bruce."

"I know you have hinted as much during dinner," said Adela. "But, surely, though this strange, wild country has seen many strange things, you don't expect to meet—a European?"

"I do not understand an Afridi having a perfect rifle and using it with perfect skill," said Graham.

And he got up and dropped the stump of his cigar into the bowl beside his chair.

"I sha'n't be very long, perhaps," he said. "If you'll wait here, I will come back and tell you whether my suspicion has been confirmed or proved ridiculous."

"It will be proved ridiculous," said Janet, lightly. "I shall not wait. I've some letters to write."

Of course it was her business to leave the two engaged people alone for the last hour of the day.

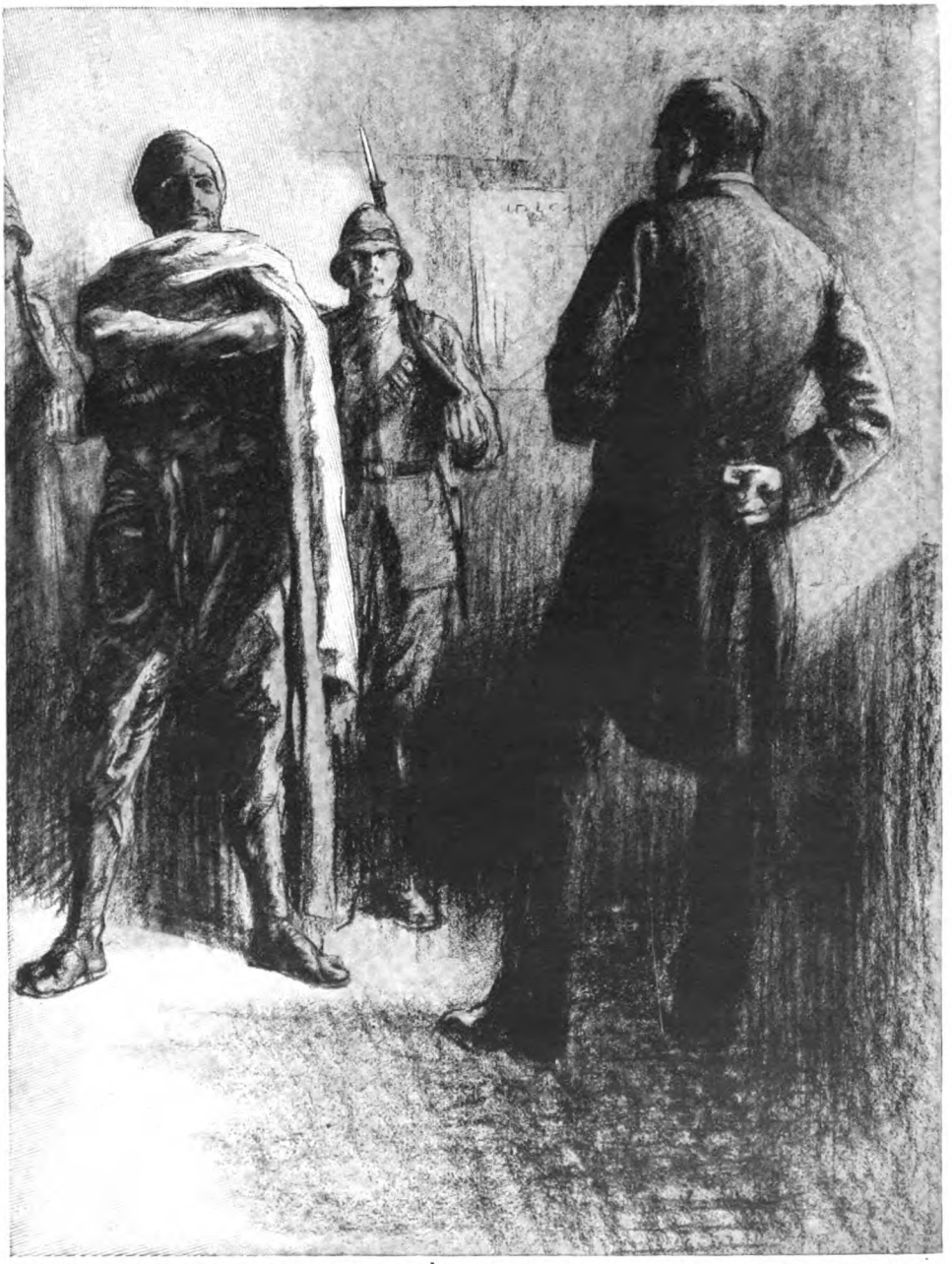
"I will wait," said Adela, quietly, "for half an hour."

And Graham walked away to his interview, all unconscious that he was going to face the greatest temptation of his life.

Half an hour later he was still interviewing "The Soul of the Afridis." Moreover, that had occurred which gave him a good reason for not wishing to return to the garden-court. Five minutes after the expiration of the half-hour Adela got up and went to bed.

"Leave me alone with the prisoner, but remain within hearing."

Graham said this after a long pause. It was not a pause of doubt about the astounding fact he discovered directly he entered the room. He knew that at once. It was a



"THE TWO SOLDIERS, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE PRISONER, SALUTED AND STEPPED BACK."

pause of doubt what to do in the face of a most extraordinary position.

The two soldiers, one on each side of the prisoner, saluted and stepped back. Then they went out, closing the door and leaving Graham and "The Soul of the Afridis" alone together.

Even thus alone Graham did not know what to do. Not only was he face to face with an extraordinary discovery in his capacity as an officer in the King's service, he was also confronted with a totally unexpected crisis in his own personal affairs.

And then he did the natural and easy thing.

"Sit down, Lessing," he said. "Let's talk this matter out. I'm at a loss to know what it means."

For a moment "The Soul of the Afridis" preserved his impassivity. If he did not admit his identity, he reflected, the position might be easier than it would be if he did.

Then he smiled. "Thank you," he said. "I'm a little unused to the English language after not speaking it for seven years. But you will excuse me, perhaps, if I boggle for words just at first."

"Will you smoke?" asked Graham, offering his cigarette-case.

It was now Lessing's turn to be surprised. He had been unpleasantly astonished to find that the officer commanding the fort was Bruce Graham, a man he had known so well in the old life. He had been mildly surprised at his recognizing him at once. But it was a really extraordinary thing that he should treat him with courtesy as an equal.

"No, thank you. Not just yet. One new sensation at a time."

"You must not be over-surprised at my recognizing you, Lessing," Graham began. "I was not expecting to find that a man who could shoot with such remarkable accuracy as you appear to have done was an Afridi. To that extent I was prepared. I also see that you could have killed Carstairs quite as easily as you first shot his horse under him, and then with the second shot put the poor beast out of his misery. But I should be interested to know why you fired at all."

Lessing gave a sigh of relief.

"It is a great piece of good fortune for me," he said, "to have fallen into the hands of a man of intelligence. Few men would have seen at once, as you have seen, that I was only teaching that young fellow a lesson. I could quite easily have shot him and not his horse."

"But why did you fire at all?"

"Had he come much farther he would have been in danger. I could not have kept the others from what they looked on as their lawful prey."

Graham nodded. Then he lighted a cigarette.

"I suppose it is not altogether surprising that we should find your hand turned against us," he said. "I can understand that you hate the men of your race."

"There have been times when I did so, but it would be truer now to say that I am indifferent. Seven years ago, when I escaped, I buried myself in my own way. I have to play my part, that is all."

"You have disguised yourself most astonishingly well, Lessing," said Graham, after a pause. "You are the living image of an Afridi. Only it just happened that I was expecting to find a European, and that I knew you very well indeed seven years ago."

"Yes, I came to these mountains seven years ago, which I knew so well even then, and know now infinitely better, because it occurred to me as a natural thing to do."

"Yes?"

"You see, my knowledge of them had told against me. I thought it might as well tell in my favour. I knew these people. I knew their language and their dialects and their ways and habits. I dyed my body brown. I became one of them. Having a constitution of iron, I exposed myself to all weathers, and here I am what you see me—the living image of an Afridi, you say. More than that, Graham—quite half one."

"It's extraordinary!"

"It isn't extraordinary at all. It has been a fine, hard life. I was cut off from my fellows. Here I have been at peace. I have become a sort of leader. I doubt whether there is another man alive a better shot than I am, after seven years' practice. It isn't very extraordinary, if you think it out. When I escaped I had to bury myself somewhere. I have done so on the whole very agreeably. Had I gone somewhere amongst men of my own colour of skin—what sort of a life should I have had? No, it wasn't at all extraordinary. What is extraordinary is this—that you, Bruce Graham, should have spoken to me, an outcast, as if I were an equal, and have offered me a cigarette. I'll take that cigarette now, and listen to your explanation as to why you have treated as an equal—a pariah. Why have you treated me—as if I were still—within the pale—when I'm not?"

As Lessing asked the question, Graham's temptation took definite and complete shape. He seemed to see it in a flash in all its aspects—what he would gain if he yielded to it, what he would risk in eventual exposure, what the injury to Lessing's life would be, and what the injury to another's life also would be; and what appeared most clearly of all was this—that he, Bruce Graham, had worked hard and earned his reward, and that he would be a fool to jeopardize what made that reward most sweet.

"You and I are alone together here to-night, Lessing, in this remote fort," he said, and he was himself surprised at the calmness with which he said it. "I do not wish myself to pass judgment on you. That has been done. We have a common interest in this Khyber country. It would be interesting to exchange views."

He held out his cigarette-case, and Lessing took one from it.

"Let me tell you, Graham," he said, as he lighted the cigarette, "you are in no wise wrong in treating me as if I were within and not without the pale of decent men. Of that for which I was tried and condemned I was and am innocent. I say, am still innocent, for it would be easier than ever for me to be guilty of it now—if it were in me to be so."

And Graham made no answer at all. His silence meant that his temptation had gained the upper hand over him.

Lessing looked in his face. It seemed as if he hoped for acquittal from this man whom he had known well in the old days. But, though he waited, it did not come. He shrugged his shoulders. Graham just remained silent. That was all he need do just yet. He sinned as he held out a lighted match to the man against whom he was sinning by simply saying nothing.

All the next day Graham spent alone with his great temptation.

It was so ridiculously easy to gain what he wanted. He had just to allow Lessing to remain thinking what he thought. He had only to say to him, "Look, Lessing, instead of my giving you up to the authorities, suppose I leave your door unlocked." Or, if not that, he might say, "Remain what you are, 'The Soul of the Afridis,' and let us make a bargain on that basis. I've full power here, and nobody would penetrate your disguise except myself."

All he had to do was not to enlighten Lessing. Let him remain in his ignorance, and in a few months he, Graham, would be out of India and Adela Scott his wife.

Of course, there was the slight risk that, if not at once, eventually, Lessing might return to civilization and find out the truth for himself. But one must take a risk now and then. And it would be time enough to face the unpleasant situation caused by Lessing being enlightened when it came. Probably it never would come. There were other thoughts also, but he brushed them unceremoniously aside. The obvious thing to do was so simple.

Thus Graham communed with himself from sunrise to sunset, and he saw quite clearly his future happiness within his grasp—the clean, honourable life in England, the woman he loved his wife.

"Honourable? An *honourable* life in England? The woman he loved—but did that woman love him?"

These thoughts fought their way forward. They struggled for a hearing—and gained it.

And the heat of the day grew less, and the light faded, and Graham and his temptation still looked one another in the face.

"Leave me alone with the prisoner, but remain within hearing."

For the second time Graham spoke these words, and for the second time he was left alone with "The Soul of the Afridis."

"Well," Lessing said. "What are you going to do with me?"

"What would you like me to do with you?"

"Allow me to escape and go back—to my friends. I should have fresh prestige in their eyes, perhaps, if you allowed me to make my own escape."

"But, is the life worth going back to?"

"Decidedly. The open air of heaven, the open face of Nature; a wild life, but, as I live it, a clean one—and a man's life, plenty of shooting, plenty of hardship, plenty of adventure."

"Nothing would please me better, Lessing, than to let you go back—to your friends."

"Then why not do so? Naturally, I've no anxiety to go back to Peshawar."

"Unfortunately for myself," said Graham, "I am an honourable man. On that chair there is a complete set of clothing, the ordinary clothes of an Englishman. You are about my size, Lessing. Put them on."

"Very well. I shall feel a bit restricted in them, perhaps. But if you think I ought to go back to face the music respectably dressed, I've no objection."

"Never mind what I think."

Graham got up and looked out of the window into the darkness.

Presently he turned round.

"I have got something to tell you, Lessing," he said. "You were surprised last night that I treated you as my equal. You know you are innocent; *I know also you are innocent. The whole world knows you are innocent.*"

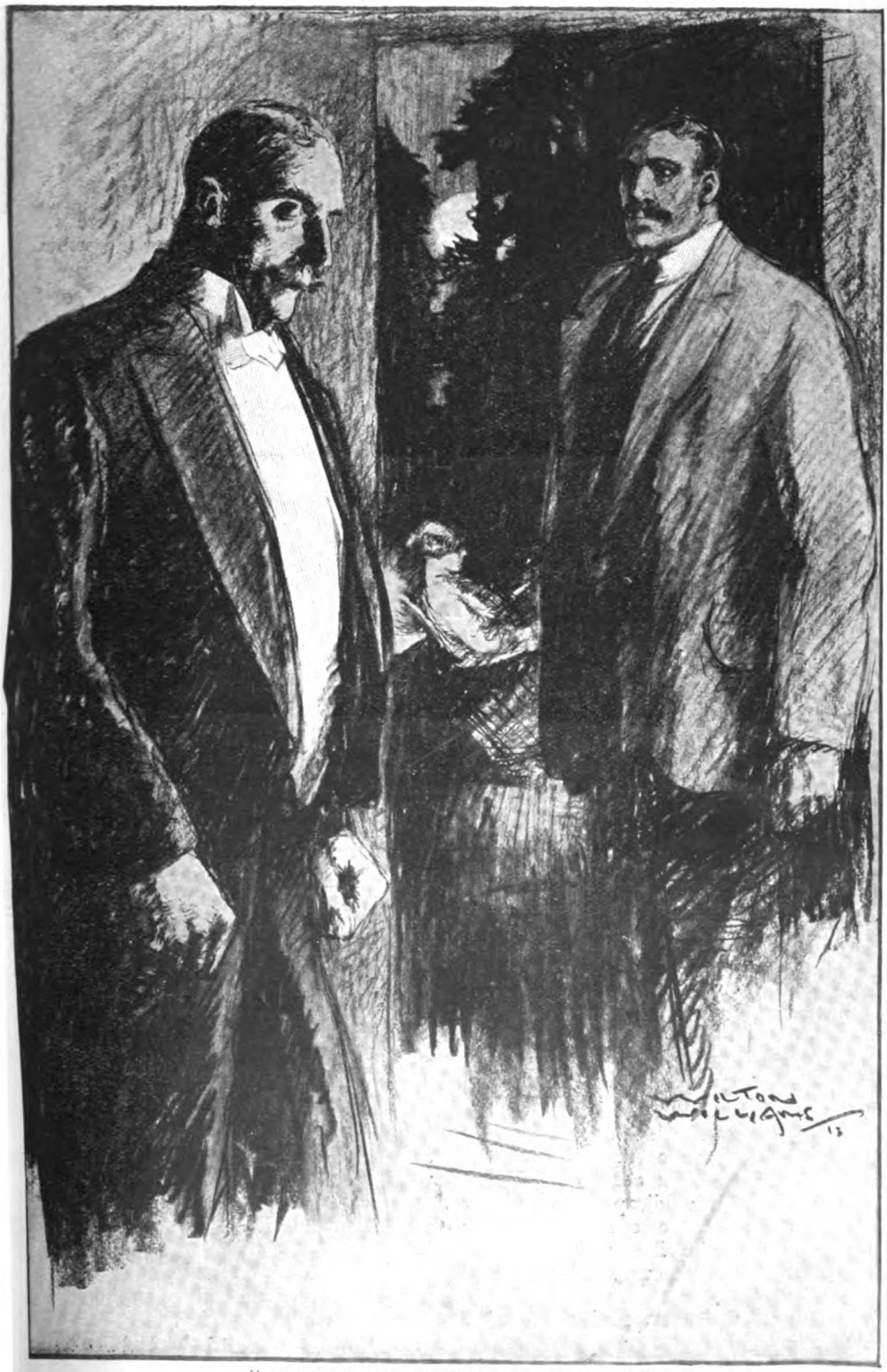
There was dead silence for a full minute.

"Look here, Graham," said Lessing, harshly, "don't play the fool with me. It's bad taste, if it's nothing else."

But he was trembling. He put his hands on the table, leaned forward, and looked Graham in the eyes.

Graham never flinched. His face had a dead look, as of a man utterly weary, which struck home to Lessing even in that eventful moment.

"I have the best possible reason for wishing I were playing the fool with you,"



"AND THEN LESSING WENT OUT—TO ADELA."

said Bruce Graham, in quiet, measured tones. "But I'm not. Edwards, the colonel of your regiment, was the man who did what you were punished for. He shot himself a year after you disappeared. He had his own good reasons for making his exit, poor devil, but he did the square thing by you in leaving confession and proof that he, and not you, was guilty in that business of selling secrets and maps of this North-West Frontier to the Russians."

"Edwards!" exclaimed Lessing. "That tall, fine-looking man, one of the handsomest men and the finest soldiers ever commissioned in the Queen's Hussars! It's difficult to believe, Graham."

"All the same, it's true. That fine Roman nose of Montague Edwards was not above scenting the source whence Russian gold would flow like water for value received. He tapped it frequently and heavily, and when suspicion fell on you—the strongest circumstantial suspicion, you know, since it was you who had spent years in exploring this country and your hand which had actually drawn the maps—well, he kept silent."

"What did he do it for?" asked Lessing.

"Do you remember Mrs. Edwards? I can remember her quite well, one of the most beautiful women who ever graced, or cursed, Anglo-Indian society—and certainly one of the most extravagant. Nothing was ever good enough for her, if money could buy better. Whether she had the money or not never seemed to trouble her. She kept Edwards in debt, poor fellow, every year of his life, from the day she married him."

"So that was his reason—and you can find pity for him! What about the innocent man who suffered? And another thing, Graham, what about the good woman whose heart was broken that that bad woman might go on and flourish? You may remember that Adela Scott loved me and believed in me, right up to the end."

"I only spoke of Edwards in a general way," said Graham, quietly. "Of course there is not the slightest excuse for him. But he has gone to his account. We know he allowed a tissue of lies to pass for the truth—but to have been allied to that woman would have been a pretty heavy handicap upon any man's honour. There was some sympathy with him because he kept silent when you were condemned, not for his own sake so much as for his wife's."

"I want to ask you a question, Graham," said Lessing, after a pause. "Why did *you* keep silent about all this last night? Merely for your own sake, or for someone else's?"

"Merely for my own sake."

"But why should my remaining in ignorance of my innocence being known profit you?"

"Because I am engaged to be married to Adela Scott."

And between these two men there was an absolute silence, which neither seemed to know how to break.

"It seems to me," said Lessing, slowly, at last, "that you were in imminent danger last night, Graham, of becoming a man as bad as Edwards, without his excuse."

"I was."

"For you to think of jeopardizing your future peace of mind—and your honour—like that, how greatly you must love Adela Scott!"

"That is obvious. Also I am on the eve of retiring and going home to England. That made the prospect of marriage with the woman I love additionally sweet to me. In England I thought all I wanted would come in time."

"I can understand your love for her. Mine for her is the one thing I have found it hardest to forget."

"And *have* you forgotten it?"

"No."

"Neither has she."

"How do you know that?" Lessing demanded, sharply.

"I do know it. Isn't that enough?"

"Yes. Where is she?"

Graham took hold of Lessing's arm and led him to the window. From it the garden-court round the well could be seen.

"Look," he said, "there sit Adela and my sister Janet. As you see, my sister is getting up. She is going to write her letters. That is what she has done at this time every night since their visit here began, so that Adela and I may have the last hour of the day together. Go out to her, Lessing, and take my place. It really belongs to you."

Lessing turned to Graham. He was going to speak, and then he found he could not do so. He just held out his hand, which Graham took.

"And what about you, Graham?" he asked, stopping in the doorway and turning back.

"Oh, I shall go on serving my country now instead of retiring and going home," said Graham, steadily.

And then Lessing went out—to Adela.

By Our Readers.

WE have on more than one occasion invited our readers to contribute to our pages, and often with the happiest results, of which the stories about children in the present number are an excellent case in point. We wish to try the experiment of extending this idea, and begin by inviting our readers to send us anecdotes from their own knowledge or experience on any of the subjects given below. To help them in their task we give examples of the kind of contribution we should be glad to receive. Any anecdotes found suitable for use will be acknowledged and paid for.

SAVING THE SITUATION.

AWKWARD situations are always turning up in ordinary life, and they come so suddenly and unexpectedly that those involved generally lose their heads, and are either stricken dumb or very possibly make matters worse by doing or saying quite the wrong thing. The gifted individual who never loses presence of mind in such an emergency is greatly to be envied. Can any of our readers send us something as ready-witted as the following?—

The Rev. Clinton Locke, a well-known American divine, was reading one afternoon in his drawing-room when his wife espied coming up the steps a certain Mrs. Jones, who was her husband's particular pet aversion.

The doctor bolted upstairs, leaving his wife to meet the caller. Half an hour passed, and Dr. Locke came out of his study and listened at the head of the stairs. Hearing nothing below, he called to his wife :—

"Has that horrible old bore gone yet?"

The lady was still there. Mrs. Locke, however, was quite equal to the emergency.

"Yes, dear," she answered. "She left nearly an hour ago. Mrs. Jones is here now."

STRANGE WAYS OF GETTING MARRIED.

THE following story, which has, we understand, the merit of being true, is perhaps an extreme instance of singularity, but no doubt there are many thousands of cases within the knowledge of our readers which are equally interesting, although possibly not quite so odd:—

A man whom all his friends looked upon as a confirmed old bachelor surprised them by suddenly taking to himself a wife. Some time after the wedding one of his acquaintances asked him how it had happened that he had changed his condition with such haste. "Well," said the married man, "the story is a somewhat odd one. Perhaps no one was more surprised at it than myself. If you like, I will tell you exactly how it came about. I chanced to come into a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, and one day, when I was in Selfridge's, I got into conversation with a lady behind the counter, when all of a sudden an irresistible impulse came over me, and I found myself, without knowing how or why, saying to the girl: 'I have come into a fortune of fifty thousand pounds. Will you marry me?' The girl stared, laughed, and said: 'Get away with you! You're joking.' 'No,' I said, 'I never joke. I have come into a fortune of fifty thousand pounds. Will you marry me?' 'Well,' she said, 'if you really mean it, you must give me time to think it over.' 'No,' I replied. 'No time like the present. I have come into a fortune of fifty thousand pounds. Will you marry me?' 'Well,' she said, 'yes, I will.' So we went to her house to see her father and mother, and the very next week we were married. And that is how I came to change my state."

"Well," said his friend, "that is the most extraordinary way of getting married I have ever heard of. Now, let me ask you, how has it turned out? Are you happy together?"

"Yes-s-s-s-s," said the other, not without some slight touch of hesitation. "Yes; but I sometimes wonder whether I should not have done better at Harrods'."

STRIKING COINCIDENCES.

LIFE is full of the strangest and most incredible coincidences, of which the following instance, sent to us by Mr. W. J. Farmer, Redruth, Cornwall, is a fair example. Can you send us one equally curious?—

About four years ago, in the month of September, I travelled from Falmouth to Dublin on the *Lady Martin*, a steamer belonging to the British and Irish Steam Packet Co., whose vessels travel from London, touching at Southampton, Plymouth, and Falmouth on the way. I formed a pleasant acquaintance on board with a youth returning from school, who had joined at Plymouth, and a gentleman from Sittingbourne, in Kent, who had travelled on the vessel from London, and who was undertaking the trip for the sake of the beneficial effect of a sea-voyage. He merely landed in Dublin and took the next steamer back, which left within half an hour of his arrival in Dublin.

The following year, in the month of August, I made the same journey on the same steamer, and was much surprised to be accosted on board by my schoolboy friend of the voyage before, and still more astonished when he informed me that our former fellow-passenger from Kent was also on board. Neither of us had communicated with each other since our previous journey, and the chance of three of us undertaking the journey the next year, and a month earlier, on the same day, without any arrangement whatever, seems to be so remote that if put in a novel the occurrence would be regarded as very far-fetched. I think it would be difficult to equal this experience.

READERS should send their anecdotes to The Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., marking their envelopes in the top left-hand corner with the word "Anecdotes."

Bits of Life

By O. Henry

VIII.—Ulysses and the Dogman.

DO you know the time of the dogmen?

When the forefinger of twilight begins to smudge the clear-drawn lines of the Big City there is inaugurated an hour devoted to one of the most melancholy sights of urban life.

Out from the towering flat crags and apartment peaks of the cliff-dwellers of New York steals an army of beings that were once men. Even yet they go upright upon two limbs and retain human form and speech, but you will observe that they are behind animals in progress. Each of these beings follows a dog, to which he is fastened by an artificial ligament.

These men are all victims to Circe. Not willingly do they become flunkeys to Fido, boys-in-buttons to bull-terriers, and toddlers after Towzer. Modern Circe, instead of turning them into animals, has kindly left the difference of a six-foot leash between them. Every one of those dogmen has been either cajoled, bribed, or commanded by his own particular Circe to take the dear household pet out for an airing.

By their faces and manner you can tell that the dogmen are bound in a hopeless enchantment. Never will there come even a dog-catcher Ulysses to remove the spell.

The faces of some are stonily set. They are past the commiseration, the curiosity, or the jeers of their fellow-beings. Years of matrimony, of continuous compulsory canine constitutionals, have made them callous. They unwind their beasts from lamp-posts, or the ensnared legs of profane pedestrians, with the stolidity of mandarins manipulating the strings of their kites.

Others, more recently reduced to the ranks of Rover's retinue, take their medicine sulkily and fiercely. They play the dog on the end of their line with the pleasure felt by the girl out fishing when she catches a sea-robin on her hook. They glare at you threateningly if you look at them, as if it would be their delight to let slip the dogs of war. These are half-mutinous dogmen, not quite Circe-ized, and you will do well not to kick their charges, should they sniff around your ankles.

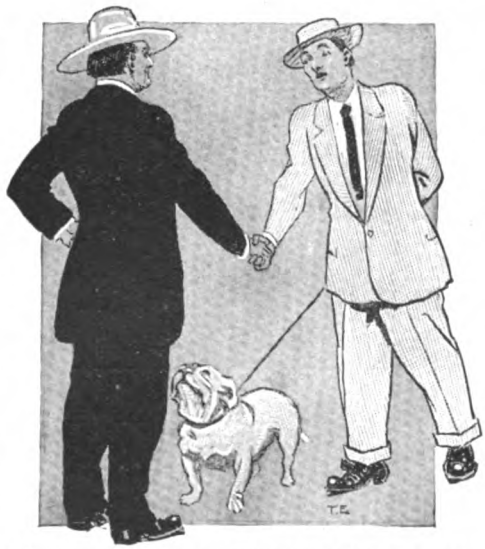
Others of the tribe do not seem to feel so keenly. They are mostly youths, with gold caps and drooping cigarettes, who do not harmonize with their dogs. The animals they attend wear satin bows in their collars; and the young men steer them so assiduously that you are tempted to the theory that some personal advantage, contingent upon satisfactory service, waits upon the execution of their duties.

The dogs thus personally conducted are of many varieties; but they are one in fatness, in pampered, diseased vileness of temper, in insolent, snarling capriciousness of behaviour. They tug at the leash fractiously, they make leisurely, nasal inventory of every door-step, railing, and post. They sit down to rest when they choose; they blunder clumsily into open cellars and coal-holes; they lead the dogmen a merry dance.

"EACH OF THESE BEINGS FOLLOWS A DOG, TO WHICH HE IS FASTENED BY AN ARTIFICIAL LIGAMENT."

These unfortunate dry-nurses of dogdom, the cur-cuddlers, mongrel-managers, Spitz-stalkers, poodle-pullers, Skye-scrapers, dachshund-dandlers, terrier-trailers, and Pomeranian-pushers of the cliff-dwelling Circes follow their charges meekly. The doggies neither fear nor respect them. Masters of the house these men whom they hold in leash may be, but they are not masters of them. From cosy corner to fire-escape, from divan to dumb-waiter, doggy's snarl easily drives this two-legged being who is commissioned to walk at the other end of his string during his outing.

One twilight the dogmen came forth as usual at their Circes' pleading, guerdon, or crack of the whip. One among them was a strong man, apparently of too solid virtues for this airy vocation. His expression was melancholic, his manner depressed. He was leashed to a vile white dog, loathsomely fat, fiendishly ill-natured, gloatingly intractable toward his despised conductor.



"'JIM BERRY!' BREATHED THE DOGMAN, WITH EXCLAMATION POINTS IN HIS VOICE."

At a corner nearest to his flat the dogman turned down a side street, hoping for fewer witnesses to his ignominy. The surfeited beast waddled before him, panting with spleen and the labour of motion.

Suddenly the dog stopped. A tall, brown, long-coated, wide-brimmed man stood, like a Colossus, blocking the sidewalk and declaring:—

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!"

"Jim Berry!" breathed the dogman, with exclamation points in his voice.

"Sam Telfair," cried Wide-Brim again, "give us your hoof!"

Their hands clasped in the brief, tight greeting of the West that is death to the hand-shake microbe.

"You old fat rascal!" continued Wide-Brim, with a wrinkled brown smile; "it's five years since I've seen you. I've been in this town a week, but you can't find anybody in such a place. Well, you dinged old married man, how are things?"

Something mushy and heavily soft, like raised dough, leaned against Jim's leg and chewed his trousers with a yeasty growl.

"Get to work," said Jim, "and explain this yard-wide hydrophobia yearling you've thrown your lasso over. Do you call it a dog, or what?"

"I need a drink," said the dogman, dejected at the reminder of his old dog of the sea. "Come on."

Hard by was a *café*. 'Tis ever so in the big city.

They sat at a table, and the bloated monster yelped and scrambled at the end of his leash to get at the *café* cat.

"Whisky," said Jim to the waiter.

"Make it two," said the dogman.

"You're fatter," said Jim, "and you look subjugated. I don't know about New York agreeing with you. All the boys asked me to hunt you up when I started. Sandy King, he went to Klondike. Watson Burrel, he married the oldest Peters girl. I made some money buying beeves, and I bought a lot of wild land up on the Little Powder. Going to fence it next fall. Bill Rawlins, he's gone in for farming. You remember Bill, of course—he was courting Marcella—excuse me, Sam—I mean the lady you married, while she was teaching school at Prairie View. But you were the lucky man. How is Missis Telfair?"

"S-h-h-h!" said the dogman, signalling the waiter. "Give it a name."

"Whisky," said Jim.

"Make it two," said the dogman.

"She's well," he continued, after his chaser. "She refused to live anywhere but in New York, where she came from. We live in a flat. Every evening at six I take that dog out for a walk. It's Marcella's pet. There never were two animals on earth, Jim, that hated one another like me and that dog. His name's Lovekins. Marcella dresses for dinner while we're out. We eat tabble dote. Ever try one of them, Jim?"

"No, I never," said Jim. "I seen the signs, but I thought they said 'table de hole.' I thought it was French for pool tables. How does it taste?"

"If you're going to be in the city for awhile we will——"

"No, sir-ee. I'm starting for home this evening on the seven-twenty-five. Like to stay longer, but I can't."

"'YOU'RE FATTER,' SAID JIM, 'AND YOU LOOK SUBJUGATED.'"

"I'll walk down to the ferry with you," said the dogman.

The dog had bound a leg each of Jim and the chair together, and had sunk into a comatose slumber. Jim stumbled, and the leash was slightly wrenched. The shrieks of the awakened beast rang for yards around.

"If that's your dog," said Jim, when they were in the street again, "what's to hinder you from running that habeas corpus you've got around his neck over a limb, and walking off and forgetting him?"

"I'd never dare to," said the dogman, awed at the bold proposition. "He sleeps in the bed. I sleep on a lounge. He runs howling to Marcella if I look at him. Some night, Jim, I'm going to get even with that dog. I've made up my mind to do it. I'm going to creep over with a knife and cut a hole in his mosquito-net so that they can get in to him. See if I don't do it!"

"You ain't yourself, Sam Telfair. You ain't what you were once. I don't know about these cities and flats over here. With my own eyes I've seen you stand off both the Tillotson boys in Prairie View with the brass faucet out of a molasses barrel. And I've seen you rope and tie the wildest steer on Little Powder in 39 1-2."

"I did, didn't I?" said the other, with a temporary gleam in his eye. "But that was before I was dogmatized."

"Does Missis Telfair ——?" began Jim.

"Hush!" said the dogman. "Here's another *café*."

They lined up at the bar. The dog fell asleep at their feet.

"Whisky," said Jim.

"Make it two," said the dogman.

"I thought about you," said Jim, "when I bought that wild land. I wished you were out there to help me with the stock."

"Last Tuesday," said the dogman, "he bit me on the ankle because I asked for cream in my coffee. He always gets the cream."

"You'd like Prairie View now," said Jim. "The boys from the round-ups for fifty miles around ride in there. One corner of my pasture is within sixteen miles of the town. There's a straight forty miles of wire on one side of it."

"You pass through the kitchen to get to the bedroom," said

"HE BIT ME ON THE ANKLE BECAUSE I ASKED FOR CREAM IN MY COFFEE."

the dogman, "and you pass through the parlour to get to the bathroom, and you back out through the dining-room to get into the bedroom so you can turn around and leave by the kitchen. And he snores and barks in his sleep, and I have to smoke in the park on account of his asthma."

"'IT OUGHT TO BE CAUTERIZED,' SAYS MARCELLA."

"Don't Missis Telfair——?" began Jim.

"Oh, shut up!" said the dogman. "What is it this time?"

"Whisky," said Jim.

"Make it two," said the dogman.

"Well, I'll be racking along down toward the ferry," said the other.

"Come on, there, you mangy, turtle-backed, snake-headed, bench-legged ton-an'-a-half of soap-grease!" shouted the dogman, with a new note in his voice and a new hand on the leash. The dog scrambled after them, with an angry whine at such unusual language from his guardian.

At the foot of Twenty-third Street the dogman led the way through swinging doors.

"Last chance," said he. "Speak up."

"Whisky," said Jim.

"Make it two," said the dogman.

"I don't know," said the ranchman, "where I'll find the man I want to take charge of the Little Powder outfit. I want somebody I know something about. Finest stretch of prairie and timber you ever squinted your eye over, Sam. Now, if you was——"

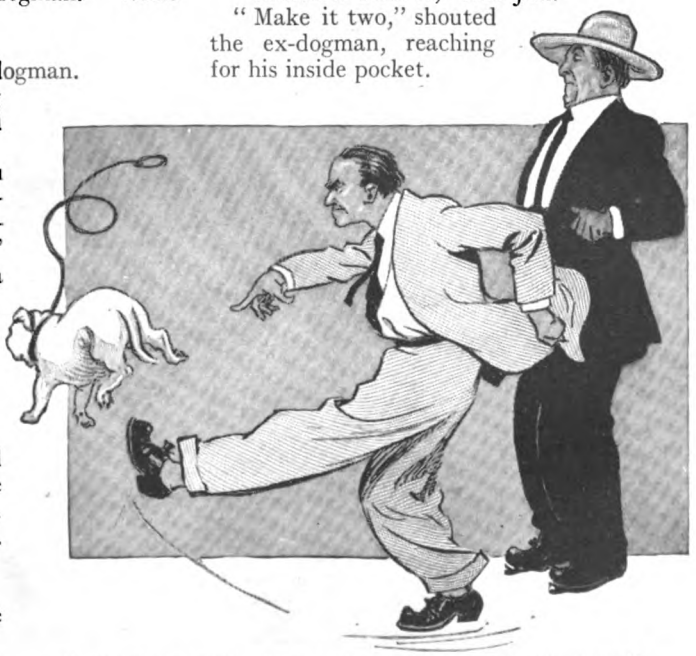
"Speaking of hydrophobia," said the dogman, "the other night he chewed a piece out of my leg because I knocked a fly off Marcella's arm. 'It ought to be cauterized,' says Marcella. I telephones for the doctor, and when he comes Marcella says to me: 'Help me hold the poor dear. Oh, I hope he got no virus on any of his toofies when he bit you.' Now, what do you think of that?"

They walked on to the ferry. The ranchman stepped to the ticket-window.

Suddenly the swift landing of three or four heavy kicks was heard, the air was rent by piercing canine shrieks, and a pained, outraged, lubberly, bow-legged pudding of a dog ran frenziedly up the street alone.

"Ticket to Denver," said Jim.

"Make it two," shouted the ex-dogman, reaching for his inside pocket.



"THE SWIFT LANDING OF THREE OR FOUR HEAVY KICKS."

More Sayings of "Strand" Children.

Illustrated by Dorothy Wheeler.

A CHILD of four years was having tea at a house where she had never been before and heard a young man frequently addressed at the table as "Jamie." While the meal progressed she observed him apply what she considered an unnecessarily thick coating of his favourite jam to a biscuit he was about to eat. In her native Doric she asked him, "Jamie, would na' ye be better o' a palin' (fence) roon that?"—

Mrs. MARGARET H. FAIRWEATHER, Newtyle House, Foveran, Aberdeenshire.

The article on "The Sayings of Marjorie" reminded me of some quaint sayings of a diminutive nephew of mine. He is now some two or three months short of five years of age. About a year ago his mother took him into church one Sunday morning. All went well and he was as good as gold until a hymn was started. He evidently thought he ought to join in, because after a second or two he started singing in a loud voice the only hymn he could remember at such short notice, and that was a little grace he says after tea. I may say the effect was disastrous when at the end of the verse he went on all alone for fully a minute, "Thank God for my good tea; oh, thank God for my good tea."

Mr. J. PHIL. LUNGHI, 56, Long Acre, W.C.

Once when visiting the "Zoo" with our little friend Patricia, we spent a long time in the lion house. Suddenly Pat looked up, earnestly, and asked, "Uncle John, if a lion were to eat me, should I get to Heaven?" "Why, certainly." "Well — but — uncle, would I get right straight there?" "Yes, of course." "Oh," with a sigh of relief, "that's all right. I thought I might have to wait till the lion died."

She took great interest in theological subjects, which may have been due to the fact that her grandfathers were both clergymen and came of ecclesiastical families. Here is one of her observations. One night when quite undressed and ready for her bath, she was rushing gleefully up and down the nursery. Suddenly she stopped and cried, "Do you know, nursie, if Adam had not sinned we should all be going about like this now?"

Mrs. STEVENSON MACNAB, Crichton Manse, Ford, Midlothian.

"HE WENT ON ALL ALONE FOR FULLY A MINUTE."

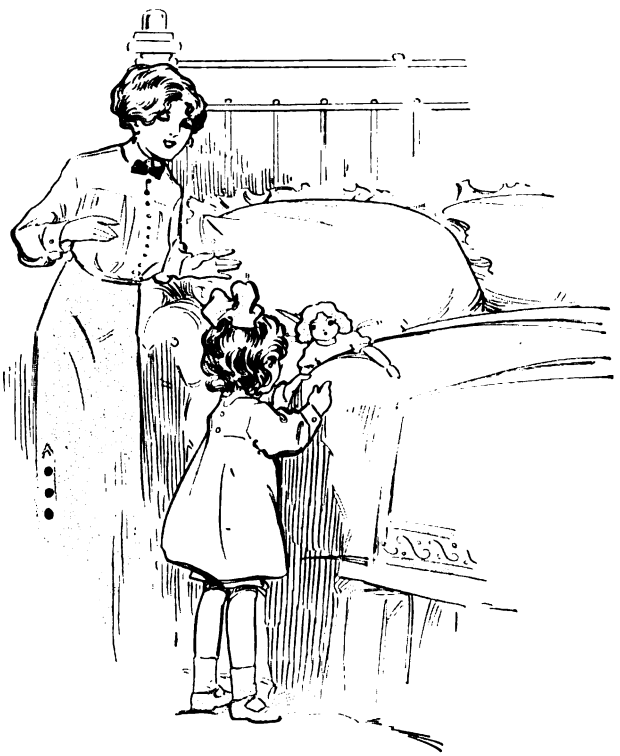
Our next-door neighbours engage occasionally the services of an elderly charwoman, who, to put it mildly, lacks both beauty and charm. Still, we were somewhat taken aback on one occasion when Dorothy burst into the dining-room and cried out, "The old geyser next door won't talk to me." Our own charwoman, whom Dorothy simply addresses as "Missus," has no choice in the matter. That excellent creature has been invited at one time or another to take home to her own child the

whole of Dorothy's numerous toys. She received a severe set-back, however, on the occasion of her last visit. As she was leaving she expressed the hope that Dorothy would be a good girl. Such familiarity could not be tolerated in silence, and like a flash came the response, "And you be a good missus."

Mr. Geo. A. Vann, 27, Ladysmith Avenue, Sheffield.

One day we were expecting a stranger to stay with us, a delegate to some meetings. My daughter Winifred watched the preparation of the guest's room, then importantly brought her favourite doll and tucked it into the bed, saying, gravely, "You know, mother, the lickle ole gentleman will be lonely."

Mrs. N. Hudswell, 167, Portland Street, Southport.



"YOU KNOW, MOTHER, THE LICKLE OLE GENTLEMAN WILL BE LONELY."

We think our Joyce has a taste for music. One day as I was putting her to bed she said, "Oh, mother, do play your violin again to-night." "Oh! Here's buddinggenius," thought I. "Certainly, dearie!" I said. "Do you like the violin?" "Well," she answered, "I *do* like to hear Jerry sing." Jerry is our dog and the possessor of a remarkably fine tenor voice, and he had been turned out the night before because of his mistaken impression that solos were duets.

Mrs. Bertha Haviour, Bel Air, Ellesmere Road, Stockton Heath, Warrington.

My little girl became very devoted to a doll with china head and arms and real hair, which she named Ida, but by some unfortunate accident it was broken by a servant, to her great grief. This happened when her grandmother was very dangerously ill, and she had heard how necessary it was to keep her perfectly quiet and not let her hear anything that might trouble her. So, in the midst of her sobs, she said, "Don't tell grandmother that Ida is broken, for it might be too much for her."

Mrs. Day, Grenann, Heacham, Norfolk.

Here is a story of my little son. Jackie was very fond of a neighbour's cat, which used to frequent our garden very often, to his father's great disgust, and was always very cross when it was driven off. One day, however, when the cat had scratched up some young plants, his daddy pretended to be very angry, and said to Jackie, more to tease him than anything else, "Jack, next time I find that cat in my garden off comes his head and on goes a turnip." Quick as thought came the answer, "That must have happened to you some time, dad." Needless to say, dad felt squashed.

Mrs. G. R. Couch, 10, Decoy Road, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.

A dear little friend of ours named Gertrude, on being told that we should all wear white garments in Heaven, asked, "What—everybody?" And on being assured it would be so, she remarked, with profound disgust, "Father will look silly in a white coat."

Once when Gertrude was asked about the sermon, she replied that "It was very interesting—it was about Lot's wife, and she turned a somersault."

Miss L. Thompson, The Lions, Ventnor.

It was after a history lesson and Geoffrey was being questioned by his governess as to why King John should have been so vexed at losing the Great Seal in The Wash. He replied, "I suppose he wanted its fur to make the Queen a coat."

Mrs. E. M. Minett, 64, Kirby Road, Leicester.

The Birds of Fashion.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

SINCE the House of Lords' Commission sat in 1908 to investigate the effect of Fashion's fancies upon the world's supply of rare birds, the "Plumage Question," as it is called, has been very much to the fore. It has been debated from a score of platforms and in the correspondence columns of the Press, yet there can be no doubt that the merchants themselves know little about the birds for which there is a demand, and that the newspaper controversialists often know less. It is proposed in this paper to say something about a few of the very many birds for which there is a trade demand, and to point out how far it may be possible, by domestication, the creation of reserves, or the establishment of close seasons, to protect every species standing in need of protection.

Before writing about the birds themselves a few words must be given to the Committee for the Economic Preservation of Birds, which came into being some nine or ten months ago with the object of uniting both the users and the lovers of birds in an endeavour to help all species found to be in danger, without hindering the trade so far as it seeks to take a moderate and reasonable toll of species that are in no danger of extinction. A committee similar to the London one has been established in Paris, and the question of calling one together in Berlin is under consideration. The whole question of preservation, reservation, and domestication is one of extraordinary interest, and it promises to solve a great problem, because, as a rule, birds assume their choicest plumage in anticipation of the breeding season, and shed it naturally when that season is over, so that it should be possible in many, perhaps in the majority of cases, to take a bird's most attractive plumes year by year without injuring it in any way. It is unnecessary to remind the reader that the Dutch farmers have been doing this with the ostrich for very many years past, and have built up a trade worth two million pounds a year.

It is quite within the bounds of possibility that within a very few years bird farming will be practised in the tropics, because the least civilized of men respond to the possibility of making money; and, whatever our personal views may be, it cannot be denied that the demand for the skins and feathers of birds is an ever-increasing one, and is following the growth of national wealth.

With Committees for Economic Preservation in the great capitals of Europe, and with a trade willing to accept their findings and give prompt effect to them, we may look in a little time for the end of reckless killing and the recognition of the simple truth that a live bird, capable of reproducing its species and renewing its plumes, is far more valuable than a dead one.

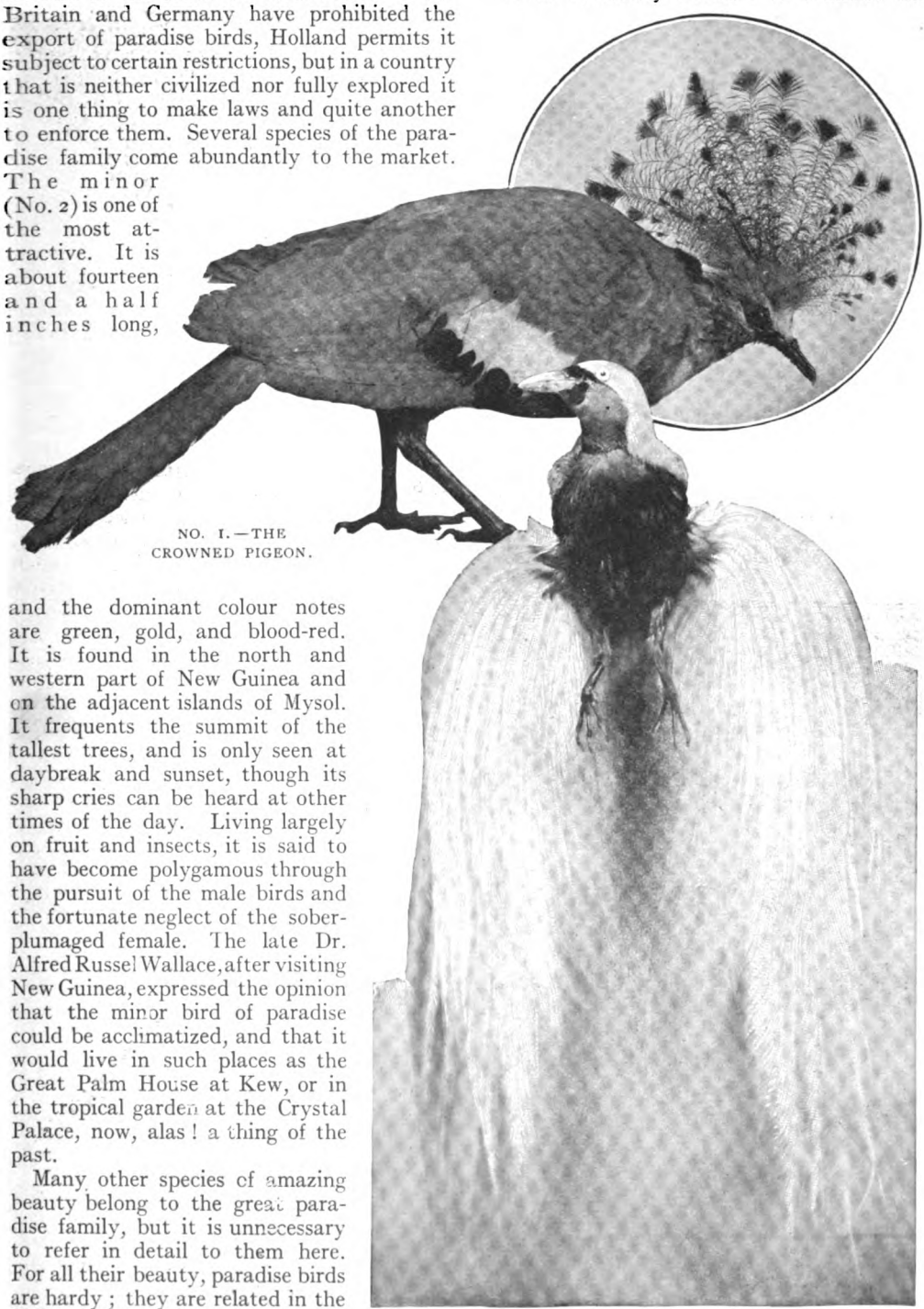
A bird admitted on all sides to be in danger of extinction is the goura or crowned pigeon (No. 1) of the Indian Archipelago and New Guinea. The beautiful compressed crest on its head has created a dangerous trade demand, but unfortunately the absence either of the crest or of the existing fashion would do little to save the bird, because it is large, so very good to eat, and so extremely stupid. It frequents dense forests, lives on berries, seeds, and grain, and lays no more than two eggs in the nest it builds in some tree. The goura pigeon is said to roost fairly close to the ground, within easy reach of a stick or a stone. Happily the bird can be provided with a new habitat. Even now it is to be found living in English aviaries, and the writer saw a fine pair for sale in Covent Garden only a few months ago, the price asked for them being ten pounds. It should be quite easy to establish reservations wherein these birds might thrive, but apart from such a step as this, their only salvation lies in the fact that a considerable part of New Guinea is still very sparsely inhabited.

Bird-lovers are greatly concerned about the future of the great paradise family, for the birds of paradise are found only in New Guinea and the adjacent islands, and the exquisite plumage of the male has undoubtedly proved an unfortunate possession. It will be remembered that New Guinea belongs to Great Britain, Germany, and Holland, Holland

owning the western part and the remainder having German ownership in the north and British in the south and south-east. Great Britain and Germany have prohibited the export of paradise birds, Holland permits it subject to certain restrictions, but in a country that is neither civilized nor fully explored it is one thing to make laws and quite another to enforce them. Several species of the paradise family come abundantly to the market. The minor (No. 2) is one of the most attractive. It is about fourteen and a half inches long, and the dominant colour notes are green, gold, and blood-red. It is found in the north and western part of New Guinea and on the adjacent islands of Mysol. It frequents the summit of the tallest trees, and is only seen at daybreak and sunset, though its sharp cries can be heard at other times of the day. Living largely on fruit and insects, it is said to have become polygamous through the pursuit of the male birds and the fortunate neglect of the sober-plumaged female. The late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, after visiting New Guinea, expressed the opinion that the minor bird of paradise could be acclimatized, and that it would live in such places as the Great Palm House at Kew, or in the tropical garden at the Crystal Palace, now, alas! a thing of the past.

Many other species of amazing beauty belong to the great paradise family, but it is unnecessary to refer in detail to them here. For all their beauty, paradise birds are hardy; they are related in the bird world to our own crows, and it will be remembered that they have been brought to the Zoological Gardens in London.

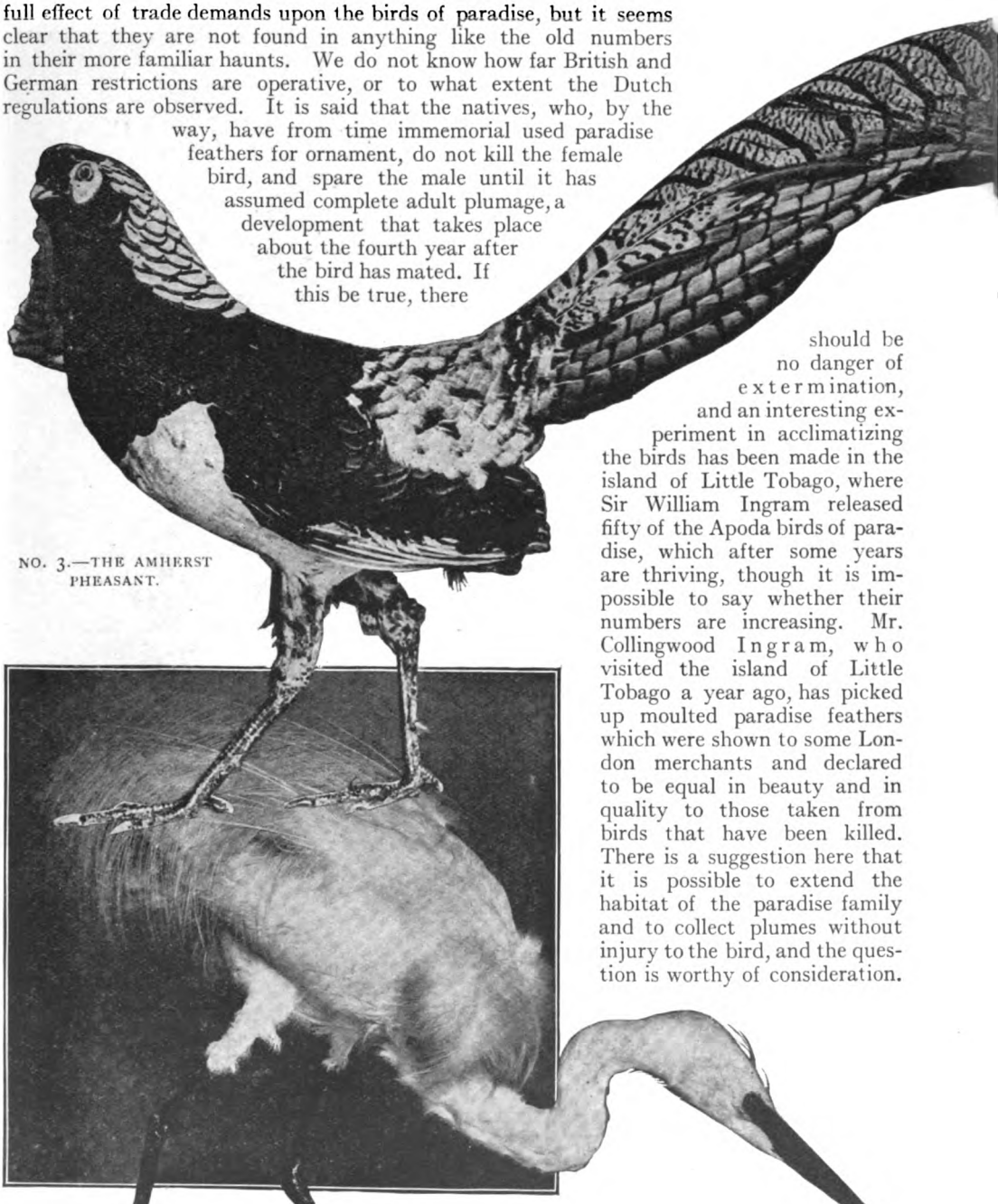
It is extremely difficult to estimate the



NO. 1.—THE CROWNED PIGEON.

NO. 2.—THE MINOR BIRD OF PARADISE.

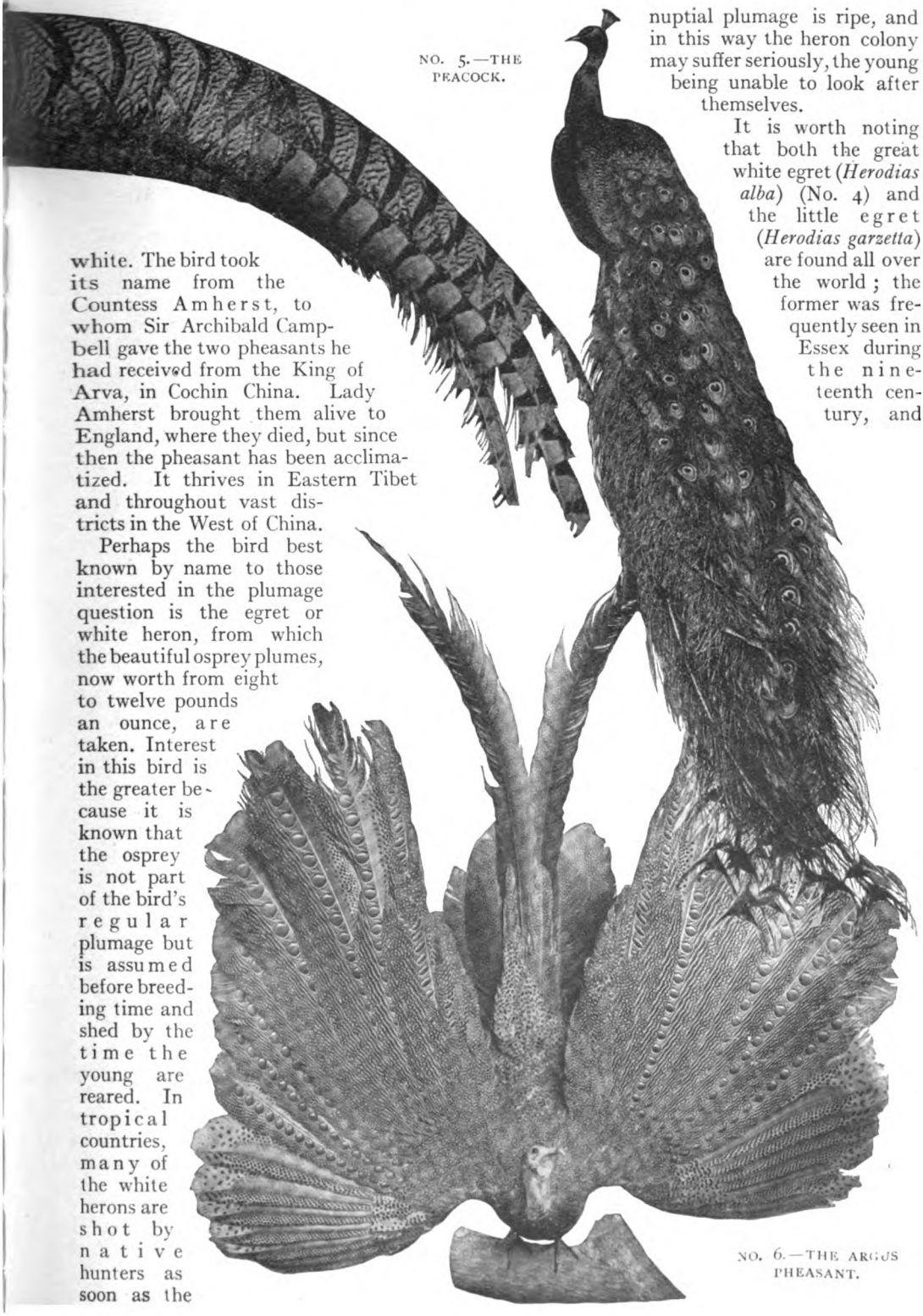
full effect of trade demands upon the birds of paradise, but it seems clear that they are not found in anything like the old numbers in their more familiar haunts. We do not know how far British and German restrictions are operative, or to what extent the Dutch regulations are observed. It is said that the natives, who, by the way, have from time immemorial used paradise feathers for ornament, do not kill the female bird, and spare the male until it has assumed complete adult plumage, a development that takes place about the fourth year after the bird has mated. If this be true, there should be no danger of extermination, and an interesting experiment in acclimatizing the birds has been made in the island of Little Tobago, where Sir William Ingram released fifty of the Apoda birds of paradise, which after some years are thriving, though it is impossible to say whether their numbers are increasing. Mr. Collingwood Ingram, who visited the island of Little Tobago a year ago, has picked up moulted paradise feathers which were shown to some London merchants and declared to be equal in beauty and in quality to those taken from birds that have been killed. There is a suggestion here that it is possible to extend the habitat of the paradise family and to collect plumes without injury to the bird, and the question is worthy of consideration.



NO. 3.—THE AMHERST PHEASANT.

NO. 4.—THE GREAT WHITE EGRET.

Pheasants of a kind unknown to our woods are very largely used for their plumage. The Amherst pheasant (No. 3) boasts an extraordinary range of colouring, including dark blue, green, crimson, yellow, gold, and



NO. 5.—THE PEACOCK.

white. The bird took its name from the Countess Amherst, to whom Sir Archibald Campbell gave the two pheasants he had received from the King of Arva, in Cochin China. Lady Amherst brought them alive to England, where they died, but since then the pheasant has been acclimatized. It thrives in Eastern Tibet and throughout vast districts in the West of China.

Perhaps the bird best known by name to those interested in the plumage question is the egret or white heron, from which the beautiful osprey plumes, now worth from eight to twelve pounds an ounce, are taken. Interest in this bird is the greater because it is known that the osprey is not part of the bird's regular plumage but is assumed before breeding time and shed by the time the young are reared. In tropical countries, many of the white herons are shot by native hunters as soon as the nuptial plumage is ripe, and in this way the heron colony may suffer seriously, the young being unable to look after themselves.

It is worth noting that both the great white egret (*Herodias alba*) (No. 4) and the little egret (*Herodias garzetta*) are found all over the world; the former was frequently seen in Essex during the nineteenth century, and

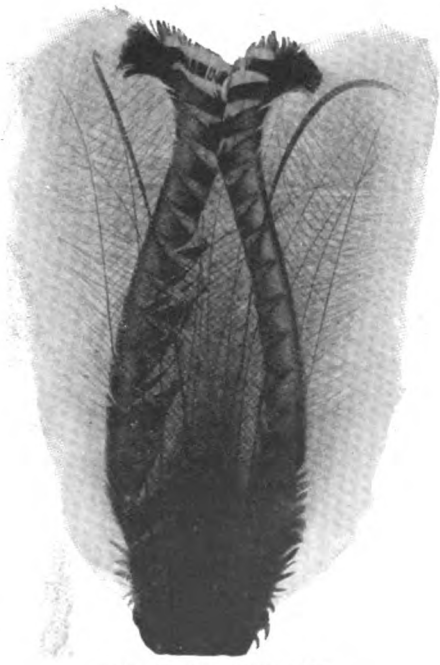
NO. 6.—THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

one was shot in Cambridgeshire as late as 1872. It breeds freely in Spain and in Macedonia, and has been found nesting in the South of France and in Sicily. Perhaps it would come again to this country if we had the swamps and fens of old time, but wherever there is high cultivation the great white egret, and the lesser egret too, can be no more than passing visitors. The little egret has been found all over the South of Europe, North Africa, Asia Minor, Persia, India, and China. For many years, in the last-named country, the priceless osprey plumes were made up into small brushes and sold for the equivalent of a penny. It is on record that a little egret was killed in Yorkshire in 1840, and there is no doubt that, given the proper conditions, a great stretch of swampy ground with an abundance of fish and frogs, both egrets could be kept in a modified confinement. Experiments tried in various parts of the tropics go to suggest that either egret will live in captivity and will assume nuptial plumage, but down to the present it will neither mate nor reproduce its species.

Experts are of opinion that more than seventy-five per cent. of the osprey plumes that reach this country from South America have been taken from birds killed just after the breeding season, or are plumes that have been moulted and picked up by the men who go about the flooded country in boats at the proper season of the year and earn a living by collecting the shed trophies of the larger or smaller egret.

In Paris a reward of four hundred pounds awaits the first man who can domesticate the egret on French territory, while in Berlin five hundred pounds is waiting for the owner of the first egret colony domesticated on German soil.

Yet another bird that seems quite capable of responding to the fullest demands of commerce is the common peacock (*Pavo cristatus*) (No. 5), which is found throughout the whole of India, even at a height of six thousand feet above sea-level, and breeds, according to the part of the country in which it lives, at any time between April and October. Eight or nine eggs are laid, and the birds are hardy. As is well known to those who have kept peafowl in England, or have seen them frequently in parks and public gardens, the peacock moults its magnificent train in the autumn and begins to grow another in the spring, the feathers improving in quality year by year. The natives of India do not like to see the bird killed, and it is seldom shot, save by sportsmen who desire to eat it. The drastic and absurd Notification that became effective in India in 1903 prohibited the export of peacocks' plumes, to the great loss of thousands of poor men who derived a little income from gathering the shed train. The result of the Notification has been to create a large smuggling industry, while the harmful green parrot, which must be destroyed to save the crops, is left to rot where it falls, though its feathers have a distinct commercial value. To-day the peacocks' abandoned glories can only be exported by those who do not mind making false declarations. Peacock farms have already been established in Europe, and another variety of peafowl, the white peacock, has been reared with extraordinary success in the South of France. It is said that some of the best of these birds are worth three or four pounds a year to their owners.

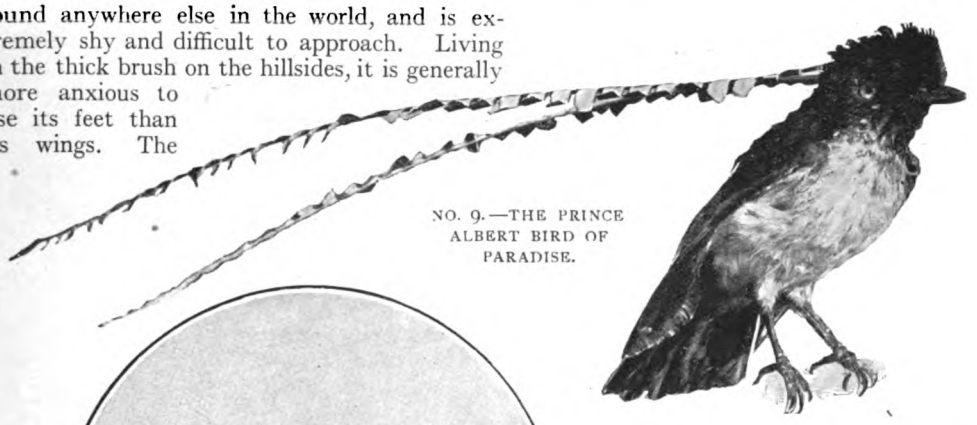


NO. 7.—THE LYRE BIRD.

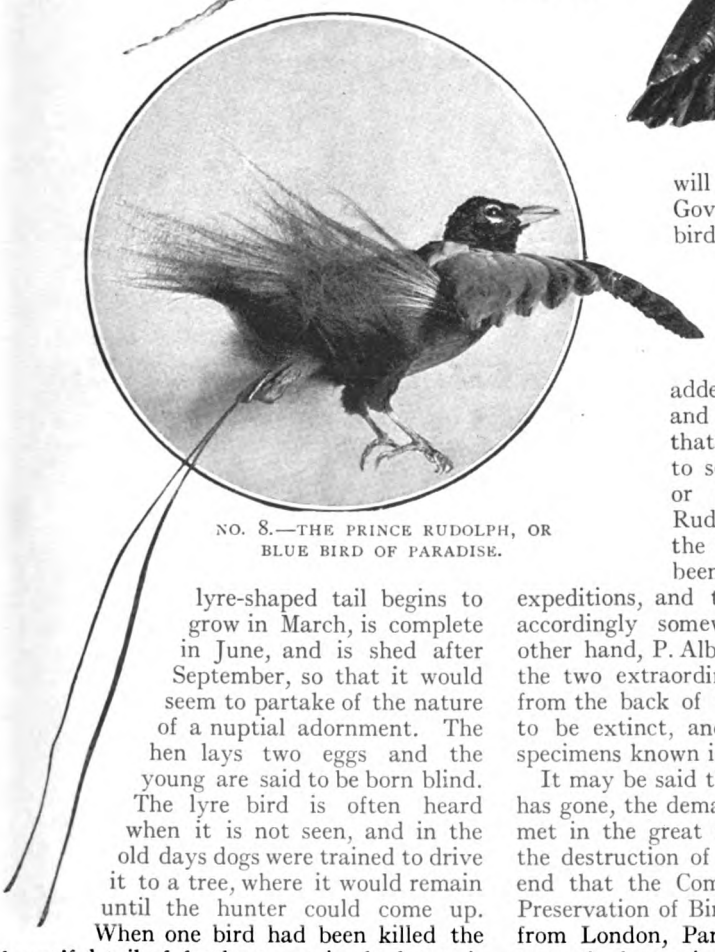
The Argus pheasant (No. 6) is found in Malay, Sumatra, and Siam, and for many years it was snared because its cunning always availed to keep it out of gun-shot. The Argus can use its wings as a peacock uses its tail, and is an extremely stately bird.

A bird that used to come in small quantities to the feather market, but is now preserved as strictly as possible by the Government of New South Wales, is the lyre bird (*Menura superba*) (No. 7). It does not appear to be

found anywhere else in the world, and is extremely shy and difficult to approach. Living in the thick brush on the hillsides, it is generally more anxious to use its feet than its wings. The lyre-shaped tail begins to grow in March, is complete in June, and is shed after September, so that it would seem to partake of the nature of a nuptial adornment. The hen lays two eggs and the young are said to be born blind. The lyre bird is often heard when it is not seen, and in the old days dogs were trained to drive it to a tree, where it would remain until the hunter could come up. When one bird had been killed the beautiful tail of feathers put in the hunter's hat would attract other birds, for the lyre bird seems to be full of curiosity, and is said to have great powers of mimicry. Nobody will regret the action of the Government in protecting a bird which, owing to its restricted habitat, can never be a legitimate object of trade.



NO. 9.—THE PRINCE ALBERT BIRD OF PARADISE.



NO. 8.—THE PRINCE RUDOLPH, OR BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE.

To return to the birds of paradise, it may be added that the P. Rudolphi and the P. Alberti are so rare that expeditions have been sent to secure species for museums or private collections. P. Rudolphi (No. 8), known as the blue hird of paradise, has been found of late by scientific expeditions, and the value of a skin has accordingly somewhat decreased. On the other hand, P. Alberti (No. 9), the bird with the two extraordinary streamers that issue from the back of the head, is now thought to be extinct, and there are not a dozen specimens known in the world's museums.

It may be said that, so far as investigation has gone, the demands of commerce could be met in the great majority of cases without the destruction of bird life, and it is to this end that the Committee for the Economic Preservation of Birds must direct its energies from London, Paris, and elsewhere, relying upon the best scientific evidence for its facts, and upon the merchants themselves for giving effect to the findings based upon the knowledge obtained.

The illustrations in this article are from photos. by A. Cintract, Paris.

"THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT I EVER SAW."

The series of articles under the above title will be continued next month.

OH! JAMES!

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO PROVE THE GOODNESS OF THE WORLD.

By MAY EDGINTON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

Being of a hopelessly hopeful temperament James Bright says: "Everybody in the world is good—but nobody knows it, except me."

James is a manufacturer and patentee of cooking utensils. At thirty-nine he is extremely wealthy, but—here is the thorn in his roses—while he is impressed by a rich man's duty of expenditure, his sound, bright, and sensible wife, Catharine, cannot overcome her habits of economy. They live in a little Hampstead house with two cheap maids, and employ a jobbing gardener. "This is not my duty," says James as he looks around him; "my duty is to circulate money, to prosper trade, to beautify charming women." But Catharine won't be beautified; she won't be expensive. James gives her a blank (signed) cheque-book. Virtuously she refuses to use it. Gods! what a dilemma for a conscientious fellow!

No one sympathizes. When he talks to his worldly friend, Edmund Tonbridge, about the difficulty, Tonbridge laughs. James on beautifying women causes Tonbridge's tongue to cleave to his cheek. How James hates this ribald attitude of a ribald and suspicious world which is so good really, and will not believe it!

The Brights' near neighbours at Hampstead are a widowed Mrs. Hunter and her daughter Eva, a sweet young girl whom James would like to beautify and make happy as part of his scheme of things.

He has a great and good idea. Having just established new branches in Oxford, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, and Bombay, he will rightly tax each branch by making it provide a luxurious home for some needy—and charming—woman, to whom James will feel as an uncle. The first object of this quest he finds in Gwen Raymond, a girl travelling from Paddington to Worcester—James being bound for Oxford—to take an uncongenial situation. Tonbridge has seen James off and observed the girl. James installs her—explaining to her about the stupendous goodness of the world—in a house at Oxford.

CHAPTER V.

THE Bristol Adventure had in it graver elements.

She was easily found, and it was patent to a male eye, even to an eye so pure as that of James, that she was worth all that an attractive woman should have, but that whether she was worth all that a good woman should have was another question.

Knowing, however, the deep-rooted goodness of the whole world, mere surface quibbles as to a bye-law did not trouble him.

Her name—or a name which served, at least—was Maggie Fields, and James found her looking into a shop window, with evident aspirations.

After accepting a hat from the benevolent stranger, which he offered with the perfect simplicity which, he believed, should meet every case, she lunched with him, and they heard each other's stories. He believed hers, and she reserved her opinion.

Tuesday morning saw her established in a villa on the outskirts of the town.

She preferred a yacht to either car or horses, and James made arrangements for the purchase of one ere he left her.

A brief interview with his manager was all that he could snatch for business at Bristol.

Tuesday midday, then, saw him on his way to Birmingham.

He found Her here, in a tea-shop, eating pastry, very young, and obviously requiring a guiding hand. James was accustomed now to opening his errand, and he did so with ease and grace added to his habitual simplicity. He learned that she was a millinery hand in a big Birmingham establishment, that her people were Irish and lived in Dublin, and that her name was Nora Patrick.

She had no one to guide or to advise her in the city, so that he convinced himself that his protection conferred, not only the comforts and delights which such a girl should have, but a very real moral benefit. Her tale of the temptations offered, the snares and the

"'FOR YOU,' REPLIED JAMES. 'WHERE SHALL WE LUNCH?'"

gins set by the male assistants at the place which employed her, curdled his blood.

He put her into a furnished flat, engaged a competent maid, gave notice—in the capacity of uncle—of her leaving, at the shop where she had been employed, told her all about the goodness of the world, exacted a vow of long daily letters and careful conduct, promised to come soon and often, left a standing order for her at a garage, and returned to town for his lunch engagement on Wednesday morning.

He was not tired, but exhilarated, by his long and busy week-end.

All the way up he did highly satisfactory accounts. They were pleased to see him at the Gracechurch Street office, matters having become acutely congested during his absence. James received reports, issued orders, hurled himself at his telephone, coined a good deal of money, and told the manager that a most important lunch engagement prevented his doing more work that day.

"But," he said, as he brushed, parted, and slightly oiled his hair—itwas Nora who had suggested, even prettily insisted upon, a new style — before the mirror in his room, "after to-day I must stick deuced hard at it now. Money's got to be made, Morton; *money — has — simply — got — to — be — made.*"

It was one o'clock. He gave a critical eye to the set of his coat and ran out into the street. Here, leaping into a taxi-cab, he gave the order for the nearest flower-shop; then for the stores in Bedford Street. At the flower-shop he bought an armful of loveliness — roses, carnations, camellias, and great sprays of fern.

He created an impression when he entered the grocery department of the Stores. Eva looked at him, wide-eyed.

James gazed back at her confidently. His task of the last few days had not been so difficult as he had anticipated, women not so suspicious, and he had hopes of the world. Eva was saying :—

"Goodness, what flowers! For Mrs. Bright?"

"For you," replied James. "Where shall we lunch?"

Eva didn't know. Eva was all blushes, bewilderment, almost Suspicion. He recognized the dread element hovering about her, with a pang.

"You would like somewhere quiet?" he suggested.

"Oh!" screamed Eva, with a disappointed gasp; "a band, *please*."

So they went to Frascati's.

"May we drink champagne," he asked, "to celebrate our first lunch together?"

Eva just gurgled.

So James ordered a bottle of George Goulet, than which there is no better, and he went on saying to himself:—

"What a lovely thing a woman's laugh is! Just a gurgle 'cos she's going to be greedy!"

"I hope it will not be our last lunch together," he said to Eva.

Privately one may suppose that Eva hoped so, too, though she replied with something quite grievously compatible with Suspicion.

"'YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ACCEPT THIS?' PLEADED JAMES."

It was a very long lunch, not only because of the many dishes, but because they talked so much. James had to lead round tactfully to the subject of the ninon scarf and its reward, which lay in his inner breast-pocket, and for the presentation of which this lunch was the occasion.

First of all he induced Eva to talk—in the intervals of loud music—about dress. She said many pretty, vain, silly, girlish things which pleased James very much, and then they spoke of Catharine.

"If only you could get Mrs. Bright to wear——" said Eva, and paused.

"I can't get her to wear anything," replied James, ambiguously. "I've tried."

"She would look so very handsome in really good clothes," Eva added.

"She would, indeed," said James, fervently. "I think she is the handsomest and finest woman I have ever seen. But she is very sensible, you know."

"Surely," said Eva, "beauty and good sense can ally?"

The remark seemed so clever that he looked at her, admiringly, and replied:—

"Well, they appear to do, sometimes."

At this Eva gurgled until the band drowned her captivating noise.

In the next interval—they were approaching the *pêches Melba*—James returned to the compliment. "It was, for instance, a very clever and sensible idea of yours to make that scarf for my wife. I am afraid it gave you a great deal of trouble."

"Not at all," said Eva, politely.

"There is no need for Catharine to get her clothes cheaply and to victimize her friends,"

James pursued. "I hope you exacted," he put it playfully, "a high fee!"

"Oh!" said Eva, "what one does for a friend——" and paused.

"The fact is," said James, "I know Catharine offered you nothing. A little present, now, when a friend takes so much trouble for one—would be only right——"

"Not at all," replied Eva, again.

"In fact," said James, disregarding her courteous negatives, "I made up my mind to ask you, as Catharine gave you nothing, to accept a small token of gratitude from me."

Eva murmured. He could not catch what she said, but was, somehow, confident that it did not resemble "Not at all."

He pursued, "I should be far more comfortable if you would."

"In that case," said Eva, "of course——" and paused.

He was drawing from his inner breast-pocket the velvet case.

"That's it!" said James, quickly, opening the case under screen of the floral decorations on the table, and shutting it again.

"Oh!" Eva murmured. "Really! Of course I couldn't!"

"Why not?" James asked, earnestly.

Eva admitted that she did not know. He told her all about the goodness of the world, and the evils of unfounded Suspicion.

"Look at me," he said, almost plaintively, "and tell me why you should hesitate over taking my gift, which you have earned."

Eva looked at him wide-eyed. James wore a suit of light-grey flannel, a black tie, and a pinkish shirt, with which his face blended, pink and good. His blue eye was Paradisaical. Only in the new hair-parting was the slightest hint of sophistication, and that, like the parting of the previous ways, was Eve's work; it was not from the inner man. On the other hand, James hardly looked his age, which was thirty-nine—so Eva said:—

"If you were twice as old, perhaps I should not feel——" And once more she paused, in the way she had, pregnant with significance.

"Must a man be old to be trusted?" James asked, again, plaintively. "May not a youngish man be as good as an old one? Why should he not be better? He has had less time."

"That is true," Eva pondered, playing with her flowers, and looking dreamily delicious over them.

The offering still lay between them on the table, shadowed decorously by flowers.

"You will be kind enough to accept this?" pleaded James.

The champagne was in Eva's head, and in her liquid eyes, and her pretty voice, when she thanked him, and hid the case in her bag, and gurgled over what mother would say if she knew. Eva opined that the lady would at least be most surprised.

James said, stolidly:—

"You can't help that. People are always surprised at everything. They are incorrigible. It seems in the blood. Everybody, for instance, expects evil of everybody else, and when they don't find it, they are privately surprised. Yet, when they do, they are publicly surprised. The world is full of these silly, surprised people, and nothing you or I do or leave undone will help 'em. *Poor* beggars!"

"You are the funniest man!" cried Eva, alluring him by another gurgle.

"It is not I, my dear," he replied, "but the rest of the world."

"You must not call me 'my dear,'" said she, very properly.

"Very well," said James; "I beg your pardon."

Eva was sorry, and after a moment gave him permission to call her anything he liked. She regretted that so gorgeous a lunch should be over, and lured James to stay away from his office for a *matinée*.

It seemed to him that all Suspicion had faded from her mind. She would not, however, go home with him, but insisted that she should be given a quarter of an hour's start. The dreadful caution perturbed James afresh. She also related to him the story which she should give her mother concerning her long absence.

"Having met Maudie—my old school friend, who married well—at the Stores, she made me come home with her to lunch, and gave me all these be-*eautiful* flowers."

Gurgles choked her voice.

James would have detained her for a brief speech on the simplicity of perfect truth; on the right of every person—being innately good—to independence of action; on the purity of humanity; on the effect of the sunlight of reason upon a groping world——

But Eva pulled her hand from his, and fleeted down the subway at Charing Cross. Bidden to wait a quarter of an hour, James waited.

When he reached home he found Mrs. Hunter in his hall, her arms full of flowers. Catharine listened to her story.

"... married *very* well," Mrs. Hunter was saying; "oh, very! She must have done, as you see, to be growing hot-house flowers

like these, to give away in such abundance. A most extraordinary girl, Maud was, too, my dear Mrs. Bright. You would never *believe!* I once forbade Eva to continue the acquaintance. People never actually *said* anything, but I feel sure things were not at all as they should be. However, she's married, and married well, and Eva says she was dressed very quietly, just grey, with a pinkish blouse and a touch of black somewhere, and a perfectly plain straw hat, so she may have toned down."

Through this thick atmosphere of suspicion James fought, as it were, his bitter way, and stood beside his wife.

They turned to him with acclaim, and showed him the flowers.

"Directly Eva came in with them," said Eva's mother, "I said, 'My dear child, what *is* the use of all those here? Mrs. Bright, who keeps rather a better table, might, perhaps, care to take them from us.' So, though Eva was really quite aggrieved, Mr. Bright, I brought them round. Your wife says she would be glad to have them. Was it not a fortunate thought of mine, and are they not beauties?"

"They are very nice," said James, looking from Mrs. Hunter to his wife "but I do not think, Catharine, dear, that we should rob Miss Eva of her flowers."

In Catharine's hand was her large, leather, housekeeping purse. She opened it.

"Mrs. Hunter is kindly going to let me have them cheap, as they cost her nothing. Let me see," she said, with an air of hesitation; "shall we say, perhaps, two shillings?"

"Ample, my dear—thanks," said Mrs. Hunter, handing the flowers over. Then she went away, briskly, reiterating that it had been a fortunate idea.

James was washing his hands when Catharine came up to hear all about the week-end.

"Was it pleasant?"

"Most pleasant, my dear; thank you."

"And do you feel really satisfied with things at Birmingham?"

"I feel more satisfied about Birmingham than I ever felt about the London business."

"And Oxford? And Bristol?"

"*And* Oxford, *and* Bristol, my dear."

James sat down on his bed to unlace his boots, and put his feet into old pumps. Catharine occupied his basket-chair, looking very sweet, sound, sensible, and womanly, as she put her wifely questions.

"Did you need your dress-clothes, after all?"

"Yes," said James; "it was a good job we packed 'em."

"Ah, well," said Catharine. "Then that shirt must go to the laundry. Are you ready, dear?"

"Nearly," replied James, hanging back.

"I must go and see to the pie, whether you are ready or not, I'm afraid, my dear," said Catharine, rising. As James opened the door for her she kissed him again, and he thought what a good wife she was.

Then he went and hid the two new shirts he had bought in Bristol and Birmingham for wear in connection with the Maggie and Nora affairs, in his office-bag; and when he had done this, he thought, suddenly, of what he had been going to say to Eva about living frankly and fearlessly. But he excused himself after a moment's consideration, saying:—

"I am only killing Suspicion."

So he left them there, to be taken away to-morrow.

Catharine, slightly flushed with late exertion, it seemed, had lentil soup, a beef-steak pie, and a milk-pudding for him. Bottled-beer and lemon-squash were provided, also. In the centre of the table uprose an erection of nodding roses, carnations, camellias, and great tufts of fern; and she, at the head of his table, had tucked into the front of her white blouse two big, crimson flowers, deep-hearted, and heavy scented. When the inexpensive house-parlourmaid had creaked away with the soup-plates, James leaned over the table, and said, almost with a crack in his voice:—

"If only you had asked me to buy you flowers, instead of robbing that poor young girl! If only you would sometimes let me buy you flowers for yourself! These all look so nice!"

"And only two shillings!" cried Catharine, abstractedly.

James drank gall again, and spoke no more till towards the close of the meal, when Catharine said, patting her flushed cheeks:—

"Cooking dinner has made me so hot!"

"Why did you cook dinner, my dear?"

"I have sent that girl off," replied Catharine. "I discovered that she *had* given away those nice sandwiches! Heaven knows what else she wasted! I sent her away at once, bag and baggage, without a character, without notice. I told her she was lucky to escape like that."

"Oh!" said James.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER a night filled by many troublous dreams James awoke very early to a poignant thought, and he voiced it instantly.

"Catharine, did you really?"

When he had awakened Catharine, he asked her again. She said, "Really what?"

"Send Dorothy Dormer away?"

"I did," replied Catharine, shortly, and fell asleep.

James lay awake.

It was still early, however, when she rose vigorously, dressed vigorously, and went down to cook breakfast in the absence of Dorothy Dormer. James's morning cup of tea came up just as usual, for Catharine was so excellent a wife that you could have found no fault in her.

At breakfast the husband was depressed, but the depression met with no response of subdued mood from her, although a woman called upon to endure without a cook might well have been excused for it. When he began at last to touch upon the subject, she, sound and smiling, from behind the coffee-pot, answered:—

"I shall manage quite well, my dear. You must not worry about me."

"I shall not," said James, simply. "I am thinking of Dorothy Dormer."

Catharine's smooth brow became overcast.

"Young, poor, good-looking," enumerated James. "Cast adrift with no helping hand. My dear, have you no idea as to where she was going?"

"I had not," said Catharine, firmly. "You might ask the recipients of her generosity with our household supplies."

The sarcasm was heavy, but, contrary to his wife's expectation, it had the effect of brief sunshine upon James. He finished his toast, found his gloves and straw hat, took to himself the brief-case that was partner in a guilty secret, kissed Catharine good-bye, and expressed a sense of gladness that she thought she could manage comfortably. She walked with him to the garden gate, and waved good-bye. James took the turn for the station, but, once out of her sight of vision, digressed to the line of shops that supplied his household.

First he sought the grocer, and going immediately and simply to his point, said:—

"Good morning. Our cook has left."

"So I heard, sir, from our young man," replied the grocer, discreetly, and with a great air of reserving his opinion.

James rested his brief-case on the counter.

"I should like to see your young man."

"Certainly, sir," said the grocer; "certainly. But I should wish to assure you, before the interview—in case the same should be of a painful nature—that I have always found him upright, dignified, self-respecting, honourable in all his dealings, and courteous in all his ways. During the eight years our young man has been with us I have felt not the slightest hesitation in entrusting him to the confidence of our clients, with the dealing with their orders, and, sir, with the characters of their maidservants. His father came to see me only yesterday—being a most respectable man, and will be very sorry to hear of this—regarding the possibility of a partnership, and ready with the premium. I fear this rumour you have heard, sir, will go far to wreck his career, and that the confidence——"

It was here that James managed to stem the grocer's speech, and assure him that no rumour had been afloat, no confidence betrayed, no character wrecked, and that the young man in question was, he was sure, one of the best and straightest in Hampstead.

"I should be ashamed to entertain any kind of suspicion of anyone," James explained. "Everybody in the world is really good, only I've never met anyone yet who knew it, except myself."

The situation losing its promised poignancy, the grocer, with a breath of relief, summoned therefore the young man who had been with him for eight years.

James opened courteously with "Good morning. Our cook has left, as I infer that you know, as you call for the orders. I wish very much to find out the young woman's whereabouts, as her departure came on me as rather a shock. I was very sorry indeed to hear, on my return home yesterday, that she was gone. I can think of no way of tracing her save by asking people who may have been her friends to help me."

The young man had listened to this with a very successful appearance of respectful credulity. The grocer, his superior, had assumed some facial admiration for his customer's kind heart. Thus questioned, the young man answered:—

"Miss Dormer met me, sir, just outside last night, and told me she was intending to find another situation at once. Her whereabouts I cannot tell you, but the baker next door might know more."

"Thank you very much indeed," said James, hurrying out.

The grocer looked at his young man, and his young man at the grocer.

"Poor young girl!" said the grocer. "She is well away from him. And him as meek-looking as you please."

"I only hope she went in time," replied the young man.

"I can feel for Mrs. Bright," said the grocer, "though a good wife makes a bad customer."

James was putting questions to the baker next door.

The baker could not give Miss Dormer's address, but thought she was certain to be applying at a registry office in Highgate, where, he believed, she always arranged her posts. He wrote down the address.

"Thank you very much," said James, hurrying away.

The baker went behind the shop to tell his wife.

James travelled by tube to Highgate, found the registry office, and inquired for Miss Dorothy Dormer.

Such a name was on the books. In fact, they knew her fairly well.

"What time will she be here to-day?"

She had been and gone. No, they could not say what time she would be in to-morrow exactly. Between ten and twelve was usually her time. Yes, it was possible she might look in again this morning, it being now only eleven o'clock.

James sat down, in a row of mistresses seeking maids, to wait. On the opposite side of the room, a hostile regiment, sat maids requiring mistresses. He waited a long time with exemplary patience. Now and again a cook from the hostile regiment, who had summed him up as a nice master, would leave her place and attempt to engage with him, but firmly, though courteously, he declined the offers.

At twelve o'clock she had not come. At half-past twelve she had not come.

"I will look in again to-morrow in the hope of finding her," said James, going to the desk. He paid five shillings, passed the row of ingratiating cooks, and fled out, hotter than he had ever been in his life.

He went to Gracechurch Street.

"Late again," he said, extenuatingly, to his manager, "but I'm awfully busy outside nowadays. Most awfully busy."

"Shall I send your secretary in, sir?"

"Certainly," said James, passing into his room.

But when she appeared with a notebook and pencil for dictation he sent her away again for half an hour, for there on the top of the pile that she should have answered lay three very personal-looking letters in feminine hands. How delicately, how reverently, yet how eagerly James touched and opened these missives written from his three charming homes.

He read Gwen's first.

DEAR UNCLE,—Oxford is very dull without you. When shall you come again?

But though Oxford is dull, what a lovely time Gwen is having! Read:—

At 8 o'clock a.m. (positively not till eight, for the first time in her life) Gwen stretches out her lily hand and rings the bell by her bedside. (It is the first time she has ever had a bedroom-bell to ring, either!) One of her two nice maids comes and draws up her blinds and brings her tea and toast, and letters—if there were any letters, only horrid uncle won't write.

At nine o'clock Gwen has dressed, very slowly, in linen, and goes down to such a nice breakfast. At eleven she saunters out into the High and changes her library books, and buys silk stockings, and chocolates,

and all sorts of madly expensive things. At one o'clock she lunches daintily. All the afternoon she is rowed upon the river by a waterman.

Jealous, uncle?

Oh! if uncle were again the waterman!

Tea is in Gwen's garden, eaten in a hammock, from such a pretty table. Gwen has been buying more china. 'Spensive.

Cross, uncle?

In the evening she reads or sews or dreams in her hammock till dinner. Over dinner she is a glutton. She just guzzles.

Shocked, uncle?

And Gwen is spending lots of money. And she would like a pony-cart—tandem, please—and to have lessons in driving; and will uncle come down soon and arrange these pressing small matters?

And did uncle remember to post the Worcester letter, and to tell the Worcester post-office to send any letters for Gwen at such-and-such an address to be sent to her at Oxford instead?

What is uncle doing? GWEN.

And Maggie's :—

MY DEAR OLD UNCLE (I don't think),—Bristol's not the same place without you. But yours affectionately is having a very nice old time, all the same, and spending lots of cash, thank you.

The yacht will soon be ready, they say. I went to look at her this morning, and she will be such a beauty. I want her cabin upholstery to match my eyes, but I don't know what colour they are, really.

Come and decide. Your affectionate MAGGIE.

Nora's remained.

MY DEAR MR. BRIGHT,—(For I cannot call you "uncle"—it seems so strange). I must thank you very much again for all your kindness. I am enjoying life very much, and the flat is so comfortable.

But I want to see you again. When will you come? It seems ages since I saw you, though it is only hours. Please take me up to London with you, when you are here again, and show me *everything*.

Yours very sincerely, NORA.

P.S.—How's the parting?

James leant back, and murmured, "'Oxford is dull without you.' 'Bristol's not the same without you.' 'I want to see you again——'"

He may be pardoned for rising at this juncture and going to look at himself in the mirror.

His secretary knocked and entered, to know if she should take dictation before going out to her lunch.

"Go! Go!" said James, returning to his desk. "I have important private correspondence to attend to first."

She went. James, before his own private typewriter, typed a letter, making two carbon copies.

One may see by this that he was perfectly impartial, and that all appearance of emotion was but tribal.

MY DEAR GIRL,—I was very pleased to find your letter waiting for me when I arrived at my office this morning. It was charming to know that you were thinking of me and wished to see me again. I am delighted to think that you are happy.

It was delightful, too, to find how simply and naturally—as a good girl should—you took me, at my own showing, on . . . . It was the most encouraging experience in a somewhat trammelled life. Remember always, my dear, that you are good, and that everyone else is good, and from good people only good things can come—and what a world we shall get!

In reply to your question, I shall very soon come and see you again, and do all that you ask. You will get a wire one week-end announcing my imminent arrival, and then how pleased you will be! And how pleased I shall be, my dear child!

Have you plenty of money? If not, write to me for a cheque.

Your very affectionate, JAMES BRIGHT.

Having typed "Friday," "Monday," and "Tuesday" into the spaces left vacant for the dates on which Gwen, Maggie, and Nora had displayed such admirable simplicity,

"JAMES SAT DOWN, IN A ROW OF MISTRESSES SEEKING MAIDS, TO WAIT."

James put each duplicate into an envelope, addressed them, smoothed his parting, pulled down his waistcoat, smiled at the mirror, and went out to post the letters on his way to lunch.

There were a new pinkness in his cheek, a new vivacity in his carriage, a new splendour in his eye. Appearing thus, he met Edmund Tonbridge as he stepped into the Holborn Restaurant.

"I thought this was about your time," said Mr. Tonbridge, pleasantly. "Come and lunch with me."

"Certainly not," said James; "you must lunch with me."

"Still spendthrift," murmured Tonbridge. "Still lavish. Well—— ?"

So he accepted James's invitation.

They sat down to steak and lager; Tonbridge regarding James—his pinkness, his healthiness, his firm-fleshed face and simple eye, and the verve with which he disposed of food and drink.

"Well," said Tonbridge, quite suddenly, after they had spoken of the markets for some while, "I am not often surprised, but you—you astound, you dismay, you outrage, you stun me."

James sent for a second steak.

"Yet," said Tonbridge, on consideration, "murderers eat before their execution. It is on record that they make good breakfasts. Why not, then, you ?"

"My dear Edmund !" replied James.

Tonbridge shook his head at him.

"You hadn't time to tell me, the other day at Paddington, whether the bracelet pleased her ?"

"I think she was awfully pleased, really," replied James, smiling reminiscently, "though she didn't show it much. I suppose girls always demur a bit, first ?"

"If they know their job," said Tonbridge, looking so worldly that James rebuked him by a slight frown of distaste.

It must have been the frown of distaste which sent Mr. Tonbridge into a fit of mellow laughter. When he had controlled it he asked:—

"And the girl in the train ? Was she nice ?"

Again James smiled, reminiscently.

"I really must thank you, Edmund," he exclaimed, with honest gratitude, "for the pleasure of that acquaintance."

"Perhaps," said Tonbridge, "you saw her as far as Worcester ?"

And he became abominably mellow again, meriting the second frown of distaste with which James met the suggestion.

"I persuaded her," he replied, sternly, "to get out at Oxford."

A silence followed this, during which James addressed himself to the second steak. The silence continuing, however, he glanced at Tonbridge, to meet his friend's stunned look, fixed full upon him.

"Yes, Edmund ?" he inquired.

"Your appetite !" said Tonbridge. "Your health ! Your abnormal carelessness, in spite of it all ! Bay-trees are not in it with you !"

"I don't understand you," replied James.

"I don't," Tonbridge pursued, "think much of myself in the way of morality, but beside you, well as I know my world and thoroughly as I use it, I am a white lamb beside a devil incarnate."

James looked at his friend, and lost hope of him for the while. He had spoken so often to Tonbridge of the goodness of the world; he had laid bare to his eyes—if they would but look aright—pages of unblemished integrity, yet still he leered. Suddenly the whole Holborn Restaurant leered, with Tonbridge, at James. Still his spirituality was unshaken; still his eye looked down from the highest hill in the Impossible range, and it roved over Tonbridge and the Holborn Restaurant with infinite compassion. He put his knife and fork together reluctantly over the remains of the second steak, laid a sovereign on the table, and directed the waiter's attention to it; then rose and spoke.

"Edmund, when you have removed your mind from the sink of iniquitous suspicion in which it is steeped at present it will be a pleasure to lunch with you again."

"Oh ! go away, James !" cried his friend, rocked with laughter.

James went away, not without dignity, despite the ribaldry of the Holborn Restaurant.

Having still half an hour left out of the time he allowed himself for lunch, he spent it at his tailor's. He gave orders for boating flannels; for a motoring coat and cap; and for something suitable for yachting. He would call in two days for fittings, and when completed the order was not to be sent to Hampstead, but to the Gracechurch Street office.

Even his tailor seemed mildly interested in the mystery that hung about James.

The afternoon was exceedingly strenuous; also hot. He was glad to turn from work at last, and to find himself in the comparative quiet and cool of Hampstead.

"How is my old James ?" cried Catharine, playfully, when she saw him coming.

He replied that he was very well, and asked how she had managed that day.

"Excellently, thank you, dear," replied she, biting off her cotton as she spoke, and threading the needle industriously again. "And the servant question is, I am thankful to say, settled."

James looked to hear more.

"I talked it over with Mrs. Hunter," Catharine continued, "and we said, 'Why should not Eva come?' It would do her good to get a little more domestic experience, and really, she has very little cooking at home. I think Mrs. Hunter was absolutely grateful to me for suggesting it. Quite a brain wave, she thought. So we settled that Eva should come in the mornings, and for an hour in the evenings, to cook dinner. Altogether, I have calculated that we shall save by it."

James inquired, sinkingly, "How, love?"

"Why, dearie," said Catharine, letting her sewing fall on her lap, and regarding him with her implacable wisdom, mingled with reproach for his obtuseness, "she will not be here all day. She will come *after* breakfast, and leave *before* tea. Lunch will be the only meal she will take here. I settled with them that she would not expect dinner, though she will return to cook it."

"Ah!" said James, sighing sharply.

"Dormer, of course, was entirely fed," added Catharine.

"Ah!" said James, again.

"Then the wages," Catharine calculated, "we shall save on that, too. Dormer had eighteen."

"Pounds?" said James. "And Miss Eva?"

"Sixteen," replied Catharine, sewing. "I said that, of course, she would not expect so much, as she would not be here all day, and they quite saw it."

"Ah!" said James. "Ah! Ah! Ah!"

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES breakfasted the following morning with a severe and steadfast purpose.

Catharine asked, wifely fashion, behind her tray:—

"A busy day, dear?"

He replied, "I expect so, my love."

She saw him off at the gate, waving to him, trim and admirable, until he turned the corner for the station. There, instead of going Citywards, he took a train for Highgate.

The registry office was so much the same when he entered it that morning that really the row of mistresses and the row of ingratiating ones who smiled openly upon his advent might have sat there unmoved since yesterday. It was five minutes to ten. He walked forward firmly, in spite of the eyes fixed upon him, and sat down in the employers' row. To right and to left of him patient women, who had brought needlework to while away the time, crocheted. While he sat in the registry office that summer morning James was filled with many new thoughts—amazed, admiring—of the patient household woman who hunts her staff in registry offices, and crochets until she finds it. It threw new light on the female suffering which prevails, unwept and unsung, in the middle classes.

When he could have borne the dumb pleading of the cooks opposite no longer Dorothy Dormer walked opportunely in.

She bore herself with a slight air of defiance. She approached the desk, and was motioned towards James.

How cold was her stare!

He rose to his feet gladly, yet trembling before her defiance, and approached her, hat in hand.

"Miss Dormer," he begged, in a low voice, "may I speak to you?"

"If it is about renewing my post with you," she replied, freezingly, "certainly not. I have no intention or wish to do so."

"Believe me," said James, earnestly, "I have no intention or wish to ask you."

"What, then, is your business, sir?" asked Miss Dormer.

His business! How explain, with Suspicion in rows on either side, and Suspicion sitting at a desk before them? He thought swiftly, while Miss Dormer bit her lip, and made a bridling movement of the chin, certainly hostile.

"I was sorry," he replied, at last, "for the way you parted from us. It was not, believe me, by any wish of mine, and it makes me feel, in a measure, responsible for your immediate welfare."

Her eye softened, and she looked more kindly at him. He said:—

"Could you not speak to me outside?"

She came, with an air of reserve.

"I have heard of a—a situation," said James, "an excellent situation, in Manchester. The wages are practically whatever you care to ask, and my reference would be quite sufficient. The situation, however, must be entered upon this very day."

"It would be rather a rush," said Miss Dormer. "Still, I have no doubt I could manage it. As cook?"

"As — housekeeper — lady housekeeper," said James.

"It might suit me," replied Dorothy Dormer. "There's my box, though."

"Where," James inquired, "is your box?"

"At my lodging," said Miss Dormer. "It would have to be fetched."

"SHE SAW HIM OFF AT THE GATE, WAVING TO HIM, TRIM AND ADMIRABLE, UNTIL HE TURNED THE CORNER FOR THE STATION."

James rapidly outlined his pleasant plan.

"I propose that you and I fetch it immediately. We shall go in a taxicab, in which I can wait, while you pack. Then——"

"Excuse me interrupting, sir," said Dorothy Dormer, turning the round eye of Suspicion upon him, "but what have you to do with me going to a new post? Except the reference, of course, which I'm very much obliged for."

And he set a gin for Dorothy Dormer. He said, with his reliable air:—

"The fact is this: I am going up to Manchester to-day on business, and having had this morning a letter from a friend there, imploring me to find a housekeeper at once, on any reasonable terms, I thought of you, and intended to suggest that we should travel up together, so that I could show you the way to the house. I hope you have nothing to say against that?"

"Nothing at all, sir," she replied, on brief reflection; "but you will understand that us girls have to be careful."

"You cannot be too careful," said James, warmly.

"I am much obliged for your offer, sir."

Having found a taxicab on the nearest rank, they drove to Miss Dormer's address, and she went within to pack her box. James sat in the cab, and thought very carefully. Within an hour they were at Euston.

Here he telephoned to Catharine his brief absence on business.

Dorothy Dormer had the journey of her life. She was provided with papers most carefully chosen to her taste, with chocolates; she was taken presently, flustered yet dignified, to the luncheon car, where she lunched on perfect equality with Mr. James Bright. His kindness, his simplicity, his returning joyousness—having got over the preliminary difficulty of the setting of the gin—put her quickly at her ease. She replied to James readily; then she talked to him, then she laughed with him, then at him, then was insolent in the pretty manner which it seemed that all women, save Catharine, knew how to adopt, the rogues!

A couple of glasses of claret worked the miracle. At first Miss Dormer said that she never had, then that she was Temperance, then she sipped, then she continued. It was after this that she became so captivating.

The two hours after lunch slipped quickly by. Tea followed charmingly, and their friendship ripened. Arrived in Manchester, James took her to the hotel close to the terminus.

"If you will sit down a moment," he told her, "I will just ring up my friend, and tell him you are here, and that I am about to take you to the house."

He disappeared for a space. How was this poor girl to guess that he went merely to the bar, to stimulate himself for the final lie?

During the journey hither James had put many questions and answers mutely to himself, such as: "Is this abduction? I suppose so. But is it justified? As it is innocent, yes. Shall I make this girl unhappy? I do not think so. Is deception at any time right? At times undoubtedly."

The answers, as we see, worked out invariably in favour of his course. Now, at the bar, while he drank a brandy and soda rapidly, again he reviewed the position, and it still presented itself to him in the same guise.

He went back, therefore, to Dorothy Dormer.

"Miss Dormer," he said, "I am really sorry. But my friend's gardener answered the telephone, and said that his master had been suddenly called away, and could not be back till to-morrow afternoon. There would be no one in the house to-night to companion you. I am afraid, therefore, that you must stay here till my friend's return. You will allow me, of course, to defray your expenses."

As by a miracle Dorothy Dormer allowed it. As by a miracle she seemed not in the least degree nonplussed. It was evident that she trusted James implicitly, and if this trust may have caused him a twinge of remorse for his duplicity, at the same time it brought to him pride, joy, and a renewed confidence in the race. They dined together. By Miss Dormer's wish they went afterwards to a music-hall. On their return she was so far inflated by her experiences as to yawn arrogantly, remarking that she was tired, and to speak further of breakfasting in bed.

She shook hands—being now a lady housekeeper in embryo—when she said good night to James, and the lift carried her upwards to number thirty-six.

James stepped into the lift half an hour later, ascended to number twenty-four, and slept the sleep of the just.

He breakfasted early the next morning, sent a note up to Dorothy Dormer begging her to rest well, and to wait in the hotel for his return from sudden imperative business, and left for the nearest house-agent's.

He passed a very busy morning, but, money being really no object, succeeded in every undertaking. The house—by a stroke of fortune newly decorated—was in a healthy suburb. A firm of upholsterers, bidden to furnish it in best style throughout by four o'clock in the afternoon, or forfeit the order, sprang upon their mettle; a jobbing gardener proceeded at once to the scene of action. A registry office—he feared and hated these places—disgorged two maids. And thus he gilded a cage for Dorothy Dormer. One may imagine that he came back rather late for lunch and Dorothy Dormer.

She shook hands with him rather languidly, and pouted over a "lonesome morning." James was sorry.

When would his friend be at home?

At four o'clock James would conduct her personally to the house.

At four o'clock, then, Dorothy and James, with Dorothy's box, drove away from the hotel into the healthy suburb. The upholsterers had done their work, and blinds and curtains of beautiful hues now filled the windows. The gardener, who was pruning

rose bushes, ran forward to carry in the box. The door flew open as if by magic, and disclosed to view a perfect maid, to whom Dorothy Dormer—being a lady housekeeper—nodded haughtily.

Then she asked for tea to be served in the drawing-room at once. She made James gasp.

Tea came. The parlourmaid went. They were alone.

James braced himself up for a short but entire confession. When it was made, Miss Dormer at first asked for her box. He dissuaded her from that immediate course. She said next that she had always trusted him to behave like a gentleman. He asked passionately if he had not done so. Brought presently to some sort of understanding of his aims, Miss Dormer, with hesitation, with round eyes of Suspicion for James, but of wonder for her surroundings, consented to accept the position—on trial. On trial of James, she meant, and he knew it.

He said that she would always find things entirely to her approval.

Miss Dormer succumbed, in short, to the temptations of her house, her astounding income, and the sheer joy of brow-beating her own maid-servants.

James stayed, therefore, in his Manchester home that night. Among other thoughts came this:—

"One's own place is certainly preferable to hotels. On that ground alone it would not be a bad idea."

He wondered if many rich business men did likewise.

He went home the next day, after exacting a promise of frequent letters from Miss Dormer, to be addressed to Gracechurch Street, and telling her of the necessity of his frequent business visits to the new branch.

"A telegram," he said, warningly, "may come any day, and I shall follow."

"Your room will always be kept ready," replied Dorothy, condescendingly, "and you will always be welcome."

James thanked her, and left, regretfully, with many a backward look at her as she stood, comely and condescending, in her garden, watching his departure. It gave him a sense of pleasant restfulness—apart from the satisfaction of a knowledge of duty done—to remember that now, in four towns where his branches flourished, he had built himself these charming nests.

In this mood of satisfaction he returned to Hampstead.

Catharine awaited him, and a dinner of Eva's cooking could be smelled through the hall. Before they ate it, Catharine came to sit in the basket-chair in his dressing-room, and to ask him about his doings, with a very kind show of interest.

"You were called away very suddenly?"

"I had half-expected it," replied James.

"You did not mention it, dear, to me."

"No, love; I did not."

"I hope everything was satisfactory at Manchester?"

"Extremely, my dear; thank you."

"My old James must be rather a tired boy," continued Catharine, tenderly.

James passed a hand over his parting, and peered into the glass.

"Catharine," he said, with a little anxiety, "you often call me your 'old' James. It is a figure of speech, is it not? I do not think that anyone would take me for more than my age; do you?"

"Let me see," said Catharine. "Thirty-nine? Well, James, perhaps not."

"Catharine," said James, a little hesitatingly, "do you notice that I have altered my hair?"

"Have you, my dear?" replied Catharine. "I am afraid I do not remember what it was like before."

James may be pardoned for the thought which rose, "*She* notices. Little Nora notices!"

Catharine continued, "You will be glad to hear that I manage quite well with Eva. And I feel sure we shall save on her."

"I am very glad, love," said James, tucking his feet into his old pumps, and taking Catharine's arm. They went downstairs thus affectionately, side by side, to a plain but well-served dinner.

"How do you think Eva cooks?" Catharine inquired, when a course had gone.

"Excellently," replied James, kindly.

"It will be a very good training for her here," said Catharine. "She will learn from me how to manage when she has a home of her own."

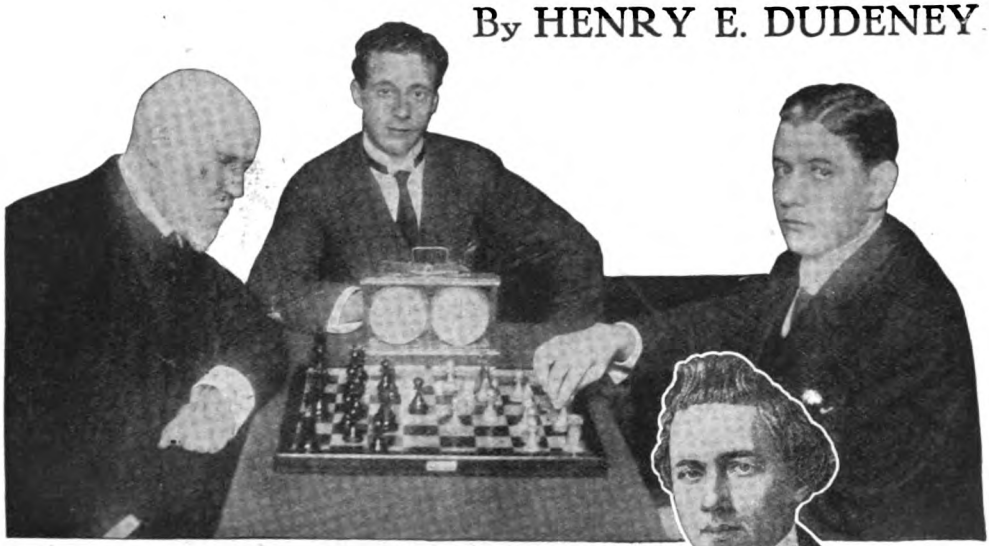
Now, however culpable we may consider him in the light of after events, it was certainly Catharine who, by that remark, set James thinking.

(*To be continued.*)

JOSÉ CAPABLANCA:

The Latest Chess Genius.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY



A GAME BETWEEN CAPABLANCA AND GUNSBERG, WITH BENSON, THE EX-AMATEUR DRAUGHTS CHAMPION, AS ONLOOKER.
Photo. by] [Photo. Press.

PAUL CHARLES MORPHY
From an Old Print.

THE greatest interest has been excited during the last few years by the appearance of a new star in the chess firmament. Chess-players everywhere, which means nothing short of the civilized world, have been attracted by the brilliant performances on the chequered board of the youthful Cuban, Capablanca. When a mere boy appears on the scene and shows that he can more than hold his own against the best living masters we are forced to admit the fact that the chess genius, perhaps in an even more marked way than the poet, is "born, not made." The chess prodigy appears at rare intervals, and before we consider the powers and performances of the subject of this article it will be interesting to cast our thoughts back, quite briefly, to two of his predecessors.

In the sixteenth century, Leonardo, a boy born at Cutri, in Calabria, who was studying the law at Rome, showed remarkable talent at the game of chess. He was able to beat with ease all the best players with whom he was brought in contact, and on account of his youth was known far and wide as Il Puttino, the boy. He went to Naples, where he remained two years studying and playing the game. He then visited his native place, Cutri, where he learnt that his brother had been taken by corsairs and was chained to the oar. Leonardo set out to ransom him, and agreed with the captain of the galley that he should be set at liberty for two hundred crowns. Il Puttino, having discovered that the captain was a chess-player, played with him, and won his brother's ransom and two hundred crowns beside, with which he returned to Naples. Then he sailed to Genoa, Marseilles, and Barcelona, playing with and conquering all he met. He was poisoned by some envious person in the palace of Prince Bisignano in Calabria, and died in his forty-sixth year.

Paul Morphy, the greatest chess genius the world has yet known, was born in New Orleans on June 22nd, 1837. His father was born of Spanish parents in the State of South Carolina, and his mother's family was French,

long settled in the West Indies. He had, therefore, no tinge of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins. Paul's father, Judge Morphy, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, beguiled his leisure hours with the fascinations of chess. It is said that Paul learnt the moves by watching his father play with his uncle, Ernest Morphy, one of the finest players of his day. There is an oft-told legend that one evening this gentleman awaited the arrival of the Judge, when Master Paul impudently offered to be his antagonist. What was the uncle's astonishment at finding the stripling a match for his deepest combinations, and what the father's surprise on discovering a genius in his son of ten years! Morphy certainly became a great chess-player at a very early age. His brilliance, which came not in flashes but exhibited itself in consistent steadiness, astonished the world. It is plain fact that, in a match with Herr Löwenthal, the celebrated Hungarian player, in 1849, Morphy won two and drew the third. There can also be no question that Morphy was then only twelve years of age!

One writer in 1858 says, "He frightened his adversaries, not only by his strength, but by his personal appearance. This boy of twenty-one, five feet four inches in height, of slim figure, and face like a young girl in her teens, positively appalled the chess warriors of the Old World — Narcissus defying the Titans."

He died suddenly in New Orleans on July 10th, 1884. Perhaps the greatest feat ever performed in chess was Morphy's encountering the masters, Boden, Bird, Barnes, Löwenthal, and De Rivière, simultaneously, and beating them all!

And now to come to the subject of this article. José R. Capablanca, who was placed on the chessboard of life just about twenty-five years ago, is a Cuban. He is a tall, dark, handsome young fellow, with merry blue eyes, and appears to be even younger than he is. With all his strength and genius as a chess-player he is modest in demeanour and generous in play. Chess is, with him, more an instinct than a matter of education. He says, "I used to play chess before I learnt to write, but I have not studied it. I only study it when I am playing." He was accustomed to play his schoolmates under all sorts of handicaps, but invariably won. At the age of sixteen he won the championship of Cuba, though the Havana Chess Club numbers amongst its members several players of European reputation. When asked whether mathematics had been his strong point at school, he said, "Not specially. Many of my schoolmates could beat me in that subject easily, although I have scored ninety-nine per cent. of the marks in an examination paper."

Six or seven years ago, when Capablanca was a student at the Columbia University, New York, he would frequently stroll "up town" and drop in at the Manhattan Chess Club—perhaps the greatest chess club in the world, which has its quarters in the Carnegie Building. In deference to his father's wishes he was not an actual member, but he was always very welcome. Here he frequently met Lasker and other masters in play. His modest, amiable, and retiring disposition made him many friends. He was generally "Cappa" to his intimates. A favourite form of play on these occasions was "rapid transit" games, where a considerable number of boards are in use and the time-keeper regulates the play to, say, a move in twenty seconds. In this rapid play Capablanca was always very successful, making his moves almost instantly, and removing his attention from the board while his opponent was deep in his analysis of the position. This easy manner of play is very characteristic of the young Cuban. Sometimes he would play a number of games simultaneously. He is, undoubtedly, one of the most popular players we have ever had, and his presence at the Manhattan invariably attracted a small crowd of members as spectators. His analytical remarks on some game under discussion were always interesting and instructive, and he is a rapid solver of problems. In this club, in a glass case, are preserved the board and gold and silver chessmen that were presented to Paul Morphy by his countrymen on his return from Europe. One cannot help thinking that the boy Capablanca must often have regarded these relics with special interest, for it is hardly necessary to say that he is a great admirer of Morphy's brilliant gifts.

Capablanca was also frequently to be seen at the Brooklyn Chess Club, the scene of a good many of his triumphs. After three years at college he made a chess tour of the States. Playing simultaneously against forty-nine members of the Pittsburg Club, he won forty-two, drew five, and lost two. At St. Louis he played thirty-six games, and won them all! In fact, during the tour he played in all five hundred and ninety games (all in simultaneous play), and actually won five hundred and sixty of these, a truly remarkable feat.

But the performance of all others that made players rub their eyes and realize that a new chess prophet had appeared was Capablanca's wonderful defeat of Mr. F. J. Marshall, the American champion, in the match that closed at the Manhattan Club on June 23rd, 1909. Capablanca won eight games, and Marshall only one. There were as many as fourteen drawn games, but the young Cuban throughout adhered to a determination that he had formed, not to take undue risks in this first great match of his. To the question whether he did not study the games and methods of the great masters before playing any of them, he replied, quite frankly, "No; I play chess as an amusement. The moves come to me subconsciously, I suppose, as I am playing—just as correct arithmetic comes to an expert clerk in a City office when he is adding up accounts."

When he arrived in London, from New York, on November 15th, 1911, he, the same evening, encountered a strong team of twenty-eight players of the City of London Chess Club simultaneously, from seven till eleven o'clock. Capablanca won sixteen, lost nine, and drew three. The winners were Messrs. Atkins, Baker, Blake, Curnock, Maas, Stephens, Wainwright, Walker, and Wood.

JOSÉ CAPABLANCA.
Photo. by Photo. Press.

But in a report of the proceedings we read, "After about an hour and a half's play Capablanca was overcome by a sudden lassitude of the brain, which lasted only a few minutes; and then the indifferent moves occurred in those games which he subsequently lost. In one instance, with Mr. Maas, he overlooked even the loss of a piece. This lassitude passed quickly, and he felt quite fresh again." Even a great genius cannot expect to have it all his own way under such conditions and against such strong players. Two days later he played twenty-six at the Curzon Hotel, winning all but one, which he drew! Among the defeated players were Messrs. Loman, Serraillier, Mitchell, and Pierce, so there can be no question as to the strength of his antagonists on this occasion either. There was a large company of interested spectators.

Capablanca has accepted the post of vice-consul in St. Petersburg, so we may expect him to take part in the big St. Petersburg Chess Tournament to be held in January, 1914. He also hopes to arrange matches with Duras and Janowsky, which will be of absorbing interest to players all over the world. On his way to take up his post Capablanca spent a short time in London, and played a good deal at various clubs and chess resorts. On October 13th last he played twenty-eight simultaneous games to a finish at the City of London Club. It was a very strong team, selected from the first to third classes, and the play lasted four and a half hours. He won eighteen, drew three, and lost seven. It was one of the most interesting functions ever held at the club. The visitors and members included Dr. Lasker, Mr. Blackburne, and many other well-known celebrities of the chess world.

The failure of all attempts to bring about a match between Lasker, the present champion chess-player, and Capablanca has provoked

much heated discussion. We will abstain from adding fresh fuel to the flames, and content ourselves with quoting from an article by a well-known writer on the game, published at the beginning of the present year: "The champion holds the field, and may, if he pleases, contrive to do so without further contest. It is a curious situation. Those who, like myself, still believe Lasker to be the strongest player in the world cannot but think it strange that he seems so shy. He will only play under his own conditions, but unless his sword is to rust in its scabbard —in which case his title would automatically lapse—it is necessary that he should make such conditions as will be easily acceptable."

To give the reader an idea as to Capablanca's style of play, we probably cannot do better than quote from a lecture delivered before the St. Petersburg Chess Club, in the spring of 1911, by Mr. E. A. Snosko Borowski. His conclusions will be found borne out in the case of the games that we shall give. To Capablanca, says our author, "position is of no importance whatever. In all his games we shall not find a single one where the position is interesting in itself. Instead, we find a procession of astonishing moves, moves that sometimes save a bad position, and sometimes give the game a totally unexpected turn. We would not venture to say that Capablanca did not grasp the nature of a bad position into which he had fallen, but we maintain that he conceives it always in terms of saving moves. . . . The number of such unexpected and surprising moves in Capablanca's games is remarkable. There is hardly a single game without at least one move of this character, and there are frequently many such. In fact, Capablanca's downfall is only effected when, as sometimes happens, his opponent hits upon moves of the same surprising character as his own."

Mr. Borowski predicts that Capablanca's play will mark an epoch in the game.

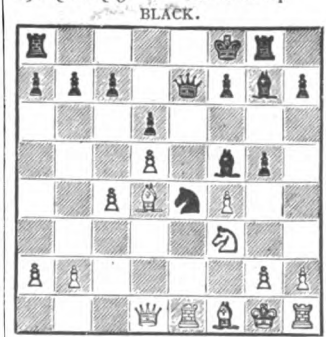
Capablanca, as was generally expected, "came out on top" in the National American Tournament, scoring eleven games to Marshall's ten and a half, but later, in the tournament at the Havana Chess Club, the luck of tournament play gave Marshall his revenge, for he was the winner with ten and a half games against Capablanca's ten.

When we asked a well-known player to give us his impressions of Capablanca's play, he said, "I have been impressed by his extremely youthful appearance, his great facility and rapidity of play, indicating intuitive grasp of position, and by his quietly-confident bearing." All seem to agree as to that remarkable intuition. Capablanca scouts the idea of the game affecting his sleep, and a writer remarks, "The man so troubled is, indeed, usually his opponent." The Cuban is not unacquainted with chess journalism, for we believe he joined the New York *Chess Weekly* early in 1910 as editor-in-chief.

We will now give the reader a few of this new master's games to play over and consider. Considerations of space must be our excuse for the brevity of the notes.

The first game we will give (a Queen's Pawn Opening) was played in the Havana Tournament :—

Corzo. WHITE.	Capablanca. BLACK.
1. P to Q 4	K Kt to B 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q 3
3. Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2
4. P to K 4	P to K 4
5. P to B 4	P takes Q P
6. Q takes P	Kt to B 4
7. B to K 3	Q to K 2
8. Kt to Q 5	Kt takes Kt
9. K P takes Kt	B to B 4
10. Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 3 (*a*)
11. K to B 2	K R to Kt sq
12. Q R to K sq	B to Kt 2
13. Q to Q sq	Kt to K 5, ch
14. K to Kt sq	K to B sq
15. B to Q 4	P to K Kt 4 (*b*)
16. B takes B, ch	R takes B
17. Kt to Q 4	B to Q 2
18. P to B 5	Q to K 4
19. Q to Q 3	R to K sq



Position after Black's 15th move.

Corzo. WHITE.	Capablanca. BLACK.
20. Kt to K 6, ch	(*c*) P takes Kt
21. B P takes P	R takes P
22. P takes R	B to B 3
23. Q to B 3, ch	Q to B 5
24. Q to K 3	K to K 2
25. P to Q Kt 4	P to Kt 3
26. P to Kt 5	B to Kt 2
27. P to Kt 3	Kt to Q 7 (*d*)
28. Q to Q B 3	Kt to B 6, ch
29. K to B 2	Q to B sq
30. P to B 5	Kt to K 4, dis.ch
31. K to Kt sq	Kt to B 6, ch
32. K to B 2	Kt P takes P
33. Q to R 5	Kt to K 4, dis.ch
34. K to Kt sq	Q to B 6
35. Q takes P, ch	K to B 3
Resigns.	

(*a*) Pretty! White cannot take the R on account of Q takes B, ch, etc.

(*b*) One of those "unexpected and surprising moves" of which Mr. Borowski speaks. If 16. B takes B, ch, R takes B; 17. Kt takes P, Kt takes Kt. If now, 18. R takes Q, Kt to R 6, mate!

(*c*) A very good move, but Black has his bold sacrifice of rook at move 21 up his sleeve—the only way of preserving the attack.

(*d*) Another surprising and beautiful move.

Here is a game (Petroff Defence) played with Marshall at the New York State Association Tournament in February, 1910:—

	Capablanca. WHITE.	Marshall. BLACK.
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3
3.	Kt takes P	P to Q 3
4.	Kt to K B 3	Kt takes P
5.	P to Q 4	P to Q 4
6.	B to Q 3	B to K Kt 5
7.	Castles	Kt to Q B 3
8.	R to K sq	P to B 4
9.	P to B 4	B to Q 3
10.	P takes P	B takes Kt
11.	Q takes B	Kt takes P
12.	Q to K 3	Q to B 3
13.	B takes Kt	P takes B
14.	Q takes P, ch	K to B 2
15.	B to Kt 5	Q takes B
16.	Q takes Kt	K R to K sq
17.	Kt to B 3	K to Kt sq
18.	Kt to K 4	Q to R 3
19.	P to K Kt 3	Q R to Q sq
20.	Q takes R P	B to Kt 5
21.	R to K 3	P to Q Kt 3
22.	Q takes B P	R to Q B sq
23.	Q to Q 7	Q to Kt 3

BLACK.

WHITE.

Position after White's 26th move.

	Capablanca. WHITE.	Marshall. BLACK.
24.	P to Q 6 (*a*)	Q R to Q sq
25.	Q to B 7	R to Q B sq
26.	P to Q 7	R takes Q
27.	PtakesR(=Q),ch	Q takes Q
28.	Kt to B 6, ch	P takes Kt
29.	R takes Q, ch	K to B 2
30.	R to K 2 (*b*)	R to B 5
31.	R to Q sq	B to B 4
32.	K to Kt 2	K to Kt 3
33.	P to B 4	P to R 4
34.	K to B 3	P to B 4
35.	R to K 6, ch	K to B 2
36.	R to K 5	R to B 7
37.	R takes P, ch	K to Kt 3
38.	R to Kt 5, ch	K to R 3
39.	R to Q 7	R takes Kt P
40.	R (Q7) to K Kt 7	R to B 7, ch
41.	K to K 4	P to R 5
42.	R(Kt5) to Kt6,ch	K to R 4
43.	P to Kt 4, mate	

(*a*) White, having three pawns and a won game, finds an opening for a pretty finish.
(*b*) Capablanca now conceives an elegant final combination.

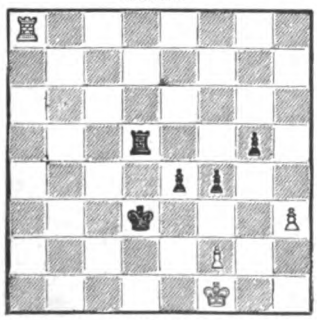
The following game (Two Knights Defence) was played in the American Tournament:—

	Beihoff. WHITE.	Capablanca. BLACK.
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3.	B to B 4	Kt to B 3
4.	P to Q 3	P to Q 4
5.	P takes P	Kt takes P
6.	B takes Kt	Q takes B
7.	P to K R 3	B to Kt 5, ch
8.	B to Q 2	Castles
9.	Castles	B to Q 3
10.	Kt to B 3	Q to K 3
11.	R to K sq	P to B 3
12.	Kt to K 2	P to B 4 (*a*)
13.	Kt to B 4	Q to B 2
14.	Kt to Kt 5	Q to B 3
15.	Kt to Q 5	Q to Kt 3
16.	P to K R 4	P to B 5
17.	P to Q 4	P takes P
18.	Q to B 3	P to K R 3
19.	Kt to R 3	B takes Kt
20.	Q takes B	Q takes B P
21.	Q R to Q sq	Q R to K sq
22.	B takes P	R takes R, ch
23.	R takes R	P to Q 6
24.	Q to K 6, ch	K to R sq
	Resigns (*b*)	

(*a*) A venturesome advance, giving the opponent's knights more scope for attack.
(*b*) For if 25. B to K 3, P to Q 7 wins; or if 25. R to Q B sq, B takes B wins.

As an example of Capablanca's careful and accurate end-game play, we give the pretty finish to a long game which he played in the Rice Chess Club Tournament in New York. It was a critical game, as it decided the first place in favour of Capablanca. Duras, his opponent, was second prize-winner. The following is the position in the game after White's 64th move:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

	Duras. WHITE.	Capablanca. BLACK.
64.	R to Q R 8	P to K 6
65.	R to R 3, ch	K to K 5
66.	P takes P	P to B 6 (*a*)
67.	K to Kt sq	R to Q 6
68.	R to R 8	K takes P
69.	R to K 8, ch	K to B 5
70.	R to K Kt 8	R to Q 8, ch
71.	K to B 2	R to Q 7, ch
72.	K to B sq	R to K R 7
73.	K to Kt sq	R takes P
74.	R to Kt 7	P to Kt 5
75.	R to Kt 8	K to Kt 6
	Resigns	

(*a*) Pretty, and wins by force. Black's management of the king throughout the game was also masterly.

HEROINES OF THE FILM.

Their Adventures Grave and Gay.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

"CAN you swim, walk a tight rope, drive an express engine, vault from a motor-car when travelling at sixty miles an hour, stop runaway horses, wrestle with wild animals, and——"

"Certainly!"

"Oh, that's all right, then. Now we'll see if you can act."

Such might be the typical introductory conversation passing between a producer and a new aspirant for the honours and glories of the picture-play heroine.

It must be admitted that the average film favourite often has to face strange situations and to incur grave risks.

In one Essanay play the scene was laid in a down-town *café*, the proprietor of which received a handsome remuneration for the use of his establishment during the lunch hour. Miss Dolores Cassinelli was taking the part of a woman of the world, and as she is possessed of a wonderful voice she started singing the aria from "Aida," to infuse more actuality into the part she was playing. Instantly the crowd in the restaurant, struck by the singing, rose and pressed round the artiste. The producer stormed and threatened as the admirers obstructed the camera, but they refused to budge, and offered to throw the producer and operator outside if they did not keep quiet. The artiste was somewhat embarrassed at the turn of events, but the crowd encouraged her to go on. Four times the aria was rendered, and then the crowd, turning to the operator standing by his camera, bade him to "Get on with the coffee-mill, and be quick about it, or we shall be after some more singing."

Sensationalism to-day is the rage, and grave risks are incurred to satisfy this demand. In a recent film Miss Blanche Sweete, more popularly known as Miss Daphne Wayne among admirers of the Biograph films, had to be transferred from horse to horse while they were galloping madly side by side. The first attempt resulted in a nasty throw, which bruised her shoulder and sprained her wrist. Although suffering intense pain, she made another attempt, and this time alighted safely in the saddle of the second animal, but as the two brutes collided at the moment she had her left leg badly crushed, necessitating a few days' rest.

The aeroplane has naturally been pressed into service for the pictures, and the artiste who essays a flight for the first time undergoes some strange sensations. Miss Alma Taylor, of the Hepworth Company, had to make a three miles' flight. Everything went swimmingly until the machine hit an air pocket. "It was the most unpleasant experience I have ever felt," she remarked upon alighting. "It seemed to me as if we fell about three thousand miles in three seconds, and in that brief interval all my past sins came over me. Just as I had given myself up for lost, however, the aeroplane commenced to travel in a respectable manner. The incident was capped by the aviator turning round to me and quietly remarking, 'Did you notice that we dropped a little just now?'"

"From the Manger to the Cross," suggested by Miss Gene Gauntier, and in which she fulfilled the *rôle* of the Virgin Mary for the Kalem Company, was not devoid of one exciting incident. The assistance of the Turkish Government was obtained to facilitate the staging in Palestine, but one day the producer, operator, Miss Gauntier, and two other performers realized the dangers attending penetration into the wildnesses of Lower Palestine in search of local colour. The party was surrounded by a band of menacing Bedouins. They had been following the photographing work with interest, and doubtless had become impressed with

Miss DOLORES CASSINELLI,
whose wonderful voice once placed her in a somewhat embarrassing situation.
(*Essanay Co.*)

Miss DAPHNE WAYNE,
who was twice injured during the taking of an exciting picture.
(*American Biograph Co.*)

Miss Gauntier's beauty. At all events, they advanced and made them prisoners. Miss Gauntier, not appreciating the prospect of life with the nomads, parleyed, and explained that they were prepared to pay for their freedom. The bargain was completed for five hundred dollars, which being forthcoming, the Arabs salaamed and rode away.

While the Kalem Company was filming a battle picture an excited super, in crossing a stream during the height of the combat, fell off his horse, got

Miss ALMA TAYLOR,
the heroine of a thrilling aeroplane experience.
(*Hepworth Co.*)

Miss GENE GAUNTIER,
was once captured by Bedouins.
(*Gene Gauntier Co.*)

tangled up with the animal, and was in danger of drowning. Miss Mario Cooper recognized the man's desperate plight, seized a jack-knife, dived in, swam to the spot, and, despite the lunging and kicking of the animal, cut the unfortunate player loose. She brought him ashore in an

Miss MARIO COOPER,
who pluckily rescued a man from drowning. (*Kalem Co.*)

Miss MARY BAYMA RIVA had an exciting adventure in a burning house. (*Gloria Co.*)

unconscious condition, and then, heedless of her own welfare, promptly set to work to restore him.

The Italian producers are expert in the devising of sensations, and in this work Miss Mary Bayma Riva, of the Gloria Company, excels. In one scene she had to enter a burning house to rescue her lover. She fought her way through the smoke and climbed the stairs, but in the gloom she slipped, fell down the flight, and sprained her ankle. Undaunted, she crawled up the staircase once more, reached her lover, and then collapsed under the pain. In so doing she rolled towards the spot where some oil-soaked shavings had been placed to produce the effect of flames, and her dress caught fire. Promptly the hero tore off his coat and smothered the burning attire. Then, picking her up, he carried her out of the building. Although the scene was diametrically opposite to what the producer desired, the resultant effect was so realistic that it was retained.

Western American scenes, full of vim and action, never fail to make appeal, and Miss Anna Nilsson is an adept in devising sensational novelties. In one instance, however, she had good cause to regret her ingenuity in this direction. She took up a standing position upon the rear of a wagon which was plunging madly along a country road, warding off pursuers. The going was magnificent from the stage point of view. Just as the producer yelled "Stop!"—the call for

Miss ANNA NILSSON is an adept in devising sensational novelties. (*Kalem Co.*)

Miss LILIAN WALKER,
who once fell through the ice of a frozen river. (*Vitagraph Co.*)

during the production of films for the Vitagraph Company. A strong scene amid the backwoods of Maine was in progress wherein the heroine had to track her way across a snow-covered frozen river. But unfortunately a warm spell had converted the snow into treacherous, brittle slush. Suddenly there was a cry of alarm. The artiste fell like a plummet through the ice.

ceasing photographing — the vehicle gave a wicked lurch through colliding with a boulder. The actress, caught unawares, was hurled to the ground with great force. She laid still, and the company rushed forward, fearing a severe accident, but when picked up she was found to have suffered no serious injuries, but was only badly shaken and dazed. Production was suspended for a few days to enable her to recover, when she resumed her *rôle*.

Miss Lilian Walker has had her share of accidents

Miss "BABS" NEVILLE numbers a fall into the Thames mud among her experiences. *Motograph Co.*

Miss CHRISSIE WHITE,
who was once accused of abandoning a baby.
(*Hepworth Co.*)

response to the inquiry, "Are you hurt?" from the producer, replied, "No!" and went through the scene as it had been drawn up. Then she was observed to be in difficulties, and was promptly hurried home, where a few days' enforced rest restored the damaged limb and enabled her to resume the play.

She flung out her arms horizontally, thereby holding herself up. One of the actors pluckily made his way over the dangerous surface and, by the aid of a young jack-pine, was able to effect her rescue. The unlucky artiste had fallen through a crack in the glassy covering which had been concealed by the slush. Some hours elapsed before she was restored, when she pluckily announced her resolve to repeat the attempt.

A sprained ankle, a bruised face, and a close acquaintance with the Thames mud was the reward for the Motograph heroine, "Babs" Neville, in making the film "The Great Gold Robbery." Upon a barge revolvers were cracking merrily, and the fight between the evildoers and justice was very brisk, when this artiste, caught in the *mêlée*, slipped upon the greasy deck, fell, knocked her face against the gunwale, and then rolled over the side into the murky river. Half-stunned, she disappeared from sight. The camera was stopped, when one of the pseudo villains jumped overboard, and at last regained the young actress. She presented a sorry sight, but, in

Miss MARY FULLER,
the heroine of a thrilling escape from a seventh-floor window.
(*Edison Co.*)

In a domestic drama the Hepworth star artiste, Miss Chrissie White, had an amusing experience. She was enacting the *rôle* of a young mother who deserts her baby in a railway carriage. She entered the vehicle, and her evident distress over the child attracted considerable attention from an old lady, already seated, and who failed to observe the camera-man on the platform busy with his handle. At the next station she left the child in the lap of another lady occupying the compartment, who happened to be the real mother, the child having been borrowed for the occasion. The decamp and apparent abandonment of the baby proved too much for the old lady. She snatched up the baby, hurried out of the carriage, and chased the actress up the platform. The old lady caught her quarry, and then, in true maternal fashion, poured forth her opinions upon such heartless and disgraceful conduct. The real mother, anxious about her baby, hastened up, and there was an excited, babbling crowd of women on the platform. Finally the stage-manager advanced and wanted to know why everyone was spoiling his picture. When the old lady learned that it was all make-believe for the cinema she collapsed, while her discomfiture was completed by finding that the train had started off without her during the incident.

Miss Mary Fuller, who acted the title-*rôle* in "What Happened to Mary?" can relate some side-lights upon the subject which the public does not know. In one scene she had to escape from a window on the seventh floor of a building by means of a rope improvised from bed-clothes. She essayed the idea with alacrity, but once she was out on the rope, which commenced to sway, and she realized the distance between the window and the street—why, she nearly fainted. "Come down hand over hand!" yelled the manager from below. Instead, she attempted a quick slide. The rope sawed through her clenched hands, and the skin of her palms and fingers was burned off. When at last she touched the pavement and looked wonderingly at her bleeding hands, she exclaimed: "Was I frightened? Well, rather. I hope the audience will get as good a thrill as I did!"

A lonely roadway—two sisters—the elder comforting the younger, who is in tears. This was the scene in the Wild West. It was a moving incident, and the producer wanted the heart-strings twanged to *fortissimo*. He was a keen man, and always maintained an eagle eye for trespassers, lest they injured his picture. But he was not sufficiently astute to detect a farmer's boy, who, hearing the sorrowful cries of Miss Alice Joyce, who was enacting the distressed young sister, sprang through the bushes and ran up to the two ladies, seeking their trouble and proffering assistance. The producer raved and the operator yelled, but the youth failed to hear them. The first intimation that he received of interfering with a spurious sad scene was when the manager clutched him by the shoulder, twisted him round, and wanted to know what he meant by interfering. The youth, well-knit and sturdy, showed fight, and it was not until Miss Joyce explained to him "It is only for the pictures" that he condescended to get out of the way, although he kept a sharp eye upon the men in case of an emergency.

The unauthorized acquisition of a settler's horse by an Indian is punished in the peculiarly drastic and effective method of the West—hanging upon the nearest tree. This was the fate which "Red-Wing," the talented full red-blooded actress of the Pathé Company, nearly experienced. The manager of the production had completed arrangements with a settler for such stealthy action, but, unfortunately, Red-Wing took the horse of the wrong man, who knew nothing about the matter. When he saw his horse being ridden off by an Indian the man gave chase with one or two pards, caught the runaway, and, without more ado, proceeded to put the unwritten law into execution. They whipped a lariat over her neck, and were just about to lift her up when the producer arrived upon the scene to explain. His argument was scarcely convincing; the rough boys thought he was in collusion; but when the man whose horse should have been stolen appeared during the harangue the apparent grievance was settled amicably amid a salvo of guffaws.

During the past year the German producers have devoted their endeavours to sensational subjects, and in these pictures Miss Henny Porten has played a prominent part. In one film she was the heroine of an incident in the Franco-German War, where she was to climb stealthily to the roof of her home, which had been occupied by German officers, to tap the telegraph wires, so as to learn of the movements of the foe for transmission to the French commander. Unfortunately, the roof of the extemporized building was somewhat unstably built, it giving way beneath her. Feeling the collapse, the actress threw up her hands to

Miss ALICE JOYCE,
whose well-simulated distress once brought a rescuer on the scene.
(*From a Photograph.*)

of the cottage, and, although it was feared that she had been grievously injured, she was found unscathed except for numerous scratches.

But for sheer daring it would be difficult to find an equal, at all events in Great Britain, to Miss Marie Pickering, of the British and Colonial Kinematograph Company. She is as much at home in the air or water as upon dry land, and is ready to attempt anything. Her most exciting experience was in Molesey Lock, where she had to dive into the water to rescue the bound, trussed, and gagged hero. Unfortunately, she did not take full stock of the swirl of the waters produced by the opening of the

grab the telegraph wires. But these were "properties" also, and unsuited to rough handling. The result was that the whole fabric came down, although the wires somewhat eased her unexpected descent. She was dug out of the ruins

Miss HENNY PORTEN,
who has played many important parts in German productions.
(*By permission of Messrs. Hübsch & Co.*)

"RED-WING"
(the famous Red Indian Actress of the Pathé Co.)
once narrowly escaped being lynched.

Miss MARIE PICKERING
is as much at home in the air or water as upon dry land.
(*British & Colonial Kinematograph Co.*)

lock, with the result that she found herself being twisted round like a tee-totum until she was dizzy, and then, unable to help herself, she sank. The immersion revived her somewhat, so, upon coming to the surface, she struck out, grabbed the hero, and got him ashore, though, as she remarked subsequently, "she did not quite know when she came up, and her head was still singing, whether she had to rescue ten men or one."

Mlle. Gabrielle Robinne was once called upon to make a dramatic escape from a castle, in which she had been imprisoned, for a Pathé film. The castle, surrounded by a moat, was searched for a small window which would suit the purpose. At last one was found, and the actress assumed her position within for the rehearsal. The boat of rescuers put off across the moat, the rope ladder was thrown up and the hooked end duly caught upon the sill. In due course the heroine appeared at the window, bent upon her escape. The bars, which had been improvised for the purpose, were removed in due course, and the prisoner thrust her shoulders through the aperture. But she became wedged half-way. One of the party below scaled the ladder and endeavoured to assist her from the strange predicament, while on the inner side two other actresses lent assistance. Mlle. Robinne was unable to extend any personal assistance, being convulsed with laughter. At last, after considerable prising, pushing, and tugging, she came through with a bewildering suddenness. The man on the ladder was precipitated into the moat, while the actress tumbled unceremoniously into the waiting boat, the trio below breaking her fall slightly, though she struck one of the seats somewhat violently. Half dazed, she was picked up, while her would-be helper, who had been immersed, swam and clung to the boat, his velvet dress and gorgeous trappings presenting a somewhat sorry sight. After about an hour's delay the rehearsal was resumed with one man less in the boat, and with the window aperture widened to ensure her uneventful escape.

Mlle. GABRIELLE ROBINNE,
who stuck fast in a window when attempting a dramatic escape. (*Pathé Frères.*)

THE STONY HEART

A STORY OF THE SCHWARZWALD.

Retold from the German by
W. J. L. KIEHL.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

PETER MUNK and his widowed mother lived together in a very small cottage in the Schwarzwald. The people on their side of the forest were all either glassmakers or clock-makers; but on the other side of the mountains they were woodcutters or lumbermen. But Peter Munk belonged to none of these; his father had been a charcoal-burner, and after his death Peter, who was then fifteen years old, continued his work. Peter and all the men on his side of the forest were dressed very differently from the lumbermen on the other side. They wore coloured cloth doublets with silver buttons and very wide, baggy breeches reaching down to the knees, red stockings, and black, high-peaked hats; while the lumbermen wore grey shirts crossed by wide green braces that kept their black leather trousers in place; they also wore high-peaked hats, but their greatest pride were their enormous boots of strong leather that reached almost to their hips.

Peter Munk was by no means satisfied with his lot in life. Often he grumbled as he sat by his charcoal kiln. There were in particular two men whom Peter envied more than any others. The one was called Fat Ezechiel; the other was surnamed "King of the Dance," because he was far-and-away the best dancer in the place. Ezechiel was a timber merchant, reputed to be the wealthiest man in the Schwarzwald; he spent all his evenings at the village playing for shilling stakes, and everyone there had the greatest respect for him. The Dance King was from Peter's own district; with his red-stockinged legs he could cut such capers in the dance that the whole inn shook with applause.

Oh! how Peter did envy those two men, and how he wished that he was as rich as Ezechiel and could dance as well as the Dance King!

Peter grew more discontented as time went on, until he could bear it no longer. At last he recollected that when he was a child his mother used to tell him tales of fairies or mountain sprites, who would appear to mortals and give them gold. So he determined to ask her to tell him such a story that very evening.

Supper things were scarcely cleared away when Peter proffered his request; and his mother, well pleased, set her spinning-wheel a-whirring and began:—

"Two mountain spirits reign in this forest. The one is an evil spirit, called Hollander Michael. Many men have sold themselves to him for earthly riches. It is whispered that Fat Ezechiel and the Dance King are among the number, but it is quite possible they came by their wealth in some honest way; or perhaps the other, the good spirit, who dwells in these mountains, gave it to them. This good spirit is quite different from Hollander Michael, and is a kindly, tiny little creature, no longer than my arm. The people call him Glassman, for those who have seen him say that all his clothes are made of glass. He lives on the highest peak of the mountain, called Tannenbühl. Only those born on a Sunday afternoon between twelve and one have a chance of seeing him; they must go to Tannenbühl, and there speak words of incantation that call him up. You, Peter," she added, with a whimsical smile, "would have a very good chance, because you were born on a Sunday, shortly after the noon hour, if only I hadn't forgotten the incantation! I can only remember the first three lines:—

Treasurer of the pine-woods green,
Full many a century thou hast seen;
Thine are all lands where pine-trees grow.

But that is all I can think of; the rest I've clean forgotten!"

Peter didn't sleep a wink that night, but tried all the while to find some words that would form the fourth line of the incantation. At last, towards morning, he got it:—

Treasurer of the pine-woods green,
Full many a century thou hast seen;
Thine are all lands where pine-trees grow;
To Sunday's child alone thou'lt show.

So, quite early in the morning, he put on his Sunday things and slipped out of the house. It was a very long way, all up-hill, to Tannenbühl.

A strange feeling of awe came over Peter, and he sped on as fast as he could. He was quite out of breath when he reached the highest part of the mountain, where the very tallest and thickest pine-tree he had ever seen reared its crown so high in the air that it was lost in the clouds. Here he politely doffed his hat and bowed low in the direction of the big pine. "Mr. Glassman," he said, in a very shaky voice, "I wish you a very good day." Then he waited in trepidation, but nothing happened. "Well," thought Peter, "I suppose I'll have to say the incantation after all." So he began:—

Treasurer of the pine-woods green,
Full many a century thou hast seen;
Thine are all lands where pine-trees grow;
To Sunday's child alone thou'lt show.

And then Peter's eyes bulged in amazement. From behind the giant pine came the strangest, daintiest little figure imaginable. It was only a yard high, and as transparent as glass. A white beard as soft and silky as spun-glass reached almost to its waist. Eyes as blue and brilliant as sapphires shone in the little face.

"Well, Peter Munk," said Glassman—for of course it was he—"you haven't got the verse quite correct; but as it is you I won't be so very particular this time, for I know all about you, and how well you have been working for your widowed mother. To all those who have come to me I have granted three wishes; the first two wishes are free, the last one I may refuse if I consider it better to do so. Now, think well before you utter your first wish!"

"Oh!" cried Peter, overjoyed. "I wish—always to have as much money in my pockets as Fat Ezechiel has and to be able to dance even better than the Dance King."

At these words Glassman frowned and shook his head. "That was a very foolish wish, Peter, and I'm afraid it will bring you nothing but trouble. Still, as I've promised, so I will perform; but do be more careful with your next wish."

Peter felt rather crestfallen, so he thought awhile before saying: "I wish to own the best glass-hut in the whole country, and to have a fine large dwelling-house, with furniture and everything complete."

"Oh, you stupid Peter Munk!" snorted Glassman. "You should have asked for wisdom—wisdom to be able to use your new possessions to the best advantage."

"But I still have a third wish," said Peter. "I could use that to wish for wisdom, if you really think it is so highly necessary."

"Nothing of the sort," said Glassman. "I foresee that that first silly wish of yours is sure to get you into trouble, and then you will be glad enough to have a wish in reserve."

With these words Glassman reached behind the pine-tree and brought out a heavy bag, which he handed to Peter. It was full of bright new sovereigns. "There," he said, "are two thousand pounds for you. The owner of the finest glass-hut in the district has just died, and his heirs are going to sell it, together with the dwelling-house that belongs to it. You can buy it from them; but remember that you must work just as industriously at the new trade as at your old one, and, above all, beware of inns, and drinking, dancing, and gambling."

So saying, Glassman disappeared, and

Peter an home so fast that it seemed as if he had wings on his feet.

To everybody's astonishment Peter Munk bought the glass-hut and dwelling-house that were being sold by auction and installed himself and his mother in his new, comfortable quarters. Peter spent many hours every day in the workshop; indeed, he often did some glass-blowing himself, because he thought it looked so fascinating. The first Sunday was a day of triumph for him. He and his mother sat in one of the front pews in church, and on leaving everyone stopped

"NEVER HAD SUCH WONDERFUL DANCING BEEN SEEN."

to speak to them, for now they were people of importance. In the evening Peter went boldly to the inn, and as soon as the Dance King had finished his figure Peter took the floor. It was soon evident to all the spectators that the Dance King had here found his master. Never had such wonderful dancing been seen, and Peter was at once acclaimed Dance Emperor, while the dethroned king slunk home in high dudgeon.

When dancing was over and the older men sat down to play cards Peter took a chair at their table. Fat Ezechiel was one of the players, and Peter at once perceived that he must have brought plenty of money, for his own pockets were quite filled. All that night Peter played. One after the other the players dropped out, until only Fat Ezechiel and himself were left. Peter lost all the while, but the more he lost the more he gained, because all his money went into Ezechiel's pockets, and, according to his first wish, he was always to have as much money in his pockets as had Ezechiel. At last Ezechiel got tired of playing and went home, and Peter, too, left the inn.

Peter now began to neglect his business, so that very soon all the money Glassman had given him was gone. "But what does it matter?" thought Peter. "As long as Fat Ezechiel's pockets are filled I, too, have plenty!"

One evening he went to the inn as usual.

"Has Fat Ezechiel come?" he shouted, as he neared the door.

"He is here all right," answered Ezechiel's booming voice. So Peter entered and the innkeeper brought the cards and sat down at their table to watch the game.

At first, as usual, Peter lost, and the money disappeared by handfuls into Ezechiel's capacious pockets; but then luck turned and Peter began to win. He won so continuously that he was just happily wondering how much he must have gained when Ezechiel suddenly threw a shilling on the table. "That is the last!" he cried; and a deep, ominous voice echoed in Peter's ear: "That is the *LAST!*" Again he won, and Ezechiel's last shilling disappeared into his pocket.

"Now," said Ezechiel, "you have been winning such a lot that I suppose you won't mind lending me some money to go on with?"

"Of course I will!" exclaimed Peter. He put his hand into his trousers pocket—but it was quite empty! He felt in each pocket in turn, but there was not a single coin in any of them. Ezechiel and the innkeeper watched him in growing surprise.

"We will help you search for the money!" they cried, and roughly turned all his pockets inside out, but they found nothing. Then they became furious; they tore the clothes off his back and threw him out into the muddy road.

Slowly and painfully Peter picked himself up and began walking homeward. At that moment it was as if he saw a tall, shadowy form striding along beside him, and he heard the same echoing voice he had heard in the inn saying: "Ah, Peter Munk, I knew how it would be when you went to that miserly little Glassman. Why didn't you come to me, Ho lander Michael? Come along with me now, and I'll soon set you up again."

Peter cast a sidelong glance at his companion, who didn't seem so terrible, after all. Why shouldn't he go with him?

"Come along, now," reiterated Michael, catching hold of Peter's hand. "There is no time like the present, and we'll soon arrange this little matter between us."

Ever faster Hollander Michael strode along until Peter was fairly dragged through the air behind him, his feet scarce touching the ground. Soon they were standing before a house that looked just like the better kind of farm-houses in the Schwarzwald. Michael opened the door and led Peter inside.

"Sit down now," said Michael, "and we'll see if we can't strike a bargain."

"A bargain?" gasped Peter. "I thought you intended to *give* me the money!"

"Of course I intend to make you a present of the money," laughed Michael. "What I want in exchange is such a very insignificant little trifle that it really does not count."

"But what is that trifle?" cried Peter.

"I mean that silly, fluttering heart of yours that is making you feel frightened at this very moment."

Peter's face was livid with fear. "But," he stammered, "if you take out my heart I shall die."

"Nonsense!" said Michael. "Of course you would die if one of your clumsy surgeons were to cut it out; but if I take it you won't even notice it! Come, I'll show you my little collection."

So saying, he opened the door to the next room, and Peter heard a sound as of a thousand clocks ticking. All around this room were shelves, and on these shelves were rows of glass jars, in each of which a human heart was beating. Each jar was labelled with the name of the owner of the heart, and—yes—there was the heart of Fat Ezechiel! And there, on that other shelf, was the heart of the Dance King! And next to it the heart of the Sheriff in the nearest town!

"You see," said Michael, with some pride, "all these people have given their useless old hearts into my keeping. Now if, instead of that foolish heart, you had *this* in your breast," continued Michael, taking from a drawer a heart-shaped stone and displaying it before Peter's astonished eyes, "then you would have no more bother."

"But," murmured Peter, "it would be so heavy, and so very cold!"

"Just pleasantly cool," retorted Michael. "Come, now, I'll give you a hundred thousand gold pieces and let you travel all over the world."

"A hundred thousand! Ah!" cried Peter, "I never knew there was so much money in the world. Yes, if you please, Hollander Michael, you may take away my troublesome old heart and put in your stone."

"All right!" cried Michael. "Now we'll just take another glass of wine together to clinch the bargain."

They returned to the other room and Michael filled his own and Peter's glass to the brim. Peter tossed off his at a single gulp; then drowsiness overcame him and he fell into a deep slumber.

When he awoke he was in a gorgeous carriage drawn by four splendid horses. From

the windows he saw a strange, flat landscape without any hills whatever. Peter was now clad as were the wealthy gentlemen of the period. He placed his hand on his breast—no! he could not notice the slightest tremor; all was cool and quiet. He felt in his pockets, and brought out a purse filled with gold and a portfolio crammed with bills of exchange on the largest business houses throughout the world. The carriage, too, contained pockets that were filled with gold and silver.

This was but the beginning of Peter's travels. All over Europe he went, and saw every beautiful sight. But never did he get one thrill of real enjoyment out of it, so that at last eating and drinking were his only pleasures, and he slept half the day from sheer boredom. Finally he imagined that if he returned to the Schwarzwald and took up some employment he would be more satisfied. When, in due course, he did reach his homeland the news spread through the villages, and everyone vied with each other to do him honour. Even Ezechiel and the innkeeper had forgotten their grievance against him; for who could withstand such wealth as now was his? Peter now settled down on the other side of the forest and ostensibly became a timber merchant, but his real business was money-lending. When his debtors couldn't pay him he had them sold up at once by the bailiff and driven out into the woods, and when their wives and children came to beg for mercy he set his two fierce dogs at them. It is true he had taken his old mother to live with him, but this was not from filial love, for his stony heart was incapable of affection. When he noticed that she sometimes gave some bread, or a small coin, to a beggar he flew into the most terrible rage and forbade her to squander his possessions.

One day while Peter was out his mother stood at the house door, when an old man came toiling up the forest-path with a heavy load of firewood on his back. He was bent with age and hard work, and his breath came in gasps.

"You poor old creature!" Peter's mother cried. "Come and rest for a moment on this bench by the door. An aged man like you ought not to drag such heavy loads."

"Good mother," quavered the old woodcutter, taking the proffered seat, "I have come a long way and am very thirsty, and I would be grateful to you if you would give me a cup of water."

She ran into the house and came back with a slice of bread and a cup of milk. "There," she said, with a kind smile, "that will do you more good than water."

"Thank you ever so much!" cried the old man, with tears in his eyes. "Surely you will be well rewarded for such kindness."

"Rewarded!" screamed an angry voice, as Peter appeared in the doorway. "Yes, indeed, she'll get her reward this very instant."

So saying, he struck his old mother a cruel blow on the forehead with his heavy metal yard-measure. Lifeless she sank to the ground, and Peter, although he had no heart, knew very well that he had committed a heinous crime that might bring him to the gallows. His first thought was for his own safety.

"You won't mention this little accident, will you?" he cried, as he turned to the beggar. But, lo! instead of the small bent figure, there loomed before him a towering form, with blazing blue eyes as large as soup-plates. It was Glassman, who now appeared as the avenging spirit of the mountains! He seized Peter by the shoulder and shook him to and fro, crying, in an awful voice, "You wretched earthworm! The measure of your wickedness is full! If within three days you do not repent of your evil deeds I will return and rid the world of you!" With a final shake that seemed to break every bone in his body, he cast Peter from him.

When Peter regained consciousness it was night. Gradually he recollected all that had happened. Not once since he had bartered away his heart had he known real happiness. In spite of his wealth he had not known a moment's joy; and now he had killed his mother, and himself had only three more days to live.

As he sat and mused in the moonlight it seemed to him that he heard a tender voice whispering: "Peter, get back your soft, warm heart!" And it seemed to him as if it were his mother's own voice, sounding from afar.

When morning dawned Peter was on his way to Tannenbühl. As he reached the great pine he spoke the incantation, half expecting that Glassman would not heed him, but at the last words the well-known little figure appeared. It was, however, a sorrowful little Glassman.

"Why have you come, Peter Munk?" he asked.

"I have come for my third wish," said Peter. "You will remember you promised to grant me one wish more; and now I wish I had my own heart back again instead of this stony one!"

"That is a good wish," cried Glassman, looking just a trifle less sorrowful; "a very

"HE SEIZE PETER BY THE SHOULDER AND SHOOK HIM TO AND FRO."

good wish, and I am only sorry it is not in my power to grant it. It was not to me you bartered your heart, but to Hollander Michael, and I have no power in his domain. You cannot get it back by force, that is certain. The only way is to outwit Hollander Michael, and I will tell you how."

Glassman now unfolded his plans to Peter and gave him a pure white crystal cross, saying: "If Michael tries to harm you just hold this cross aloft before him, and he will be unable to touch you."

Peter thanked Glassman, placed the cross in his breast pocket, walked to the well-remembered spot, and called three times for Hollander Michael. Then the giant hand shot up from the depth and carried him down below.

"I know what you've come for," said Hollander Michael. "You have killed your mother, and now require a lot of money to carry you to lands beyond the seas."

"You're a good guesser!" cried Peter. "That's exactly what I want."

Without saying a word, Michael went to a corner of the room, opened a huge iron-bound chest, and took from it roll upon roll of gold coins, which he placed upon the table.

"Thanks," said Peter, with a grin. "You have certainly got immense hoards of money, and, no doubt, you are a very clever fellow, Michael. But in one respect you have tricked me. You told me you would take out my troublesome heart

and put a nice cool stone in its place. Well, you never did that, and I've been carrying this foolish old heart with me all the while!"

"That's a lie!" shouted Michael. "I'll show you your own heart in the jar on my shelf!" With that he strode into the next room and brought out the jar labelled "Peter Munk," in which was a heart that palpitated wildly. "You see now," he cried, triumphantly.

"Oh, that's quite an old trick," said Peter, sneeringly. "Those hearts are simply made of wax."

"Wax, indeed!" cried Michael, wrathfully. "Can wax palpitate like that? You shall feel how different it is when that old heart of yours is in your bosom again!"

With these words he opened Peter's shirt, thrust in his hand, and pulled out the heart of stone; then he took the living heart from the jar and carefully put it back into Peter's breast. Ah, how joyfully the poor heart was beating to be back in its right place again!

"You see that I was right," shouted Michael. "And now I'll put the comfortable stone back again." But he stopped short, for Peter had taken out his crystal cross and held it aloft before him, meanwhile uttering a prayer for help. An agony of fright now seized the evil spirit of the mountains; he shrank back into the farthest corner of the room, dwindling in size and shrivelling up until he writhed like a worm upon the floor. Peter, meanwhile, fled from the house, and ran for his very life to Tannenbühl. There he flung himself upon the ground and wept; for now that the excitement of his escape was over his soft, warm heart was breaking for all the wrong he had done.

"Why do you weep, Peter?" asked a kindly little voice. "Have you not been able to get back your heart?"

"AN AGONY OF FRIGHT NOW SEIZED THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS."

"Oh, good Glassman," cried Peter, "it is just because I have my feeling heart back again that I am filled with sorrow! Oh! My dear old mother, how often I must have grieved her! And now I have killed her! Oh, Glassman! Please have pity on me. Don't wait any longer, but kill me at once, for I am not worthy to live. Neither you nor my mother can ever forgive me!"

"But we do forgive you, Peter!" said his mother's own loving voice.

"And you must live to set right all the wrong you have done," added Glassman; and when Peter raised his eyes, through a mist of tears he saw Glassman and his mother standing hand-in-hand before him.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

169.—THE FOUR POSTAGE-STAMPS.

"It is as easy as counting," is an expression one sometimes hears. But mere counting may be puzzling at times. Take the following simple example. Suppose you have just bought twelve postage-stamps, in this form—three by four—and a friend asks you to oblige him with four stamps, all joined together—no stamp hanging on by a mere corner. In how many different ways is it possible for you to tear off those four stamps? You see, you can give him, 1, 2, 3, 4, or 2, 3, 6, 7, or 1, 2, 3, 6, or 1, 2, 3, 7, or 2, 3, 4, 8, and so on. Can you count the number of different ways in which those four stamps might be delivered? There are not many more than fifty ways, so it is not a big count. Can you get the exact number?

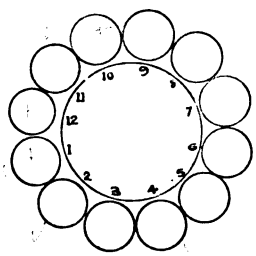
1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12

170.—THE CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

Some years ago a man told me he had spent one hundred English silver coins in Christmas-boxes, giving every person the same amount, and it cost him exactly £1 10s. 1d. Can you tell just how many persons received the present, and how he could have managed the distribution? That odd penny looks queer, but it is all right.

171.—THE TWELVE PENNIES.

Here is a pretty little puzzle that only requires twelve pennies or counters. Arrange them in a circle, as shown in the illustration. Now take up one penny at a time and, passing it over two pennies, place it on the third penny. Then take up another single penny and do the same thing, and so on, until, in six such moves, you have the coins in six pairs in the positions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. You can move in either direction round the circle at every play and it does not matter whether the two jumped over are separate or a pair. This is quite easy if you use just a little thought.



172.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Mother, I wish you would give me a bicycle," said a girl of twelve the other day.

"I do not think you are old enough yet, my dear," was the reply. "When I am only three times as old as you are you shall have one."

Now, the mother's age is forty-five years. When may the young lady expect to receive her present?

173.—AN ANGLING PASTIME.

In the following stream of words are concealed eighteen fishes. How many can you land? This is how you catch them. The words "Mack ere long" conceal the word "mackerel," and the fish "cod" will be caught in the words "tobacco, Dick." Now, see if you can land the remaining sixteen.

"I expect Dick and Mack ere long—they are coming to supper, Charles," said Mr. Wilkins, walking to and fro. "A cheerful fellow is Dick—never melancholy or sombre among his friends, but as bright as his prattling child. He is in that tram-car, perhaps, though he does not often choose that manner of travelling." Dick soon arrived, and another ring at the bell brought Mack, who had a certain solemn air. He is reading for the Bar, believing that he has forensic power, though he really does not possess a whit. In golf he distinguished himself, but, if we take his word, fishing is his great point. Dick is very popular at routs and balls, and has such ubiquitous habits. "Have some tobacco, Dick," said Mr. Wilkins, "or a piece of this cake, which has almonds in it."

174.—AN ENIGMA.

I plucked them in the forest as they grew;
I held them in my hands and gave to you;
But though you took and cast them on the floor,
They cling unto my hands for evermore.
Oh, could I but behead them, they'd be freed,
And I could give them unto those who plead.

175.—THE FOUR GATES.

Once upon a time there was a town in the South of Europe surrounded by walls with four gates, and everybody who passed one of these gates either going in or coming out was required to pay a penny. A traveller one day paid his penny and went through the first of the gates. He spent one half of the money he had remaining, and went out by the same gate, again paying a penny. The next day he did the same, passing in and out by the second gate, and spending half his remaining cash while in the town. On the two following days he exactly repeated the proceeding, going in and coming out by the third and fourth gates respectively. When he left the town for the fourth time he had only one penny left. How much had he at first?

176.—THE THREE SUGAR BASINS.

The three basins each contain the same number of lumps of sugar and the cups are empty. If I transfer to every cup one-eighteenth of the number of lumps contained in each basin, I then find that each basin holds twelve more lumps than each of the cups. How many lumps are there in each basin at the start?

177.—MISSING WORDS.

The year was . . . . , the lane was still;
The . . . . moon shone athwart the hill.
A . . . . was urged, a whispered word,
And now a merry . . . . is heard.

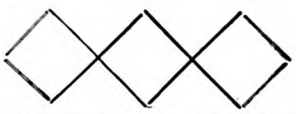
The words to be inserted in the blank spaces all contain the same letters, differently arranged.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

Christmas Eve at Hollibury Hall.

AUNT NANCY'S BOX.—The seven labels, of which fragments were shown, represented the following railway stations: (MAD)ELEY, T(AUNT)ON, (CAME)LFORD, C(HOPPING)TON, B(RIGHT)ON, D(OVER), W(HATSTAND)WELL.

THE MOTOR-CAR FARE.—Mr. Smithers should have paid fifteen shillings as his correct share of the fare. He only *shared* half the distance travelled for three pounds, and, therefore, should pay half of thirty shillings.

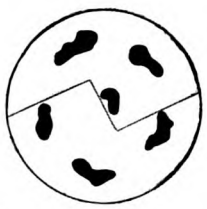


THE THREE SQUARES.—Arrange the strips as shown in the illustration to form the three squares. The longer strips are those that cross in the middle.

CATS AND DOGS.—This puzzle can be solved in as few as five moves for the cats, and the same number for the dogs, as follows :—

Cats,	3 to 4	4 to 6	1 to 8	8 to 7	6 to 5
Dogs,	7 to 8	8 to 2	5 to 4	4 to 3	2 to 1

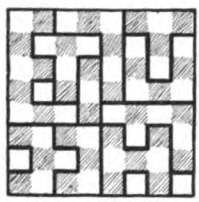
CUTTING THE PUDDING.—The illustration shows how the pudding may be cut into two parts of the same size and shape. The direction of the cuts admits of slight variation, but under very limited conditions, into which we will not now enter.



THE NINE CIRCLES.—Place the 8 in the centre and the arrangement of the other figures is of no consequence. The grand total will always be 45 plus three times the central number.

THE THIRTY-THREE PEARLS.—The value of the large central pearl must have been £3,000. The pearl at one end (from which they increased in value by £100) was £1,400 ; the pearl at the other end, £600.

THE HYDROPLANE PUZZLE.—The machine must have gone at the rate of seven-twenty-fourths of a mile per minute and the wind travelled five-twenty-fourths of a mile per minute. Thus, going, the wind would help and the machine would do twelve-twenty-fourths, or half a mile a minute, and returning only two-twenty-fourths, or one-twelfth of a mile per minute, the wind being against it. The machine without any wind could, therefore, do the ten miles in thirty-four and two-sevenths minutes, since it could do seven miles in twenty-four minutes.



THE CHESSBOARD PUZZLE.—The pieces may be fitted together as shown in the illustration to form a perfect chessboard.

THE GREAT SCRAMBLE.—The smallest number of sugar-plums that will fulfil the conditions is 26,880. The five boys obtained respectively — Harry, 2,863 ; Herbert, 6,335 ; Charlie, 2,438 ; Reggie, 10,294 ; Teddy, 4,950. There was a little trap concealed in the words near the end, "one-fifth of the same," that seemed at first sight to upset the whole account of the affair. But a little thought will show that the words could only mean "one-fifth of five-eighths—the fraction last mentioned" ; that is, one-eighth of the three-quarters that Herbert and Harry had last acquired.

ANAGRAM LETTER.

IN this puzzle there were fifty-three words to be deciphered. Here are the solutions : 1. Catharine. 2. Anagram. 3. Authoress. 4. Learned. 5. Understanding. 6. Consternation. 7. Clergyman. 8. Betrayal. 9. Yourself. 10. Fire-escape. 11. Picturesque. 12. Parishioners. 13. Punishment. 14. Sweetheart. 15. Daughter. 16. Diplomacy. 17. Trocadero. 18. Rhapsody. 19. Orchestra. 20. Chandelier. 21. Astronomer. 22. Constellation. 23. Candidate. 24. Matrimony. 25. Ancestor. 26. Telegraph. 27. Penitentiary. 28. Anarchists. 29. Revolution. 30. Surgeon. 31. Funeral. 32. Wealth. 33. Sapolio. 34. Antiseptic. 35. Pastilles. 36. Potentates. 37. Evangelist. 38. Presbyterian. 39. Breath. 40. Adherents. 41. Doctrine. 42. Transubstantiation. 43. Misrepresentation. 44. Lawyers 45. Platitudes. 46. Aphorism. 47. Apothecaries. 48. Amethyst. 49. Elegant. 50. Precious. 51. Darling. 52. Worshipper. 53. Archibald.

"DIV-A-LET."

LAST month we gave five examples of "Div-a-let," or Division by Letters. Here are the answers : 1. Discourage. 2. Pleasuring. 3. Handiworks. 4. Complaints. 5. Unimported.

"THE WINNING MOVE."

HERE is the solution of the End-game referred to in the story entitled "The Winning Move," which appeared in the last number :—

1. B to Kt 8, 1. Q takes B (or *a*) ; 2. Q takes P*, 2. Q to R sq. (or *b*) ; 3. Q to R 7, ch.*, 3. K takes Q ; 4. R takes P, ch., 4. K to Kt sq. ; 5. R to R 8, mate.

(*a*) 1. . . . 1. Q to K sq. ; 2. Q to B 8*, 2. Q takes Q ; 3. R takes R P, and mates in a few moves with R to R 8.

(*b*) 2. . . . 2. P takes Q ; 3. R takes R P, and mates in a few moves with R to R 8.

If White plays 1. R takes R P, then 1. R to R 8, ch. ; 2. K takes R (if White refuses to take the R, Black draws by perpetual check), 2. Q to R sq., ch. ; 3. K to Kt sq., 3. Q to R 8, ch. ; 4. K takes Q, stalemate.

I have not given an absolutely exhaustive analysis above, but I think the rest is perfectly obvious.

* The three sacrifices of the queen referred to in the story.—RAYMUND ALLEN.

A PUZZLE OF WEIGHT.

THE total weight indicated will be the same whether the bird is flying or perching.

Other Solutions will be found in the "Curiosities" pages.

MY BILLIARDS:

And the Strokes That Made It.

ILLUSTRATED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD.

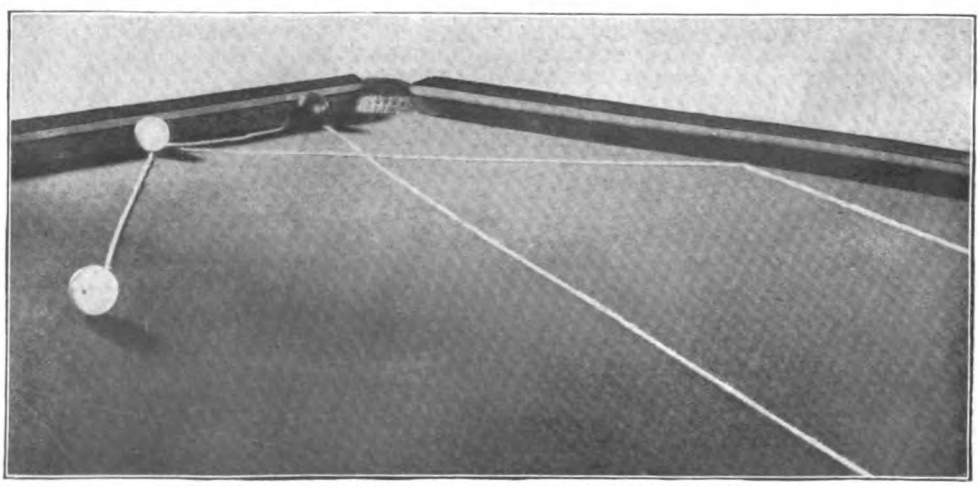
By JOHN ROBERTS.

[The photographs accompanying the text constitute the unique feature of these articles. Each stroke was set up on the table by Mr. John Roberts personally, and the white lines illustrating the run of the balls were placed in position by him. The spot on the cue-ball shows the exact place where that ball must be struck to make the stroke depicted, and the line running from the cue-ball to the object-ball shows the line of aim for the stroke.]

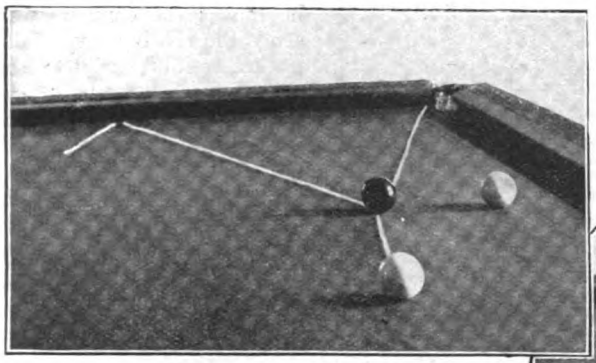
CONCERNING THE TOP-OF-THE-TABLE GAME.

I WILL begin the present article with a stroke which enables the balls to be brought from unfavourable positions into the lucrative scoring area at the spot end. The two object-balls are tight against the top cushion, and the angle of the stroke is shown to perfection in the photograph (No. 1). Now, I admit it is in the game to score a fine kiss cannon by making an exquisitely-accurate contact with the first object, but such a stroke is not the game, because its execution is so difficult—especially from a positional standpoint—that it would often prove too much for even a first-class billiardist. It is quite bad enough to be compelled to go out for something exceptionally difficult when the lie of the balls offers nothing better, but when, as now, there is "another method," as they say in the cookery books, then the man who knows the game plays for what is comparatively simple and safe. This is the run-through cannon illustrated, a stroke played with the trifling divergence from central cue contact shown, and with quite a full contact on the white. The cue-ball will then run steadily along the cushion and drop full on the red just hard enough to move it an inch or two towards the pocket, while the object-ball will take the course round the table shown by the lines on the right of the picture, and finally come to rest almost exactly where the red ball was originally. A pretty stroke, and one well worth practising, as it shows what can be done by accurate ball-striking, good cuemanship, and a knowledge of strength and angles.

But why, it may well be asked, do I take so much pains to bring all three balls to the head of the table, no matter how awkwardly they lie? The answer is simple—because it gives me command of the balls at the spot



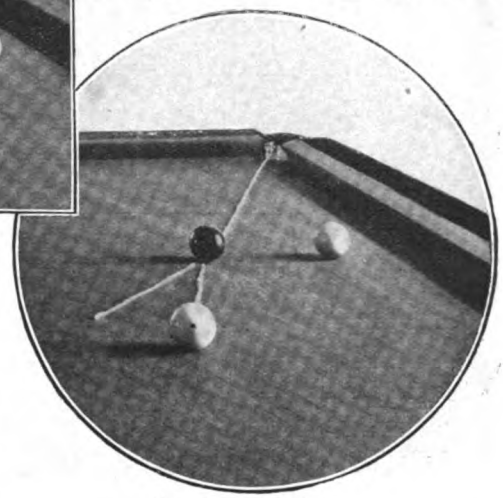
NO. I.—A USEFUL POSITIONAL RUN-THROUGH CANNON.



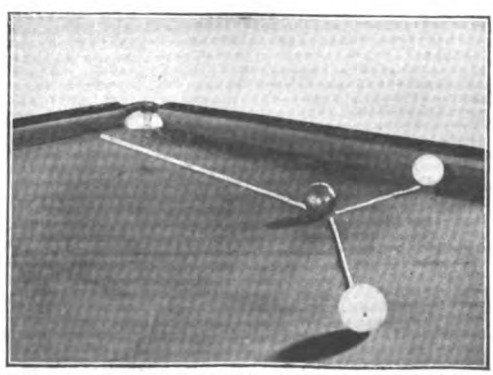
NO. 2.—THE ASTONISHING DIFFERENCE EVEN A SINGLE INCH MAKES IN TOP-OF-THE-TABLE PLAY.

end, that "top-of-the-table game" which I invented, and which, in the hands of a first-class professional, is the quickest and most profitable scoring method known. But, like everything else devised to produce comparatively rapid returns, the top-of-the-table game carries with it considerable risk except in the hands of the few who thoroughly understand it. It is, and the analogy is very close, the "get rich quickly" idea introduced into billiards, and the average amateur—aye, and even the capable amateur—would be well advised to drop "top-of-the-table" billiards as soon as ever he can arrange for a losing hazard and a return to the baulk end with all the space in the "D" at his disposal in which to arrange the cue-ball for his succeeding stroke.

The overwhelming force of my argument becomes manifest in our next two illustrations (Nos. 2 and 3), which prove the astonishing difference even a single inch makes in top-of-the-table play. In each case the red is on the billiard-spot, and the position of the white object-ball remains unchanged, simply because a cannon would ruin position at "the top," although it would be *the* stroke beginners would dash at without a moment's hesitation. But the game is a red winning hazard into the corner pocket in each case. The first stroke is played with enough pace and run on the cue-ball to carry it through the red and into position for a simple cannon played from the opposite side of the table. Move the cue-ball an inch to the left, and to retain position at the head of the table the winning hazard has to be made with enough screw on the cue-ball to bring it back, as shown by the white line on the left of the photo. Top-of-the-table billiards is full of similar positions where an inch, or even less, makes all the difference in the billiard world between one stroke and another as regards execution. It follows, therefore, that such a phase of the game is for those who cannot hope to master its constantly varying problems—who can only hope to dabble in it—a dangerous and expensive habit. Even in the best class amateur billiards top-of-the-table play has lost many more games than it has ever won, simply because failure to score so often leaves the red ball on the brink of a corner pocket, and gives the steady, all-round hazard striker an opening after his own heart.

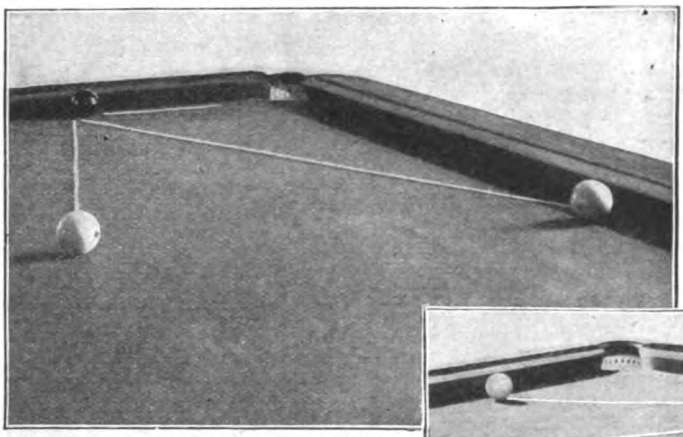


NO. 3.—SEE NO. 2.

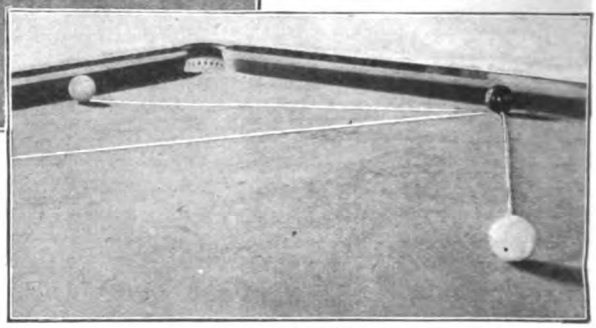


NO. 4.—AN IDEAL TOP-OF-THE-TABLE POSITION.

But provided it is not carried to excess, provided the amateur does not take unwarrantable risks in the vain endeavour to reap a professional harvest of points from an ideal top-of-the-table leave, then the opportunity of making a short-scoring sequence at the "top" may well be grasped, as it provides a pretty and agreeable contrast to that open



NO. 5.—A COUPLE OF CANNONS PLAYED TO GAIN COMMAND OF THE TOP OF THE TABLE.

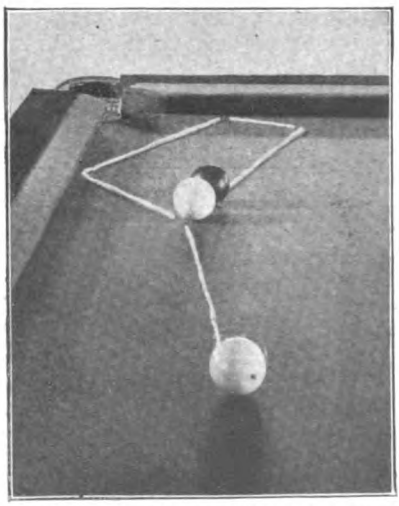


NO. 6.—SEE NO. 5.

game which my readers must make the backbone of their billiards. Here let me define what top-of-the-table billiards really means. It is, of course, a series of alternating red winning hazards and cannons, but the underlying principle is that the cue-ball must always be kept above the other two, as shown in the photograph (No. 4) of an ideal top-of-the-table opening. As a matter of fact, this position is handled by playing what is known to professors as "the postman's knock," the cannon being played in such a way that a full contact is made with the white, which results in a double kiss between that ball and the cue-ball. This leaves the white practically in the same position, brings the cue-ball away just far enough to enable the red winner into the corner pocket to be played quite easily, to bring the cue-ball into practically the same position on the other side of the table. In the hands of a first-class expert this sequence may sometimes be exploited to the extent of making five or six consecutive cannons and hazards without moving the object white to an appreciable extent, but there is no need for even the best to worry about such an extreme of positional exactitude.

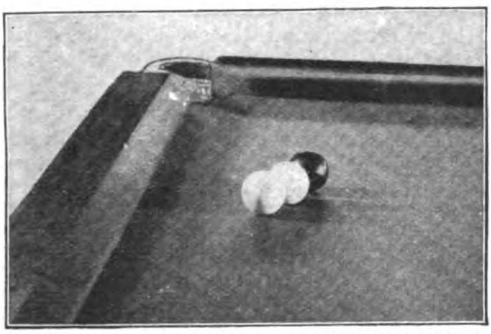
The ordinary player has done quite well enough if he makes the cannon and sends the red ball over the pocket as indicated by the white line. If he happens to handle the stroke a little badly, so that the cue-ball makes a finish contact on the far side of the white and is left very close to the cushion, while the red stops just where a fine, clipping stroke is needed to pocket it, then, if the average cueman is wise, he plays the dead easy losing hazard which is sure to be offered, and quits the top-of-the-table game.

By way of contrast there are many strokes which enable top-of-the-table position to be obtained, and a couple of such scoring and positional efforts are now before us. The first (No. 5) is the easier of the two. It is a cannon made by clipping the edge of the red ball very fine, with a considerable amount of right side on the cue-ball. A five shot might happen here, but the idea is to just bring the red over towards the pocket and make the cannon. Then, next stroke, down goes the red, and the way is prepared for a typical top-of-the-table scoring sequence.



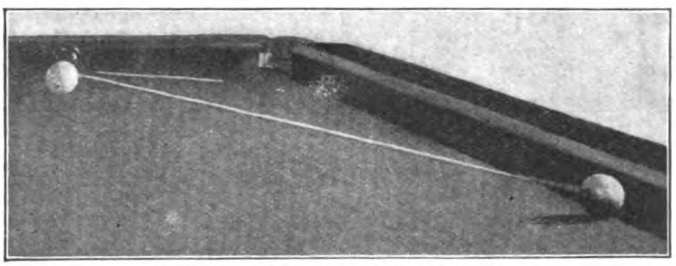
NO. 7.—A PRETTY AND EASY KISS CANNON.

The next stroke illustrated (No. 6) demands a good deal of left side on the cue-ball, and quite a fullish contact with the red. This brings the red across the table as shown by the middle line of the three, while the cue-ball, helped by the side, comes off the cushion and scores



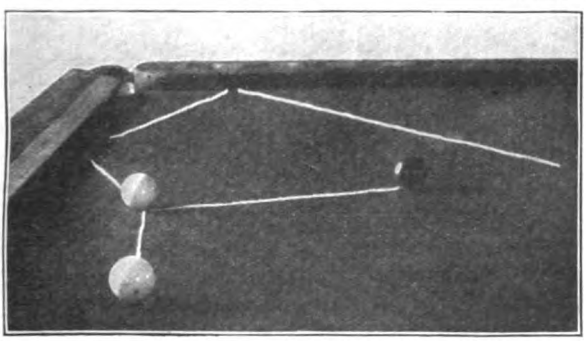
NO. 8.—THE BALL CONTACT FOR THE KISS CANNON.

two cushions as shown, and make the cannon on the red ball, which is almost stationary at the instant of scoring. I have had the ball contact for this stroke illustrated (No. 8), as this is quite the most important part of the whole thing. A kiss cannon of a very different type is next depicted (No. 9), as the cue-ball lies quite close to the red, which is tight against the side cushion. Score by striking the cue-ball sharp and below its centre, and making a nearly full contact with the red. This will cause the white to rebound and make the cannon, at the same time driving the cannon. The least mistake in ball-to-ball contact must be avoided, as balls in this position are very liable to kiss.



NO. 9.—A USEFUL KISS CANNON.

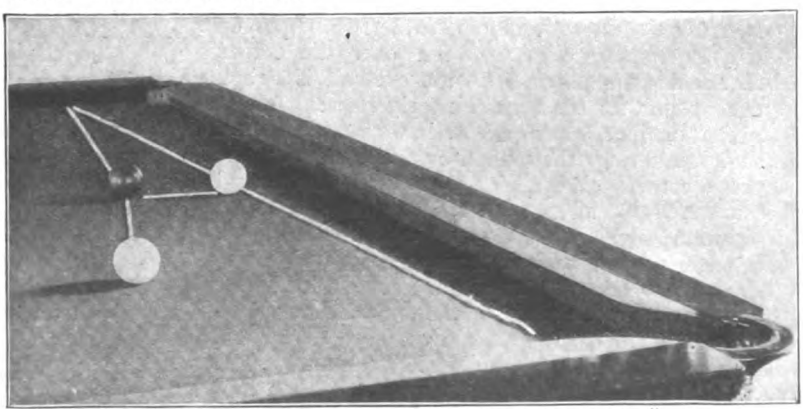
Kiss strokes are often played in connection with top-of-the-table billiards, and very pretty some of them are. The example now before us (No. 7) is a typical specimen. A fine ball-to-ball cannon is almost impossible, and the proper stroke is a kiss cannon. It is quite simple, and easy enough for the beginner. Just a shade of right side on the cue-ball to help it to get off the cushions in time, and a shade less than half-ball contact with the white. Play slowly, and the cue-ball will come round off the



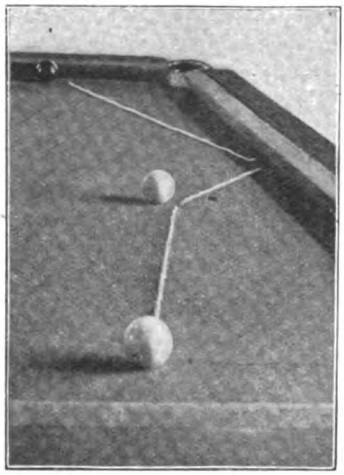
NO. 10.—A DIFFICULT SLOW SCREW CANNON.

the red ball along the side cushion in the direction of the top pocket. A good stroke, and one of a type which is often "on," but passes unrecognized by the inexperienced.

Something very difficult indeed now enters into my remarks on top-of-the-table billiards. I allude to the slow screw cannon depicted in our next photograph (No. 10). The angle of the balls is shown to perfection, and the idea is to make a gentle screw cannon which brings the object white round off two cushions, and sends the cue-ball on to the red just hard enough to move



NO. 11.—A GOOD PRACTICE STROKE AT "THE TOP."



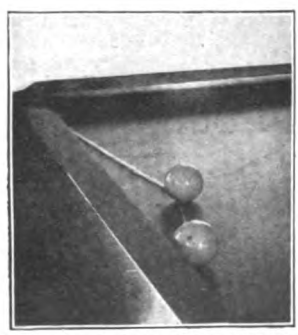
NO. 12.—A FINE CANNON WITH SIDE.

it but two or three inches, thus bringing all three balls together and setting up a position from which they may be coaxed back again to the "top" pure and simple. I repeat my warning regarding the difficulty of this stroke, but advanced amateurs can practise it to their hearts' content, as it provides an admirable exercise in controlling combined screw and side with well-judged strength and accuracy of ball contact.

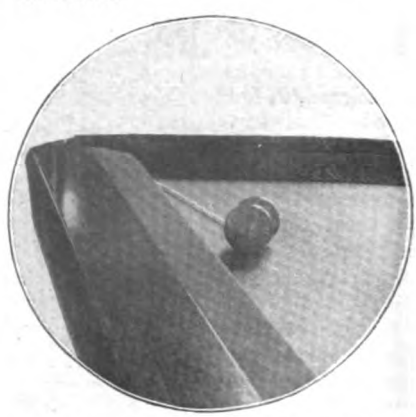
Another stroke at the top of the table which looks very like two or three we have already examined, but which is really quite different, is set up in our next photograph (No. 11). Here the cannon presented off the spotted red ball is a little too "wide" to be played gently enough to place the red over the corner pocket facing the player. So the cue-ball is struck a trifle below its centre, not nearly low enough to create a distinct screw effect, however, and hard enough to bring the red into position over the opposite corner pocket. This class of stroke should be mastered by all amateurs, as it is of the free description which does not demand ultra-delicate cuemanship, and is always occurring in actual play.

Again the class of stroke undergoes a complete change—variety is endless at the top of the table—and we are faced by a cannon (No. 12) which demands a maximum of running side for its successful manipulation. The object is struck finer than half ball, with as much left side on the cue-ball as the player can impart, and the cannon off the top cushion then becomes a certainty. The object white will travel over to the left of the red, and a position will accrue which gives a possibility of manœuvring the spheres over towards the vicinity of the spot in a few strokes. Even if this is not the case, the amateur has not the least cause to feel disappointed. A simple cannon is sure to be left, with the balls so close together that he can manage to leave another easy shot. Nothing better can be desired, as there is no greater billiard pitfall for the amateur than attempting too much to obtain or retain ideal top-of-the-table position. Sooner or later there comes a time when the best of us are obliged to suspend operations at the spot end, and only those who have made a life study of the game can hope to prolong their stay at the "top" when the matter is at all difficult and complicated.

It follows, therefore, that certain strokes are frequently in request to give scoring effect to the losing hazard which takes the cueman to the other end of the table. These hazards are of all types. Many of them are plain ball, others of the screw variety, and a fair sprinkling of follow-through strokes will also have to be played when getting away from the "top." One of these, a follow-through loser, played with top and side, will serve to conclude this article. The photograph (No. 13) illustrating position and the spot on the cue-ball which must be struck is one of the most successful of the series, and so is the following illustration (No. 14) of the ball-to-ball contact. It only remains for me to insist yet again on the importance of smooth, true cue delivery, and the stroke becomes one every player can make.



NO. 13.—A FOLLOW-THROUGH LOSER, PLAYED WITH TOP AND SIDE.



NO. 14.—THE BALL-TO-BALL CONTACT FOR THE FOLLOW-THROUGH LOSER.

(To be concluded.)

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

CAMPHOR TREE AS A GOD.

WESTERNIZED as Japan is, there still survive curious superstitions among the country people, one of which is tree-worshipping. The big tree shown in the photograph is an old camphor tree whose stem is naturally divided into four. People believe that if they pay homage to this tree when they are ill they will soon recover from illness; but when they do regain their health by doing so they must present to the spirit of the tree a *torii* (a wooden shrine-gate) as a token of thanks. Notice a few wooden *toriis* in front of the tree and several small ones on the stems.—Mr. K. Sakamoto, 19, Tsuji-Kuru Cho, Yamada, Ise, Japan.

"PUTTING THE CART BEFORE—THE DOGS."

A RATHER unusual manner of locomotion is the dog-cart of Mr. Edwin J. Gould, a cripple, who has travelled over most of the Western States. He is now on his way from San Diego to Portland, Oregon, a distance of sixteen hundred and fifty miles. The dogs are harnessed, not in the ordinary way in front of the cart, but in the rear, and shove the vehicle along. Mr. Gould sits in the cart and steers it by a wheel similar to the steering apparatus of a motor-car. The harness is made especially for this outfit, and was designed by Mr. Gould, who is a great lover of dogs and takes immense pleasure in his travels with them.—Mr. L. M. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

A CURIOUS NESTING-PLACE.

A FRIEND of mine, who has an aviary containing canaries, placed inside it an empty champagne bottle, on the top of which he put a small tin containing seed and so forth. The object in so doing was to prevent the mice from devouring the food, but a few months ago it was noticed that one of the birds had placed pieces of hay, feathers, and other material on the top of the bottle, and in a few days' time these grew into a lovely nest, beautifully lined with small feathers, and the bird laid four eggs, on which she was sitting at the time I took the photograph. People in this district consider this a most curious thing. Have any of your readers ever heard or seen anything of the sort?—Mr. Thomas Clare, 7, Potter Street, Spondon, Derby.

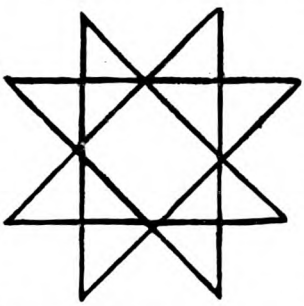
Unhypersymmetricoantiparallelepipedicalisationalographically.

ANOTHER TONGUE-TWISTER.

THE science of chemistry is generally believed to hold the palm for sesquipedalian descriptions, but the accompanying word from Higher Mathematics will surely take some beating: Unhypersymmetrico-antiparallelepipedicalisationalographically. This piece of oratory contains sixty letters, seventeen different ones, and twenty-six syllables. With some practice it can be uttered in under six seconds (my record is five and two-fifths by stop-watch). The precise meaning of the word takes some thinking out: as it stands it aptly portrays the effect of solid geometry on a vigorous intellect. Can this be beaten?—Mr. A. G. Blake, Rossall School, Fleetwood, Lancs.

CAN YOU DO IT?

THIS little puzzle has caused considerable perplexity to would-be solvers, and much merriment to the onlookers. I have never seen it in any publication, and only heard of it a short time ago. The problem is to place a button or any small object on seven points without touching the same point twice. The start can be made at any point, the button being pushed to the further extremity of the line, but no point is to be used the second time as a starting point. The solution will be given next month.—Mr. Hugh B. Shott, 8, Forest Place, Pittsfield, Mass., U.S.A.



WHAT IS THE EXPLANATION?

CAN any of your readers explain the following curiosity? Last autumn, on a particularly boisterous day, the leaves of an Ampelopsis Veitchi were being blown off a high wall of our house, and in at some upper windows at right-angles to the wall. Going into a small room I found several lying on the floor. They were crisp and fresh, and had evidently just blown off. You may judge of my amazement when on one of them, in rich brown colour like the autumn tinting on the leaf, I saw standing out distinctly the letters ADMIRA and long brown lines similar to those on a G.P.O. stamp. The letters looked almost as if they had been branded on it, and were also distinguishable on the underside of the leaf. There had been absolutely no pressure of any kind on the leaf, which was fresh and crisp as it had just come from the twig. I have shown it to several people, including a Doctor of Science and photographers, none of whom can give a satisfactory theory. My own opinion is that it was a natural photograph resulting from some unusual combination of circumstances. There had been heavy rain a few days previously, and, supposing a wet piece of newspaper, or an envelope with the Admiralty postmark, had by any chance blown against the wall and been caught there in some way, might not such a result be possible? I send you a rough drawing of the leaf as it is now when pressed. I am only sorry I did not photograph it at the time.—Mr. J. M. Stewart, 36, Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.

A SOLO PROBLEM.

A, B, C, and D were playing solo whist. A had the following hand dealt to him:—

Diamonds: Ace, king, queen, knave.
Spades: Ace, king, queen.
Hearts: Ace, king.
Clubs: King, knave, 9, 7.

A called Solo, and did not make a trick. Find the dealer and place the hands to beat it. The solution will be given next month.

SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S BRIDGE PROBLEM.

The card underlined wins the trick. The card immediately beneath is led to the next trick.

A	Y	B	Z
Clubs 3	Clubs 6	Clubs ace	Clubs king
Hearts 9	Hearts 6	Hearts 5	Hearts knave
Spades king	Spades knave	Diamonds 4	Spades 3
Diamonds ace	Diamonds 6	Diamonds 3	Diamonds 7
Hearts 4	Hearts 7	Hearts 8	Spades 6
Diamonds 5	Hearts 10	Hearts queen	Diamonds 8
Clubs 4	Diamonds qn.	Diamonds kv.	Diamonds kg.
Spades 9	?		

If Y trumps with the queen, B discards the 10 of diamonds; if Y trumps with the 7 or 9, B over-trumps. In either case, Y makes only the queen of trumps.

THE DEVIL'S CHECKMATE.

THE following is the solution of the chess problem with the above title which appeared last month:—

BLACK.	WHITE.
1. R × Kt, ch	1. K—B 3
2. Q × R, ch	2. R × Q
3. R × R, ch	3. Q—K 3
4. R × Q, ch	4. P × R
5. Kt—K B 7	5. P—K 4
6. Kt × P, ch	6. K—Q 3
7. R—Q 7, mate	

It will be remembered that the Christian (White) was playing the Devil (Black), and that Black was to play and mate in seven moves. The Christian maintained that the Devil could not fairly claim the game with this mate, and Satan allowed the objection. What was it? It will be seen on playing out the game that the mate is there, but that the pieces on the board form a perfect cross. The Devil was supposed to be unable to make the sign of the cross, and therefore he could not complete the mate, and the Christian was saved.

THE photograph of "Old Man Rock" reproduced in a recent issue was taken by Mr. A. Winton Goatcher, of Ceres, Cape Province, South Africa, who is the owner of the copyright.

The intensely dramatic Story,

"The DANCER in DARKNESS,"

on the following pages, has been filmed for the Cinematograph Theatres throughout the country as No. 2 of a series entitled :

"STORIES from the STRAND MAGAZINE."

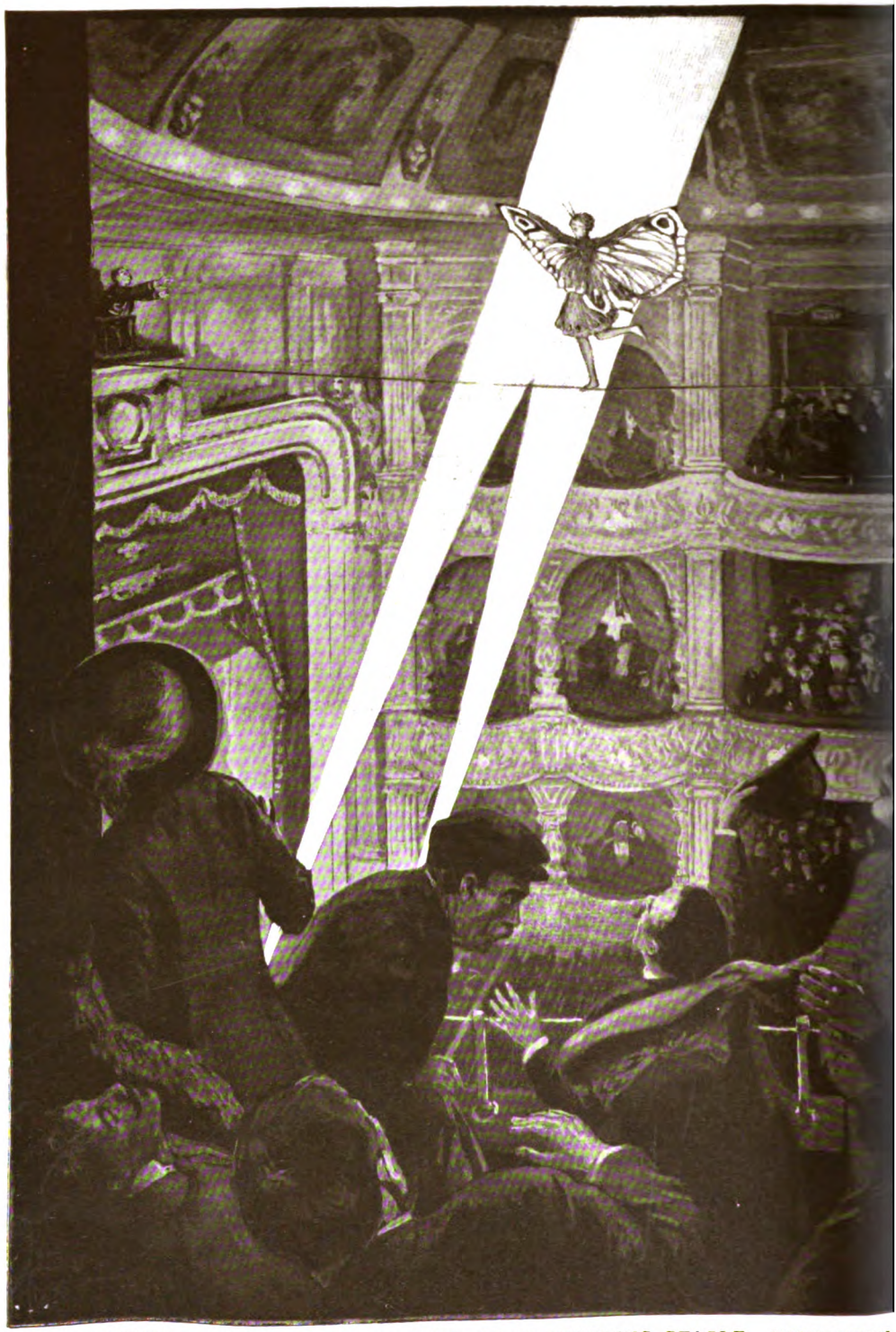
No. 1 of this series was

"THE WINGS OF DEATH,"

published in our January number under the title,

"FULL BACK."

Our readers should not miss the opportunity of seeing these films, which are being taken by The Solograph Film Company, and which will provide some of the most original and striking effects ever shown on the screen.



"THE THEATRE WAS STILL HALF FULL OF STRUGGLING PEOPLE. INSTANTLY THEY PAUSED AND TURNED THEIR EYES ALOFT." (*See page* 130.)

THE DANCER IN DARKNESS.

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Illustrated by Thomas Somerfield.

This story has been filmed, and will be shown at the cinematograph theatres throughout the country. See the announcement on the back of the frontispiece.

MLLE. ETHEREE, the famous tight-rope dancer, had not been in the Metropolis half an hour when the brilliant poster of her rival "Papillon" caught her eyes on a hoarding opposite her hotel window. The poster showed a flamboyant human butterfly with the face of a young girl, which the lithographer had made stupidly inhuman by making it hopelessly angelic. At sight of this face that of Mlle. Etheree had become demoniac. Her black eyes narrowed, her brows drew themselves into a serpentine curve, and her pouting red lips grew grim and thin and took a peculiar slant to the left.

She was a small, dark woman, a native of the Basses-Pyrénées. The fierce intensity of her emotions, preying upon her from within, had given her a hungry, burnt-out

look, like that of a crater, but a crater that had depths—and depths still filled with lava. The handsome face masked its real age, though here and there, as Etheree had discovered with a chill dismay, a thin, faint wrinkle was visible. She carried her slender body proudly, and her head, with its casque of dark curls, she held poised as though it bore an invisible crown. The name she had chosen aptly described her slender body as well as her graceful evolutions in mid-air. There was something undeniably ethereal about her. But her passionate little soul, eternally vexed or tormented by the reaction of life, was fiercely material—a slave to idle pleasures, to personal triumphs, to public acclaim. She was pagan-souled and jealous-hearted, rebellious, devoured by dreams of impossible power and riches. She longed desperately for conquests ever new, but dreaded the future that might withhold them or even deprive her of the old. And the future, that vague and sinister gulf that threatened all her glory and all her prestige, was now embodied in this creature Papillon.

The vision of her young and beautiful rival had haunted her all over the world. This damnable butterfly with the simpering face overshadowed her life like some evil vampire. The fame of Papillon rang everywhere in her ears. It challenged her right to the title of "The Queen of the Air." The popularity of her young rival had become as gall to her—as a sore that would not heal. But until now they had never met—never appeared in the same city at the same time.

On the poster beneath the name of Papillon, Etheree had read that of Livia Karis, the classic Russian dancer, an old acquaintance of hers. There was to be a *matinée* that very afternoon. So she had driven off at once to the Marquise Theatre to see Livia Karis. The Russian, effusively expansive, received her in her dressing-room. She was tall and lean, with a shining, swarthy skin and immense coils of coal-black hair. The women embraced, kissed, then began to chatter in French. When Mlle. Etheree had remarked in a listless, quite disinterested way of having heard that Papillon was to appear at the Marquise, the saturnine Russian smiled strangely. At heart she hated the Frenchwoman. Immediately she launched into a rhapsody of praise of Papillon, enjoying the mordant jealousy she knew must be gnawing at Etheree's heart.

"Is she on this afternoon?" asked Etheree.

"No, no! She never dances at *matinées*. You must come this evening, *ma chérie!*"

They kissed and parted. Flaming within, Mlle. Etheree rushed from her friend's dressing-room, and ran forcibly against a man in the dim hallway.

"Why, it's you, Etheree!" exclaimed the bewildered man. "I'm so sorry—but I didn't think you'd come popping out that way!"

"Ah, Mornington, it is you!" cried Etheree, in her lilting English. "How can you be so stupid!"

Her voice instantly took on its sweetest, most languid modulation. A winning smile traversed her lips. The hard black eyes grew soft and liquid.

James Mornington was the electrician at the Marquise Theatre. He had filled the same post at several other theatres at which Etheree had appeared. He knew her well, and there had been a time when his head had sat less firmly upon his shoulders because of her. He had also invented an illuminated effect for her which had pleased her much. He was a clever electrician and proud of his skill. A coil of wire was in his hand.

"I was just rushing to put up some new reflectors," he said. "I've got a splendid new lighting scheme!"

"Yes! yes! Is it for one of the turns?"

"Yes; for Papillon."

"Ah!"

"Have you seen her, Etheree? Her dancing is simply wonderful! Brings down the house every night. And then her act in mid-air—right over the heads of the audience—it's the most——"

"No, no! Never! I don't care to see it—I'm not interested, Mornington."

"But do let me show you our system of lighting! It's all my work. There's not another like it in any theatre in the world."

He led her through the labyrinths behind the scenes, explained the switches, the reflectors, the different coloured lamps, for moonlight or sunlight effects, the batteries of spot-lights, the head, side, and foot lights. Etheree followed listlessly, murmuring vague short words of ignorant admiration. They came to a brick wall, in which there was a wooden door scratched over with innumerable names and initials.

"And now I'll show you the source of it all," said Mornington, and led the way down a bleak, narrow corridor in which burned a single dust-covered electric bulb. She shrugged her shoulders and followed. The wires in their insulating conduits ran along the wall. At the end of the passage there was a slab of thick slate and a brass switch with an ebony handle.

"This is where the current comes in from the main," said the enthusiastic electrician; "and here's where we shoot it into the branches. Should I throw down this switch —this way—every light in the house would go out."

"Very interesting!" said Etheree. "Oh, you are such a clever-r-r man, Mornington!" she added, half-mockingly.

Then the eternal rage for conquest overcame her again. She put her hand gently on his arm. Mornington smiled, immensely pleased by her words, but quite unsusceptible to her action. His fresh face and yellow moustache shone in the solitary light. A wooden Saxon oaf, was her thought.

"You ought to come to-night," said he, as he led the way back, "and see the light effects for Papill——"

"No, no! *Merci!* You are very good. Good-bye, *mon ami.*"

She extended her nervous little hand, gave him a melancholy smile, and tripped out.

A fierce curiosity raged in her and gave her no rest. All that afternoon she paced up and down her room and smoked cigarette after cigarette. When evening came she drove to the stage-door of the Marquise Theatre and sent in her card to James Mornington. He came, smiling roundly, and escorted her in with the greatest deference.

"Put me where I can see the acts, *mon cher*, without being seen," said she.

"You seem a little nervous, Etheree," said he, looking at her out of his clear and honest eyes. "Anything wrong?"

"No, no, nothing wrong—*absolument!* But put me where I can see the turns."

He led her into the wings and placed a chair for her in a corner from which she could survey the stage and, by peering through one of the side-pieces, most of the auditorium. Above her stretched the great fly gallery, with its grooves and pendent ropes. There were little platforms where men stood directing the shafts of coloured light at various angles upon the stage. The electric arcs buzzed and fluttered. Dressed entirely in black, with a dark veil, the little Frenchwoman sat immovably in her chair staring out at the lighted spaces of the stage. Her whole body was taut and rigid, her nerves like the tightened strings of some delicate guitar. She watched the performers out of the profundities of her dark eyes, but scarcely saw them. The deep pools of her eyes were covered with a slumbrous, brooding film. A fit of impatience seized her, and then a fit of trembling; her blood seemed touched with fever. When would the hated butterfly appear? She rested her head upon her hands, her elbows supported by her crossed knees, and stared tragically at the bright spaces beyond the semi-obscurity in which she sat.

There was a delicate rustling. A girl in a short filmy tunic and large iridescent wings floated past her, led by a short, swarthy man in a bizarre uniform. A faint perfume was cast upon her as the two passed. The man spoke a word or two of caressing Italian. Instantly Etheree sat erect; her eyes flashed.

This, *this* must be the Papillon!

The pale, glittering creature went out into the glare of the stage; the coloured lights overhead sang and embraced her lovingly as she tripped to the centre. A dull rumble of applause, the muffled echo of thousands of clapping hands broke upon Etheree's ears. It was the unmistakable, heartfelt tribute of the public to one of its favourites. Mlle. Etheree winced and quivered as if every hand-clap had been a blow. Her distended eyes were fixed upon the bright vision of Papillon as she stood on the naked boards bowing to right and left. The poster artist had not lied so much after all! The face was strangely like that of a wax doll, vacant, expressionless, the rose-red lips curled into a mechanical smile. The yellow curls—and the eyes—such odd, huge, ox-like, wandering eyes Etheree had never seen. They reminded her of the eyes of an imbecile that saw yet could not perceive. This, then, was the wonderful artiste who was eclipsing her—this young, stupid doll!

Papillon was now dancing in the white lustre of the reflectors, a shimmering shape, her wings fluttering rapidly, a gorgeous, gigantic moth whirling in a focus of white fire. The swarthy little man in the extravagant lion-tamer's uniform stood leaning in sharp black silhouette against the wings. Mornington came back and stood beside Etheree. His open, somewhat foolish face glowed with enthusiasm.

"That's her—that's Papillon!" he exclaimed. "Wonderful, isn't she?"

"Oh, it's your lights, Mornington."

"But this is only the first part of her act. I got up those lighting effects specially for her. Just wait and watch her, Etheree!"

"That man standing there—who is he?"

"That little fellow in the red jacket? That's her father. Their real name's Bertini —Italians."

He made a few steps to the left and whispered a direction to one of his men. When

he returned Papillon had finished her dance. She stood smiling, bowing, throwing kisses in all directions, basking in the flame from above and from below. The applause rolled and reverberated through the theatre. A great bouquet of roses was flung across the footlights. Papillon's father hissed something to her. She held out her arms and walked in the direction of the flowers, her hands groping strangely, yet swiftly as flashes of light. They caressed the flowers with graceful, adorable gestures as she stooped and picked them up. She bowed. Her sweetly-simpering face smiled radiantly towards every part of the theatre.

"She's the drawing-card of the house," whispered Mornington, with a singular obtuseness to the jealous torment of the woman beside him. "She gets loads of flowers every night. And the manager's just extended her engagement another week. Pays her the biggest fee of any performer we've had this year. That father of hers is daft about the girl. Watches her like a hawk. Never lets her speak to a soul or go anywhere alone. She's just like a puppet in his hands. Now —watch her, Etheree!—here comes her great act. The lights by me," he added, in a proud whisper.

The human butterfly was standing delicately poised on tip-toe, her wings trembling slightly, her two bare white arms pointing upwards, the hands palm to palm. The eternal smile was on her lips. Her large eyes were fixed upon the shadowy heights of the gallery. Her father was crouching forward in an attitude of rigid alertness.

Papillon, her feet pressed together and her great wings fluttering slowly, rose from the floor of the stage, then swept forward and upward. Her soft white slippers twinkled over the footlights—she floated over the heads of the orchestra, weaving graceful gestures with her hands. Then, still flying upward, she disappeared into the centre of the immense auditorium, ascending in the dazzling beams of two reflectors which shone upward from the pit of the orchestra.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" said Mornington, in admiration. "She's drawn right up to the very roof, to the tight-rope that's stretched from the top of the proscenium to the gallery."

Papillon's father now turned and dashed up the light wooden stairs that led to the fly-loft.

"Then the wire that draws her up is loosened and she dances on the tight-rope. You can see her from here if you'll come forward a little. It's wonderful. And Bertini's always there to receive her—on a little platform over the proscenium," said the electrician.

Etheree clutched his arm with her small nervous hands; her sharp nails bit into his flesh through his coat-sleeve.

"Still nervous, Etheree?" he asked, opening his clear eyes. "I'm afraid you smoke too many cigarettes."

"Bah!"

He was amazed at the rage, disgust, and contempt she spat forth in this one syllable.

"*Sot!*" she added, half under her breath; but the French form of that word was lost on the English ear.

"You must excuse me now, Etheree," he said, pointing to the reflectors in the orchestra pit; "I must keep an eye on the lights down there."

"Yes, yes, I excuse you!" she said, clenching and shaking her hands with impatience. "Go, go!"

He stared at her with puzzled eyes, pained, surprised, taken aback. Then his name was called from below, and he ran down the narrow steps that led beneath the stage.

Etheree heard the hollow vastness of the auditorium reverberate like a drum with the rolling applause of anticipation. Papillon must have reached her goal—the wire stretched from front to back of the theatre. The dull tumult came booming across the footlights, echoing in the flies, sweeping past the wings into her ears, into her heart. Her ears, sharply attuned to the temperament and moods of audiences, to the various fluctuating emotions expressed by their hand-clappings, recognized the note of a grateful, affectionate response. Papillon was, beyond all doubt, a favourite with the public. It was she who was now "Queen of the Air."

An eruption of blind fury overmastered Etheree's heart. She felt herself deposed, ignored, defeated—*she*, who had been acclaimed the first aerial artiste of the world—to be thrust from the place of honour she had won—to lose her hold upon the hearts of the people—to be given a lower rank and a smaller salary by the managers—and all this because a shred of fluff and spangles, a young chit with china-blue pop-eyes and dyed yellow hair had stolen some of the best features of her own acts! Her smouldering little heart almost burst with the tumult of her emotions. The lava in the crater boiled, then rose. The flame, the venom of her hate, mounted to her brain, her ears rang, the theatre seemed to swim before her eyes. For an instant she felt a mad impulse to tear off

her loose dress until she stood arrayed in the black silk tights she wore beneath it, to rush upon the stage and re-conquer the fickle multitude.

The fools! to be taken in by a pair of wings and a baby face! The faithless, capricious mob, the ignorant *sots*, not to see the difference between her own finished art and the cheap tricks of this young puppet!

She longed to revile them, to spit into that vast, vague, collective face, then to dazzle, fascinate, captivate them once more, and bend them to worship and applause. That, or — and now a primitive fury shook her in its grasp and almost unconsciously she assumed the attitude of a crouching panther-cat — to strangle her rival, to tear that pretty face of hers, to hurl her from her foothold upon the taut, trembling wire, to trample those butterfly wings of hers into the dust! Her frail little body seemed to dilate; she felt an enormous strength possess her—as though she were

"SHE FLOATED OVER THE HEADS OF THE ORCHESTRA, WEAVING GRACEFUL GESTURES WITH HER HANDS."

Samson about to pull the entire playhouse crashing about their ears, and then perish herself in the ruins. Her rage and jealousy had reached that oblivious stage in which the human being is ready to immolate itself for the satisfaction of the one ungovernable impulse. She glared about her, her fists clenched, her teeth set. A profound stillness filled the theatre. The multitude breathed faintly, like the inhalation and exhalation of some great, shapeless beast. The magnetic thrill of sustained suspense and hushed attention held the packed mass as if under a spell.

But dreadful clangours and fierce whispers and blinding, unutterable things filled Etheree's soul, and the shadows and the lights were woven into a smoky fabric as from some infernal loom. The faint, warm scent of thousands of human beings seemed to go to her brain like some subtle intoxication. The lamps purred and buzzed and hummed. She could have shrieked in her torment and impotence. Her roving eyes caught sight of the door that led to the passage through which Mornington had taken her that afternoon. Impulsively she dashed towards this, tore it open, slipped in, then bolted it from the other side.

"SHE RUSHED TOWARD THE GLEAMING BRASS AND COPPER OF THE SWITCH, HALTED A MOMENT, THEN, WITH A CONVULSIVE MOVEMENT SEIZED THE HEAVY EBONITE HANDLE AND PUSHED IT DOWN."

The dusty electric bulb burned as before. She rushed toward the gleaming brass and copper of the main switch, halted a moment, then, with a convulsive movement, seized the heavy ebonite handle and pushed it down.

There was a hissing and crackling. Little points of dazzling green flame burst from the terminals. The solitary light went out. Etheree found herself plunged into inky darkness, through which still flickered the little points of flame, but now they were orange, crimson, and gold. She groped along the walls and found a door and opened it. A gust of cool air smote her forehead. She advanced a step, her foot encountered the empty air, she stumbled and fell—fell, as she had often dreamed of falling from the taut wire, down, down through bottomless depths of darkness. But there *was* a bottom, and at the bottom there were steps—steps of cold, hard stone.

Papillon rose slowly through the air over the heads of the audience, travelling aloft on the converging shafts of light. Her wings of

gauze and tinsel moved languidly. She made graceful swimming motions with her thin white arms. The act was one of levitation rather than of apparent flight. The thin wire of drawn steel that raised her slender little body was scarcely visible. The people in the stalls craned their necks, those in the front rows faced about, looking upward and backward.

The tight-rope or steel cable ran from a point above the gallery to the top and centre of the heavy and gilded proscenium arch. Here a small wooden platform had been built out. A tiny door opened in the wall behind and the stout figure of Papillon's father appeared. His prominent black eyes followed every movement of Papillon's flight. As her feet swept above the taut wire he shouted a word in his native tongue. The glistening wire that was lifting the human butterfly stood arrested. Papillon, her eyes fixed straight upon the hushed crowds in the gallery, felt for the taut cable with her soft shoes of white chamois leather. The toes of her little feet crooked themselves about the cable, her arms flew out and grasped the tips of her wings. She grew instantly alive at the touch of the thin hard strands underfoot, and poised herself delicately, vibrating and shimmering like a splendid flower perched on some airy twig. She stooped, and the hook and wire that had drawn her into the air dangled loose and vanished into the ceiling.

The greatness of Papillon's act lay in the fact that she used neither pole nor parasol to balance herself, as was the custom with other performers, even with the celebrated Etheree. She seemed to be unconscious of the wire, disdaining it, never glancing at it, as though it were some safe, broad plank beneath her marvellous and sensitive feet. She balanced herself by means of her extended arms and by grasping and moving the tips of her wings. She seemed a creature of the airs, sporting in her native element, serene and self-assured as a bird. There was no safety-net beneath the wire, nothing but the murky air of the great auditorium, rows of seats, and hundreds of upturned faces and bare shoulders. The wire was stretched directly above the wide empty space of the central aisle. The public, true to the spirit of the Roman arena that survives in our civilization, smacked its lips over this added spice of danger.

Papillon, her angelic, somewhat insipid smile upon her lips, levelled her large and vacant eyes directly at the gallery. She was now dancing upon the tight-rope. The slender, silken legs moved with incredible grace and swiftness. She made mincing little steps towards the gallery, turned at a word from her father, then began to pirouette forward again towards the proscenium, where Bertini stood ready to seize her as soon as she reached him. The theatre was in darkness. Only the two sharp streams of changing light streamed upward from the orchestra pit. The human butterfly preened herself in the fierce rays and changing rainbow colours. The filmy silk and metallic fringes of her dress seemed to flame. A double shadow, like that of a monstrous bat, or some evil bird of the night, moved across the gilded mouldings and painted panels of the ceiling.

The huge audience was hushed, its nerves at a strain, its heart pounding fearfully.

"It's a wonder those lights don't blind her!" said a nervous voice from one of the boxes.

Papillon danced with flickering feet, an iridescent vision of ethereal loveliness. She seemed oblivious of the theatre, the place, the multitude. She was dancing more and more madly upon the quivering wire. An ecstasy possessed her; her large eyes glittered in the glare streaming from below. She seemed to be poised upon the pillars of light like a whirling leaf, to float upon the billows of music surging up from below—upon the breath of the multitude. Signor Bertini was humming a weird melody that seemed to inspire the feet of the butterfly and to control them even more than the music.

Suddenly the lights went out.

Instant blackness flooded the entire theatre. In the orchestra pit the red-hot carbons of the arc-lights still glowed, and the eyeballs of the spectators were filled with floating patches of colour and luminous blurs due to the sudden extinguishing of the spot-lights.

The theatre gasped as though it were one huge mouth. The shrill shrieks of women, wild and confused shouts, broke out of the dark.

"Lights, lights!" yelled a hundred voices.

But the theatre remained dark. Even the dim glow of the shaded lights of the musicians was no longer visible. Only the lamps of the exits glowered blood-red in the blackness. In these burned candles, as the law decreed. Somewhere behind the stage a furious pounding was heard, a crash, and excited voices. From stalls to gallery the whole theatre shook with a strange, infectious terror. The orchestra abandoned the dance tune and began playing a lively, popular air. But louder and clearer than this, Bertini's weird monotone rang through the dark. People rose from their seats, which thudded back, and groped

blindly with their hands. There was a noise of dropping bags, opera-glasses, and canes, a vast, confused, uneasy uproar.

"Silence, silence!" thundered a voice from the boxes, "or the girl will fall."

They knew it, they felt it in every nerve of brain and body! In mid-air, in the impenetrable, thick darkness, poised on a strand of steel between life and death, Papillon was hovering—bewildered, lost! The unendurable strain, the blind suspense laid every soul bare and filled it with an agony of primitive fear. Every moment the horrified audience expected to hear a shriek, a rush of wings through the air, the crash of the little body on the floor of the auditorium.

The people occupying the seats directly beneath the wire were seized with sudden panic and the fear of death. Already their terrorized imaginations seemed to feel the impact of the body hurtling from the roof. Several men began to light matches. They made mere ragged holes in the darkness. The sickly little yellow flames fell on frightened faces and startled eyes. The vaulted roof high overhead remained plunged in obscurity. One man near the orchestra lighted his programme and waved it aloft as a torch. Even this was futile. A flake of burning paper fell on the chiffon scarf of the lady beside him. It flared up. The man seized it and trampled out the flames. A dull glow now came from behind the stage. This and the scent of the burning silk and paper acted with terrible suggestive force upon the minds of the half-hysterical audience.

"Fire! Fire!"

The dread cry sprang into the air, and was instantly echoed from every part of the theatre. And the spirit of panic swept through the frenzied house like some monstrous harpy with enormous wings. Howling, sobbing, shrieking, the greater part of the audience rushed for the exits above which the red transparencies burned like symbols of doom. The bolts and bars of the emergency exits were struck down with a crash. Like grain pouring from a hopper, the people flung themselves headlong into the dark, stony passages and down the steps—a human avalanche that roared, strove, and fought between the confining walls.

Suddenly the lights went up.

The theatre was still half full of struggling people. Instantly they paused and turned their eyes aloft. Papillon still stood there, poised daintily upon the tight-rope, still smiling her incredibly angelic smile, like a spirit of peace and light above the chaos and frenzy and darkness in the depths. She had not paused in her dance, but had advanced steadily and was now close to her father. His dark face had grown ash-coloured, his eyes were glassy with terror. He leaned forward and extended his trembling arms.

"Maria!" he cried.

The audience burst into hysterical cheers and sobs. Bertini bowed. His tragic face broke into a smile, as he and Papillon disappeared through the opening above the arch.

A tornado seemed to have devastated the theatre. The stalls and aisles were strewn with programmes, with flowers, with brilliant wraps, with opera-glasses, crushed silk hats, and overcoats. A stout woman in black silk, heartlessly abandoned by her husband, had fainted, and lay sprawling across two seats, her false hair hanging grotesquely from her head. Another woman was attempting to cover what remained of her evening dress with what remained of her opera cloak. In one corner a string of large pearls lay like a livid serpent on the crimson carpet.

The orchestra continued to play its inspiriting airs, the emergency doors were closed again, the performance went on.

Pressing Papillon closely to his side, Bertini descended with her behind the scenes. He looked about him nervously, uneasy, suspicious. He attempted to carry his daughter off at once to her dressing-room.

But they were instantly surrounded by a group of excited fellow-performers, who grasped the girl's hands and shook them fervently. The manager of the theatre came rushing up to offer his congratulations. But Papillon did not appear to see his extended hands, and when he spoke her great eyes looked calmly and vacantly towards but not into his own. He stared; a puzzled, then a troubled, expression passed over his features. He put out his hand to take the girl by the arm. Swiftly, jealously, Bertini drew her away.

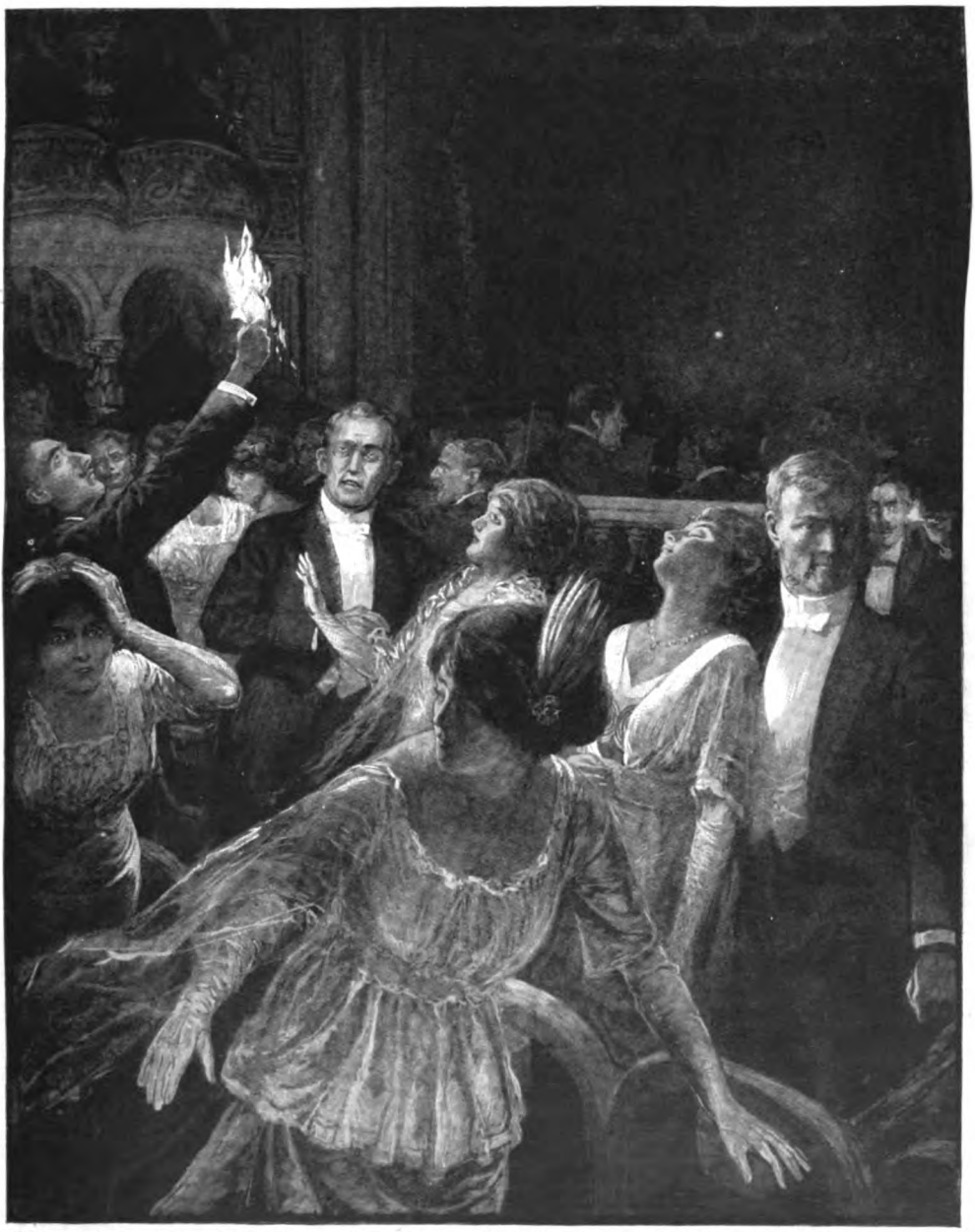
"Wait, Signor Bertini!" shouted the manager.

He approached still closer and stared sharply into Papillon's eyes. He swept his hand past her face; there was not even the quiver of an eyelid. Her gaze, her quiet smile remained unchanged.

"The girl's blind!" he shouted, then turned furiously upon Bertini, and shook his fist in the Italian's face.

"You scoundrel!" he cried. "To let her dance—here in my theatre—and against the law!"

"She no blind—she see—she see with her



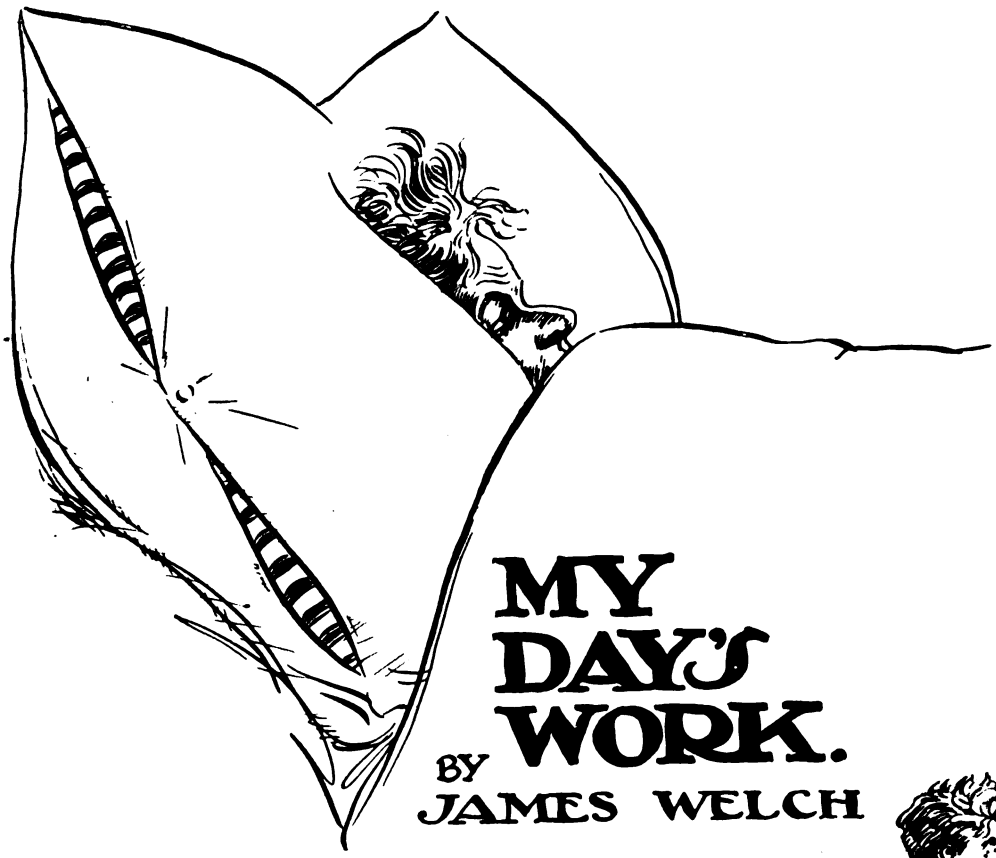
"THE PEOPLE OCCUPYING THE SEATS DIRECTLY BENEATH THE WIRE WERE SEIZED WITH SUDDEN PANIC AND THE FEAR OF DEATH."

hand—with her foot!" screamed Bertini, despairingly. "She safe just because she blind. She see with my eyes."

"I'll cancel your engagement, Bertini!" the manager went on. "I'll notify the police! This poor blind girl of yours has been risking her life to make you rich. But you may rest assured that this is her last appearance."

Thus it came about that Papillon, the darling of ten nations and the hated rival of the famous Etheree, never danced before the public again.

It was not until the theatre was thoroughly inspected that night that they found Etheree, a cold, pathetic mass, huddled into a dark corner of one of the emergency exits where the trampling human avalanche had swept over her.



MY DAY'S WORK.

BY JAMES WELCH

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

MY day's work? I start it in bed — thinking. Oh, I do think—sometimes! I find lying in bed conducive to mental exertion. I could write plays—in bed—if I had the mind to. I even answer letters—in bed; that is, in my thoughts, of course, not on paper. I am much maligned about my letter-writing. The late Sir William Gilbert asked my friend R. C. Carton if I ever answered letters. "Oh, yes!" Carton replied. "In the course of my long friendship with Welch I have received two letters from him. One I've bequeathed to the Bodleian and the other to the British Museum."

They say I hardly ever look at my letters; but that is most untrue. Business letters, of course, get answered; but people will write to me about their little dogs whom they've christened after me. Or they've been to see me act, and are sure I have a kind and benevolent heart. One letter in my possession asks for "any trifle — even fifty pounds"! Well, silence is golden, isn't it? I *think* the answers to all those letters—in bed.

At the start of my own career, in reply to a letter that I myself sent to the late T. W. Robertson (son of the author of "Caste," "School," and other monosyllables of fame), asking him to give me a chance as an understudy, as it would be of such advantage to me to

appear under his wing, I received the following:—

"DEAR SIR,—It might be a great advantage to you to be an understudy in my company, but it would be none to me.—Yours faithfully, T. W. ROBERTSON."

I am sure I have never in my life written anything ruder than that. I may have said things.

I had another very rude letter from George Bernard Shaw once. It ran something like this:—

"DEAR JAMES,—I paid my half-crown like a gentleman to come and see you in 'When Knights were Bold.' Believe me, my dear James, you will never beat the Brothers Griffiths in this line.—Yours always, G. B. S."

I wonder what he'd say to "Oh, I Say!"

You know what Sir W. S. Gilbert said once about a promising young actor? "I don't mind his promising if he won't perform."

But for real wholesome Home Truths commend me to Scotsmen. A Scotch caddie who was carrying for me round the golf-links at Balgownie, just outside Aberdeen, had a crushing habit of silence, but, when pressed for his opinion of my golfing, grunted:—

"Are ye doin' pretty well as an actor?"

"I TAKE THE AFTERNOON REHEARSAL SANDWICH IN HAND."

"Yes, pretty well."

"H'm! I think I'd stick to it."

Taking my cue from this canny criticism of my golf, I said to him:—

"Look here, Urquhart, I know now what you think about my capabilities as a golfer. I should like to know what you think of me as an actor. Would you like to come and see the play? If so, I'll give you a couple of seats for you and your wife."

Urquhart looked at me and said: "H'm! I'll see what the missus says." So the next day, after twenty-four hours' silence between us, half-way round the course, I suddenly sprang it on him. "Well, Urquhart, what did the missus say?"

"She says she'd have no objection."

So I got him two seats to come and see "The New Clown," the piece in which I was playing at the moment, and in which I had business with a braying donkey in the Circus scene. The next day, after another twenty-four hours' silence between Urquhart and myself, half-way round the course again, I said: "Well, Urquhart, did you and the missus get to the theatre last night?"

"Oh, yes, we were there. Did ye no' see us?"

"No. Thank goodness, the house was too good to notice anyone in particular. Well, did you enjoy it?"

"H'm! There's nae harm in it."

"Did your wife enjoy it?"

"Weel—she's not said otherwise."

I was determined to wring a criticism, if not a compliment, out of him, so I said: "Look here, what do you think of me as an actor? I know what you think of me as a golfer."

Then he opened out.

"Weel," he said, "I tell ye the best thing ye do in thet play." I buttoned back my ears to listen. "The best thing ye do in thet play is where ye bring thet donkey on. By gum, *he* makes them laugh!"

Let me see—where was I? Oh, yes, of course, in bed. It takes a long time to get out of bed. It's easy enough to make up your mind about it, but the difficulty is to make up your body. Every morning I resolve to turn over a new leaf, but I find it so much easier to turn over the old sheet.

Well, when I do get up I breakfast, to the accompaniment of the telephone bell. Then off to the theatre, where there is a second supply of letters to pocket, arrangements to make, appoint-

IN "IN THE SOUP."
Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

IN "SHEER-LUCK JONES."
Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

IN "OH, I SAY!"
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

IN "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD."
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

ments to break, and a rehearsal, probably, at ten-thirty or eleven. If the rehearsal allows of a pause for lunch I try to get off it, and take the afternoon rehearsal sandwich in hand, like the Mad Hatter. I hope that's the only likeness between us. An injudicious person asked me the other day if I ever used bad language at rehearsals.

I occasionally use the author's language, of course, and when things are very trying I add my own—English and Welch, so to speak.

After rehearsal there are various things to discuss; little things, that are so important on the stage; and then, again, there are always people to see, or to be seen. The patience some of them show when I keep them waiting while I talk is touching, and I hate to do it, but it isn't always possible to help it. There are so many that I absolutely must see, and so many that I personally want to

see, that it really takes a bit of dovetailing to get them all in, and if I talk too long to any of them someone suffers. In fact, *they* do.

Well, by way of being amused, when not too busy, I like to go into the box-office for a few minutes to see the audience coming in. Once, when a dear old lady was trying to get a seat and was told that the house was sold out, she said: "Oh, how delighted Mr. Welch must be!"

Photo. by] MR. JAMES WELCH. *[W. & D. Downey.*

I couldn't resist the temptation of bobbing up and saying: "I am!" We had quite a long chat, and when she told me that she loved to see me in "When Knights were Bold" because I was "even funnier than Michigan," I was quite elated, though I hadn't the least idea who Michigan was. I discovered afterwards that he was a baboon, famous in the days of our grandmothers. Ah, well! "Maybe it's my beauty."

Talking of baboons, I must tell you an incident that happened at the Coliseum. I was playing a piece which was written for me by Sir W. S. Gilbert—"The Hooligan"—the scene of which was laid in the condemned cell. Everything we had on the stage was exactly real, even to the Government bed. One day I was asked by the stage management to lend them my bed for another turn.

"What turn?" I asked.

"For Adam and Eve," he replied.

"Well, that seems a good object; but who is—or what are—Adam and Eve?"

"Two very clever performing monkeys."

After the box-office, the dressing-room. Make-up does not take so long as people are apt to imagine. I can never begin to study a part till the man's appearance is clear to my mind's eye, but some actors alter the

IN "THE NEW CLOWN."
Photo. by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street.

"I USED TO FREQUENT THE POLICE COURTS FOR 'THE MAN IN THE STREET.'"

details of their make-up more than once—no doubt from an anxious desire to get the best possible. It is as well, however, to leave it unchanged after the performance has begun, though they do tell of an Ophelia who played the first act in a golden wig, and then, dissatisfied with her appearance, tried the effect of red powder in her own dark hair for the next. By the third act she was a Harlequin Dane, and her exertions in the Mad scene shook so much of the powder off that, by the time she wandered forth to a watery grave, her locks were as black as her prospects.

A straight make-up only takes a few minutes. Eight or ten minutes will make me up and dress me for a part like Marcel Durosel in "Oh, I Say!" though a character study like "The Man in the Street" may take a trifle longer. That disreputable old tramp had to have dirt stuck up his nails and into his ears and round the back of his neck, because he had to look the sort of old offender whom anyone would convict at sight. By the by, talking of convictions, I must tell you the tale of the Whitechapel Champion (female), who, having been hauled off and locked up when in the midst of a heavenly fight with a rival beauty, was brought before the magistrate the next morning and asked the usual questions. You know what they are, of course. No? Well, the dialogue in her case was like this:—

"Your name?"

"Hangel."

"Place of residence?"

"'Eving."

"Then how did you get here?" asked the magistrate, looking up.

"W'y, I greased my legs and slid dahn a rinebow."

"Oh! H'm! Six months for skylarking."

Don't tell me I'm still making up!

Of course, there are people to see while I'm about it; and they come between the acts, and they come when the show is over; and I love to see them all when I can. Then, of course, there are 'phones and wires and express messages and other advantages of civilization—to say nothing of Pressmen. It is safest to say nothing about Pressmen. But it is possible at last to get the day's work over, and then—well, then—I eat! A bowl of bread and milk.

Talking of meals, I must pause for a moment to tell you a beautiful story of Corney Grain, even at the risk of your knowing it. He had gone to give an entertainment at the house of a *nouveau riche* down in the country somewhere. There was a dinner on. When he got there, to his amazement, he was shown into the servants' hall to wait. Their dinner was just on the table, so he accepted the butler's invitation and sat down to it with them. After the meal, at which he was particularly bright, he went all through his programme for the benefit of his hosts, the servants. He had hardly done when he was summoned to the drawing-room, to find the guests there solemnly seated in rows, waiting for him to commence.

"WHEN HE SEES THE FILM

"Commence?" he asked, with his bland smile. "Commence what? My little entertainment? Oh, I see.. Very sorry, but—it's over. I gave it, as I always do, where I dined. Good night."

Of course, the nature of the day's work varies. Some plays demand a special study of type and atmosphere. I used to frequent the police courts for "The Man in the Street," while "The Hooligan" required some of the most painful preparation I have ever had to go through. You know the old story of the clergyman who, when he left his parish to become chaplain of a jail, preached his farewell sermon to his parishioners on the text, "I go to prepare a place for you." Well, we went to jail, Sir William Gilbert and I, to prepare the scene of "The Hooligan," the action of which passes in the condemned cell.

A well-known K.C. who came to see the piece asked me what was my object in playing such a gruesome thing. I said I did it for fun. He then wanted to know why Gilbert wrote it.

"Well," I replied, "of course, you know that Gilbert, who was at one time a barrister himself, has always had his knife into the legal profession, and his object in writing 'The Hooligan' was this. The poor little brute put up such a good defence of himself to his warders that if he had only been allowed to defend *himself* at his trial he'd have got off."

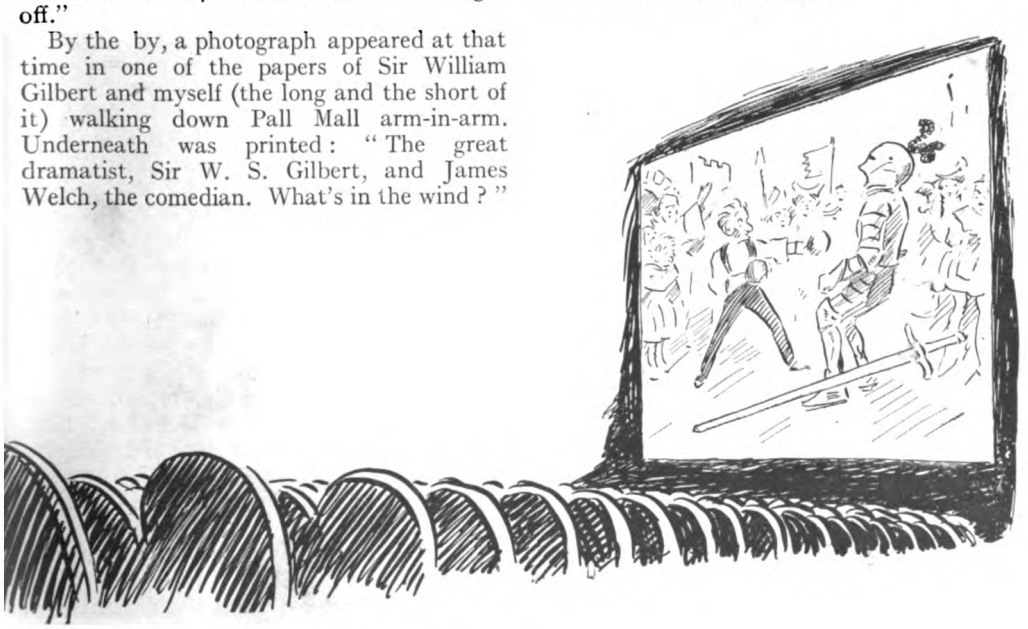
By the by, a photograph appeared at that time in one of the papers of Sir William Gilbert and myself (the long and the short of it) walking down Pall Mall arm-in-arm. Underneath was printed: "The great dramatist, Sir W. S. Gilbert, and James Welch, the comedian. What's in the wind?"

As a matter of fact, at that moment I was telling Sir William where to get good ripe Camembert cheeses, and he was bending over me saying: "I always bury mine in the garden for two days."

Talking of authors, I find that many of them labour under the delusion that an actor has heaps of time on his hands—time that would be profitably employed in listening to their plays. Hearing plays read, or reading them myself, takes up many an agreeable hour, and then I wish I had more hours for reading other things.

Then, besides play-acting, actors now have another and very interesting kind of work to undertake—I mean acting before the cinema. To my thinking, cinema-acting is a great education for the actor. When he sees the film he sees himself as others see him, and, if he has the right stuff in him, the shock should be beneficial—if he survives it. I did—just; but there may be sudden deaths among the audience when my films are shown. I like acting before the cinema, and I mean to do a lot more of it when my present duties give me time.

Yes, I think I've run over the principal items of my day's work. Do I perform them all? Good heavens, no! If I ever did all I ought to do in a day I should feel like Thoreau when he made a perfect pencil and said, "Now I've done with pencil-making." I should be done with life!



HE SEES HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM, AND THE SHOCK SHOULD BE BENEFICIAL."

The Mercy

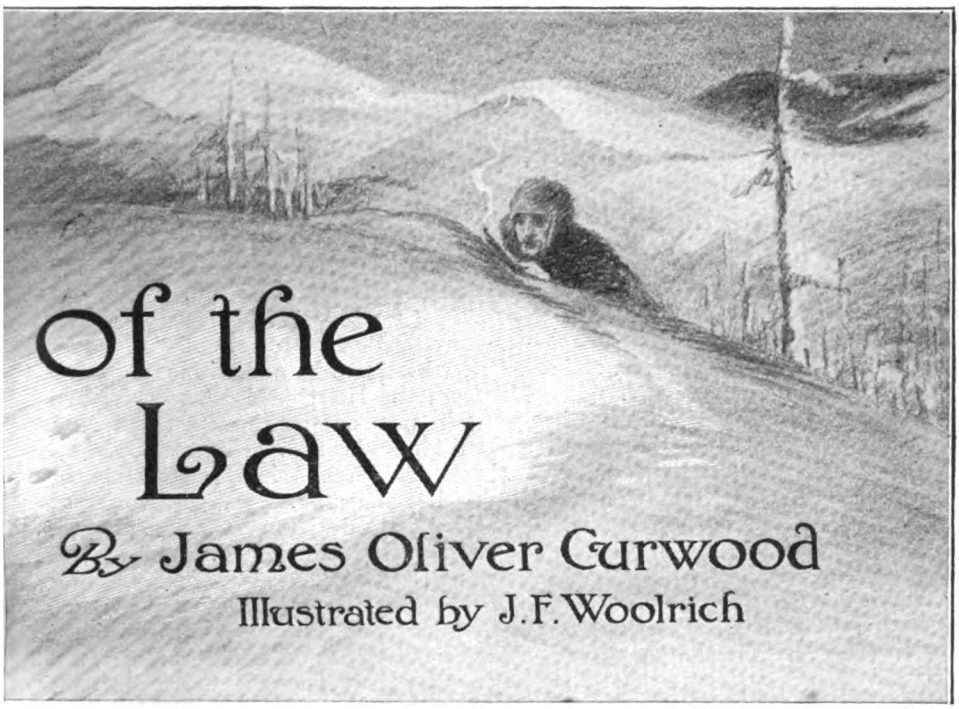
I.

BILLY McVEIGH, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, crouched low behind his little hummock of ice and snow, mentally figuring how much longer his numbed fingers could load his rifle at fifty degrees below zero. As he figured, and thrust the last of five cartridges into the chamber, a little white puff of smoke rose from another ice-hummock three hundred yards down the ridge, and at the nerve-racking whine of a bullet close over his head McVeigh ducked. His body was half-burrowed in the crust and snow. About him were scattered ten empty cartridges, where they had been thrown by the ejector. With a grimace on his face—the grimace of a man who momentarily expects a bullet to smash squarely between his eyes—he raised himself slowly until he looked through the furrow he had made with his gun-barrel. For an instant his eyes peered over the top of the snow-hummock. Straight ahead of him was Bob Carter, the man he was after. On the left rose the snow-smothered ridge. To the right was the Barren with its stunted scrub; five or six miles away was the dark fringe of timber along the Coppermine. Yesterday McVeigh had reckoned that he was as near the Arctic Circle as he cared to be, with the temperature at fifty below and a mass of black sky rolling down from the north. That sky was thicker and blacker now, and out of it there came the low wailing that precedes Arctic storm. It was a terrifying and ominous sound, and increased the cold in McVeigh's veins. But he was not afraid. He was thirty-five, and for ten years he had hunted men. Five of those years had been spent north of Fifty-three. He set his teeth, and took a pot-shot at Carter.

Behind his hummock Carter, the outlaw, lay flat on his face. He did not look like an outlaw. He was older than McVeigh by a year or two. The eyes that peered through the furrow he had made in his bulwark were blue. His hair was long and blond. Outwardly he was the sort of man another would like to meet in the loneliness of a desolation four hundred miles from civilization. There was something companionable about him, even as he heard the dull chug of McVeigh's bullet under him.

He chuckled aloud as he poked his rifle-barrel along the furrow.

"Mighty good thing this snow covers a rock," he told himself. "If it wasn't for that you'd 'a' pinked me half-a-dozen times, old man. You're sure shootin' to kill, an' if I don't get a chance to wing you pretty soon



of the Law

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrated by J. F. Woolrich

I'll have to let fly at you fair. But I don't want to hurt you—*bad!*"

He fired, and flattened himself again.

Behind his hummock McVeigh, the man-hunter, gave an exclamation of disgust.

"Hang it!" he ejaculated. "I'll swear I've bull's-eyed that hummock four times out of five! I wonder——"

A handful of snow flew into his face, and a bullet screeched so near that in spite of himself a low cry broke from his lips. His jaw set tensely.

"He's getting the range," he muttered. "Something's got to happen—soon. My heavens, but it's cold!"

Slowly there rose above the distant mound an object that stood out stark black against the white behind it. With a swift intake of his breath McVeigh sighted for it, and fired. The dark object disappeared. McVeigh's frost-nipped face had turned a shade whiter.

"I hated to do it," he gasped. "I hated to!"

Behind his snow-covered rock Carter was looking at a hole in his fisher-cat cap, and there was an unpleasant smile on his face.

"Now where the devil would *you* have been, Bob Carter—if your head 'ad been in the cap?" he asked himself. There was a new-glitter in his eyes as he poked his rifle along the furrow. "I ain't shot to kill—yet," he said, speaking straight at the man-hunter. "But I guess it's time. I ain't a murderer. Don't believe I'm even bad—not *very* bad. Couldn't be—an' live for five years with an angel like *her*. So I'm going to pink you, old man. Don't like to—but I must. Seems to me she's tellin' me to do it!"

More than once he had struck down a running fox at three hundred yards. Now he centred the distant snow-hummock, and in the same instant McVeigh rose from behind his shelter, a clear target against the grey sky behind him. Carter did not fire again. He watched McVeigh as he staggered half-a-dozen paces from the hummock, and fell face downward in the snow. Then he rose from behind his own shelter and ran swiftly towards his fallen foe.

II.

WHEN McVeigh opened his eyes he was in a cabin. He was flat on his back, and stripped from the waist up. His first sensation was one of utter helplessness. Then he moved, and gave a groan of pain. Carter's face appeared over him instantly, and with its appearance everything flashed upon Billy McVeigh. Carter had got him. But he wasn't dead, he wasn't particularly uncomfortable, and Carter didn't look murderous,

There was a smile of approbation in the outlaw's eyes as he looked down into McVeigh's face.

"Thought you wouldn't kick the bucket that easy," he said. "If I'd used a soft-nosed bullet there wouldn't be much of you left, but I used the steel-points purpose not to hurt you bad if it was only a wing shot. You've got a hole clean through your shoulder, an' your arm's broke. Funny how you got an arm in front of that bullet. But you ain't hurt bad, an' I've got you spliced up good as most any doctor could fix you. How you feelin'?"

"Fine!" said Billy, with a grimace, and lapsed off into semi-consciousness again.

Carter went coolly about his work of making a rabbit pot-stew over the sheet-iron stove. For some time after coming to himself again Billy looked about him without apprising Carter of his improved condition. His head was bolstered up, and his brain became quite clear. His arm was bandaged so tightly that it felt like a stick, and there was a burning sensation in his shoulder. Otherwise everything about himself appeared to be so normal that he was sure he could stand on his feet without much effort.

The first thing that struck him, after he had looked hard at Carter, was the unusualness of the cabin he was in. He could not remember having seen another cabin just like this anywhere north of Fort o' God or Nelson House. Every corner and every wall of it spoke of a woman's presence. He knew of only two white women who lived north of Fort Churchill, but he was sure that it was a white woman who lived here. The first of the strange things that had caught his eyes was a diminutive, old-fashioned melodeon, with a row of ivory keys yellowed by age. There were pictures on the walls, clean white muslin curtains at the two windows, and to his astonishment he found that he was lying between white sheets. And then he saw a pair of shoes on the floor—not moccasins, or shoe-packs, of buckskin lac-flips—but shoes—the first he had seen for almost a year! He leaned over, and stared at them. They were a woman's shoes, and from heel to toe they were no longer than his hand. When he dropped back, Carter was looking at him.

"You married?" asked McVeigh, looking the outlaw straight in the eyes.

Carter had stooped to pick up the shoes. In his big, strong hands he held them with a tenderness that was almost worshipful. He nodded.

"She forgot these," he said. "I sent her South—down to folks we've got in Montreal—when I heard you fellows were on my trail again. She hasn't guessed why I almost forced her to go. You see, when I heard you fellows 'ad dug up old accounts, an' was after me again, I figgered something unpleasant might happen. You understand—she don't know." He placed the shoes on a stool and bent over the stove again. "Feel like takin' your stew now?" he asked.

With an effort McVeigh pulled himself on his good elbow, and then sat up.

"I'll get up," he said. "Have you got a—a—anything for me to put on?"

Carter brought him a clean blue shirt and his trousers. He chuckled as he helped McVeigh put on the garments, and then assisted him to his feet. They sat down at a table, spread with a red cloth, and Carter began dishing out the stew. McVeigh, looking at him closely, noted the hungry look in his eyes. The outlaw ate as if famished. McVeigh had taken no food since morning, and it was now late afternoon. His appetite was unimpaired by his injury, and between them they cleaned up the rabbit stew and a full-sized bannock. When they had finished, Carter brought McVeigh his pipe, and they smoked.

"I didn't know you were married," said McVeigh. "The report didn't say anything about that."

"Pretty bad report, wasn't it?"

McVeigh nodded.

"It said you shot up a man, nine years ago, down in a lumber camp on the Pigeon."

A hard glitter came into Carter's eyes.

"That's true," he said.

"And, you know," went on McVeigh, a thrill of pride in his voice, "the Royal Mounted doesn't forget—and Canadian law never outlaws itself. It happened nine years ago, and for years we lost track of you, but——"

"You think you're going to get me at last."

"Sure."

Carter thumbed down the tobacco in his pipe-bowl, and to the glitter in his eyes there was added an unpleasant tightening of his jaws.

"How," he asked, quietly, "do you expect to get me?"

"That depends," replied McVeigh. "I've been in this game of man-hunting for ten years, and I've seen stranger things happen. I think, probably—if you don't take advantage of my present helplessness and kill me—that I shall get you within the next four or five months."

His eyes met Carter's squarely. They were

the eyes of a strong man, and a fighter. And then he added, as mildly as though speaking to a friend :—

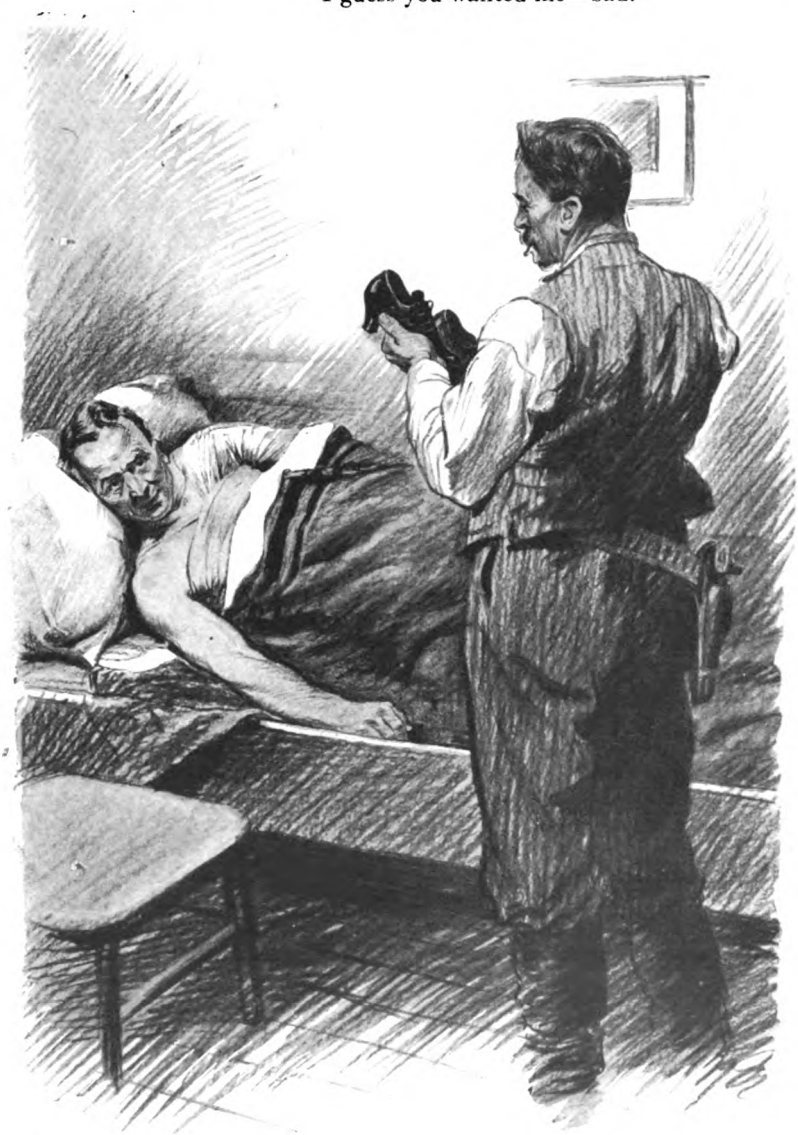
"Of course, it all depends on what you're going to do with me, Carter. If you put me out of the game entirely it'll be up to someone else to run you down."

The gleam had gone from Carter's eyes, and he chuckled in his peculiar way as he offered McVeigh fresh tobacco.

"I don't mind telling you what I'm going to do, old man," he said, pleasantly. "This cabin is sixty miles from the nearest post, and you won't be able to travel for two weeks, at the best. So I'm going to leave you in the morning. There's plenty of grub here, an' you'll be mighty comfortable. Meanwhile yours truly will be hikin' it southward, an' by the time you get in a report the little girl and I'll be emigratin'. Isn't that a pretty reason'ble programme ?"

"I'm worse'n an old sourdough," growled McVeigh. "I should 'a' pinked you half-a-dozen times at that three hundred yards. Such rotten shootin'——"

"It wasn't so rotten, after all," interrupted Carter. "You'd 'a' got me six times, anyway, if I hadn't been behind a rock. You shot to kill—bein' a good, tender-hearted, law-abidin' citizen. I didn't. When I made up my mind I had to get you it took just one shot to do the business. You put a hole clean through the cap I held above the rock. I guess you wanted me—bad."



"IN HIS BIG, STRONG HANDS HE HELD THEM WITH A TENDERNESS THAT WAS ALMOST WORSHIPFUL."

In the gathering darkness McVeigh flushed at the low taunt in Carter's voice. The gloom of Arctic night had fallen swiftly, and the outlaw rose and lighted a lamp.

"I don't remember that the report said how you got your man," said McVeigh,

suggestively, as Carter opened the stove-door to put in a chunk of wood.

The fire flashed red in Carter's face. He closed the stove-door and stood up straight.

"I'll tell you how," he said, and there was a tremble of passion in his voice. "That hound Teazell made life unbearable for me then, and he's made it so for me ever since—by keeping you human dogs on my trail. I came up to the Pigeon lumber camps straight from teaching school in an Ohio village. I was almost dead with lung trouble, and didn't weigh much more than half what I do now. That devil took a dislike to me. He was the bully of the camp. He dogged me, he beat me a dozen times, but my pride kept me from running away. Then—that day—it happened when I met him and his brother alone on the trail. I don't know—can't understand—why he hated me so. That day he almost killed me. I was on my back, his hands at my throat—and everything was growing black—when I drew a revolver I carried and shot him. It was a self-action, and I shot him three times before he let go of my throat. He would have killed me. I shot in self-defence. I killed him—as I would kill him again in the same circumstances. But his brother was the only witness—and he lied. I got away, and I've been hiding in the North ever since. And for that you and the rest of your man-hunting tribe want to see me swing at the end of a rope. Heavens, what a beast the law can be!"

He went to the cabin-door and opened it. Outside it was black. A cutting wind was whining over the Barren. The deeper rumble of it, like the distant roar of surf, was growing nearer.

McVeigh came to Carter's side and looked over his shoulder.

"We're goin' to have a devil of a storm," he said.

III.

FIFTEEN minutes later they were listening to the moaning sweep of it over the cabin. Carter had been talking. The over-heated stove reflected a red glow in his face. His eyes shone. McVeigh had let his pipe go out.

Carter went on.

"Jove, I'll never forget that day I saw her first, three years ago last September," he said. "I was down at Fort o' God then, making ready to guide a hunting party that was coming up. I was mending a canoe on the river shore, and it wasn't more'n seven o'clock, with the sun just coming up over the forest. I heard a sound 'n' looked up. An' there she was, facin' the sun; an' as I looked she loosened all that glorious hair of hers and tossed it about her, burnin' like red an' gold piles of—of—*glory* in the sunlight. She was 'airing' it, she told me afterward, and she's done that same thing every morning for the last three years, sunshine or storm. She didn't see me then, an' when at last she turned and found me looking at her it was all in a moment as if you'd crushed a lot of flowers in her cheeks; and then she turned and ran away from me as if I'd frightened her to death."

Carter was not looking at McVeigh now. There was in his face the look of a man who was seeing a vision of paradise. His face had softened. He laughed, and his voice was low and exultant—exultant with the joy of possession and of love—as he went on:—

"She had come up with her uncle from Montreal. They were going to hunt and wanted a guide. I became that guide. I've had faith in God ever since then—even though I've killed a man. I've had faith in Him, because all that happened was a miracle. I worshipped her. She said it was God that brought her into the forests an' made her meet me. She loved the wild things as I've never seen a woman love 'em before—the trees, the lakes, the rivers, even the snow an' storms. We were married before her uncle went back, an' she's been happier every day since then, an' she's grown more 'n' more beautiful, an'—an'——"

He was not speaking to McVeigh now. He was looking straight through the log wall of the cabin, through the black night, and what he saw put a strange thrill in his voice.

"An' we're goin' to have—a fam'ly—in the spring," he finished. "That was my excuse—for sendin' her down to Montreal. I'm prayin' it's a girl like *her*, and she's praying it's a boy like *me*."

McVeigh struck a match, and Carter started, as if awakened out of a half-dream. He laughed, and his face flushed red.

"Now, what the deuce have I told you all that for?" he demanded, and the hard tone came back into his voice. "But sometimes I say those things all to myself, so don't suspicion I've told you about her to work on your sympathy. Why, when a man's got an angel like her back of him he don't need sympathy, he don't need anything but fights—an' he'll win 'em all. Because, when a man's got a wife like her he stands right next to the A'mighty. I felt that way when you was sniping at me behind the rock, and every time I heard a bullet go chug! I thought,

"SHE LOOSENED ALL THAT GLORIOUS HAIR OF HERS AND TOSSED IT ABOUT HER."

'She 'n' her God put this rock under the snow-crust.' Look here——"

He rose and went to the side of the room, where a box had been nailed upright to the log wall and covered with a muslin curtain. As he drew back the curtain he looked at McVeigh, his eyes shining with pride.

"Books," he said. "Her books."

McVeigh rose with a grimace of pain and went to his side. There were a score of books on the shelves that Carter had placed in the box—finger-marked, worn, and patched. One by one Carter took them out and handled them fondly.

"She's read 'em aloud to me—every one," he said. "Most of 'em she's read twice or three times, an' one we almost know by heart. We have fun seein' who can say the most of it without looking at the pages. She beats me out every time."

He gave the book to McVeigh, who turned over one of the frayed and worn pages and placed a forefinger on a couple of verses written in a woman's hand.

"She wrote that," he explained. "It's goin' to be the kid's first prayer."

His back was to McVeigh as he replaced the book in its place on the shelf. McVeigh leaned over and saw something else. Carter turned in time to catch the inquiry in his face. He had dropped the curtain, but drew it aside again and took out that which McVeigh had seen.

"It's her picture — my wife," he said.

McVeigh turned to the light, and his face was away from Carter as he looked at

the photograph. It was a wondrously sweet face in the picture. It looked straight at him, and in the pure, deep eyes there was a glow of life that sent a strange thrill through him. He did not reveal its effect as he returned the picture to Carter.

A blast of the storm swept loudly over the cabin. McVeigh shivered and laughed, and there was something unnatural in the tone of his voice when he spoke.

"By the sound of that I guess mebby you'll have to put off that trip you was goin' to begin in the morning, won't you, Carter?" he asked.

For a moment the eyes of the two men met. Carter smiled as he seated himself opposite the man-hunter.

"The storm won't stop me," he said. "I've got six good huskies and a sledge, and we'll strike the shelter of heavier timber twenty miles to the south. It ain't very polite to leave you in this way, McVeigh, but I've got to do it."

"I'd like to wager that you don't get through," said McVeigh, leaning over until his face was in shadow. "They're lookin' close for you all the way between Churchill and Nelson House. They've got an idea you'll try to slip out, and that you'll surely hit the old trails if you do. It'll go even worse with you now, after sending this bullet through me."

Carter rose and stretched himself.

"Let's not talk about unpleasant things," he said. He looked critically into the man-hunter's eyes. "You'd better go to bed, or you'll have fever in the morning," he advised. "And don't go sleep-walkin' around, looking for guns during the night. I've cached 'em all—except this—and I'll have this handy, an' I don't sleep very sound." He let McVeigh see the cold glitter of a Savage automatic, and then smoothed out the blankets in the bunk.

McVeigh crawled in, and Carter turned down the light. For a long time he sat near the stove smoking. Outside the storm swept over the cabin with greater violence, and now and then, when there came a lull in the fierce sweep of it across the Barren, Carter prayed each time that the worst of it was over. But even if it continued until morning and through the next day, he had made up his mind to begin his flight southward with dawn. The thought that he was going, that McVeigh had changed all his plans, and that within a few weeks he would again be with the woman he loved, robbed him of all desire for sleep. His plans had come quickly, and they seemed so perfect that he wondered why he had never thought of them before. He would be in Montreal almost before McVeigh could take word of his escape to Churchill, and before that word could follow him to civilization he and Isobel could be in almost any part of the world they chose. An hour or two later he began to gather the few necessities for his pack.

IV.

McVeigh was sound asleep when Carter roused him in the morning. He sat up with a grunt of pain, and the outlaw helped him to his feet. It was quiet outside. McVeigh knew without questioning that the storm was at an end. Carter's pack was ready in the middle of the floor, with his snowshoes lying beside it. Breakfast was ready.

"Sorry to wake you," apologized Carter, "but I want to dress that shoulder again before I go."

As Carter bathed the wound, he said:—

"Funny things—human beings are, ain't they? Seems as though we all ought to be friends, an' yet most of us are enemies—just like a lot of buzzards, every one of us watchin' for some other poor cuss to make a misstep. Then we're down on 'im like grin death, an' chuck 'im in jail, or murder 'im with electricity, or break his neck with a rope. Now—right this minute—you'd hand me over to that thing you call the law if you could, wouldn't you?"

McVeigh nodded.

"Sure," he said. "And I expect to get you, too, Carter. I've got a commission to run you down, dead or alive, if it takes five years."

Carter was silent until they sat down to breakfast. He helped McVeigh to a plate of venison stew and a pint of coffee.

"Did you ever see a man hanged, McVeigh?" he asked.

"Never had that pleasure," he replied.

Carter shivered.

"I did—once," he said. "Heavens, what a place hell must be, McVeigh! It's filled with jurors, an' judges, an' witnesses, an' not so much with murderers as you'd think. When you kill a man by your vote in the jury-box you're doin' it deliberit, an' all you've got to do is just once to see a man hung to know what sort of a crime it is. An' you'd send me to the rope-end if you could, wouldn't you?"

"Mebby you'd get off with ten or twenty years," temporized the man-hunter.

"No—I wouldn't," said Carter. "They'd hang me. What—what was that?"

He turned swiftly and faced the door. McVeigh straightened. Carter did not see the gleam that shot like a flash of lightning into his eyes. The outlaw turned towards him.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked.

"One of the huskies whining," said McVeigh. "That was all."

Carter laughed uneasily.

"Guess I'm a little nervous," he confessed. "Have another plate of stew?"

McVeigh passed his plate. His eyes were on the door. In another moment it had opened, and he sprang to his feet with a cry of joy and triumph on his lips. Carter whirled about, a hand on his automatic. But he did not draw. What he saw paralyzed him, and his face turned ash-grey. Three men came in, and when they saw McVeigh they paused in astonishment. In another moment they were shaking McVeigh's good hand. Carter moved towards the door, but McVeigh was ahead of him, smiling, cool. The man-hunter closed it, and shot the bolt. While the others were throwing off their fur caps and heavy coats, and excusing their sudden entrance to Carter, he drew a stool in front of the door and sat down with his back against it. He smiled straight into Carter's eyes. Then, one after the other, he introduced the three men to him — Sergeant Walker, Constable Conway, and Constable Pierre, of the Fort Churchill patrol, on their way back to the Bay from the Fond du Lac country. He introduced Carter as Williams, by which name he was known at the post.

"I had an accident," he explained. "An' Williams—took me in. Have you had breakfast, boys?"

"An hour ago," Walker replied. "We're making double-quick for Churchill, a week behind schedule. What's the matter?"

"Shot," said McVeigh.

He looked at Carter. The outlaw had turned his back to him, and was looking straight out through the one window into the grey gloom of the Barren. It was good that McVeigh did not see his face. There was no longer fear there. His hand rested on his automatic. He coughed to cover the metallic click of the safety as he thrust it back with his thumb. He was planning now more swiftly than he had ever planned in his life. There were three against him. In his automatic there were ten shots. He turned slowly, and sat down on the edge of his bunk. The sergeant and his men were staring at McVeigh. Before they could question him, McVeigh said: —

"I won't be able to move for a week or ten days, Sergeant, and I want to send a report of the affair down to headquarters. Get out pencil and paper and write it for me, will you? Guess I can scratch my name at the bottom."

Carter pointed to the muslin-covered box.

"There's paper and a pencil there," he said. "Help yourself."

His voice was cold and quiet. McVeigh stared at him. He did not catch the slow movement with which Carter drew his automatic and slipped it under the edge of the blanket on which he sat, his fingers gripping the butt. Conway got the pencil and paper, and Sergeant Walker cleared the table.

Slowly, as if he meant that in his triumph every word should be an added torture to the trapped outlaw, McVeigh began his story.

"I beg to report," he began his dictation, "that on the first of January I set out from Churchill on the trail of Bob Carter, the murderer, with instructions to get my man, dead or alive." And then, looking straight across at Carter as he spoke, he briefly told his story up to the hour of the fight. For a moment he hesitated, and Carter's fingers tightened about his automatic. The moment of action was almost at hand. Walker, at the table, was at a disadvantage. He would take Pierre and Conway first, and then Walker. With satisfaction he noted that the flaps of their revolver holsters were buttoned down. He even smiled across at McVeigh. And then McVeigh began to tell of the duel at the foot of the ridge. He told of the last shot, of rising, staggering out from behind his hummock, and falling.

"When I returned to consciousness," he went on, "I was in this cabin. Williams had found me in time, and brought me here. It was then that I found——"

He paused, and for a full ten seconds his eyes met Carter's.

"What?" asked Sergeant Walker.

"That my last shot had killed Carter," he finished. "That's about all for a preliminary, Walker. I'll make the full report when I reach Churchill. Tell Renshaw I'll be there within ten days or two weeks." He spoke directly to Carter now. "What time is it, Williams?" he asked.

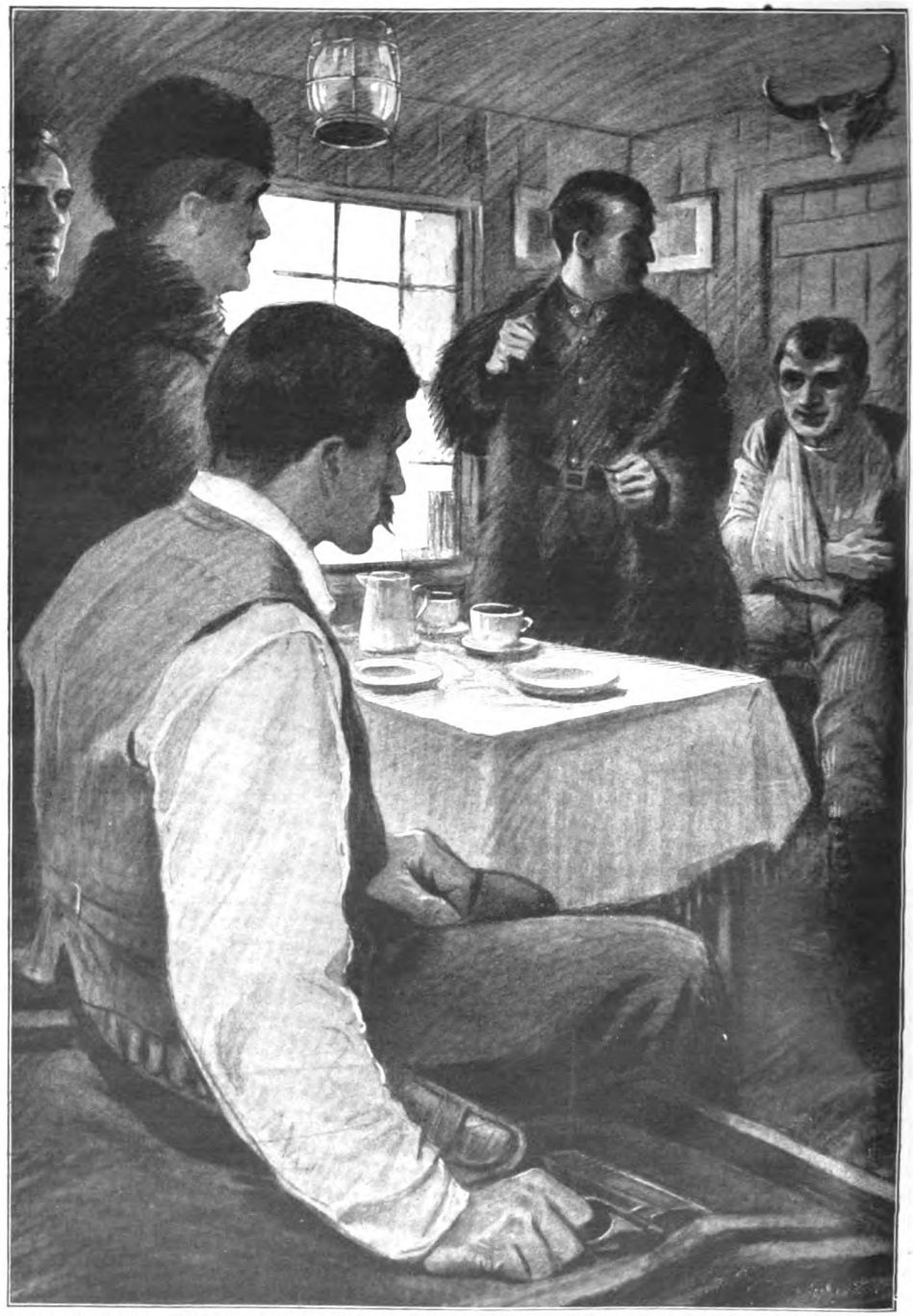
Like one in a dream Carter looked at his watch.

"Nine o'clock," he choked.

McVeigh rose with a laugh.

"If you're going to get that message of mine down to Jan Rien's on time you'd better hustle," he said.

Carter put on his coat and cap, and picked up his pack. He made no effort to speak.



"CARTER DREW HIS AUTOMATIC AND SLIPPED IT UNDER THE EDGE OF THE BLANKET ON WHICH HE SAT."

But at the door he gripped McVeigh's hand, and McVeigh whispered, "If it's a boy you might call 'im Bill. That's my name." Then he thrust Carter out, closed the door, and turned towards his comrades.

"Queer acting chap—that Williams," said Walker.

"Yes, queer—very queer," agreed McVeigh. "Do you mind loading my pipe for me, Walker? I guess I need a smoke."

Shockless Operations

OVERCOMING ONE OF THE LAST PERILS OF SURGERY.

GEORGE W. CRILE, THE EMINENT SURGEON WHOSE GREAT RECENT CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE IS "ANOCI-ASSOCIATION"—A METHOD OF ELIMINATING "SHOCK" IN SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

By BURTON J. HENDRICK,

Author of "Stovaine—the New Anæsthetic," etc.

THE year 1913 witnessed the general introduction of a new word into surgical literature. This new word is "anoci-association." A mysterious, even a barbarous, word it seems to most of us. The nineteenth century, however, witnessed the coining of two other words, both of them, in the early days, rather difficult and puzzling. The first of these was "anæsthesia"; the second was "antisepsis." There are few intelligent persons now who do not regard these words as part of their everyday vocabulary. In all probability not many years will elapse before we shall talk with similar glibness and understanding of anoci-association.

Anæsthesia and antisepsis have passed into current speech because they express two of the greatest and most beneficent facts in human history. They represent the two procedures that have abolished pain and created the modern science of surgery. Anoci-association completes the work that these two agencies have begun. Its purpose is to relieve the surgical operation of its only remaining terror.

Morton, the discoverer of the anæsthetic properties of ether, was an American. Lister, the discoverer of antisepsis, was an Englishman. George W. Crile, who has evolved this new method of anoci-association, is an American.

One Surgical Horror Still Remained—Death from Shock.

Anæsthesia produced surgical quiet and unconsciousness of pain. Antisepsis and asepsis made operations clean and abolished wound infections. Still one surgical horror remained. There continued to be operations that succeeded but in which the patient died. This phrase was now used to describe that peculiar but common phenomenon known as "death from shock." In many ways this has proved the most baffling problem of all. There was something about it that was mysterious. One could guard against the obvious danger of death from the anæsthetic; but the spectre "shock" hung over every operating-table, striking at most unexpected places. Strong men and women, after a prolonged operation, would find themselves, on the return of consciousness, in about the same condition as the victim of inquisitorial torture. The skin would be cold and moist, the face pale, the muscles relaxed, the respiration shallow, the intellect slow and dull. In numerous cases "shock" killed the patient directly under the surgeon's hands.

The science of surgery has had difficulty in combating this dangerous condition, largely because it has had no clearly-defined idea of what it was. Dr. Crile, however, has devoted a considerable portion of the last fifteen years to studying this problem. He has made several thousand experiments upon animals; has made countless observations of the effects of various anæsthetics on human beings; and has written many elaborate papers. As a result of his labours, he has formulated a complete theory of shock, and devised a detailed procedure for overcoming it. According to his conception, surgical shock is no

isolated phenomenon. It is a commonplace fact of our everyday lives.

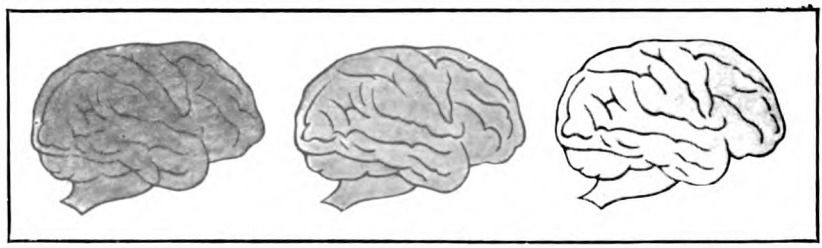
All of us, in both our waking and our sleeping hours, are constantly suffering from varying degrees of shock. Whenever we run to catch a train, whenever we are depressed or elated by the sudden receipt of news, whenever we overwork—burn the candle at both ends—we are "shocked." In most cases the phenomenon is so slight that only a momentary sensation of fatigue results; at other times the system is so disorganized that there is a long succession of sleepless nights, of agonized days—a condition that finds its outward expression in such physical signs as loss of weight, impaired circulation, and a nervous "touchiness" that makes one "jump" at the closing of a door or the scraping of a newspaper. The boy who "stubs" his bare toe upon a sharp stone, and the man who survives a railroad smash-up, are both sufferers from "shock"; the nervous disorganization that follows is essentially the same as that of the patient after a surgical operation. The only difference is in the intensity of the experience.

"WHENEVER WE RUN TO CATCH A TRAIN WE RECEIVE A 'SHOCK.'"

In finding an explanation of "shock," Dr. Crile goes back to the twilight of the race—to the slow, tiresome ages when the human organism was evolving itself from lower forms. Like many other phenomena that now seem unnecessary and harmful, "shock" is really part of the beneficent order of the universe; without it the higher animals would never have survived at all. In other words, "shock," like physical pain, is protective in its nature; it is part of that invisible armour which Nature has provided for man in the titanic struggle he has waged with the external world. This power of "shock" is part and parcel of what the evolutionists call man's "phylogeny"—the qualities that he has acquired in the millions of years he has been developing as a race.

The Brain a Storage Battery of Nervous Energy.

In those primordial days the existence of the human animal depended upon three things: its self-defence against its enemies, the acquisition of food, and procreation. For the accomplishment of *these* three ends, Nature has cunningly devised the most ingenious and recondite mechanism. The one thing essential is what is known, for the want of a better name, as nervous energy. The headquarters of this nervous energy is, of course, the brain. Within our skulls lies a great storage battery; in normal people the brain-cells are charged with energy, which, for specific purposes, can be set free for the body's preservation. And in using the words "nervous energy" it must be clearly kept in mind that something definite is implied. The energy of the brain is just as much a physical substance as the steam in a boiler or the electricity in a battery. The brain contains so much energy and no more; it can be as easily drawn off as the water can be drawn from a well.



Normal. Fatigued. Exhausted.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHANGES THAT TAKE PLACE IN THE BRAIN DURING EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS ENERGY OWING TO THE DIMINUTION OF THE BLOOD SUPPLY.

In all our physical and emotional crises to-day, the first thing we do is to call upon the brain for a supply of this nervous energy;

"IN THOSE EARLY DAYS THE BAREFOOT MAN MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY STEP ON A SHARP STONE OR A THORN."

in the dark backward of time, when the determining rule among human beings and animals was that of tooth and claw, these calls were especially insistent. It was particularly to meet difficulties of this kind—to take due precaution, that is, that the race might survive—that Nature created this great reservoir. In those early days the barefoot man—like the barefoot boy to-day—might accidentally step on a sharp stone or a thorn. Immediately the injured part telegraphed to the brain for help. This central organ sent back instantaneously a current of energy by which, translated into muscular action, the foot was withdrawn. As part of this mechanism our ancestors developed certain points of contact which their more scientific descendants have catalogued as "noci-ceptors." These are really push-buttons placed at certain parts of the body especially subject to injury. When an external stimulus touches them the alarm is sounded at once, and the brain begins to discharge energy to the afflicted part.

That this whole arrangement is protective is indicated by the fact that it is only those parts of the body that are especially exposed to injury that have these noci-ceptors. The brain, which is sufficiently protected by the skull and the cerebral meninges, has no noci-ceptors at all.

Perhaps the most exposed part of the body is the abdomen. In man's conflict with the pristine animals this was the part that was constantly gnashed and clawed at. As a consequence, here the noci-ceptors are especially numerous. The deep spinal region of the back, which is practically inaccessible, has none. The chest, which shelters the heart and the lungs, developed a complete fire-alarm system of its own; so did the lateral walls of the trunk, the hands, and, especially, the feet.

"Tickling," One Form of Shock.

How much humankind has outgrown the necessity for this protective mechanism is well emphasized by the common phenomenon known as "tickling." When you take a child and "tickle" it between the ribs, it giggles and squirms; the fact that in doing this it is repeating the dim ancestral history of the race never once occurs to you. What you have done, when you have tickled the child, is to touch its "noci-ceptors"—its push-buttons. These notify the brain; energy rushes down by way of the nerves, and the muscular action results. In the evolutionary ages, when a hungry animal crept up behind this child's ancestor and seized it in the same spot upon which you just put your fingers, the "tickling" sensation served a really useful purpose. The muscular action that followed was not playfulness, but represented a deadly and serious struggle for life.

If you take a man to-day, tie him down, and tickle him for a few minutes, he will become as exhausted as if he had run a Marathon race. Throughout the operation the brain has been responding to the summons by discharging energy, and has been proportionately weakened by its labours. Perhaps the most remarkable evidence of the protective purposes of tickling is that furnished by the nose and throat. If one tickles the inside of the nostrils, there is a sneeze; a similar agitation of the throat produces a cough. In the good old times these spasms were veritable life-savers. For our careless progenitors, excellent sanitarians that they were, used to sleep in the open air. Various forms of insect life crawled freely over them, and frequently entered the mouth and nostrils. The "noci-ceptors" at once notified the brain; the discharged energy caused a sneeze or a cough, and the curious intruders were thus expelled.

"WHEN YOU TAKE A CHILD AND 'TICKLE' IT, IT GIGGLES AND SQUIRMS."

Such mild

manifestations as tickling, unless the tickling is continuous and prolonged, naturally make insignificant draughts upon the stored-up energy of the brain. More serious bodily injuries, however, produce the most exhausting effects. As already said, the supply of cerebral energy is limited. The brain-cells are so much poorer for every particle of energy discharged. As this mighty force disappears, mental and physical exhaustion increases, and if the procedure is continuous there inevitably comes a time when the cerebral hemispheres are nothing but empty shells; they die, and general physical death soon follows.

"'SURGICAL SHOCK' DIFFERS ONLY IN DEGREE FROM THE MENTAL DISTURBANCE CAUSED BY RUNNING A MARATHON RACE."

The most devastating effects are produced by tearing and crushing. If we should slice a man's body into ribbons with a sharp razor, only a moderate amount of mental disturbance would supervene; in shaving, for example, we seldom realize that we have cut ourselves until the blood appears. The tearing and crushing that primeval man endured in his struggle for existence made the largest demands upon his cerebral energy; such an experience itself, independently of the physical wounds, was sufficient to produce death through cerebral exhaustion.

Death from a Broken Heart Entirely Possible.

It was not only physical injury, however, that made these heavy demands upon our ancestors. Mental injury had identical results. Here, again, Nature's motive was protective—part of her mechanism to preserve the race. Our emotions—fear, grief, love, hate—produce the same mechanical disturbances in the brain as does physical injury. According to Dr. Crile's discoveries, the much-derided death from a "broken heart" is entirely possible. The continued emotional tension of such a sufferer draws largely upon the stored-up energy in the brain-cells, the chemical compounds "break down," and certain essential elements are set free. The result is cerebral exhaustion; in cases where the psychic condition lasts long enough, death necessarily results.

In primeval days, however, the predominant psychic disturbance was fear. Fear, when analyzed, is merely one form of memory—the recollection of physical injury. The first man, when attacked by the jungle's most ferocious beast, experienced no fear — his mind associated nothing destructive with it. His descendants, however, learned to associate such attacks with bodily injury; and this association explains the emotional state known as fear. Again Nature developed this association so that man could protect himself. At the approach of animals fear now persuaded him to run or to climb a tree, or to defend himself. According to Dr. Crile, only those animals whose means of defence is muscular experience fear; a skunk or a porcupine, animals that do not fight their enemies with their muscles, know no fear. The same explanation makes it clear why the average human being is so afraid of blood. There is nothing in blood necessarily terrifying; in reality, it is very beautiful. Only an age-long association of blood with physical injury makes us afraid of it. When it appears on a woman's cheek, under a transparent skin, we admire it.

Actual experiments conducted by Dr. Crile have demonstrated that all these emotions, especially fear, produce exhausting changes in the brain-cells. The brain of a rabbit that has been frightened shows marked signs of degeneration; it has lost certain chemical substances that are the physical basis of the phenomenon we know as nervous energy. Dr. Crile has analyzed the brain of a fox that has been chased a couple of hours by hunters. Here, again, physical degeneration is manifest. The brain of a dog, after a prolonged fight, discloses the same condition of exhaustion. In all cases, these animal brains are in essentially the same condition as that of a woman who has died of a broken heart or of an animal that has been shocked to death by physical injury. Particular chemical substances have been dissipated. And so all psychic earthquakes exhaust the mental energy of man. The fear of approaching

injury harms the brain almost as much as the actual injury itself.

The bearing of all this upon "surgical shock" is now evident. It explains precisely what surgical shock is. It is cerebral exhaustion, the loss of certain quantities of nervous energies stored in the brain. This phenomenon differs only in degree from the mental disturbance caused by striking the toe against a sharp stone or running a Marathon race. Certain operations produce slight cerebral disturbance and occasion only slight shock. Most make varying demands upon brain-energy and are responsible for the period of exhaustion that follows. In some cases—unfortunately, in too many—the injury is so severe and so continuous that the cerebral cells are virtually destroyed, and death results.

The Surgeon Restores the Age of "Tooth and Claw."

In its practical effects upon the brain the surgeon is really restoring the long-departed era of "tooth and claw." The external circumstances, for a man on the operating-table, are strikingly like those of his remote jungle-prowling ancestor. The patient suffers enormously from fear—that is to say, the anticipation of bodily injury. Everything about the surgical chamber suggests the terrible things that are to come. The anxious faces of his relatives, the corrugated brow of the surgeon, the quickly-moving white-robed nurses, the white iron bedstead, the bare sanitary walls of the hospital, the pervading odour of ether—in all these things the weary, harassed brain foresees only the forthcoming laceration of tissues. The mere sight of surgical instruments in itself produces a certain quantity of "surgical shock." The administration of the ether and the suffocation that accompanies it are responsible for the wildest kind of "brain-storms." All this, of course, is emotional, "psychic," the working of mind upon matter; but the effect upon the brain-cells is just as physical as bodily injury.

The operation that follows even more vividly reproduced man's primordial struggles. For only those parts of the body are susceptible to shock that were the most popular points of attack in the days of the jungle. In that far-off time it was particular areas—the abdomen, the chest, the neck and throat, the hands and feet, the lateral walls of the trunk—that had constantly to defend themselves against attack; these sections developed, as has been described, certain "noci-ceptors," or fire-alarms. Other parts, especially the brain, were so well fortified that this protective apparatus was not evolved. Consequently, the brain, at the surgeon's hands, cannot possibly be shocked. The surgeon can entirely destroy one hemisphere without causing the slightest "exhaustion." Operations for brain tumours, which are very common to-day, are, therefore, entirely free from this danger.

Surgical shock, therefore, is composed of two factors: psychic, or the disintegrating effects of tense emotion, and "traumatic," or that which is caused by tissue laceration—anticipation of injury, and injury itself. The patient's position is that of the engineer or fireman in a railroad disaster. He suffers the emotional anticipation of the smash-up, and is also physically injured. In other words, he is usually shocked twice. The only way to recover from cerebral exhaustion is by resting; the battery must be recharged.

Nothing seems less consequential than the falling of a single drop of water on the body. This drop produces an infinitely small amount of shock; however, a single instance is nothing. When one drop succeeds another before the injured area has had time to recover from the slight shock inflicted, the procedure ultimately becomes one of the acutest forms of torture. It was a form of inflicting pain especially popular in the Middle Ages. Similarly, a prolonged surgical operation which lasts for many hours, and in which injury is piled upon injury, with no intervals for recuperation, tremendously strains the brain-cells. A death from emotional tension, or from a "broken heart," is an illustration, in the mental state, of the same thing.

Anæsthesia Does Not Prevent Shock.

At this point, however, there is apparently one distinction. The mediæval sufferer, under the water-drop form of torture, was entirely conscious; the modern patient, under the surgeon's hands, is in the deep sleep of anæsthesia. What effect does the anæsthetic have upon that part of shock that comes from physical injury? The fact of the matter is that, under chloroform and ether anæsthesia, only a small part of the brain is really asleep.

The beautiful thing about ether is that it puts asleep the seat of consciousness without disturbing the other sections of the brain. Now the stimulus of injury is carried to the brain, and the released energy dashes back to the injured part by way of the nerves. No matter how deep our anæsthesia, this mechanism is still in active operation. The

brain suffers all the exhausting injuries, only it knows nothing about them. But the practical effects are just the same as if it did. The condemned murderer would probably experience much relief if we should anæsthetize him before hanging; no one suspects, however, that the anæsthesia would at all minimize the actual results of the hanging.

Dr. Crile's remedy for both psychic and traumatic shock is the new elaborate procedure which he calls anoci-association. The word means, as he describes it, "the exclusion of all *nocuous* or harmful *associations* or stimuli."

Here, for example, is a man who is about to be subjected to a long and difficult operation; the kind that is most likely to produce shock. The preliminary dread, even with the most strong-minded men, is intense, and the task of overcoming or minimizing this dread is a problem that is solved partly by psychology and partly by drugging. The personality of the surgeon counts for much. The selection of the proper kind of nurses, the maintenance of a helpful attitude by friends and family, are all important.

A favourite plan is not to let the patient know when the operation is to take place. On several successive days a slight anæsthetic is given, ostensibly for the purpose of examination. When the suitable moment arrives, this anæsthetic is given in earnest and the operation performed. A few grains of morphine and scopolamine, injected about an hour before the operation, works wonders in the same direction. For fear, as already described, is a product of what the psychologists call "association of ideas." The sight of a knife suggests cutting, that of a fire suggests burning. But morphine produces one amazing effect upon the brain, in that it deprives it of this power of associating one thing with another. A man who is sufficiently "doped" is never a coward and never a hero, because he has no power of connecting any act with its consequences. Consequently, after Dr. Crile's patient has received these few grains of morphine he no longer has the slightest apprehension about what is to happen. All danger of "psychic shock" has disappeared.

"Blocking Off" the Body.

In this way "psychic shock" is largely eliminated, but the much more serious problem of "traumatic shock" still remains. As already explained, patients are shocked under the anæsthetic precisely as they would be shocked under full consciousness, because the nerves, like telegraph wires, are still connected with the brain. Clearly, there is only one way to prevent the lacerated tissues from telegraphing for assistance and thus inducing nervous exhaustion, and that is by cutting the wires. If the surgeon, for example, were able to block out his zone of operation, and then cut with his knife every nerve that gave this region communication with the brain, the stimuli of injury would never reach it. The operation area, for practical purposes, would be as isolated as if the surgeon had excised it and carried it into an adjoining room.

Naturally, there are practical objections to cutting these nerves with a knife. A local anæsthetic, however, such as cocaine or novocaine, accomplishes this result quite as well. These drugs destroy sensation in the parts of the body to which they are applied, because they paralyze the nerves; make them *in*capable of transmitting feeling or motion; in other words, they "cut the wires." The surgeon, as Dr. Crile has discovered, can perform the most prolonged and radical operations in an area blocked off in this fashion, without producing the slightest deteriorating effects upon the brain. Modern surgery has regarded that terrible feeling of exhaustion which follows long operations as inevitable. Under anoci-association, however, there is no exhaustion, because there has been no expenditure of nervous force; the modern scientist has cunningly cheated even so clever a mechanician as Nature herself, or, as Dr. Crile expresses it, has won "in a game of biologic chess."

The records of the Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland, where Dr. Crile works, show that the death-rate under the old ether procedure was slightly more than six in a thousand. Under anoci-association the death-rate is less than one in a thousand. In other words, the dangers of death from shock have been reduced practically to the vanishing-point.

"I have used the method of Crile for many months," says Sir Berkeley Moynihan, one of the most eminent of English surgeons, in his recent address before the British Medical Association, "and it has added a pleasure to my work that is really immeasurable. To the great discoveries of Morton and Lister, this of Crile seems to be the fitting completion. . . . The debt of surgery to this most acute, most versatile, and most patient observer was already a heavy one, but I think that, to the surgeon of tender heart, his latest work must bring the most profound satisfaction."

OH! JAMES!

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO PROVE THE GOODNESS OF THE WORLD.

By MAY EDGINTON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST TWO INSTALMENTS.

Being of a hopelessly hopeful temperament James Bright says: "Everybody in the world is good—but nobody knows it, except me."

James is a manufacturer and patentee of cooking utensils. At thirty-nine he is extremely wealthy, but—here is the thorn in his roses—while he is impressed by a rich man's duty of expenditure, his sound, bright, and sensible wife, Catharine, cannot overcome her habits of economy. They live in a little Hampstead house with two cheap maids, and employ a jobbing gardener. "This is not my duty," says James as he looks around him; "my duty is to circulate money, to prosper trade, to beautify charming women." But Catharine won't be beautified; she won't be expensive. James gives her a blank (signed) cheque-book. Virtuously she refuses to use it. Gods! what a dilemma for a conscientious fellow!

No one sympathizes. When he talks to his worldly friend, Edmund Tonbridge, about the difficulty, Tonbridge laughs. James on beautifying women causes Tonbridge's tongue to cleave to his cheek. How James hates this ribald attitude of a ribald and suspicious world which is so good really, and will not believe it!

The Brights' near neighbours at Hampstead are a widowed Mrs. Hunter and her daughter Eva, a sweet young girl whom James would like to beautify and make happy as part of his scheme of things.

He has a great and good idea. Having just established new branches in Oxford, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, and Bombay, he will rightly tax each branch by making it provide a luxurious home for some needy—and charming—woman, to whom James will feel as an uncle. The first object of this quest he finds in Gwen Raymond, a girl travelling from Paddington to Worcester—James being bound for Oxford—to take an uncongenial situation. Tonbridge has seen James off and observed the girl. James installs her—explaining to her about the stupendous goodness of the world—in a house at Oxford. Proceeding to Bristol, of course on a business visit, James finds a charming and impecunious young woman, by name Maggie Fields, who is persuaded to avail herself also of his benevolent scheme. At Birmingham a Miss Nora Patrick accepts a pretty nest and the use of a car.

Worried by the future of his wife's late cook, Dorothy Dormer—summarily dismissed for wastefulness—James, faint yet pursuing, pursues her, even through the terrors of a servants' registry office, and having found her, and prevailed against all her natural suspicions with the courage born of his invincible faith and hope in all humanity, he installs her in luxury in Manchester.

He is not blind to the advantages of having built himself these charming nests in the various cities in which his business lies. He wonders if many rich business men do likewise.

Returning home from these successful excursions James learns that his incorrigibly economical wife has engaged as cook, at a low salary, the pretty Eva Hunter, for whom James's kind heart bleeds anew. This gives him gravely to think.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Eva went home, after sharing a simple lunch with Mrs. Bright the following day, her mother met her with a typed envelope.

"For you," she said, further remarking: "It has a City post-mark."

Eva took the letter away from her mother, went upstairs, and locked her door.

The letter was very short, and begged Miss Eva, if it were possible, to call at James's Gracechurch Street office that afternoon. On reading this, she at once put on her best frock and hat, counted all her money into a new bag-purse, and left the house without even apprising her mother.

James found her a pretty vision, bursting into his dusky office with a radiant air of expectation. He found that she required to be taken out immediately to tea. For the furtherance of his mission a full and noisy place was unthinkable, so he took her to Bond Street in a taxicab.

Eva fluttered.

"I must apologize," James said, "for troubling you to come all this way, but it is so difficult to get a chance of talking to you by yourself."

His complete innocence still blinded him to her fluttering. He took her into the Bond Street tea-shop, without so much as a thought as to what this maiden might, in her secret heart, be feeling, found a screened corner, drew the screen a little more protectingly round them, and beamed, gladly.

"Now," he said, "we can talk."

"JAMES FOUND HER A PRETTY VISION, BURSTING INTO HIS DUSKY OFFICE WITH A RADIANT AIR OF EXPECTATION."

He did most of the talking, while Eva gormandized. He began, bending earnestly towards her: "Do you like your new—er—situation—with my wife?" And he ran on, answering himself, compassionately: "Like it! Great Jupiter, no! How could you? You're a young thing—a remarkably pretty young thing, if I may be allowed the great liberty—and what you want is money. What you want is enjoyment—theatres, frocks, a car, sweets, novels. Perhaps you would even enjoy"—he repeated Catharine—"a house of your own."

"*Perhaps* I should," said Miss Eva, ironically; "*perhaps* I might like it. Oh, yes, *perhaps!*"

Perceiving the irony, James cried, happily:—

"All these things, my dear, are within your reach."

She stared at James with big, round eyes. He had now become accustomed to doing this business rapidly, and he proceeded to sketch out the plan.

The Idea broke upon her like a thunderbolt. The girl sat and looked at him. She looked and looked and looked, leaving even strawberries and cream for rapt and dreadful contemplation of his good, pink visage, till he, familiar now with the Idea in all its aspects, began again to experience his virgin qualms.

"All," he said, hurriedly, with a noble gesture of the hand expressing abnegation, "all, you understand, strictly in your own right. All absolutely honourable. All a pure scheme for your happiness and the satisfaction of my sense of duty. All—all—entirely *comme il faut.*"

Still Eva sat astounded, and now she began to blush, and she blushed and blushed till she glowed over the dawning of James's new content like a sunrise. Meanwhile he regarded the tea-pot delicately, and drummed upon his knee.

"If you will think over the position for an unbiased moment," he continued, "you will own that an elderly man——"

"Not elderly——" Eva murmured.

"——may," he resumed, pardonably a little

gratified, "have the privilege of ministering in many small ways to a young girl; of securing to her the pristine happiness which becomes her so charmingly; of—in short, of doing many things over which a young man" — he paused — "a younger man would rightly hesitate. His feeling is purely paternal, or at least avuncular. You will surely own this?"

It was clear in the resulting pause that Eva was attempting to take a really unbiased view of the position. He respected this silence, till, while he still looked at the tea-pot, he became aware that she made a quick movement as if to rise. Instantly he pleaded with her passionately. He begged for belief —presently she believed. He urged the difficult suit for the Glasgow house—she began one by one to abandon her tenets. He advised strongly, as a business man, a thorough consideration of this opening—she gave it her consideration.

She said, with a gasp in her voice, "I shall do it!"

"Of course you will, my dear," replied James, quietly.

"When?" gasped Eva.

James drummed on his knee, and pursed his lips.

"The sooner the better," he replied.

"My luggage!" said Eva.

He swept that away.

"Your luggage, my poor girl! What's your luggage? There's a good bank account at your disposal. You can dip your hands into it at once; you can come out with me now and shop; then I'll take you straight on to Glasgow to-night, and to-morrow we can finish buying every single thing you ever wanted. Or," said James, "you can put it off. You can go home now."

"Perhaps," faltered Eva, "I'd better."

"You can think it well over at your leisure," James pursued.

"Perhaps," said Eva, hesitating on the brink, "I'd better."

"You can go and cook another dinner or two for Catharine," James added, and sat back to await the result of this stroke.

"Cook!" cried Miss Eva. "Cook!" And then, adorably: "Let's go! To-night!"

And then: "Oh, the adventure!"

And then: "And the real, splendid, roaring wickedness!"

"Pardon me, my dear," said James, again with his noble gesture, "there is no wickedness. Everything we shall do will be perfectly pure, wise, and sane. My plan is for your happiness and for the satisfaction of my sense of duty."

For a long while Eva ate strawberries and cream silently. Then: "And my mother?"

James drummed on his knee.

"Drop her a note, assuring her as to your safety, but not declaring your whereabouts. Tell her you will write regularly."

"She will find me by the post-mark," said Eva, big-eyed.

"The letters will be dated forward, enclosed to me at Gracechurch Street, and posted in London," replied James, capably.

Eva ate on. Then:—

"I suppose I must tell a likely story?"

"Certainly," said James, "and one that will not hurt a mother's heart too much. Say that, deciding to get rather better-paid employment, you have obtained a post for yourself, and are very comfortable and happy. Say something like that."

"Very well," replied Miss Eva.

Here she gurgled so that James was very pleased to have the shelter of the screen.

"She will be *awfully* angry!" said Eva.

"I am afraid so," James replied, after serious thought; "but everything I have done, I have done for the best. That is my excuse to society, if I need excuse. I should not, anyway, be the first man to suffer for his principles."

Miss Eva waved this aside, and asked:—

"Did you say a car?"

"Yes," said James.

"Did you say clothes immediately?"

"Immediately."

"*And* a house of my own to run as I like, with enough servants?"

"I did."

"*And* a banking account?"

"Certainly."

"*And* — honourable? Pure scheme? *Comme il faut?*"

"I swear it!" cried James, stung to the marrow by this.

Miss Eva first gazed at him with the pity of the sane for the lunatic; then gurgled immoderately; then cried:—

"What an *excruciating* piece of sin!"

"No! no! no! no!" said James, smashing his tea-cup. "My poor, suspicious child! My blind, warped girl! Will you not realize that everybody in the world is good? Only nobody knows it — except me."

Eva was not listening to James. Smiles played over her face.

"I may as well write to mother now," she pondered.

"Quite right," said James. "I must get you plain note-paper."

It was begged from the attractive waitress who had served tea.

Eva became very grave.

During the writing of that letter James looked away. He had seen the young girl's delicate gravity, marked her sudden silence, and he respected both. He thought: "The letter to the mother—a difficult affair. She feels the parting. The feeling does her credit. But I am acting for the best."

Eva licked up her envelope, very big-eyed, and sighed.

"Finished?" said James, sympathetically.

"Finished," she replied, and sighed again, and suddenly broke into a gurgle.

"A little hysterical," James thought to himself. "Very natural."

She continued to gurgle at frequent intervals until they went out, and posted the letter in Piccadilly.

One need not follow all their doings in Glasgow. Familiar with the routine, James accomplished house-hunting and furnishing business with accustomed ease. The little Glasgow nest was inimitably perfect; the new car, a small Straker-Squire, cost £300, and was lined with dull blue leather—a delicious bit of Eva's vanity!—to suit her fair complexion.

James, having wired to Catharine, stayed two days.

The evening of his return to Hampstead was one of the most beautiful in a beautiful July. He walked serenely up the well-known road, and gave a glance as he passed, partly from habit, partly from interest, at Mrs. Hunter's windows. They blazoned nothing of the recent bereavement in that house, but remained reserved, reticent, decently shrouded in their summer Nottingham lace. James, appearing immaculately fresh and happy for a well-nourished man on a hot afternoon, passed on to his own garden-gate.

There stood Catharine—having been apprised in a second loving and thoughtful telegram of his coming—smiling, trim, and handsome as ever, but with a certain undercurrent in her benign mood foreign to her usually open manner. Even as he kissed her James became conscious of this element, and even as she took his arm and turned with him up the garden-path, he had guessed the reason. He asked no question, however, but evinced a desire to proceed at once to his dressing-room. Truth to tell, he would have found a few moments—in which to arrange his reception of her news—distinctly grateful. He was allowed without protest to

"'NO! NO! NO!' SAID JAMES, SMASHING HIS TEA-CUP."

carry his own bag upstairs, even to shut the door upon himself, while Catharine disappeared, house-wifely, to the back regions; but no sooner had he sat down upon the camp-bed, gripped its side firmly, and stared out into the future of infinite chaos, than he was obliged to answer a knock.

It was Catharine, house-wifely, with his can of hot water.

She was a little flushed by the heat, a trifle harassed, possibly, by recent domestic

exertions; but a finer woman and a better wife it would have been hard to find throughout the empire. As he took the hot-water can from her attentive hands, James knew this, and paid tribute to it by his sincere thanks, and a pleasant compliment on her appearance.

Catharine smiled—somewhat vague, somewhat harassed, looking abstracted. Then she closed the door firmly, and sat down in James's basket-chair. This is the way she broke her news.

"The reason for my bringing your hot water myself, dear, is that Janet"—the housemaid—"is helping me to cook dinner."

"Indeed?" said James. "Ah! Well, Catharine, dear, I am very much obliged."

He did not ask why the housemaid should cook dinner, but addressed himself to his toilet. After a pause Catharine coughed. James did not pursue the subject.

"It's very awkward," said Catharine therefore; "I thought that I was so comfortably suited, too, with that Eva Hunter."

James was obliged now to say, falsely:—

"What's the matter with Miss Eva, love?"

A silence met this, so he turned, with an effort, to meet Catharine's modest glance of unutterable horror.

"My dear," replied she, "don't speak of it. I would rather not."

"Dear me!" said James, relieved. "If anything terrible has happened—if you would rather not speak of it—why, of course, my dear, as you please."

He now washed his face, using soap, and emerging pink and shining. He hummed a song.

"If you would listen, my dear," said Catharine, with justifiable reproach, "I would give you the whole story."

"My love," James insisted, "if you would rather not——"

"It is decidedly better for you to know," said Catharine, gently but resolutely, "and I am rather surprised by your lack of interest, as you were always kind to Eva Hunter. She has disappeared."

"Disappeared!" said James.

"Disappeared!" whispered Catharine.

"Good heavens!" said James, very properly.

It was a very natural outburst of feeling. Catharine looked at him with approval, and settled to her recital.

"It was on the very afternoon you went to Scotland. She had done her work here in the morning—a little reluctantly, it is true, but she did not take kindly to it from the first. We had lunch together, when she talked quite pleasantly, and then she went home. A letter had come for her by the midday post, Mrs. Hunter says, with a typewritten address and a City post-mark. Eva took the letter upstairs to read, without a word of explanation to her mother, and was seen no more."

"Good heavens!" cried James, repeating his success.

"I sent round for her to cook dinner, as she did not appear," Catharine continued, "and Mrs. Hunter herself came back with Janet to ask my advice. She said that when Eva did not come down for tea she went to the girl's room and could not find her. She then searched, and found that Eva had put on her best coat and skirt—the grey one, you know, which they turned last spring—and her new hat. She did not come back to cook my dinner here—about which I did not mind, as I had, by that time, received your wire saying you would not be home to eat it, and anything does for me—neither did she go home for supper. Poor Mrs. Hunter was nearly frantic."

"Good heavens!" replied James. "Good heavens!"

"Nearly frantic," Catharine continued, "when by the last post came a letter from Eva, posted in Piccadilly, and giving no address. The poor thing—I mean, of course, the mother—brought the letter for me to read. I shall never forget the contents."

"And they were?" James asked.

"'Dear Mother,'" said Catharine, in a deep, moved voice, "'Do not fret because I am going away, and do not try to find me. I am perfectly well and happy. I will write to you frequently, and I will come to see you some day—soon, if possible, but for the present I am going away with the man I love, and who loves me.'"

James sat down upon his camp-bed and gripped its side.

"Catharine," he said, as deeply moved as she, "did the young girl say that?"

"She did!" sighed Catharine.

"Heavens!" said James.

"What have you to say about it?" she inquired, anxiously.

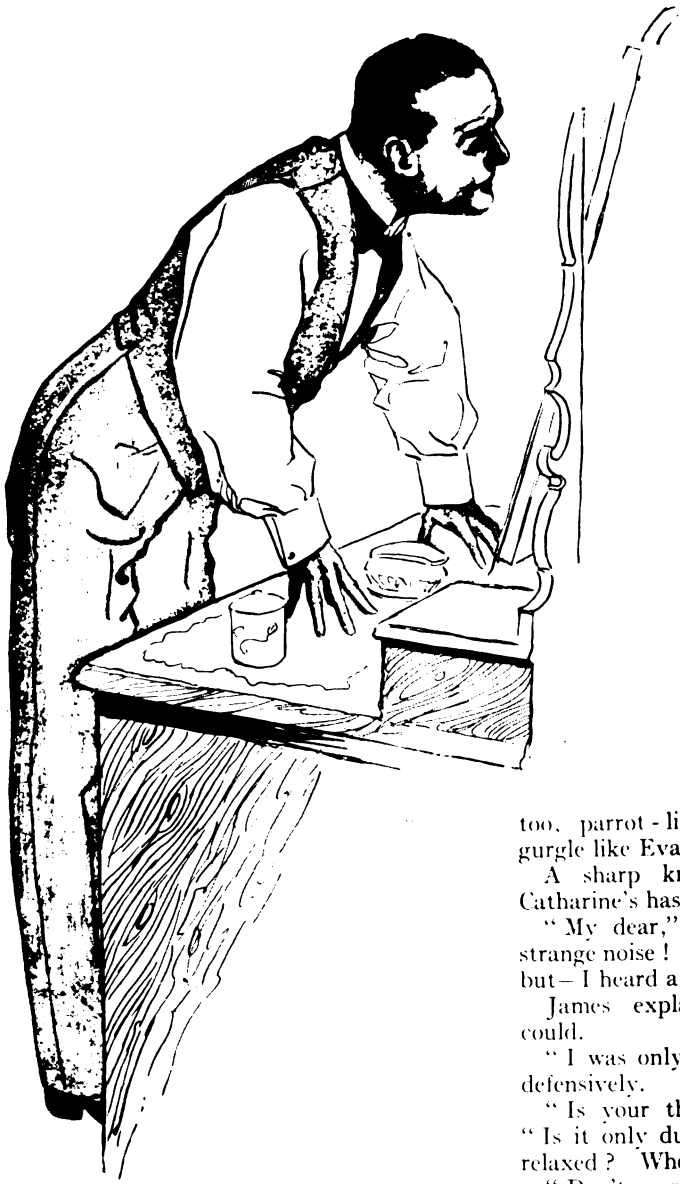
"Nothing at all," replied James.

"But what do you think of it all?" asked she.

"Nothing at all, my love," said James.

Catharine rose, part indulgent, part impatient, and said:—

"My old James, you are too charitable for this wicked world. You think no evil, even when evil is placed before you. But I have



"HE MADE ONE BOUND TO THE MIRROR, AND GAZED THEREIN."

no hesitation in saying, my dear, that I fear Eva Hunter has gone to the bad."

"No, no!" urged James.

"Entirely to the bad," Catharine repeated, firmly, going to the door.

"But where is the bad?" said James. "How can the young girl go to it? Where is it? How often do I reiterate that all the world is g——?"

"I must see to dinner!" cried Catharine, shutting the door with some noise.

James sat upon his bed, gripping its side. He said, mesmerized into repetition by the dreadfulness, "'I am going away with the man I love, and who loves me.' 'I am going away with the man I love, and who loves me.' 'I am g——'!"

He made one bound to the mirror, and gazed therein. He may certainly be excused for it. Heartless joke as this young girl had made of the letter to her mother, the words she had written were distinctly—not pleasing, but—tickling to the palate. They were words, certainly, that made a man smile.

James smiled. "Adorable little Rogue!" he cried, with deep gratification. And quite suddenly a vibrant memory of Eva's gurgle came to him, and while he stood looking thus into his mirror, he opened his mouth and gurgled, too, parrot-like—a long, hearty, joyous gurgle like Eva's.

A sharp knock at his door heralded Catharine's hasty entry.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "I heard a strange noise! I came to say dinner is served, but—I heard a strange noise!"

James explained himself as best he could.

"I was only gargling, my dear," he said, defensively.

"Is your throat sore?" said Catharine. "Is it only dust-throat, or do you think it relaxed? When did you first find——"

"Don't worry yourself, Catharine, dear," he said, hurriedly. "I am quite all right."

"Wait!" said Catharine. "I have a splendid gargle. I will fetch it."

She fetched it, she measured it out, she stood by James while he gargled, and when he would have stopped, she cried:—

"Again, my old James, again!"

So he gargled for ten minutes, while Catharine exhorted him; and it is reasonable to suppose that he never gurgled—parrot-like after an alluring Rogue—in his dressing-room again.

CHAPTER IX.

By this time we have arrived at a very busy period in James's life. The establishment of six new branches of business alone would have entailed heavy initiatory work, but when to this was allied as much personal superintendence as could be snatched for five new homes in well-separated districts, we may imagine that his self-appointed task was no light one. Catharine he could rely upon to rule their mutual affairs with a competence lately lamented, but now, in the face of great financial liabilities, ah! how esteemed! But the five Rogues would not easily forgive a lapse in the frequent correspondence, tolerate a long absence, or accept any excuse for lack of minute attention. They were despots.

It followed, then, that James must spend most of his week-ends away from Hampstead. When not boating on the Oxford river with Gwen, he must be yachting round the west coast with Maggie Fields, or educating Dorothy Dormer in Manchester. And when not engaged in this higher task, Nora wished for motoring week-ends about the country, or Eva drove him over Scottish hills and dales in her beautiful little blue-lined car.

He passed, as we can well understand, a most engaging summer.

It is possible that having carried his enterprise thus far, he would have rested content — so far as a conscientious man with six houses in divers parts of the kingdom can rest — had it not been for an occurrence of a serious nature in late August.

It was on a Monday morning. James had just returned from a cruise with Maggie down the Cornish coast. There awaited him, when he sat down in his shirt-sleeves at his desk, a great deal of business, and a little pile of private letters addressed in now familiar feminine handwriting. He attended, as was now his wont, to this private correspondence first, then to business. The first business letter that came to hand staggered him.

It contained—with a letter of pleasure from the manager—statistics of an appalling nature from the Bombay branch. The business was doing more than paying; it was coining money; more, it was becoming a veritable gold-mine. The balance-sheet heaped treasure upon James's head. It was

"SO HE GARGLED FOR TEN MINUTES, WHILE CATHARINE EXHORTED HIM."

the work of notable accountants, and no mistake could have been made. It crushed him. He was still an uproariously rich man.

He sat there, dejected. He might, perhaps, have closed the Bombay branch, but for the conviction that his duty lay otherwise. He must continue to expand, to grow, to uphold commerce and to foster enterprise. He might, indeed—and this occurred to him briefly—have gone out into the streets, and picking out some shabby, worthy fellow, have made the Bombay business over to him as a joyful gift; perhaps the Holborn Restaurant in one lunch hour might have yielded such a one.

But this would be rank pauperization.

He knew one solution perfectly well beneath the feeble suggestions teeming in his mind, but at first—having his hands already so full—he shrank from looking at it. An hour saw him more courageous—the end of two hours found him looking up the sailings to India—lunch-time found him comforting himself with the thought: "Two weeks to go, and two to return, and a week there. Six weeks at the outside—what is it?" He resolved to go.

He told Catharine that evening, while she sat in the basket-chair in his dressing-room.

"Catharine, my love, I find that business calls me to Bombay."

"Well, James," said the sensible woman, "if business calls, you know that I would not hold you back. Money is money, goodness knows!" And she sighed. "I manage on very little," she added, maddeningly, "but still, money is money!"

Maddening as this was, it did not madden James. He was, by now, accustomed to the attitude that prevailed in his Hampstead home. Smiling at her a little sadly, he allowed the thing to pass.

A qualm took him—she was very deserving.

"Catharine," he said, haltingly, "you have travelled very little. You are not exigent in the matter of holidays. Would you not like to come, too?"

Catharine considered.

"Do come!" urged James, reluctantly.

"No," said Catharine, firmly, "the expense is not justified."

His heart lightened once more.

"I should hurry back," he observed.

"Of course you would, dear," replied Catharine. "Hotel expenses are enormous—more so there, probably, than here, and why should you incur them unnecessarily when you have a comfortable home? Goodness knows, you have to spend enough with these *Bristol* week-ends, and these *Birmingham* week-ends, and these *Oxford* week-ends, and these *Manchester* week-ends, and these *Glasgow* week-ends."

"The business justifies the trouble, my dear," said James.

After dinner, Catharine had a little news for James, and it was:—

"Mrs. Hunter says she really cannot stand it much longer, and she will set a detective after that girl if she doesn't soon disclose her address."

"Indeed!" said James.

"I," said Catharine, "should have done it from the first."

"Pooh!" replied James, uneasily. "What do you know about detectives, my love?"

"There are many things," said Catharine, "that I acknowledge I do not know. But if I had a mind to know them, James, I *should*. In fact, I should do anything in the world that I had a mind to do."

Now, looking at Catharine, James suddenly perceived that she would, so much astuteness and resolve were there peeping out from behind this excellent wife's calm exterior.

James realized here that his was the thorny path.

He thought carefully nearly the whole night while Catharine slept. There were more difficulties than Catharine and Mrs. Hunter's detective in the way of the quest to India. This presented itself:—

That when a man has taken upon himself the protection of five Rogues—or put it, if you like, that when a person with avuncular leanings has adopted five nieces—he cannot lightly leave them to their own devices, or to the dangers with which their beauty besets them (observe that, given special circumstances, even James must harbour Suspicion) while he spends a few weeks on the ocean.

What shall this man, this avuncular person, do?

Morning brought solution, blessed with a treble balm; the said solution being creative of employment for deserving men, as well as promising protection to five young women, and repealing a former decree which had ever since smitten his conscience.

A little paler from lack of sleep, but restored by his cold bath and breakfast, James kissed his wife good-bye at their garden-gate.

At the office he rang up an Employment Bureau, and requested that a few young men—unhampered by any ties, and fitted to undertake delicate and responsible work—should call round in the afternoon; next he

sent out a boy with advertisements for six daily papers, reading thus :—

> Remunerative, light, but responsible work offered in Oxford. Would suit don, or some other intellectual person, wishing substantially to increase his income. Apply ——.

Next he sent for Morton.

"Morton," he said, "where is Baker?"

"I could lay my hand on him now," replied the manager.

"I thought that very possible," said James. "I have an offer to make him in connection with the Manchester branch; a good offer, meaning an advance on his old salary. Where is he?"

The manager mentioned a rival firm of despicable standing compared with James Bright. Baker, he said, was now a ledger-clerk.

"Let him call on me this afternoon," said James, "and hand in his notice this morning."

That afternoon Mr. Baker was the first applicant to arrive. He stood by James's desk like a little fawn hound, and smiled and wriggled. James shook hands with him, and allowed him a chair.

"Baker," he said, slowly, "I thought a good deal afterwards about your going, and I can now offer you a job in Manchester."

Mr. Baker said that he had heard Bright's Manchester branch was doing like a miracle, and that he was sure he would be very delighted to do anything he could for Mr. Bright, the business being one that was known throughout the commercial world.

"The job is not in connection with the business," replied James, a little anxiously.

"Indeed, sir," said Mr. Baker.

"I shall be obliged to enforce utter secrecy upon you," said James, "and the salary, for very light but responsible work, is three hundred and fifty a year."

Closing with avidity, Mr. Baker heard James continue :—

"The matter is simply this. I have to go to Bombay, and shall be absent about six weeks. I want, during my absence, to be assured of the safety of a young woman called Dorothy Dormer, whose address I shall give you. You will not claim acquaintance with, or speak to her at all, but, staying at an hotel in the vicinity, will watch over her, and report to me by letter and cable at various ports of call. You can also cable me at Bombay. Should you find her," James considered profoundly, "in any difficulty, the recipient, say, of unwelcome attentions, you will, for instance, follow the payer of those attentions, and say to him 'Hands off!' You can tell him you are a lawyer, acting under the instructions of Miss Dormer's uncle during his temporary absence. You will, in short, watch, and let me know how matters are."

Mr. Baker's countenance was, by now, singularly devoid of all expression.

"I understand, sir," he replied.

"I shall consider you engaged," said James, "and we can talk over details in a day or two. When that particular situation exists no longer, I shall, of course, find you another with one of my branches. Good day."

Mr. Baker rose, now looking like a small fawn sphinx. He did not speak to Mr. Morton, who waylaid him in the outer office, but tearing himself away from that friend's hands, ran out, bent with laughter.

James sat, saying to himself, with pursed lips: "It is a very good idea of mine—a splendid idea! Employs labour, protects girls, reinstates that poor fellow. Good! Good! To-morrow I'll have this business settled."

To-morrow there came to him many applicants, of whom he chose three, very carefully studying the physiognomy of each, and a letter from an Oxford don. Each of the successful applicants went out shaken, or solemn—according to the way mirth took him—with laughter, and when the last one had gone, James replied to the Oxford don.

Regretting that business prevented his running down to Oxford, James asked the applicant to lunch at the Criterion on the following day, to talk it over.

The don was young, for his attainments, and distinctly attractive.

They lunched in the East Room.

The don made matters quite easy. It went like this :—

"The labour," James explained, "is light, merely involving the care of a young woman during a short necessitated absence of mine."

"The work," said the don, quietly regarding Piccadilly Circus, "appears to be quite congenial."

"I don't think you will find it arduous at all," replied James. "May I ask where your rooms are?"

Receiving the address, he continued :—

"I should want you to be, if possible, in the Banbury Road, close to her house." He proceeded to explain the plan of mails and cables.

"You would not be expected," he said, later, "to make her acquaintance. In fact, that is one of my conditions. You are merely to watch over her, protect her as well

as is in your power, and report faithfully to me. The remuneration for the six weeks would be, let us say, a hundred and fifty pounds."

"Charming," said the don. "You will tell me the lady's name?"

"Miss Gwen Raymond," James replied.

"My dear sir," said the don, grasping his hand, "don't have the slightest qualm. Miss Raymond is my care."

"I can give you all details before I sail," said James.

To himself he was murmuring: "How charming it is to entrust a ticklish matter like this to a gentleman! No sign of ridicule, no hidden smile—the essence of tact, the soul of honour."

Half the afternoon was pleasantly whiled away in the East Room before James returned to Gracechurch Street, and his guest to Oxford.

Our friend was able now to start upon his journey with comparatively little misgiving. Having adjusted his Metropolitan business temporarily, having settled every condition of their vigil with the five young men who were to protect his five houses, having rushed for one day each to the five Rogues, having written them a final admonitory letter apiece, having promised them good things according to their deserts on his return, he was free to go upon his quest. And having kissed Catharine—whom he could leave without a protector with no fear—he went, his heart fixed, his soul bright, his eye undimmed by its six-fold anxieties, in his right hand the shield of his great axiom, "*Everybody in the world is good, only nobody knows it—except me.*"

CHAPTER X.

At Port Said James received five cables, from Baker, the Oxford don, and the Birmingham, Bristol, and Glasgow men, to the effect "All well." Brief cablegrams were received also at Aden, and longer messages came for him to Bombay, awaiting his arrival at his hotel. All told him not to worry for an instant.

James fancied himself in white duck with a pith helmet, under which his pink face rapidly bronzed. It did not occur to him to say, "I wish Catharine could see me!" but it did occur to him to think:—

"I'd like Gwen, Maggie, Nora, Dorothy, Eva to see me in this outfit!"

He fancied Bombay, too; he thought her great—the glowing and beautiful city. In one night of her tropic splendour he grew a great imagination. It came to him in bed as he drowsed; it increased when a native servant brought his bath; it grew fervid and more fervid while he shaved, till:—

"My Indian house," said James, musing as he tested the edge of a razor, "shall be mystical, flamboyant, ardent, tropical, climatic. In a town like this it should not be hard to find one who would make it so."

In the early cool of the autumn morning he went out to his place of business. He found it looming solid, imposing, glaring white under the sun. He talked for a long time with his manager. He wandered through department after department, for besides Bright's old double-lined bottoms, there were Bright's improvers and Bright's extenders for steam or roast, Bright's new Dutch oven, Bright's cooler, Bright's refrigerator, Bright's "pan that can't burn," and many other inventions of notoriety. It was in the extender room that Fate assisted him, by rolling a great wave towards him on which he rode high towards Her who should make for him a tropic and climatic home.

She wore a white dress, a black waist-belt and bow at her throat; black shoes, shady black hat, and she carried a black sunshade. One perceived thus that she was in mourning. Looking more closely, one perceived, too, that she had the expression rather of a widow than of a maiden. Let us suppose her, then, from the beginning, that which she was, a widow, and an entrancing one, of not more than thirty-five.

"I wanted a large extender," she was saying, "but a rupee is a great deal of money for it. I do not think it worth a rupee."

Stepping forward, James pulled off his pith helmet.

"Madam, we shall be pleased to let you have that extender at half price."

The lady looked up, and took James in.

"I am James Bright," he explained. "I have come to look at my branch here."

"Oh!" said the lady. "Thank you. I could not afford a rupee for an extender."

James turned to his manager, who stood by, disapproving.

"Have the extender sent to this lady's address at once."

The manager took the address, the lady left the shop, and James fell into a dream.

From this he was roused by the manager, who asked, "What will you see next, Mr. Bright?"

"She is a very charming woman," said James, "and, I judge, a widow. What was the address?"

The manager read it, beginning with "Mrs. Delaine."

"A pretty name!" said James, losing the rest of the information while he tried it in various intonations.

The manager waited.

"I should like all the information you can gather about the lady," said James, "by this evening."

Having said this with his peculiar simplicity he went away, to return in the evening just before closing time.

The manager had a small list of details for him. Mrs. Delaine was the widow of a ship's engineer. No one, so far as he could say, ever saw the engineer. The lady was not received in good English society. She had no visible means of subsistence, but continued to subsist.

The manager closed his note-book.

"Thank you very much," said James, transferring the remarks in shorthand to his own note-book. "I dare say you are wondering as to the reasons of my curiosity, but——"

"No, no, Mr. Bright!" said the manager, regarding James tolerantly, and waving away his confidences.

It was only eight o'clock when James reached Mrs. Delaine's small, square, bald, burnt white house.

He sent in his card, and was admitted, through a hall, to a small sitting-room, both hall and sitting-room being furnished in the style of a very unadorned dâk bungalow. James had never seen a dâk bungalow, so he had no word for the sparseness that he found. It may be that he hardly noticed it, for glowing on a long cane lounge, near a punkah, was the widow.

"Will you ever forgive this intrusion?" said James, humbly, standing near the door.

Her reply came with more than a degree of hauteur.

"I certainly think you must make a very good explanation, Mr. Bright."

Now, if this had been his first experience on such an errand the widow's bearing, her languid, outraged voice, her cold eyes, would have caused James to withdraw instantly, with the humblest of apologies. But it was not his first errand; neither was it the second; but the sixth. He felt he knew, by now, the fair creatures to whom he came in so benevolent a guise. The previous five had all been at first coy, then cold, warming quickly to perfect trust, friendship, and, he pleasantly feared, in some cases to affection. His perfect directness of sight and thought serving him as well as the most utter sophistication, he was able to account to himself for the widow managing the outraged curtain-raiser more skilfully than the five Rogues by the fact that she was, at the lowest computation, thirty-three, and possibly thirty-five.

"May I sit down?" he asked.

The widow waved him to a chair, staring insolently. Her insolence was no deterrent; he detected in her the goodness that infects the world, and saw that it was flanked by the proud spirit which becomes a lonely and beautiful woman.

"I am a very simple business man," he began.

"Well," said Mrs. Delaine, a trifle more kindly, "I do not know that that is to your detriment, so far as I am concerned."

James saw no *double entendre* in this. Perhaps, indeed, there was none. He went on:—

"And as such I approach you. I always like to come straight to my point, and to have the belief of my hearers. I ask you therefore to believe that, although my appearance probably belies it, I am an idealist."

Now, Mrs. Delaine, it is reasonable to suppose, knew her job, and she said:—

"Your appearance *most certainly* belies it."

Hiding a smile called up by the gratification that very innocent men feel when a woman thinks them very guilty, James took up his tale.

"I am a very rich man," he said, "and my expenses are not commensurate with my income. I have, I assure you, despite the fact that my appearance may belie it, an almost bigoted sense of duty. It has seemed to me that men tend more and more to throw off the responsibilities of the home, and to walk unshackled through life. That is not my way. When I opened this branch I determined that it should support a home. I said, 'I will accept no increase of income unless it brings with it a distinct benefit to somebody else.'"

"Indeed?" said the widow.

"A home," James pursued, "involves many benefits to many people. There is, first and foremost, the woman who is mistress of it. She is gratified. In the ministry to all her whims and caprices it follows that trade is gratified. Labour is provided for a certain number of servants, and rates and taxes assist in the upkeep of the country in which the home is established. You follow me, my dear madam?"

"I am not trying to, at present," said the widow. "I think we have not yet arrived at the point."

He turned on her a glance ripe in sorrow, so ripe that it was the epitome of patience.

"Regarding the mistress of the house," he pursued, quietly, "the man responsible must choose carefully. For preference he chooses a beautiful woman whose circumstances are inadequate to her wants. Thus he has the immense pleasure of giving her all that she wants; of employing, on her behalf, labour; of helping, by her delicious extravagance, commerce." He bent towards her. "When I saw you in my shop this morning, cogitating over the price of an extender, I said: 'She is the woman.'"

The widow lay on her cane lounge and smiled.

"AND SHE THREW HERSELF UPON A DIVAN AND WEPT."

"Do you really," she inquired of James, "want only to help commerce, to supply labour, and to make a poor woman happy?"

"On my soul!" said James, hoarsely. "On my honour!"

"Extraordinary man!" mused the widow.

"It is always considered extraordinary," said James, with a helpless air, "to do the obvious things."

The widow meditated, then she laughed; then she gave James a long, slow look, and she thought that she saw a very simple business man indeed.

"I may accept," she said, "after dinner. Or possibly I may not. You can stay to dinner."

James stayed.

We have little to do with that dinner. The food was bad, but the wine rarely good. James came away from the square, burnt small house the possessor of a sixth Rogue, more dangerously roguish than all the others put together.

It need take but a short while for a moneyed man to secure a climatic home. It was found, furnished, and inhabited within a week. During that week what talks they had! What drives together in the cool of the mornings! He thought of nothing but his new, adorable friend.

But on the sixth day came his mail: letters from Catharine and from the five protectors of youth and beauty. They brought the wandering mind back. All was well, James learned. On the eighth day he would sail for home.

He told Mrs. Delaine on the seventh of his imminent departure. She gazed at him, enthralled by his unusualness.

"You are content to go?" she said, in a deep voice.

"Not content," James sighed, "but——" He indicated Duty.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Delaine.

"Not 'pooh'!" said James, after a pause. "I must go."

"'Must'!" mused Mrs. Delaine.

"I shall go," said James, with dignity.

They were sitting on her veranda on a hot, velvet evening. The smells and sounds of the town came to them.

"You are content to go—like this?" she repeated.

"No," said James again, "but——" For a second time he indicated Duty.

"You will come back?" she asked.

"When possible," said James.

The lady went from the comparative publicity of her veranda into the beautiful new drawing-room, and worked up a scene.

"You are a monster!" she cried, between sobs. "Heartless, soulless! Cruel as a tiger!"

James heard these expressions with unbounded dismay, but at his first attempt at denial:—

"I would rather," she cried, "be at the mercy of a tiger in the jungle!"

And she threw herself upon a new divan, and wept.

One cannot suppose that any mild man will hear himself likened to a tiger without pleasure. But when he had recovered from the wave of momentary gratification that swamped him, James said, plaintively:—

"I have done what I could. You have an income sufficient to keep you in luxury, a Ralli cart and two of the best ponies I could buy, many servants, new furniture, an order on two Paris houses. If there is anything you wish further——"

"Wish further!" she repeated, strangling with sobs.

"I will do it!" cried James.

"Do it!" she repeated, and tore a handkerchief to shreds.

James sat upon the divan, and, the occasion warranting a desperate course, he put an arm about the widow. She laid her head upon his shoulder—where no head but Catharine's had ever lain—and ceased to weep.

"You care?" she murmured.

James could not answer.

"You love me?" said she, all softness.

"No! No!" cried James, bounding up from the divan.

The widow menaced him again with tears and reproaches.

"What could I suppose," she said, "from all this"—she swept her hand around—"but that you wished to marry me, and that even before our union you wanted to surround me with all the luxury that I should enjoy, by right, after?"

She pleated her narrow satin skirt and trembled. Behold James in a quandary that taxed, and went beyond, his utmost powers.

She loved him.

She supposed him to be unmarried.

He wished that he had spoken of Catharine to her, before this. Now it was too late. He could not wound a loving woman's sensitive pride by telling her where she had misplaced her affections. He blamed himself bitterly, and while he blamed himself, she sought his hand and pressed it between hers.

It was patent to him that she misunderstood their arrangement. She had, in short, expected a declaration of love, which should be followed by a speedy union. Had she not, coming to confess her secret, said so?

After many painful pauses, he said:—

"I have to return to England to-morrow. It is inevitable. I much regret it. Your income will be perfectly secure as long as you remain"—he saved her feelings finely—"as long as you do not marry elsewhere. I hope to come back some day."

The widow rose and looked at him, pleading, seductive.

"Will you not kiss me this last night?" she said. "Do you not *want* to?"

James thought firmly and faithfully of Catharine, and replied, "I must not kiss you. But thank you very much for offering it."

Now, at this, she very properly flew into a real rage. She boxed James's ears, she treated him to a hurricane of contempt; her wrath poured on him from seemingly inexhaustible vials. Finally she sank, sobbing, on the divan.

James escaped to the door, and from the house; the widow sat up, had a whisky and soda, and surveyed the somehow mismanaged situation.

She had never met so simple, yet so difficult a business man.

All repentance, she saw him away the next morning, and insisted, lovingly, that he should write. He promised. She let him go at that. She said his room would always be ready, and always filled with flowers; it would be to her no less than an altar, until he came again. What it would be then, she did not specify, because the time for the fond parting had expired.

James left his Indian home, climatic and tropical as it was, without regret. He found it good to be safe upon the sea, dwelling in his mind upon Catharine at the end of the journey—so upright, so British, and cool as a cucumber. He dwelt upon her sanity, her good management, her entire reliability, and in the present trend of affairs, with relief upon her economy. He knew that he could rely upon Catharine to be careful.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT I EVER SAW.

XVI.—Landon Ronald.
XVII.—Prebendary Carlile.
XVIII.—H. C. Seppings-Wright.

In this striking series of articles a number of eminent men and women have consented to describe "the most impressive sight" they have ever seen. Their stories, as will be realized by the following examples, are of the most varied and, in many cases, thrilling kind.

Sir Charles Santley's Jubilee Benefit.

By LANDON RONALD

(*Principal of the Guildhall School of Music*).

Illustrated by John Cameron.

AS I have had the honour of accompanying at all the State and private concerts given during the last twenty years at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Balmoral, naturally I have had an opportunity of witnessing some of the most extraordinarily impressive functions seen by any commoner.

I am inclined to think, however, that the Charles Santley Benefit Concert, which was held at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, May 1st, 1907, provided, in many respects, the most impressive spectacle. Never can the old building have been the scene of greater enthusiasm. The concert, I would mention, was organized by the Earl of Kilmorey, who set to work to make it a success almost a year before it was held. Stars of the first magnitude responded with enthusiasm, and, throughout, no refusal to assist broke the unanimous desire on the part of his brother and sister artistes to do homage to Charles Santley's professional excellence and pay tribute to his personal popularity.

When I mention that the artistes comprised Mme. Albani, Mme. Suzanne Adams, Mme. Clara Butt, Mme. Ada Crossley, Mr. John Coates, Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Ben Davies, Herr Fritz Kreisler, M. Edouard de Reszke, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. W. H. Squire, and last, but not least, Charles Santley himself, it will easily be understood how generously had those of his contemporaries responded to Lord Kilmorey's call to assist at the Jubilee of the Grand Old Man of Song.

From roof to floor Charles Santley's admirers—headed by the Prince and Princess of Wales—had gathered at the Albert Hall from all parts of the country to do homage to the greatest British singer of our generation—to show their admiration of a favourite who never disappointed his public, and who, in spite of the brilliancy of his Continental rivals, had ever held his own—an Englishman born and bred, the pride and admiration of his native land.

I had the honour of conducting most of the concert on this memorable occasion, and had asked my orchestra, as a mark of respect to the great singer, to stand up as he came on the platform. A minute or two before Charles Santley was due to appear a hush spread over the great building. Many of his admirers present had not heard him sing for years, for they came from north, south, east, and west, and some of them from out-of-the-way country districts where even village concerts were unknown. It can thus be easily imagined how eagerly they looked forward to seeing their old favourite once again.

One lady admirer who had not seen Santley for over thirty years had come, I afterwards heard, from the extreme north of Russia to pay her tribute of admiration. She inquired

"EVERY MEMBER IN THE AUDIENCE, INCLUDING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND OTHER ROYALTY PRESENT, STOOD UP AND CHEERED SANTLEY TO THE ECHO."

at the box-office as she went in, "He is old, your great Santley—can he still sing? I would like to remember his voice as last I heard it when it was in the fullness of its glorious power." She was politely informed that Santley's voice had lost little, if any, of its old-time brilliancy. Which was true beyond all manner of doubt.

At last the moment arrived for Charles Santley to make his appearance before this building packed almost to overflowing. He was to sing one of his old favourites—"I rage, I melt, I burn." A great impressive silence spread over the expectant audience. It was as if the soft pedal had suddenly been applied to the hitherto eagerly whispering voices of every man, woman, and child present. It was truly wonderful, and I verily believe that, at that moment, the dropping of a silk handkerchief could have been heard in the Albert Hall.

From my conductor's platform I was, perhaps, the first in the building to see the great singer approach from the Green Room. The orchestra at once rose, and as Santley, the same stalwart, kindly, breezy figure many of us had known—and loved—so long, made his appearance, every member in the audience, including the Prince and Princess of Wales and other Royalty present, also stood up and cheered him to the echo—cheered him, indeed, so enthusiastically that at last he finally appealed by gestures to them to let him sing.

It was, indeed, a moving moment, a moment I dare swear that caused a lump to rise in the throats of every person present. Before the huge gathering of his admirers from all the world over the sturdy singer, whose well-knit frame the passing of the years seemed to have dealt with in very kindly manner, appeared almost a pathetic figure as, with tears in his eyes, and hands trembling with emotion at the wonderful reception he was receiving, he stood there alone, the while, from dome to floor, the Albert Hall echoed with cheer after cheer.

For my own part, I soon began to wonder whether the cheering would ever cease. At last, however, as if overcome by the extraordinary enthusiasm of his reception, and as one who would say, "This is more than I can bear—one more cheer and I shall break down," Santley raised an appealing hand. The effect of that mute appeal was miraculous. In a second not a sound was to be heard in the building; the cheering had ceased as if cut off by some mechanical contrivance, and all was silence once again.

The orchestra struck up the opening bars of Handel's famous aria. With shaking hand, the aged singer with the silver hair gripped his scrip, and as the first notes of his wonderful voice rang out as clear and true and as appealing as of old, the warm rays of the afternoon spring sun filtered through an open door, rested tenderly on the singer's head, surrounding it as with a halo, and tinging his silver locks with gold. It was a fitting coincidence in one of the greatest celebrations ever held in the world of music. The sun, too, had come to pay its heaven-sent tribute to one of the greatest singers of our time.

A Glimpse Into the Depths of Mount Vesuvius.

By PREBENDARY CARLILE

(Founder of the Church Army).

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

NEVER in the whole of my life have I seen any sight which has made so deep and lasting an impression on me as Vesuvius, that dread volcano which, on August 23rd, A.D. 79, buried the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii under a deluge of mud and ashes. The first and only time I saw the mountain was when I was stopping in Naples some years ago. Leaving this beautiful town one morning, we decided to climb Vesuvius, and as the wind favoured our ascent from the west, the climb did not prove a difficult one, though all the time, as I approached the summit, I viewed the volcano with a feeling akin to awe, for there is surely something particularly awesome and dread about a mountain which, awakening from a slumber of a thousand years, takes upon itself the ghastly duty of burying two of the most beautiful cities the world has ever seen.

Towards the summit the ground became sulphurous and to seem as if it were on fire, yet it was not so hot as to prevent our crossing towards the crater, where, as the fumes from the gaping vortex below were blown away from us, there came before me a sight I shall surely never forget.

Leaning over the edge, I could see rising, far down in the abyss, huge masses of molten lava as large as St. Paul's Cathedral. These were belched out from the depths with gurgling sounds. Rising almost to the level

A GLIMPSE INTO THE DEPTHS OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

where we were standing, they were slowly sucked back again in a manner which reminded me of some great sulking monster withdrawing to its lair. White vapours rose in fleecy wreaths from below and occasionally there was a report like that of musketry, which died away, and left the same murmuring sound, the stifled mutterings of a boiling fluid.

From time to time dreadful sounds issued from the bowels of the volcano, as if the roar of artillery were re-bellowed throughout all the hollows of the mountain. At first these sounds filled me with an impression of fear, but, curiously enough, after this first unavoidable impression had passed away I somehow slowly but surely began to feel that there was something attractively sublime about this ominous cannonade, which seemed like a warning of Vesuvius not to pry too deeply into his secrets.

I have since been told that, in viewing this sight, I ran some considerable danger of being engulfed, or smothered by poisonous fumes; but, be that as it may, the spectacle was one of such awful attraction that, even had I known that I was incurring no small risk, I fully believe that that risk would, all the same, have seemed quite a minor consideration.

To see before one's eyes the thin egg-shell coating of the earth broken, and to catch a glimpse of what is perpetually going on beneath the beauty and accustomed peace of the surface, made one intuitively realize, maybe for the first time, that mankind is indeed living, loving, working, praying, sinning, worshipping, upon the thin crust of a ball of fire, and that all the time as we live, love, work, pray, sin, and worship we are each and every one of us but tiny atoms in a universe of wonders.

Yes, that sight was one which made one feel more than usually small. Far below me those huge masses of molten lava which now rose as if some power was impelling them to seek the heavens above, and then fell back again, as if they had received a warning to retire, and retire at once, made me feel that man indeed is a poor, weak, frail thing when faced with so vast a force as Nature can be when in angry mood.

It can only have been for a few minutes that I viewed this wonderful scene, and yet, even now, every detail is imprinted deep on my mind. The broad canopy of clouds above the gaping vortex, which seemed to rest on a column of wreaths and curling heaps of lighted vapour, and the amphitheatre of rocks around the lower depths were brightly illuminated from the boiling lava, while a lurid red tinged the distant parts of the enclosing walls, and threw their cavernous recesses into weird, wonderful shapes, now bright as if lit up by a thousand lights, now fading away as if one were viewing them through a plate of smoked glass. Over this scene of restless fires and glowing vapours the heavens, by contrast, now appeared unnaturally light, now unnaturally black. The effect was one I can never forget in the kaleidoscopic rapidity of its repeated changes.

To describe exactly how this extraordinary picture impressed me I know not how to do. All I do know is that the sight gave me a renewed sense of dependence upon Him who holds all things, great and small, in the hollow of His hand. I gazed at Pompeii fully six miles away, and remembered how it nestled safely—as all men thought—when the wind arose and buried it deep in ashes from the volcano. And as the horizon faded into nothingness, this thought crossed my mind: "What but the good providence of God is there to prevent the greatest city in the world, the capital of the world's greatest Empire, being laid in ruins to-day?"

Deeply, wonderfully, "never-to-be-forgottenly" moved, I and my friends returned to Naples, all of us, I hope, better men.

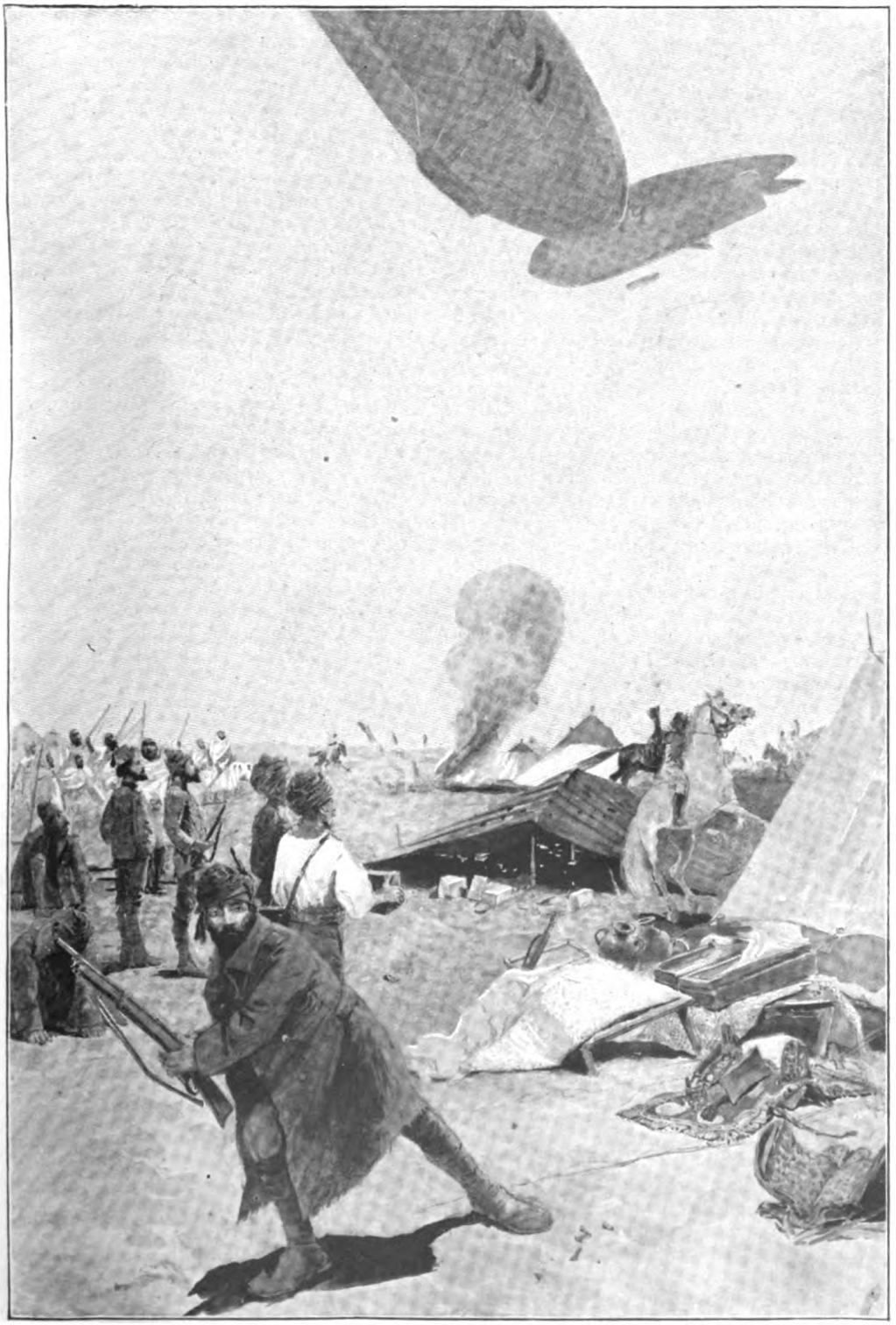
Bombarded by Airships.

By H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, War Correspondent of the "Illustrated London News."

Illustrated by the Author.

THE sun struck hot on the desert. Man and beast drooped beneath the glow of the refracted rays. For our camp at Seni beni Adam lay in the open, fully exposed to torrid Tripolitan heat. There is something fascinating, grand, even beautiful, in the sense of full, free, wide space. A ragged clump of palms in a neglected garden some short distance away gave the name "The Garden of Adam."

Two caravan tracks—"streets," as the Arabs called them—forked at this spot, one leading to the oasis of Zansur, the other to the town of Tripoli, by way of Ben Gashir and Ain Zara, passing through our encampment, which spread widely over the plain, a succession of camps within a camp. From the headquarters of the Divisional Commandante, which stood on a slight ridge or crest, the parched, khaki-looking plain undulated in sandy waves till it was stopped



"THE FIRST BOMB FELL, STRIKING THE GROUND CLOSE TO SHEIK-EL-BAROUNI'S TENT."

abruptly by a bar of golden sand on which the dark forms of our outlying pickets could be seen.

A rough-and-ready pavilion of four uprights and a tarpaulin threw a square patch of shade, beneath which the Commandante and myself squatted on the carpet, drinking coffee and discussing the next move of the Italians. So far the Moslems had had the best of the fighting.

It had been rumoured that the enemy now proposed to attack us by means of airships.

I well recollect that eventful morning. Whilst we were talking a silvery sphere suddenly soared up into the blue haze over the town of Tripoli, having the appearance of a rising moon.

We were not left long in doubt, either as to its nature or purpose; it slowly turned, presenting to our eyes the ovoid profile of a dirigible. The ship hung for a few minutes, motionless, in mid-air, when a second soared up. This brought the whole camp out, and murmurs of speculation broke the stillness. Each camp had its contingent of watchers, clustering like bees on the ridges, the Arab warriors, in solid masses, making an excellent target. They were laughing and chattering, and seemed more interested than alarmed at this novel spectacle.

With the Turks, who understood the deadly character of this new form of attack, it was different; they showed some very natural concern, for a bomb dropped amongst the horses would certainly have stampeded them and the camp would have been thrown into confusion. I must admit that I felt far from comfortable myself. However, the situation had to be faced, so I made up my mind for a bad half-hour.

We were at first treated to a masterly display of evolutions. The ships circled in graceful curves and spirals until the proper elevation was attained; then they commenced their flight with a sinister deliberation that seemed almost devilish. They steered straight for our camp; the intervening ten miles was covered in twice that number of minutes, although it seemed to us much longer.

The first bomb fell, striking the ground close to Sheik-el-Barouni's tent, which bore about a mile due north. We all watched the effect with a curious feeling of apprehension. It seemed a dastardly deed, but, then, there are no ethics in modern warfare.

The ships now separated, making a *détour*, as if to encircle us, keeping well outside the boundaries of the camp. They were evidently trying to draw our fire in order to find out whether we possessed any artillery. Both ships "hove to" at some distance, but in a direct line with the Commandante's tent, and proceeded to take up their stations, as sportsmen might for a game drive. Slowly and steadily they bore down, preceded by their shadows, which seemed to strike us with an icy chill as the horror of the situation developed.

We neither moved nor spoke, but stood as men turned to stone by the spell of some fell enchanter, while the whine of the engines struck on our ears with painful distinctness.

The strain became almost intolerable in the intensity of that moment. We almost "felt" the weight of the ships pressing on our brains, tuned up as we were to the extreme limit of expectancy.

I looked upwards, and somehow the undulations of the envelopes gave them a *more* terrible and more realistic appearance, as if they were some eerie monsters panting to attack us, yet mocking our utter helplessness.

The critical moment had come. I drew in a deep breath, such as a diver might as he looks into the deep, sullen waters, many yards below, into which he must plunge.

I glanced at a group of soldiers standing near. There was no flinching, but the pinched, aged look on their faces told of the severity of the trial.

Suddenly a strange vibration, a curious humming sound, broke the silence, faintly at first, then louder, as the deadly messenger clove the air, followed by a loud explosion as the bomb struck the earth, scattering its contents like hail.

The sob of relief that burst from a thousand throats is a sound I shall never forget. I had, indeed, seen and passed safely through the most impressive moment of my life.

The passing of the ships broke the spell. We ran like schoolboys to see the effect. During this trying time I held on to my camera, and was fortunate enough to get a good snapshot of one of the shells at the moment it exploded. The excavation made by the bomb was only sixty yards away.

At the infantry camp, two kilometres away, they were less fortunate. A bomb got home, killing eight men outright and dangerously wounding thirty more.

The rising wind warned the Italian pilots that they must hurry if they would garage in safety, and we were left in peace, but now haunted with the knowledge that a new and terrible menace threatened the safety of our camp.

The MAYDUE COURT AFFAIR

By HAROLD STEEVENS
Illustrated by GRAHAM SIMMONS

IT is interesting, if unprofitable, to trace out the part played by Chance, that capricious intervener in the affairs of men, against whose irresponsible machinations foresight avails not, in the gruesome Maydue Court affair. Pursuing this line of investigation, one may find plausible ground for the assertion that it would not have happened but for the state of warfare temporarily existing between two of the chief London omnibus companies.

For three awesome days the main arteries of traffic were overrun with frightful engines of destruction. The big motor-buses ranged the thoroughfares in tangled droves, "nursing," jockeying, blanketing, racing, colliding, and sometimes even locking themselves together in furious, immovable embrace. To cross the road became a fine art requiring a cool head, quick eye, and plenty of agility. Frank Cartan, fresh home from the Indian hills, possessed these qualifications in very fair measure, yet even he felt that he took his life in his hands every time he crossed the Bayswater Road for his morning walk in Hyde Park.

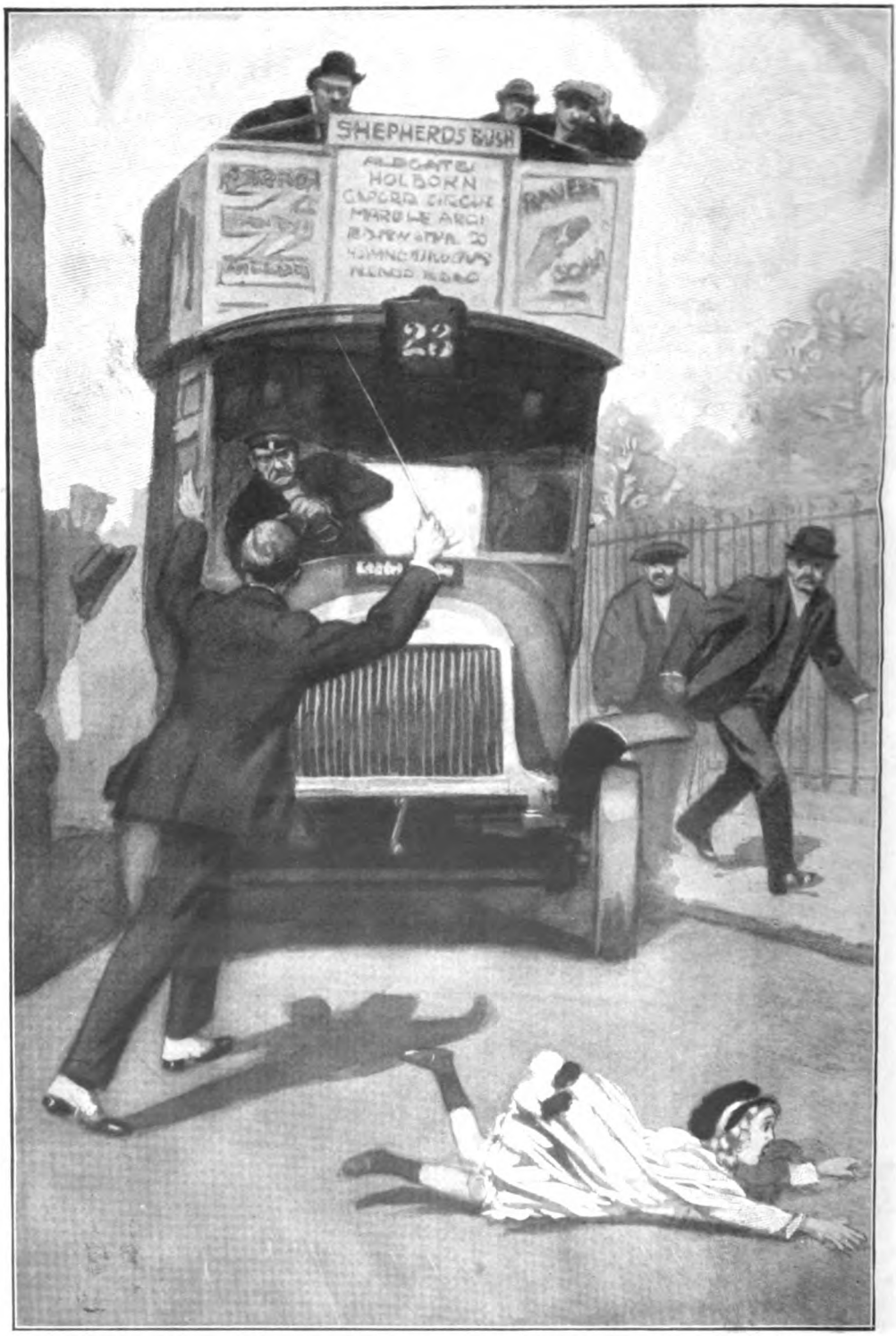
On this particular day, having successfully accomplished the first half of the crossing, he observed two Juggernaut cars approaching at great speed almost abreast of one another, and wisely decided to stay where he was and wait for them to go by.

Turning his head to make sure that his back was clear, Cartan noticed that his position was shared by a lady and a little, golden-haired girl who were standing, hand-in-hand, a few paces to the right of him. They seemed perfectly at home and unaware of any danger; obviously they were quite used to traversing London streets. Familiarity, indeed, seemed to have bred contempt, for, with nothing more than a cursory glance before them, they stepped gaily on. When they had taken a couple of paces they caught sight of the second bus, which, slightly overlapped by its rival, was thundering along close to the kerbstone. They started to run, but the little girl slipped on the greasy road and, in spite of the lady's efforts to support her, fell sprawling in the very path of the onrushing monster.

Cartan felt his heart leap. With a loud cry of warning he rushed forward and, standing in the track of the second bus, waved his stick in the air and shouted at the top of his voice. It was a mad, if heroic, thing to do, and to the spectators it seemed that the only possible result could be the addition of a certain death to two probable ones, for, of course, Cartan must go down first. Without doubt the driver of the bus had been engrossed in the race to the neglect of what was before him, though in justice it must be allowed that his view of the roadway was somewhat obscured by the forepart of the leading bus. However, the tension under which he laboured was a propitious factor in meeting this crisis.

He had his brakes on as quick as lightning. The body of the bus creaked as if it must be torn from the framework. The wheels skidded, the bus swung round and collided heavily with its neighbour. But it slackened pace as by a miracle, and after butting Cartan gently in the stomach and sending him to the ground, came to a standstill with its front wheels resting on the kerbstone and its body tilted at a perilous angle. Cartan nimbly picked himself up and turned to see how the ladies had fared. They were standing on the pavement just behind him, a little scared, a little pale, but perfectly safe.

The lady spoke rapidly in an impetuous yet engaging voice :—



"HE RUSHED FORWARD AND, STANDING IN THE TRACK OF THE SECOND BUS, WAVED HIS STICK IN THE AIR AND SHOUTED AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE."

"Are you hurt? Oh, I am so glad! How brave of you! We never saw that second bus. If it had not been for you—but—why, it must be—of course, you are Frank Cartan!"

"Of course I am, Adela—Mrs. Risdon, I should say. Still the same precipitate lady as ever! It is jolly to see you again." Cartan's spirit rejoiced, as it always had, in the presence of this eager, joyous personality.

"Are you *sure* you are not hurt?"

"Not an atom! But come, we need not stand here. Were you making for the Park? May I come with you?"

In the peaceful Park, as they tramped along the gravel walks under the arching trees, Adela Risdon thanked Cartan again and again in a dozen different ways, and her seven-year-old Dorothy echoed all she said with variations and additions of her own.

When that was over, the extraordinary curiousness of their meeting was fully dwelt upon, and then by natural transition the two friends proceeded to exchange the news of years—the years which had dragged by since Adela, after rejecting Frank Cartan, had married Richard Risdon.

It was always a puzzle to her friends that gay, warm-hearted Adela Burstow should have chosen Risdon of all men as a focus for her glowing affection.

Risdon's temperament was certainly not effusive, but Adela, in the flush of her young wifehood, seemed able to melt a stone, and for a time her husband's business acquaintances—he had few of any other kind—were agreeably surprised to find him growing almost human. Alas! it was a flash in the pan. Slowly, surely, the spark died out of him until it became perfectly plain that it had not been his own at all but simply the reflection of another's love on the ice-walls of his heart. Business absorbed him, and other interests stood for less and less with him as the days of his married life passed by. Adela gave him a little girl, Dorothy, and, three years afterwards, a baby boy, but he never took pains to make them fond of him, and when he found them indifferent to him he ignored them.

Poor Adela, what disillusion was hers! It was not that Risdon disliked her; it was certainly not that he loved any other woman. It was simply that there was no love in him.

Adela was a long time in discovering this, and still longer in admitting it; but when she both knew it and faced it, the abounding gaiety which had been her life's companion was extinguished in a single terrible hour.

This was Adela's unfortunate state at the time when she encountered Frank Cartan in such dramatic circumstances. He belonged to the numerous band of Adela's rejected suitors who, on her marriage to Risdon, having lost the only woman they could ever love, scattered in search of solace. Cartan, being a downright sort of fellow, albeit convinced, like all the others, that she would have done much better with himself, betook himself to tea-planting in the far Indian hills, and there tried to put away his dream. Now for the first time he was home on leave, regarding himself as a thoroughly hardened bachelor—surely a premature conviction in a companionable man of thirty-five.

After what had happened, he could hardly avoid calling at Maydue Court, where, if Risdon's gratitude was hardly noticeable, vanity made it easy for him to be civil to the man over whom he had triumphed years ago.

Cartan was at first quite shocked by the differences between the Adela of to-day and the Adela he remembered of a little more than seven years ago. As she thawed to his genial talk, however, the difference became less startling, and he put it down as much to the efficacy of his own cure as to any change in her. Dorothy loved him at once, and as he had a few weeks to spare, he asked permission to take her and her mother about the country in his car.

Risdon raised no objection. Though naturally an exceedingly jealous man, as was subsequently demonstrated in so terrible a manner, he had never had the least occasion for jealousy so far as Adela was concerned.

So the excursions proceeded without hindrance. The little party of three scoured the country round, always returning in time for dinner, which Frank Cartan, very naturally, would often be invited to take with the Risdons.

The immediate neighbourhood was soon exhausted, and it was then resolved to have a picnic on the Downs, starting directly after early lunch and returning to a late dinner. Cartan, as always, pressed Risdon to come with them, but, as always, received the excuse that Risdon was "too busy." The car was specially tuned up for the occasion and much petrol was put aboard, likewise a tea-hamper of considerable dimensions. The roads were in fine condition, the car was running beautifully, and by four o'clock they had covered sixty miles straight out from home. Cartan left the road and drove the car over the short, sheep-bitten turf, threading his way through the gorse until they were well out on

the trackless Downs. Then they got out and spread their picnic on the grass in the shelter of the high bushes. When the day began to cool they had a glorious game of hide-and-seek—the bushes made splendid cover.

At last Cartan, looking at his watch, cried, "I say, come along; we must be moving, or we shall never get home by dinner-time. I had no idea it was so late!"

As he stood beside the car for a moment to make some jocular remark, an owl flew hooting almost over their heads. Surprised to see the bird of night so early in the evening, he glanced up to watch its noiseless, prowling flight. Instead of finishing with a joke, he stopped short with his mouth open and his eyes staring straight before him.

"Great heavens!" he slowly ejaculated. "Just look at that!"

Following the direction of his eyes, Adela looked into the paling sky and beheld a singular and fascinating spectacle. A towering white wall of fog came marching towards them over the Downs. Gigantic in bulk, moving in silence, it advanced at an astonishing pace.

"Quick, Mrs. Risdon!" cried Cartan. "We must run for the road. We can't steer the car through this."

He flung open the door, pulled away the rugs, and helped the two to the ground. Then he dashed for the nearer head-light, wrenched it open, lighted it, and tore it from its bracket. Seizing Dorothy's hand, while Adela took the other, he led them rapidly in the direction of the road.

The powerful glare of the lamp seemed to bore a tunnel through the fog before them, and Cartan pressed on, resolved to hold the direction by sheer force of will, if not by aid of eye. The wheel-tracks were untraceable, and though, for a time, he fancied he recognized the bushes and hoped further that subconscious recollection of their shapes would stand him in stead, he was soon disabused.

"I believe we've passed the road," said Dorothy, presently.

"We can't have done that without seeing it," Cartan answered, and his tone told Adela what she had divined some minutes since—that Cartan was at a loss.

"Why, what's that?" she suddenly cried. By the extreme brilliance of the lamp's illumination her quick eye had detected something which, vague as it was, looked different from the dim bushes and scrub they had hitherto been monotonously passing.

"Looks queer," said Cartan, turning his lamp thither. "Let's go and examine."

Though they shrank from voicing it, the truth flashed upon them both. However, it was Dorothy who, a moment later, burst into a merry laugh.

"Why, it's our car!" she cried.

Adela and Cartan looked at one another without a word. Then Cartan, determined not to reveal the anxiety he felt, said:—

"Smart scoutcraft, Mrs. Risdon! I should have gone by it like a blind man." He went up and lit the other lamp. "I think we'll seize the opportunity to have tea over again," he went on, with a gaiety he was far from feeling.

They drank their tea standing in the cave of light carved by the lamps out of the surrounding murk, then, greatly fortified, returned to the consideration of their position. It was an uncommonly awkward one. The hour was past six, they were practically corralled in the impenetrable fog sixty miles from home, the best part of ten miles from a railway station (as Cartan made out from his map), nearly half as much from a village, and at least a quarter of a mile from a solitary road which they could not find.

Cartan proposed that he should go alone to find the road, leaving them in the car with one lamp and the motor horn as signal, but Adela seized his arm and begged him to do no such thing.

"Don't go, Frank!" she said, reverting, without intending it, to their old custom of using each other's Christian names. "It is too risky. We'll all stay together, whatever we do. The fog may clear, you know, and then, if we can't get a lift, we'll walk to the nearest village and get a trap and drive into the station. There's no chance in a fog like this!"

They got up into the car and settled themselves in the back seat, Adela and Cartan on either side, with Dorothy jammed cosily between them. Snuggling down into the cushions, they pulled all the rugs over them, tucked themselves in, and were soon as warm as could be. Time was never tedious when the three friends were together, for whatever interested one necessarily interested the others. Adela mentioned that the boy would just be going to bed, Dorothy ejaculated, "Little darling!" while Cartan uttered useless regrets for dragging them into this pickle.

Then he told them tales of the Indian jungle and the nights he had spent there watching for tigers. Before long fatigue and the open air had their effect, and Dorothy calmly fell asleep in the middle of an exciting snake story. Adela tried to keep awake, but the pleasant

sound of Cartan's voice did not help her, and presently she, too, slept.

Then Cartan, finding that the customary exclamations and interruptions had ceased, guessed the reason and stopped. Sitting there beside his sleeping chums, his mind wandered back to the beginning of these seven years of exile and the events which had led up to them. He wondered whether Adela had really been happy—he could hardly believe it, but felt too doubtful of his own judgment of these things to be sure — and whether he himself could have made her happier. He found himself imagining how ardently he would try, if he had the chance, even now; and then, clean-hearted gentleman that he was, he realized that he had wandered on to doubtful ground, and dropped the guillotine on his reflections.

He cast his eye upwards and observed that the fog was as thick as ever, and so still that every molecule of it seemed poised motionless. He saw that the head-lights were burning steadily, gilding the gloom and endowing each blade of grass and spine of gorse with unwonted individuality. He listened contentedly to the utter stillness, looked with a twinge of remorse at the sleeping passengers, leaned gently over and lifted her wrap a little higher about Adela's neck, gave the rug another tuck on his own side, lay back in such a way as to shelter Dorothy with his body, and went to sleep.

And if, in the hours of oblivion, his head drooped towards Adela's, and hers towards his, until, all unconsciously, they gently met and rested together above the child, and if their sleep was the deeper and sweeter for it, who shall think blame of them for what befell without intention of either?

Adela woke first, and, conscious of a strange sense of contentment, lay still with her eyes closed. As fuller consciousness returned to her she began to wonder where she was; then she became aware that her cheek was resting on soft skin and crisping hair. Instantly she opened her eyes. When she saw how she had been sleeping a deep blush covered her face, and ever so gently she lifted her cheek away, her heart standing still for fear he should wake. She was barely in time, for Cartan, as though some spell had been suddenly broken, opened his eyes and looked into hers.

Now, while their eyes were open, their spirits still lingered on the outskirts of sleep, as loath to leave the untrammelled land where the hours had passed so sweetly. For one instant they stood together on the magic border marches—dream-lovers translated into flesh and blood—and it was by no waking will of theirs that the eyes which looked into each other's were full of melting tenderness. Then, swift as a flash, Consciousness sprang upon his throne and they were their daylight selves again, instantly subject to the code of honour which ruled their waking lives.

Dawn was breaking. The fog had vanished as it came, in silent majesty, and left the world as clear as if it had never been. A mild, sweet breeze was blowing from the west, and in the brightening sky above their heads larks were singing. Adela glanced towards the slumbering Dorothy and held up a warning finger. Cartan cautiously extricated himself from the rugs and stepped out on to the grass, then went round to her side of the car and helped her to do the same.

He took her hand in his strong clasp, half tucking her arm under his, and drew her away from the car so that their voices should not waken the little sleeper. Instinct told him that Adela might find cause for self-reproach in this night's adventure, but he was resolved that such thoughts should have no resting-place in her mind. The blame, if blame there was, must be on his shoulders and his alone. So that when Adela began rather uneasily to say, "What made us sleep so long?" Cartan answered, with assurance:—

"The best thing we could possibly have done. It would have been madness to move a step in that fog—what a blanket it was, wasn't it? Let us be thankful it's gone. We'll be off in no time now, as fresh as birds. No need to ask how you slept, Mrs. Risdon?" with a glance at her bright cheeks.

"Terribly well," said Adela, softly. Then quickly added, "But, really, I wonder we didn't perish, sitting all night in the fog! It was those rugs of yours that saved us."

"Perhaps," said Cartan; "but come along, let's get some breakfast, and then we'll be off. I don't know what your husband will have to say to me about it all."

The exaggerated gravity of his tone and the humorous twinkle in his eye made it perfectly clear that his anxiety was not very real. As a matter of fact, though he was, indeed, grieved to have inflicted such an experience on his dearest friends, albeit involuntarily, it never for a moment occurred to him that there could be any trouble with Risdon. Simple-hearted himself, innocent of evil intent, and always ready to believe the same of others, he could not imagine, nor did he try to, that others should think evil where no evil was.

Accordingly, when at last they got back to town some time in the forenoon, Cartan was astounded to find his apologies received in chilly silence. They had telegraphed early in the morning from the country railway-station, but Risdon did not pretend to have felt anxiety about them. He listened to the story of their adventure with a scowl on his pale face.

"I am very, very sorry, Risdon," said Cartan, finally. "I can't blame myself enough. The responsibility is entirely mine, that's certain. And if the ladies have not suffered, as I hope they haven't, then I'm a luckier fellow than I deserve to be."

"We are as well as we can possibly be, aren't we, Dorothy?" said Adela, smiling. "Don't say another word about it, Mr. Cartan. Please!"

Cartan stood up to go. He shook hands with Adela and Dorothy, then held out his hand to Risdon. Instead of taking it, Risdon went to the door and held it open. If Cartan had had only himself to consider, he might have acted very differently then. As it was, he simply said:—

"Don't be huffy, Risdon, old man. You know I'm as sorry as a man can be, but all's well that ends well!"

"Poor Adela!" he added to himself, as he stepped into the street. "What a fellow to live with! I don't like the look of him, but I sincerely hope he'll come round. Poor Adela! I wish I could be with you!"

Cartan gone, Risdon turned back into the room. His face was paper-white, his thin lips bloodless. He was quivering. Adela had never seen him like this, and his anger puzzled her; it was so long since he had shown interest in her doings. For a moment passion seemed to paralyze his brain so that he could not formulate his words; his lips moved, but no sound came from them. When he did speak the words came quietly, with venomous distinctness:—

"How dare you? How dare you? The fog! Bah! You fools! Did you think that story would deceive me?"

"Have you ever known me lie, Dick?"

"You are lying for your lover!" He spoke in cruelty, intending to wound her. And in truth he wounded her more deeply than he knew, for a chaste woman's modesty is beyond man's knowing. Adela was shocked, terrified at the shameful word. She flushed crimson, turned faint, did not know what to say or do.

"Take it back!" she said, in a strained whisper. "Take it back!"

Risdon's coarser clay misunderstood her as it was bound to do. Savagely he probed the wound he had made.

"Do you suppose I haven't seen it? I have been waiting for this. You have spent your days with him, now you want——"

"Stop!" Her heart was sick. She felt near to perishing. No bodily torment could have racked her so.

"You are tired of me, are you! Very well That can easily be arranged. Now, listen Go out of the house and never come back Do you hear? I've done with you."

The cold fury of his voice was terrible. Yet Adela did not, could not, believe that he really intended what he said. She saw that he was beside himself with anger, and she was wise enough to know that if she, too, lost her temper disastrous things might happen which nothing could undo. She, therefore, held herself in command, and answered, quietly:—

"I don't think you know what you are saying. If you do, you are not the man I should ever wish to live with again. You had better think it over. Come, Dorry!"

She was still dressed for outdoors. Dorothy ran to her, and they went out hand-in-hand.

When she was gone, the white heat of Risdon's jealousy began to cool, but in cooling it turned not to reason, but to hate—cold, immovable hatred of the man who had wounded his vanity by winning his wife's regard, hatred of the wife who had contributed to his humiliation by giving to another man what he himself had neglected to encourage and deserved to lose.

Did he know in his heart that his wife was honest and true? Who can say? If he did, he chose to crush that knowledge out of sight. If he had made a mistake, pride, as yet, prevented him from admitting it. He would punish her. He would take the chance they had given him to cast her out of his life. She should never darken his door again. And, the better to sweep her from his memory, he would move away to some place where she had never been nor ever should be.

Accordingly, on the evening of this painful day Risdon began to pack up his papers. The light from the shaded lamp fell brightly on the writing-table at which he worked—untying methodical bundles, examining, weeding out, rearranging. As he re-tied each bundle, he packed it carefully away in a large tin box lying open beside him on the floor. Then, when the table was clear, he crossed the room, entered a huge safe, and emerged with a fresh armful, which he proceeded to attack as before.

Through the open door he could look across the passage and into the bedroom where the boy lay sleeping and the nurse sat busily writing at a small table drawn up near the little bed. The hours passed in silence, broken only by the rustling of papers and the ticking of the clock; in this respectable part of the town the streets were already quiet save for the muted rumble of distant traffic.

Towards midnight the nurse tapped softly at the open study door and asked permission to run out and post her letter. Risdon, frowning at the disturbance, gave an ungracious "Yes," turned back to his papers with a gesture of annoyance, and again became engrossed

When, a few moments later, he heard the rustle of skirts in the bedroom, he at first imagined that it was the nurse returned. Then it occurred to his subconsciousness that she was too quickly back, and at the same time his senses became aware in some subtle way that the presence was not hers. He looked up quickly and saw his wife bending over the sleeping boy. As he looked, Adela stood up and came into the study, loosing her cloak as she came. Dorothy, who was behind her, darted at the boy and brushed his forehead with a kiss, then followed Adela into the study.

Risdon stared at his wife as though she were a ghost. Notwithstanding that no more than a single afternoon and evening had passed since he saw her there, the idea conceived in a moment of bitter passion that she no longer belonged to his life had taken hold of his mind and remained there unquestioned, while his attention was fiercely fixed on the task before him.

"GET OUT OF THE HOUSE AND NEVER COME BACK. DO YOU HEAR? I'VE DONE WITH YOU."

"The front door was wide open," said Adela.

The smart of her husband's shameful words was still with her, but she felt that he must, long since, have regretted them, and she was resolved, for the children's sake especially, to accept his repentance in all good will.

Ridson said nothing, but his brows were

"RISDON'S EYES WERE BLAZING. HE GRASPED THE DOOR

AND, THROWING HIS WEIGHT UPON IT, SWUNG IT TO."

contracted and his eyes glowering. Adela, willing to give him time and even to build him a golden bridge, went on, quietly :—

"We had an excellent dinner at the Riche and then went on to Dorry's favourite picture palace."

Still Risdon did not speak, but he turned his eyes away from her steady, questioning gaze. Adela beat about the bush no longer. Lowering her voice a little, but speaking very distinctly, she said :—

"I think you have something to say to me, have you not?"

Even in his black hatred Risdon could not fail to see what a charming woman she was. Her face, courageous and tender and frank, was aglow from the cold night air and framed in loose tendrils of fine brown hair, her figure restrained yet alluring; her clothes were dainty as ever, and womanly vitality flowed irresistibly from her person.

Risdon saw her charm, but he did not feel it; and the thought that another could, and did, drove him suddenly frantic.

He uttered no word, but an inarticulate growl came from his lips. Springing from his chair, he rushed upon her.

Adela did not flinch; she simply stepped back one pace to avoid the impact of his body. Risdon lifted his fist, then, changing his mind, placed his hand upon her waist and, with the frightful force of a maniac, impelled her into the open safe.

Adela, taken unawares, was helpless to resist. A heart-broken gasp, not of fear but of horrified surprise, of bitter misery, then a soft and terrible thud as her head struck the edge of a steel shelf—and no more sound.

Dorothy, with a cry of terror, ran towards her mother.

Risdon, infuriated the more by the spectacle of his own violence, seized her as she passed and sent her hurtling after. The poor little girl was flung to the floor of the safe, and lay stunned at her mother's feet.

Risdon's eyes were blazing. He grasped the door and, throwing his weight upon it, swung it to and turned the handle.

Then, his maniacal fury seemingly abated by action, he went back to his desk, took up a pile of papers with trembling hands, and essayed to read. Before many moments had passed a glimmer of reason began to return to him, and with it fear. Also, deadly exhaustion succeeded his brain-storm.

He put down the papers, pushed back his chair, and started towards the safe. Just then he heard the nurse come in, and he stood stock still. In his frenzy he had forgotten the nurse. What if she had seen them come into the flat? He must settle the question at once.

He called the nurse and, in as steady a tone as he could compass, asked :—

"Many people about, nurse?"

"Nobody, sir; I didn't meet a single soul, either going or coming," said the nurse.

"Very well, then; you had better get to bed now."

At least, the nurse did not know of his wife's return, and quite possibly nobody else did. He shut the study door carefully.

Not a sound came from the safe. What if—— No, no; it could not be! He had not meant to be so violent.

He waited until he heard the nurse shut and lock her door, then he cautiously turned the handle of the safe and pulled it open.

He peered swiftly in, thinking to see Adela standing where he had last seen her when he slammed the door, and for an instant he thought she was not there. Was the whole thing a nightmare? Then his eye sought downwards, and what he saw made him shiver. Adela had fallen, but the steel wall had partially supported her, and now she was leaning forward over the prostrate Dorothy as though in motherly solicitude. But there was a ghastly limpness in her posture which did not belong to life. Her arm hung downwards and the tips of her fingers rested on Dorothy's golden hair. Dorothy had not moved.

Trembling violently, faint and sick with fear, Risdon listened for the sound of breathing. His eye sought Adela's bosom. He touched her hand—it was without resistance. He bent down and put his ear to Dorothy's mouth; he put his hand over her heart. But he knew it was all useless. Shaking hand and vision distraught—he could not trust his senses. He was helpless in the presence of his crime.

With an effort he turned away and tottered across the room. In a moment he was back again at the safe.

"Adela! Adela!" he whispered, tensely. But that still figure never moved.

He bent down and softly called "Dorry!" But Dorothy was still.

The horror of it! His brain seemed to tighten and tighten till the agony drove all other thought from his head. He could not bear it, and he cried aloud. Then darkness rushed down on him and he fell.

Presently he arose and mechanically closed the steel door, turned the handle, locked both locks, and put the keys in his pocket. Then

he went back to his chair and for a long time sat staring into vacancy. Suddenly he seized pen and paper and began to write furiously.

Hours later, when the maid came to sweep the room, she was surprised to find her master writing there with the lights still burning, though it was broad daylight. She stammered an apology and went out again.

He took no heed of the breakfast-bell, and when the nurse went in with some tea and toast on a tray he was still writing, writing wildly.

The nurse, rather scared, was glad to get out of the room. She was wondering what it all meant, when the bell rang and, to her great relief, Cartan appeared, having called to inquire for the ladies' health after their adventure. The nurse told him that her mistress and Miss Dorry had gone away yesterday, but she did not know where, and the master was writing in the study, but seemed peculiar in manner.

Very much disturbed, Cartan walked into the study. He spoke to Risdon. Risdon made no reply, but gazed at him for a moment with glassy, unrecognizing eyes, then turned to write again with feverish haste, as though he had a great task to do and feared he might not complete it.

Desk and floor were littered with sheets half scrawled over in a big, untidy hand. Feeling that something must be seriously wrong, Cartan came nearer, and his eye wandered involuntarily to the writing on the sheets. It was all in red ink, and consisted of three sentences, repeated over and over again: "Dorry had golden hair. Adela was mine. I killed them! . . . Dorry had golden hair. Adela was mine. I killed them! . . . Dorry had golden hair. Adela was mine. I killed them!"

Cartan seized him by the shoulders and shook him roughly.

"What's this, Risdon? What are you doing? What's this I see? What have you done?" he cried.

Risdon made no answer, did not even look up, but tried with feeble fingers to dislodge Cartan's grasp. Finding he could get nothing out of him, and seeing that something was seriously wrong, Cartan telephoned for the doctor. Then he called the nurse and the maid and cross-examined them concerning Adela and Dorothy. They could give him little help, and he rang up any of Adela's friends he could think of, but learned nothing of her movements.

The doctor easily recognized Risdon's case as one of acute primary dementia, and ordered his immediate removal to a private asylum. Cartan, holding back nothing, eagerly questioned the doctor as to the likelihood of truth in a madman's ravings.

As they conversed together they were electrified to hear a low, eerie, moaning sound. It seemed to come from just behind them. Cartan spun round as if he had been shot, but he saw nothing.

While he stood bewildered, with every sense acutely alert, the moan came again—mournful and appealing. Then the light broke in upon him, and instantly he became like a man possessed.

He sprang for the safe and wrenched furiously at the handle, but could not move it.

"The keys! The keys!" he cried.

The doctor, hardly less excited, was already at the door shouting for the servants.

"The keys of the safe! Where are they kept?"

The nurse came running towards him. "The master generally——" she began.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when Cartan leapt upon Risdon where he sat, quaking and mowing, at his desk. With never a word, but with jaws closed tight and fierce, concentrated energy in every line of his face and movement of his body, Cartan thrust his hands into Risdon's pockets, found the key-chain, and, without a moment's ruth, tore keys, chain and all, from the madman's person.

Meanwhile the doctor, with his ear to the tiny grille in the safe door, was listening intently. He gave place to Cartan, who fell on his knees and, keeping an iron grip upon himself, selected the likeliest keys with a hand that did not falter.

The keys were turned, the safe sprang open. A sob burst from Cartan, tears rushed into his eyes; but he was on his knees again before the doctor could step forward. Carefully, tenderly, he lifted little Dorry and passed her to the doctor's willing hands. Then he stood up, and for the first time in his life took Adela's dear body in his arms, carried her from the safe which had nearly been a tomb, and laid her on the floor beside Dorry.

Then the doctor took off his coat.

Risdon died soon after his admission to the asylum. When Cartan's leave was nearly up he came to Adela (she was still pale and weak, but very, very sweet) and told her he had taken three extra passages. In the following year there was a wedding in the Indian hills.

THE MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

Drawn by Arthur Becher.

"IF I GLANCED AT THEM I FOUND THEM TRYING TO LOOK ROMANTIC."

BY

H.R.H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

The Memoirs of the Infanta Eulalia—sister of the late King of Spain and aunt of the reigning Sovereign—will be found of unique interest. For the first time in history a Princess of the Royal Blood has told the story of her own life, with all her thoughts and feelings, from her earliest days. The Memoirs are brilliantly written, and provide a most striking picture of Court life as seen from the inside.

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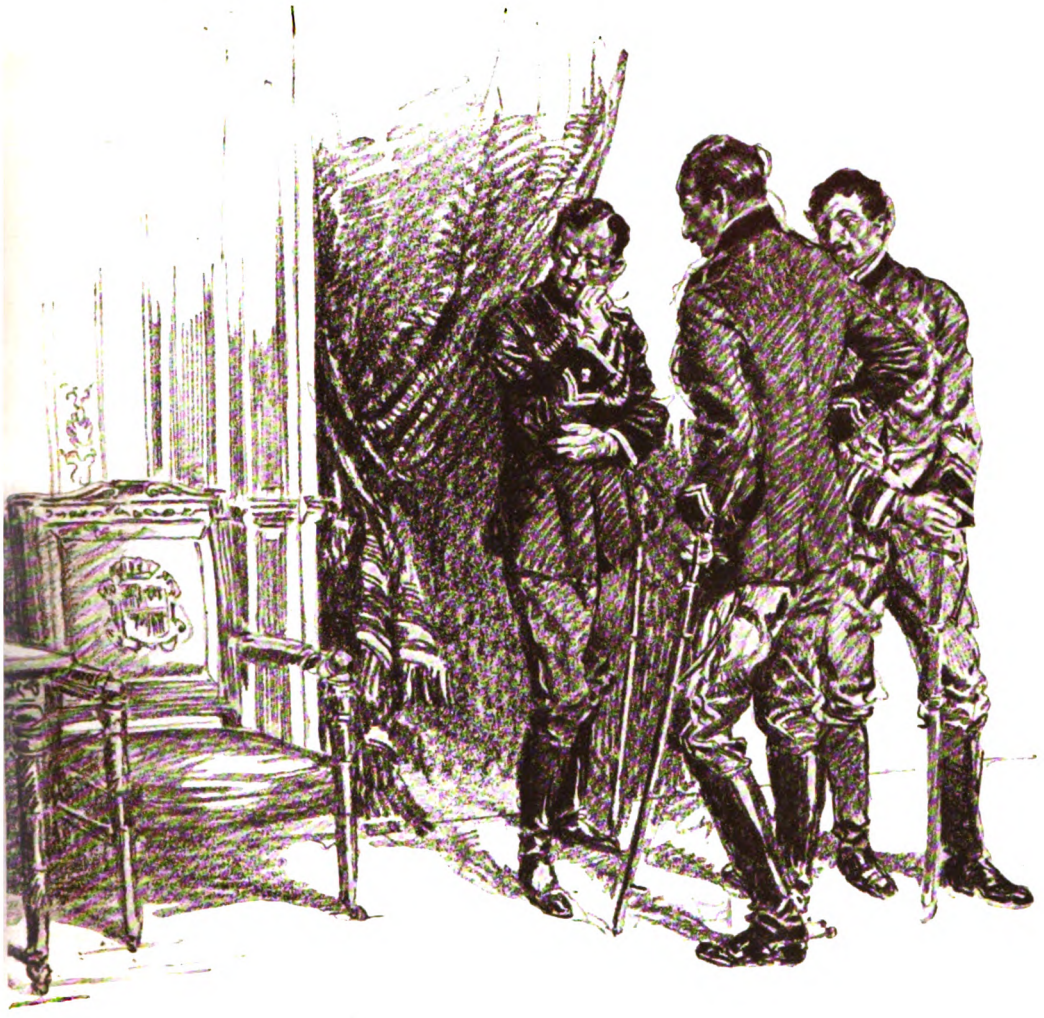


IV.

IN speaking of one's past it is difficult not to take a present point of view; and when I say that being a Royal person in Spain had its serious aspects—because I could not love or marry as a private person—I mean that it had those aspects as I look back upon it. At the time I was not aware of them. They were accepted by me as constituting the natural order of life. Long before I could begin to think of such things as love and marriage I had been schooled to the idea that I could have such relations only with Royal persons. Humanity was divided in my mind into three sexes; there were women, men of Royal birth, and a third sex, who were to me, as you might say, priests. Any affair of love with the latter was unthinkable—not only to me but to them. It never entered my mind, any more than it would with a priest. If it ever entered *their* minds, I could not know it, because they could not speak to me, even if they wished.

In the palace of Madrid, when the usher would take me to the antechamber of my brother's apartments, I would always have an interval of waiting while word of my visit was being carried to the King. And during that interval there would usually be some young officers or aides-de-camp standing in another part of the room. Since they were Spaniards, and I was not hideous, if I glanced at them I found them trying to look romantic.

If one of them was alone, he would either sigh "like a furnace," as Shakespeare says, or try to look unutterable silences across the room. At first this embarrassed me. But when I grew reassured by the fact that none of them dared approach me or speak to me, I found it comical; and I used to watch them slyly to see whether they were going to be melancholy and sigh, or make lambent calf's eyes at me in the best Spanish manner. Afterwards I would tell my brother, and he would laugh, because he knew the officers and enjoyed teasing them. It became one of the little jokes between us, that all his young aides were languishing their lives away in hopeless devotion to me. Later, some of them—unwilling, perhaps, to be merely amusing—announced that they were going to blow out their brains. I never heard that any did it; and I did not see what satisfaction it would have been to them if they had. I supposed that they came to the same conclusion themselves. After a while I learned that one does not take such threats of self-destruction seriously in Spain. They are only a form of mild attention paid to ladies by the gallantry that wishes to be dashing.

From a Photograph by Lillian Griffin.

A CHARMING SERIES OF PORTRAITS OF THE INFANTA EULALIA TAKEN AT VARIOUS TIMES.

At luncheons, when the officers ate with us, even sighs were impossible; and they behaved like very good boys before the school-teacher. My own behaviour must have betrayed amused interest, for I remember that our mistress of the robes—called the "*aya*"—who is a sort of Court duenna, read me long lectures on the government of my eyes. When a man conversed with me I must not look directly at him. That look, in Spain, meant courtship. I must always look down, and just glance at him sidelong, under the ends of my eyelashes, demurely. The Spanish girls do it very well, but my eyes were not Spanish. I had the habit of direct gaze; and after repeated lectures from the *aya* I pretended that I had acquired a squint from trying to look sideways; and this annoyed the *aya* and made fun for my brother.

The Spanish girls are taught to regard men

From a Photograph by Lillian Griffin.

priest consulted the girl's parents, and if the match was thought suitable, arrangements were made for her to attend certain masses on certain mornings with her chaperon. Her official cavalier then posted himself somewhere near, made eyes at her during the service, and stood at the holy-water font when mass was over, to offer her holy water as she went out. It was possible, also, to leave a letter at the church door with some old beggar, who would deliver it to the proper person in return for alms; but this correspondence was not for young girls. Their courting was carried on by means of devout looks, which were not required, one hopes, to be too oblique.

I thought it very silly, and I said so; but the girls argued, piously, that since love was "a sacrament" it was right it should begin with holy water and benefit of clergy. I do not remember that the same argument was made for the intriguing ladies as some sort of wild animal, whom it is dangerous to meet unless one is well protected by chaperons; and they become as timid as Oriental girls, and, of course, as curious. Sometimes in the evenings, when my sisters and I were with my brother in his apartments, he would have with him young men of the Court, friends of his own age, grandees' sons and members of the foreign legations, who went shooting and hunting with him. And I enjoyed talking and listening to them, much more than conversing with the young ladies of noble families who were invited to Court as companions to us Infantas. The men had travelled, and read, and met interesting people. The girls had had no experiences and no thoughts. They could talk only of their religion or of their *fiancés*.

They went to church for both. When a young Spaniard wished to begin courting he told the priest about it. The

who carried on their correspondence through the beggars. As a matter of fact, the relations between the sexes were all wrong, since there could be no secure happiness based on such ignorance and Orientalism in a Western community, where the women cannot be denied after marriage the liberty for which they are not prepared before marriage.

When I was about fifteen years old, a young Austrian archduke came to Madrid to visit my brother, and I was presented to him with my sisters, and saw him at a distance at the dinner-table, and bowed to him as I passed him in the hall. Next morning my brother summoned me to his apartments to tell me that the archduke wished to become engaged to me. "But," I said, amazed, "I have scarcely spoken to him!" Never mind; he had said he was in love with me; he wanted to marry me. And as soon as I had recovered from my first astonishment, the idea delighted me. To be engaged! It made me feel quite grown-up. Quite important. Almost married. And I thought it would give me a standing at Court that would prevent the mistress of the robes from being so dictatorial.

It would be impossible for me to marry for some time. Our family fortunes had been so depleted during the revolution that I had no *dot*. And the young archduke had not yet come into his estate either. My brother, acting as a father to his sisters, was paying all our expenses out of his own pocket, and saving for us, as *dots*, the moneys that were allowed us by the Government. So it was agreed that my engagement with the archduke should not be made public and official until enough money had been saved to make a provision for me.

Meanwhile I was privately engaged—and very proud of it. It was not extraordinary, in the Spanish Royal Family, for a girl to be engaged in her teens. My sister Isabel had been married at sixteen; and my grand-aunt, the Infanta Luisa Carlota, had been married at thirteen and was a grandmother at twenty-seven. But neither of my other sisters was engaged yet, and I enjoyed the advantage over them.

Even so, the archduke was not allowed to see me alone, and his courtship had to be formal. We were allowed to walk together in the garden of the palace, but only under the chaperonage of a lady-in-waiting, who followed a few paces behind us. One day, turning a corner of the path, we were hidden for a moment from the eyes of our chaperon, and the archduke seized his opportunity to kiss me. There was an adventure for you! When we returned to the palace I hastened to tell my sister. She was horrified. She ran to tell the governess. The governess was even more shocked. She declared that I had committed a mortal sin. "Good!" I cried. "I'm glad of it! At last I have committed a mortal sin! I didn't think it was possible—the way I am watched." There was a great to-do. They declared that I must go to confession at once.

I went, next morning, defiantly, and in such excitement that I confessed in a voice that could be heard by everyone near the confessional. I had committed a mortal sin! I had been kissed by the archduke! And the manner in which I blurted it out was so funny that the priest burst out laughing. I asked him how it could be a sin to be kissed by the man who was going to marry me. He replied, teasing me, "But if you don't marry him, still the kiss will remain." "I don't care," I said; "it won't show." He assured me, finally, that it was not a sin at all; and perhaps I should have been crestfallen if it were not that I had triumphed over the others. Then, as the story got about, it started a reputation for me as a flirt, which I enjoyed innocently. An Infanta of Spain kissed by a man at fifteen! It was almost a record.

When the archduke went away we were allowed to write to each other, though, of course, our letters had to be read by someone. I gave mine to my brother, but I do not suppose he ever glanced at them; the letters of a girl of fifteen, in such circumstances, would not be very interesting. I began to ask questions about the Austrian Court, where I should have to live after I married; and the reports I heard of it were not reassuring. The etiquette was most strict. I should be worse off there than in Madrid. And I should be separated from my brother. Very soon I did not like the thought of my engagement at all.

My brother had told us, at our first meeting on our return to Spain, that he was in love with a daughter of the Duc de Montpensier; that they had been corresponding unknown to her family—who were not so strict as ours—and that he intended to marry her. My mother was outraged at this announcement, for it was well known that the Duc de Montpensier had helped to bring about the revolution that had lost her the throne. When we went to Sevilla, to live in the Alcazar, she forgave the Duc, who had a palace in Sevilla, but she continued to intrigue against my brother's marriage; and it was because of this that he quarrelled with her, and let her

go back to France when we Infantas came to live with him in Madrid.

The Duc de Montpensier was the youngest son of King Louis Philippe of France, and—like all that King's sons—extremely clever. He had married my mother's sister, another daughter of King Ferdinand VII., on the same day that my parents married; and he had lived in Spain ever since. In Sevilla my sisters and I became very friendly with our young cousins, the Duc's children, and I became like another daughter to the Duc, whom I adored. He had all the charm of the *esprit Français*, animated and witty, accustomed to conversation with clever people, tolerant of opinions opposed to his own, and hating—more than anything else in the world—stupidity. He delighted me. He sympathized with me. I used to tell him all my little troubles.

I think that when the history of my mother's reign and the republic is written, it will lay great stress on the Duc's influence in Spain. At once, on his arrival, he had attracted to himself all the Liberal elements in the Spanish Court, unconsciously, as mind attracts mind. He became the head of a Liberal party—subsequently called the "Orleans" party, because he was of the House of Orleans—although he always declared that he had neither desired nor tried to organize any following for himself. Men like the famous writer, José de Echegaray, gathered around him, and his palace became a centre for the dissemination of Liberal ideas. He was antagonistic to the Conservatives, who were chiefly Clerical; and he was much feared and opposed by the priests. He wished to improve the conditions in Spain. He wished, as he used to say, humorously, "to make it habitable." But I do not think that he had any personal ambition to rule; for, although he had distinguished himself for bravery in the French army, and was a general in the Spanish army, he made no attempt to use his influence with the army or with the politicians, in order to obtain the throne for himself when it went begging after my mother lost it. He had not expected, he told me, that the reformers contemplated interfering with the ruling family. He supported the Liberals and gave them money, in the hope that they would correct the abuses and corruptions of misgovernment in Spain. And when no good came of it, he assisted the movement to call my brother to the throne.

My brother was as devoted to him as I was, and held to his intention of marrying the Duc's daughter in spite of all the intriguing and the opposition of people who feared the Duc's influence, and the warnings that this was a new attempt of the Duc to get back into political power by putting his daughter on the throne of Spain. It was a love match purely—the only one I ever knew in Royalty. For Royal love matches are usually marriages between persons of Royal birth who are enthusiastic because they find they have no positive aversion for each other.

The Duc, even in Sevilla, had planned to marry me to one of his sons, Antoine d'Orléans, whom I liked as a cousin, but had no other affection for. I said "No." When I came to Madrid this was still talked of, as such things are discussed in families, but I paid no attention to it. My engagement to the archduke ended it for a time; but when I grew melancholy at the thought of going to Austria my brother would say, "Well, then, why not marry Antoine, and we shall never be separated." And if you have to marry someone who will be more or less indifferent to you—and you foresee that in one choice your father-in-law, at least, will be charming—and that choice will keep you near a beloved brother whom you might otherwise lose—well, why not? Besides, I did not have to decide immediately. I could not marry anyone yet. I let it drift—and drifted with it.

The Duc, to encourage me, perhaps, told me the story of his own marriage; and I think it is unique even in the annals of Royal alliances. It was, of course, an affair of State, arranged for him. His bride, my aunt, was only fourteen years of age, and she could not speak a word of French. He spoke no Spanish. When they had been married—in great pomp, at a double wedding with my mother and father—he was left alone for the first time with his wife. And the poor child was so frightened that she began to cry. He did not know what to say to reassure her, since he could not say anything that she could understand; and, looking around the room despairingly, his eye was caught by a movement of the curtains in the far corner of the bed-chamber. He looked more intently and made out the plume of a head-dress showing between the hangings. He rushed across the room and dragged out a lady-in-waiting! His exasperation at his bride's sobs and his own inability to quieten her broke in fury on the head of the unfortunate woman. She explained as well as she could that they were afraid the bride would be too frightened if she were left alone with him, and they had agreed to conceal one of her ladies behind the

curtains to give her secretly a sort of moral support. The Duc put her violently out of the room. "Spain!" he would cry, as he told of it. "Spain! Can you imagine it being done in any other country?" And truly it has the naive duplicity about it that one finds peculiarly Spanish.

I suppose that the Duc had a strong influence on both my brother and me—on our opinions and our points of view—yet it must have been the influence of personality unconsciously exerted, for he always refrained from giving opinions about public affairs, even when he was asked for them. "No," he would say, "I have learned not to express my opinions. They are always brought back to me—so transformed that I cannot recognize them—and presented to me as my own. Look at the revolution." He conformed in matters of religion to comfort his wife, who was very devout; but he never went to confession, and he required that when he attended mass the priests should not take more than twenty minutes for it. He would keep an eye on the clock, and when the twenty minutes had elapsed he would say, "Watch him now," and cough with peremptory impatience. The priest would immediately begin to race through to the conclusion of the service, and everyone would be anxious for him to finish, as if the Duc's impatience were some terrible threat to be placated. Yet, for a man so feared, I never knew anyone less fearsome.

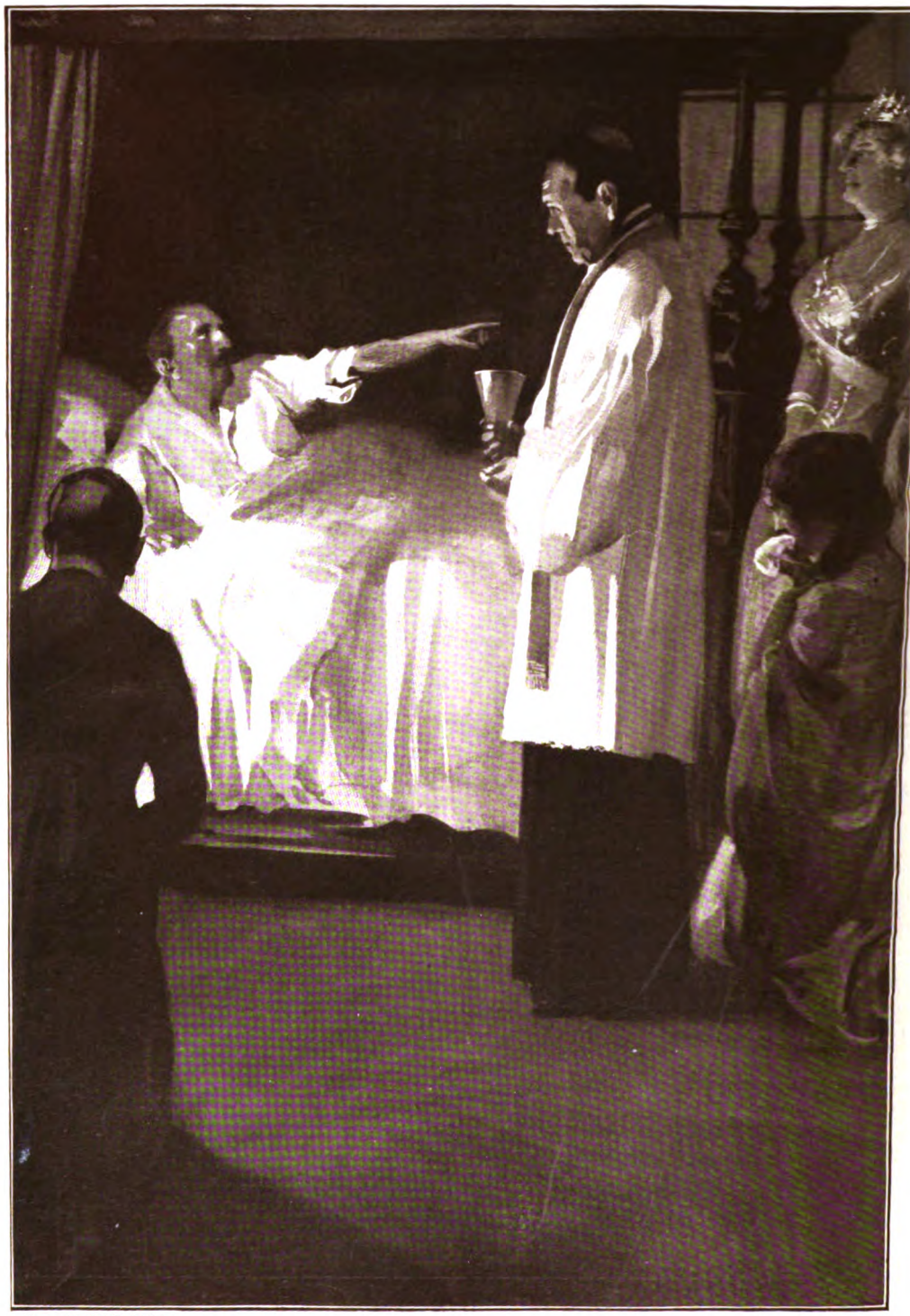
He was very patriarchal-looking when I knew him—white-bearded, heavily-fleshed, and benign. To his receptions in the evening came all the clever people, of whatever opinion, and whenever bores arrived he pretended that they had come to see his wife, and had them ushered to her apartments, and said, contentedly, "There now. They will pray together and enjoy themselves." It was the one thing that he asked of life—not to be bored. Imagine how that would appeal to one in the atmosphere of a Court. For the plague of Courts is *ennui*.

Princesses are peculiarly subject to it. A king or a prince has usually some work to do, some power to exercise. A princess is as much more idle than a young lady as a young lady is more idle than a working girl. In an attempt to keep up an exercise of my brain, I continued my studies during the whole ten years of my unmarried life in Spain—studying languages, the piano, singing, the harp, painting—and keeping myself occupied with reading and writing as well as I could. People tell me that princesses are stupid. I wonder that we are not all idiots. During my life in Madrid, almost my only public duty was to help lay corner-stones. I helped lay enough to pave the city. Whenever nothing else could be found to justify our existence, the authorities would say, "Come, let them lay a corner-stone." I cannot believe that any other stones were put on top of them. It is not possible. There were too many. If the buildings had all been completed there would not be room now, in the town, to walk. And the Te Deums that I listened to were numerous enough to exhaust the ears of Heaven.

I have already spoken of the audiences that we gave. They were stupid beyond words. One received strangers under conditions of formality that made them more strange, asked silly little questions of the women—"Are you married?" "How many children have you?"—smiled politely, and waited for the next one. It is the sort of thing that you might expect from the Chinese. And the purely Court receptions were even worse. There you had not even strangers, so you could not ask them whether they were married. You knew—or you were expected to know—all the dignitaries, statesmen, officials, aides, and diplomats who make up the Court circle; you met them again and again, for a perfunctory moment, said something innocuous, and passed on—until you met again. The problem was to think of something to say each time. Once after a Royal chapel—when we always had to make a circle of a roomful of officials lined up around the walls—I noticed, as we approached one officer, that he wore black gloves with his uniform. It is a sign of deep mourning. The others of the Royal family, preceding me, made the usual conventional attempts to say a little of nothing as if it were something worth saying; and so, when I came to him, although I had no idea who he was, I said, "I was deeply sorry to hear of your bereavement." The others, overhearing me, were mortified that they had not offered him their condolences too; and when the reception was over they spoke to me about it. Whom had he lost? How had I remembered it? And when I explained what I had done, without knowing who the man was, even the King was envious. It was so difficult to have anything to say, and a Royal family is always so haunted by the problem that my little ruse quite made a reputation for me. And, if you can believe it, the officer was deeply touched and gratified, poor soul, by my knowing of his grief. It is on such trifles that a king makes his personal popularity. But what a life!

Drawn by W. E. Webster.

"HE RUSHED ACROSS THE ROOM AND DRAGGED OUT A LADY-IN-WAITING!"



Drawn by W. E. Webster.

"HE SAT UP IN BED WITH A SHRIEK AND POINTED HIS SHAKING HAND AT HER."

When my brother married the Duc's daughter, Mercedes, we had that beautiful and charming creature added to our circle; but they were such lovers and so happy together that we had our brother less, though we had Mercedes more. By this time I had quite lost interest in the daughters of the grandees whom my brother invited to Court to make companionship for us. They could play no game more active than croquet, which they played languidly. When I drove them behind my four ponies they wanted always to go to the parks, where they could look sidelong at the young men; and I preferred the country drives with more freedom. I soon wearied of a conversation that was all holy water and *fiancés*. And before long the Spanish young men came to bore me as much as their sisters. They had only one conversation for a woman—the romantically sentimental, exaggerated to the point of foolishness. It was too silly. If they were not pretending that they were blighted with melancholy because of your unearthly charms, they were assuring you that they would shed their blood for you. I did not want to see their blood, but their brains; and they either had none or did not consider it necessary to use them in their conversation with a princess.

In the evenings I often went to the opera, but my brother had no ear at all for music; he could not tell the Royal March when it was played; and he complained that the singing depressed him like the howling of a dog. So I went with my sisters and some older chaperon. One night, on our way to the opera, we had an adventure that could happen only in Spain. There, whenever the priest is summoned to attend the dying, he takes the sacrament and sets out on foot, accompanied by an attendant with a little bell. The first carriage that he meets, even if it be a hired hack, is stopped at the sound of the bell and he is invited to ride. If the hack then meets a private carriage of more luxury, it is the privilege of the owner to take the priest into his vehicle. And if the Royal carriage is met, the Royalty not only take the priest with them, but they are expected to follow into the house of the dying, and kneel in the death-chamber while the last rites are being performed.

On this night I was in our carriage with a princess who was most gorgeously arrayed in a bright green evening gown ornamented with silver, with a great display of jewels on her corsage, and on her head a huge rayed ornament of diamonds in the shape of a diadem. Her hair was prematurely grey and rather wild. She had been riding in the sun, and her face was flushed. She was an enormous woman—so large that she had to give up horseback-riding because it became impossible to find a horse capable of carrying her.

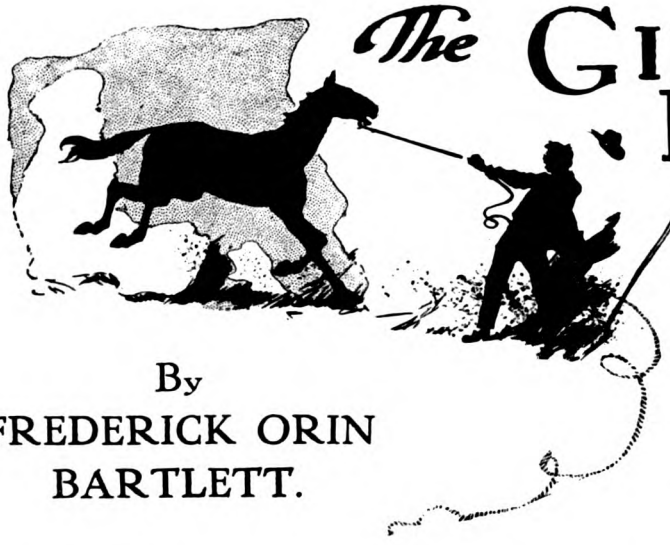
We were scarcely well away from the palace when we heard approaching us the bell of the sacrament, and I said to her, hurriedly, "We can't go to a death-bed in this finery. I'll make the driver turn round." But she was very religious. It was a sacrilege to her to turn our backs on the Host. In spite of my protests, we met the priest, took him into the carriage, and drove him to his destination. There the princess and I followed him into the death-chamber, devoutly, though with very doubtful feelings on my part.

We found a man dying of some sort of fever, lying on his back in bed, with a holy candle burning on his forehead—to improve his temperature, no doubt. He opened his eyes at our entrance; and when he saw the unearthly apparition of the princess in bright green, with the hair and face of a soul in purgatory and a blaze of glory about her head, he sat up in bed with a shriek, pointed his shaking hand at her, and cried "Booh!" That was all I saw. I got down on my knees, helpless with hysterical laughter, and covered my face with my hands. When the ceremony was over, I hurried out as best I could and went to pieces in the carriage. The man died that night.

One would think it was not very sanitary to be making such visits to fatal cases of disease. And it was not. We went once to the death-bed of a smallpox patient and knelt on pillows that had been under his head. But the Spanish people have no regard for sanitary conditions. They seem to have a vitality that is proof against infection; and in the South of Spain particularly they live to incredible old age.

(*To be continued.*)

The Gift Horse



By
FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT.

Illustrated by
G. Henry Evison.

THE great point of distinction between the two pretty suburban towns of Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet and Edgemere-on-the-Heights lay in the fact that the former was easily reached by a short and plebeian walk from the railway station, while the latter was comfortably accessible only to those who owned motor-cars.

Arkwright, ever since he inherited from his father-in-law a small property in Standard Oil stock, had hovered unsatisfactorily midway between the two towns. He could not afford a car of any kind, but he bought a horse and trap, which met him every day at the station on his return home.

It was at this point in his career that the Federal Government unscrambled the oil trust, to the complete and total satisfaction of Arkwright and his stock. Hardly had the stock ceased its upward flight before he had negotiated for the purchase of a house which, at the most conservative estimate, called for a five-hundred-pound car.

That neither good fortune nor bad affects us alone is a platitude, but the devious outworking of this axiom is not always platitudinous. John Bainbridge, Arkwright's cousin, who lived at Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet, had noted with patriotic indifference the indictment and trial of the oil trust as on his way to and from town he scanned his daily paper; he had read the report of its demise with patriotic scepticism, and he had smiled over its final resurrection with patriotic amusement. And yet, all the while, this episode was preparing to play a very important part in his life as inevitably, so far as he was concerned, as if the trust was born, had lived, died, and risen for no other purpose on earth.

Arkwright had no sooner received the deed of his new house and placed an order for his car than the question naturally arose as to what disposition should be made of the horse. He himself, being a practical man, was eager to sell her; but his wife, being a lady of some sentiment in spite of social aspirations, refused to consider this. Being also a lady of some force of character, this decision was final.

"Well, then?" inquired Arkwright, washing his hands of the whole matter.

"There's Cousin John," replied Mrs. Arkwright; "I'm sure he would take the best of care of Nellie."

"Your proposition, then, is that we should give John the horse and trap outright?"

"He's your cousin," Mrs. Arkwright reminded her husband. "And, besides, he lives so near that if we gave him Nellie we could borrow her whenever we wished."

"My dear, our car is promised for delivery next week."

"Oh, I'm not suggesting that we ever should need Nellie again, but if we should——"

"Well?"

"Then we would."

"That's so," admitted Arkwright, thoughtfully. "I'll speak to John this morning."

Cousin John was seated in a smoking carriage and was reading the financial page of the morning paper. He took about as much interest in the financial page as a man does in the racing news who never made a bet in his life. However, everyone in Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet read it, if for no other reason, not to be outdone by his neighbours. When Arkwright took a seat beside him Bainbridge looked up and nodded.

"I see Coppers promise to be active again," observed Bainbridge.

"Didn't know you were interested in Coppers," replied Arkwright.

"Oh, yes. I'm not holding any, but I've always been interested in them. How's the new house getting on?"

"Expect to move in next week," Arkwright answered, with some pride. "And, by the way, that reminds me that I must do something with Nellie. Won't need her with the car, you know."

"Going to sell her?"

"No," Arkwright drawled, thoughtfully. "She's a valuable horse and ought to bring a good price, but—well, I have a little sentiment about the nag. We've had her five years, you know."

Bainbridge nodded.

"Didn't know but what I'd give her to some friend—someone who would be good to her."

"Give her?" inquired Bainbridge, with the first real interest he had shown.

"For her keep. You understand how it is; she's been a sort of pet, and so I'd like to have her somewhere near, where I could keep half an eye on her. If she ever got lonesome or anything I'd never forgive myself. Haven't room for a stable at your place, have you?"

"Why, I don't know," Bainbridge answered, wistfully; "I think I might squeeze one in."

He already saw himself driving down to the station every morning.

"I don't know another man I'd rather see have her," said Arkwright.

"Say, it would be great! Could take the kiddies out on Sunday afternoons."

"Of course," nodded Arkwright, who had no kiddies. "And then, the wife——"

"I'm sure I could manage a stable all right," Bainbridge cut in, eagerly. "I could build most of it myself."

"Then I'll speak to Mrs. Arkwright about it to-night, if you think——"

"Will you? I—I can't tell you how grateful I should be."

"Don't mention it. Will let you know to-morrow."

Arkwright rose. As he was leaving he turned and said, as an after-thought:—

"Don't suppose you'd object to our using her now and then?"

"Lord, man, she's your horse! I should want you to feel free to use her whenever you like."

"Thanks," said Arkwright, with a patronizing smile. "I'm not suggesting we ever should, once the car comes; but, if we should——"

"Any time," broke in Bainbridge, with a generous wave of his hand.

Of course Mrs. Arkwright agreed to the proposition when her husband reported it to her that night as if it were his own inspiration. Arkwright immediately telephoned to John, and he, the next day, went to see an architect about the stable.

Now, ordering a stable isn't like ordering a bale of hay—at least, not if an architect has the soul of an artist, and for a house in a town like Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet. To preserve the harmonies and keep the structure on an available twenty square feet of land, and still have it large enough to shelter a horse and carriage, is rather a neat problem. The architect's idea was to guard against making the stable look like an excrescence—so to combine it with the house that the two should be one concordant whole—and yet as far as possible to keep the horse out of the kitchen. Then, too, the general contour of the surrounding sky-line must be taken into consideration. Bainbridge's first visit resulted in nothing more tangible than a general discussion which ended with an invitation to the architect's assistant to come down that night to dinner.

Bainbridge felt freer to develop his own ideas with the younger man.

"See here," he ventured, after the assistant had boxed the compass around the bit of green-sward, squinting through half-closed eyes at everything on the horizon-line. "See here; what I want, you know, is just a barn."

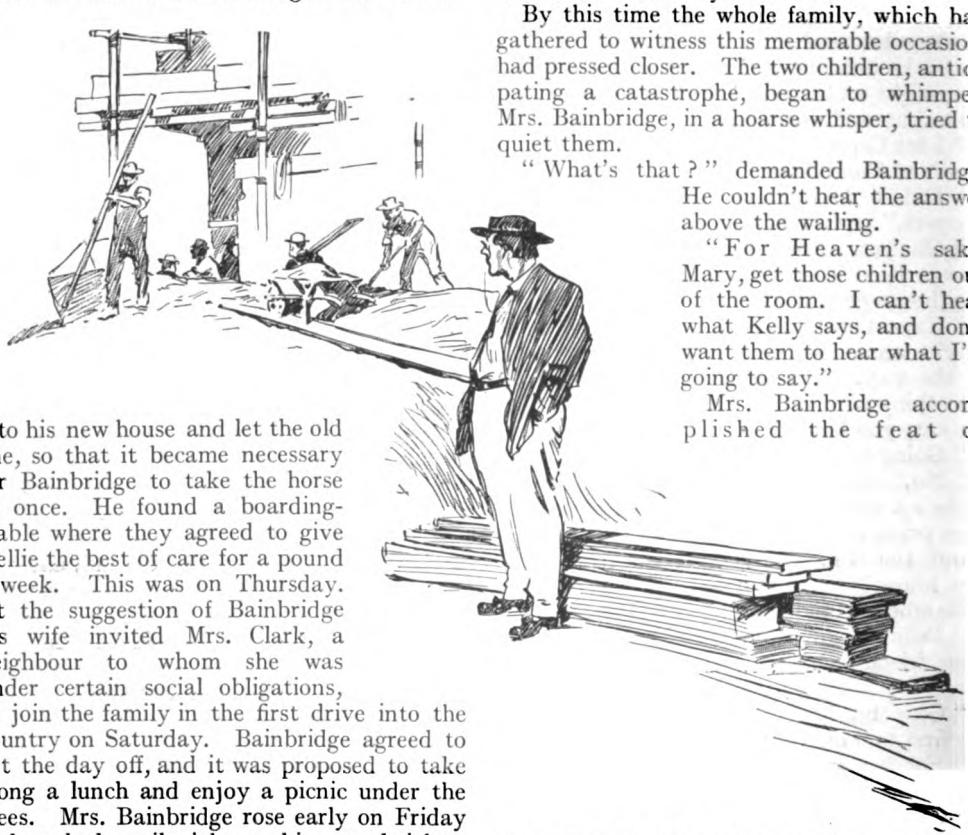
"What you want," the assistant corrected him, "is a stable—and not only a stable, but a stable that will blend into your house."

"Of course, I want it to look all right, but——"

"We will attend to that."

And this was all that Bainbridge was allowed to say. Indeed, beyond signing the paper of specifications in a sort of daze, he never again saw either the architect or his assistant. In due course of time, however, men appeared and began to dig. During the next month or two Bainbridge watched them, not only with interest, but with considerable curiosity as to just what the thing was going to look like.

In the meanwhile Arkwright had moved into his new house and let the old one, so that it became necessary for Bainbridge to take the horse at once. He found a boarding-stable where they agreed to give Nellie the best of care for a pound a week. This was on Thursday. At the suggestion of Bainbridge his wife invited Mrs. Clark, a neighbour to whom she was under certain social obligations, to join the family in the first drive into the country on Saturday. Bainbridge agreed to get the day off, and it was proposed to take along a lunch and enjoy a picnic under the trees. Mrs. Bainbridge rose early on Friday and worked until night making sandwiches, dainty turnovers, and a loaf of John's favourite cake. In addition to this, she found it necessary to iron two fresh dresses for the children, and to spend what time remained in preventing them from over-eating and in suppressing their excitement over the prospective outing so that they would have a good night's sleep. However, she fulfilled these motherly duties with a good spirit, and, though at night she could hardly lift her feet, retired to rest with a smile on her lips. John did not reach home until eleven, as he had to remain late in order to put his business into shape so that he could leave it. Both were up betimes in the morning, and found a clear June sky to greet them.



"DURING THE NEXT MONTH OR TWO BAINBRIDGE WATCHED THEM WITH CONSIDERABLE CURIOSITY AS TO JUST WHAT THE THING WAS GOING TO LOOK LIKE."

Breakfast was quickly disposed of, the children dressed, the luncheon baskets packed, Mrs. Clark notified, and then, in one of the proudest moments of his life, John stepped to the telephone to summon his horse.

"Halloa! Is this Kelly's stable? Halloa, Kelly! Will you send my trap round to the house at once? Yes, this is Mr. Bainbridge. What's that you say? Lame? How the deuce did she get a nail in her foot? Better not use her for a day or two?"

By this time the whole family, which had gathered to witness this memorable occasion, had pressed closer. The two children, anticipating a catastrophe, began to whimper. Mrs. Bainbridge, in a hoarse whisper, tried to quiet them.

"What's that?" demanded Bainbridge. He couldn't hear the answer above the wailing.

"For Heaven's sake, Mary, get those children out of the room. I can't hear what Kelly says, and don't want them to hear what I'm going to say."

Mrs. Bainbridge accomplished the feat of removing the two kicking, screaming youngsters, but tumbled their dresses and her own hair in doing it. When Bainbridge joined them again his face was red and his fresh collar wilted. At this point Mrs. Clark entered, fresh and radiant and immaculate.

"It seems the horse is lame in her rear off foot," Bainbridge explained, as calmly as he could. "Kelly hasn't another horse in his stable, and so I don't see what we can do but take a car."

"MRS. BAINBRIDGE ACCOMPLISHED THE FEAT OF REMOVING THE TWO KICKING, SCREAMING YOUNGSTERS."

Under ordinary circumstances this would have been an acceptable proposition; but under the present circumstances it came as a serious anti-climax. And, in spite of everyone's best efforts, such it remained the rest of the day.

It was two weeks before Nellie was fit to use again, and then Bainbridge discovered that he couldn't be driven to the station in the morning without rising half an hour earlier; and, in view of the present load of responsibility he was carrying on account of his building operations, this was impossible. However, his stable was progressing, and, once the horse was next door, this difficulty would be overcome. He suggested that Mrs. Bainbridge should use the horse to return some afternoon calls, but she declared that she wouldn't trust herself with a strange driver, and that, as the mother of two children, she wouldn't risk driving herself until John showed her how. He promised to give her the first lesson on the following Sunday; but it rained all day, so he couldn't. On the fifth Sunday they had to take the train and spend the day with Grandmother Bainbridge. So it was not until the sixth Sunday that he found another opportunity. He came home with a cold that Saturday night, and Mrs. Bainbridge would not listen to his going out for three days.

"MRS. CLARK ENTERED, FRESH AND IMMACULATE."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Arkwright had used the horse half-a-dozen times to make some calls upon her old friends in Edgemere-by-the-Rivulet while the car was being repaired. It seems that Arkwright was learning to run the car himself, and had not been altogether fortunate in his selection of the proper levers to pull at the proper times. However, this prevented the horse from getting foot-sore from disuse, so that Bainbridge did not complain.

By this time the stable, which had been progressing slowly but surely, began to take on flesh and assume the semblance of a building. Bainbridge took heart at this. Once the animal—he always spoke of her now as "the animal"—was in his own stable and under his own care and convenient for his own use, he could have some comfort with her. He resolved not to bother any more with her until that happy time matured. Though he watched with some impatience the slow development of the building, he really, so far, had derived more satisfaction from it than he had from the horse it was designed to shelter. There was scarcely an evening that one or more of the neighbours didn't come over to discuss it and offer suggestions for its improvement. Bainbridge found himself repeating the favourite expressions of the architect, until they fell so trippingly from his tongue that he began to feel as if they were the expression of his own artistic instinct. There was really no doubt that he was getting a pretty stable. It could not exactly be called impressive, but it was dainty. When the trimmings were on and it had received its second coat of white paint it looked so fresh and pert that at times Bainbridge was actually disturbed by the question whether it would not be advisable to make over the kitchen for the horse, and use the newer building as a sort of addition to the old house. He really needed more room. Although, when he first suggested this to his wife, it was in something the spirit of a jest, it became a matter for serious consideration after he had received the architect's final bill. With the extras, the stable was to

"HE CAME HOME WITH A COLD THAT SATURDAY NIGHT."

cost him something like four hundred pounds. Weak in the knees, Bainbridge protested. It would take every penny of his savings. The architect listened with some scorn.

"I consider that stable one of the best of my minor works," he replied.

"It's all right," admitted Bainbridge; "but I didn't intend to spend any such sum as that upon it. Why, the house didn't cost more than twice as much!"

"WITH THE EXTRAS, THE STABLE WAS TO COST HIM SOMETHING LIKE FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS."

"The cost?" inquired the architect, with an astonished shrug of his shoulders. "You can hardly expect me to pry into the personal affairs of my clients."

Bainbridge paid the bill. There wasn't anything else for him to do, and of course the initial fault was his for signing the specifications while in a hypnotic state. But the next thing he did was to remove the animal from Kelly's and cut off that additional expense. Bainbridge found it necessary to borrow a hatchet and cut a chunk out of the barn door in order to get the carriage in, but this he did with a certain relish. It would have been with a still keener relish, to be sure, had he found an opportunity to cut the same-sized chunk out of the architect. If this was too much to ask for, he would have taken the assistant as an acceptable substitute.

"'I CONSIDER THAT STABLE ONE OF THE BEST OF MY MINOR WORKS,' HE REPLIED."

There were several incidentals that Bainbridge had neglected to provide, such as hay and oats, which were fetching a high price. Besides these, it soon became evident that a blanket for the horse was necessary, to say nothing of a brush, curry-comb, pitchfork, shovel, carriage-sponge, carriage-jack, carriage-grease, and a peck measure. As he could not find a place in the city where such things were given away, Bainbridge was forced to buy them.

In his youth he had spent several years on a farm, and, so far as the care of the animal went, he knew how to attend to that, and really looked forward to the work. He used all his spare time until the following Sunday in getting Nellie and the trap ready for the long-postponed first drive. He worked until ten o'clock Saturday night grooming the mare

"AT HALF-PAST TWELVE THAT NIGHT THE TELEPHONE-BELL RANG."

until she shone, and in washing the two-seater until it was speckless. Then, dog-tired, he tumbled into bed in order to be fresh for the morrow.

At half-past twelve that night the tel. phone-bell rang. Bainbridge ignored it for five minutes, but it woke up the children, and the noise they made it was impossible to ignore. As he picked up the receiver the voice that answered sounded familiar.

"Oh, that you, Arkwright?"

"Yes," came the reply. "I say, John, we're in a deuce of a fix. The car has broken down. Knew you wouldn't mind, under the circumstances, just slipping the harness on Nellie and driving us home."

"What's that?"

"We'll leave the car here until the morning; but if you'd trot out and get Mrs. Arkwright and myself——"

"Where are you?"

"HE HEARD HIS WIFE CALLING AFTER HIM EXCITEDLY, 'JOHN, JOHN! THERE'S NO USE HURRYING SO!'"

"Just this side of Windmere. It isn't more than six miles."

Bainbridge swallowed hard. For a second he was on the point of referring Arkwright to a place which has been variously estimated by some as nearer than six miles and by others as considerably farther. But his better nature checked him. After all, he was under deep obligations to Arkwright. It was he who had given him the horse. He couldn't very well leave his benefactor out in the rain all night—no matter how much satisfaction it would have given him at this moment. He must keep cool.

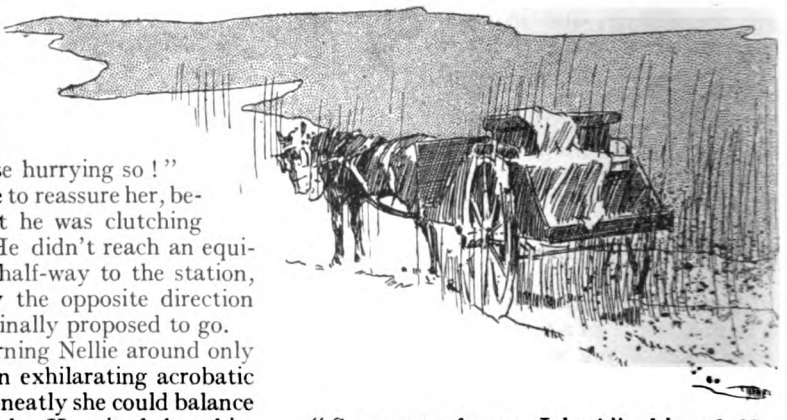
"Tell me how to find you," he choked.

He received prompt and minute directions.

Nellie objected to going out in the rain at that time of night as much as her new master, and, by finding an opportunity to step on Bainbridge's foot and another to crowd him almost flat against the side of the stall, made herself clear on that point. She refused to open her mouth for the bit until Bainbridge viciously seized her nose and cut off her wind. When he tried to adjust the crupper she pressed her tail down so tight that he was forced to resort to measures by no means endorsed by the S.P.C.A. It took him three-quarters of an hour to harness her and fifteen minutes after that to open the barn door, which had swollen. The only relief he had all this while was a mental picture of Arkwright and his wife huddled up disconsolately in the car waiting for him.

As soon as Nellie became convinced that she had no alternative but to take this mid-night excursion she resolved to do it and get it over as soon as possible. Before Bain-bridge was fairly in she bolted out of the stable

and almost threw him over the rear seat. From an upper window he heard his wife calling after him excitedly: "John, John! There's no use hurrying so!"



He didn't have time to reassure her, because at that moment he was clutching at the dashboard. He didn't reach an equilibrium until he was half-way to the station, which was in exactly the opposite direction from that he had originally proposed to go.

He succeeded in turning Nellie around only after she had given an exhilarating acrobatic demonstration of how neatly she could balance a carriage on one wheel. He seized the whip, with the firm intention of showing her once for all who was master; but, finding an immediate use for both hands, was forced to drop it overboard. It seemed almost as if she were responding to the emergency call of her former master's voice, for she maintained this speed unchecked for the first three miles, and then settled down into a trot, which was fast enough for Bainbridge, considering the fact that the road was pitch-black and that the rain was beating against his glasses so that he couldn't see at all. Nellie had not given him time to pull the carriage-rug up over his knees, and so he was drenched to the skin. If he had thought it possible, he might have turned back. He was actually revolving this in his mind, when two demonish yellow eyes by the roadside informed him that he had reached his destination. He drew up beside the car and peered in. Arkwright, comfortably bundled up in a heavy coat in the snug recess of a corner beneath the rain-shield, was fast asleep. Mrs. Arkwright, also fast asleep, reposed comfortably with her head on her husband's shoulder. It was a rare picture of conjugal felicity and peace; it seemed a pity to disturb them. With clenched teeth Bainbridge wondered vaguely if it was his further duty to wait there in the rain until they awoke naturally. Nellie decided this by giving an impatient whinny. Arkwright, with a start, aroused Mrs. Arkwright. The two sat up and blinked.

"If you're all ready we might as well start back," suggested Bainbridge.

"That you, John?" replied Arkwright. "Must have taken half a wink. Hope we haven't put you to any trouble?"

"Oh, no trouble at all," answered Bainbridge, choking back the more natural, if less conventional, words that struggled hard for expression. "It's—it's a pleasure."

"So sweet of you, John!" chirped Mrs. Arkwright.

Arkwright assisted his wife into the rear seat, and piled in all the various robes after her. In two minutes they were both as snug and comfortable again as they had been in the machine.

"All ready, John," Arkwright announced, sleepily.

"Very well, sir," replied John, respectfully tipping his cap.

With this added weight behind her, Nellie became dispirited to such a degree that John could not force her out of a plodding walk. Having lost his whip, he could do nothing but slap her with the reins, which evoked no other response than an indifferent switch of her tail. The Arkwrights didn't mind this, because the easy-going gait only lulled them into a deeper slumber, but Bainbridge found his teeth beginning to chatter long before they reached the sharp incline leading to the Heights. It was half-past three when he drew up before the imposing new house and Arkwright assisted his wife out.

"So sweet of you, John!" she murmured, with a yawn.

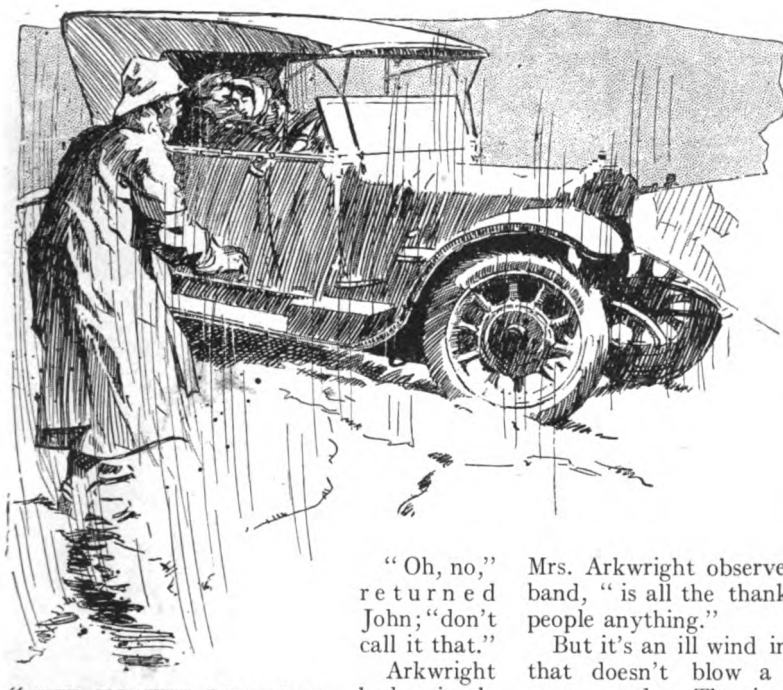
"Thanks, John!" Arkwright added. "Hope Nellie won't catch cold. Better rub her down."

"All right, sir," responded Bainbridge, again unconsciously tipping his cap.

It may be hardly necessary to add that Nellie did not get rubbed down. When John made his way upstairs, leaving a wet and muddy trail behind him, the clocks were chiming four.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the telephone-bell rang again. Bainbridge had not yet risen, but when his wife told him it was Arkwright who wanted him he rose at once.

"I call this an imposition," his wife protested, mildly.



"WITH CLENCHED TEETH BAINBRIDGE WONDERED IF IT WAS HIS FURTHER DUTY TO WAIT THERE IN THE RAIN UNTIL THEY AWOKE NATURALLY."

"Oh, no," returned John; "don't call it that."

Arkwright had a simple request to make. It was necessary for him to go out and look after the car, and he thought John wouldn't mind driving him over.

"I'll come at once," answered Bainbridge.

He dressed and, without a word to his wife, hurried to the barn. There was something so peculiar about his expression that she followed him uneasily. Still, she didn't dare to question him, and, as he offered no word of explanation, she merely stood in the corner and looked on. He harnessed Nellie without grooming her, and then into the rear of the conveyance piled first what was left of the bag of oats, then the blanket, the halter, the new carriage-jack, the sponge, the can of grease, the peck measure, the curry-comb and brush, and the barn-shovel. Then he went to the loft and tumbled down the stairs half a bale of hay which he had just bought. He nearly broke his back lifting this into the front seat.

"John," exclaimed his wife, "have you gone crazy?"

"See anything more?" he inquired.

"But, John——"

He shoved open the barn door and took his seat beside the bale of hay. He brought the reins down sharply across the flanks of the astonished animal and put her on a run up the hill to Arkwright's house. The latter, at this strange sight, came running out, with his wife at his heels.

"Here," said Bainbridge, "take her! Take her quick! And listen, Arkwright, if ever you try to give her to me again, I'll — I'll shoot her!"

"Which," as Mrs. Arkwright observed, later, to her husband, "is all the thanks you get for giving people anything."

But it's an ill wind indeed that doesn't blow a man some good. The incident developed John's artistic instinct. This was proved when he put a couple more windows in the barn, partitioned it off roughly into rooms, let his house, and took up his residence in the studio. Confidentially, however, he hopes within a couple of years to be able to move back into the house.

"'JOHN,' EXCLAIMED HIS WIFE, 'HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?'"

ODD INCIDENTS AT GOLF.

"I ACTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN HOLING OUT FROM THIS VERY UNPROMISING LIE."

JAMES BRAID.
From a Photograph by Sport & General.

BY

JAMES BRAID.

Illustrated by Tom Wilkinson.

THERE is no game like golf either for humour or strange occurrences. It easily beats all others. The golfer's fund of stories, humorous and strange, is far bigger than that of the player of any other game. A whole season of football or cricket or tennis or hockey will produce scarcely as much of this nature as a single week of golf. Though it must be left to the analysts to determine exactly the reason why, it is obvious that the peculiarities of the golf-ball, of the clubs, and of the players behind the two—especially the players—have much to do with it.

The ball is an imp of mischief, full of fantastic as well as dirty tricks, and capricious as a woman. One day it will be all smiles and kind favours; your round of the links will be untroubled by anything but good fortune, and you will hole out in a flatteringly small number of strokes. The next day you will be vainly endeavouring to control a little white devil, who delights in darting off into bunkers, in dodging the hole, and in other kinds of maliciousness.

Take just one instance from each of these moods. In a medal round at Felixstowe many years ago a player pushed his third shot far out to the right of the first hole. The ball alighted on the roof of a hut, rolled down on the near side, and fell on to a heap of bricks that extended towards the green. Instead of settling down among these bricks, the ball commenced to dance from brick to brick, and finally, with a huge hop, reached the green and lay stone-dead, the player getting a four where he deserved nothing better than a seven. Lucky player! Kind little ball!

But in the following incident the ball is seen in its opposite character. A player had to drive over a plantation about sixty yards from the tee. He hit a clean but too low a shot, losing sight of the ball after it had gone a little way. The next thing he was conscious of, and the last for some time to come, was a violent blow in the eye which knocked him flat and put an end to his golf for several months. The ball had hit a tree-trunk right in the middle and rebounded the sixty yards. Unlucky player! Cruel little ball!

If the Oxford don's definition of *golf*—namely, "putting little balls into little holes with instruments very ill-adapted to the purpose"—is true, then it is not difficult to understand why the clubs are sometimes responsible for the strange things that happen at golf.

As for the players—well, they are very human, and no other explanation is necessary.

And there seems to be no end to the strange

"THE BALL HAD HIT A TREE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE AND REBOUNDED SIXTY YARDS."

things that may happen at golf. Something entirely new and hitherto unheard-of is frequently occurring. Thus, the other day, on a North London course, two balls driven from opposite directions collided in mid-air. So far as I know, this has never happened before.

Personally I have been concerned in several curious incidents on the golf-course, while I have seen a good number befall other players.

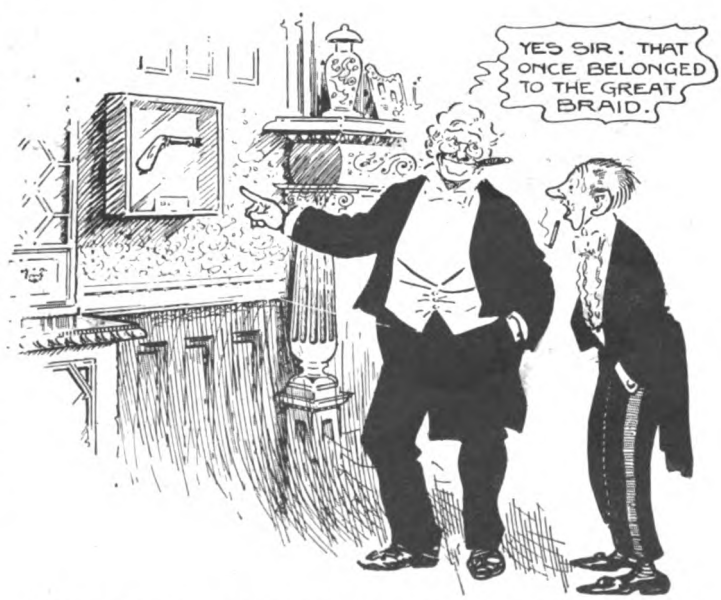
At Romford, once, while I was starting to swing back an iron club a player to another hole pulled his shot and his gutty ball struck the greenheart shaft of my club and split it.

During one of the championships at Muirfield my cleek-shaft broke, the head of the club flying away to a considerable distance. Needless to say, I never recovered the head!

Broken heads of clubs sometimes fly to an amazing distance. A hundred yards down the middle of the course is what some players say they have done.

Playing in an Edinburgh tournament on one occasion, I got into a whin-bush. In getting out I hit the ball too clean, and it struck a spectator twenty yards beyond the hole, rebounding thence and coming to rest within five yards of the pin.

Much the same kind of good fortune was enjoyed by Vardon on one occasion when I was playing against him. He played rather too strongly out of a bunker, his ball going amongst the spectators. One of them kicked the ball back up the slope of the green, and another of them kicked it downhill again. As the ball had never been at rest it had to be accepted as a rub of the green, and Vardon was benefited by being ten yards or so nearer the hole than he would have been had not the spectators indulged in this little game of football.



"NEEDLESS TO SAY, I NEVER RECOVERED THE HEAD OF THE CLUB!"

Spectators frequently contribute in this and other ways to the variety of golf. Playing in a tournament in the South of France, J. H. Taylor holed out in one, and it was some time before the spectators advised him where the ball lay, being under the impression that it was an everyday occurrence!

Mention of a hole in one recalls the occasion when I was the victim of a player who holed out in *nothing!* I was playing the best ball of two players and conceding a stroke at a hole where they had the honour, *and one of them holed her tee shot!* It was useless for me to play my tee shot, as even had I holed it I should still have lost the hole.

Instances of balls landing in the pockets of players and spectators in front, either with or without their knowledge, are comparatively common. Quite the most extraordinary incident of this kind occurred on the Elie and Earlsferry links many years ago, before ladies played golf and while they still affected the crinoline and the chignon. The Rev. A. B. Campbell, of Markinch, a well-known Fife golfer, was playing round the links, accompanied by his daughter. A following player drove into them, Miss Campbell being struck by the ball, which, however, could not, despite a careful hunt all round, be found anywhere. Its whereabouts remained a mystery until, on retiring to rest that night, the lady discovered it embedded in her hair.

Here is another unique incident from the same links and out of the hoary past, in which the late Provost Matheson, of Dunfermline, and the late Mr. Martin, of Liverpool, were the principals. A skimming brassy shot from the opposite direction hit the Provost a tremendous crack on the shin-bone. In his surprise and pain he brandished the stick which he always carried on the links and struck his opponent, Mr. Martin, a severe blow on the nose. A dual accident of such a kind was extraordinary enough; but the most extraordinary part was to come. This blow on the nose was a blessing in disguise; it had the effect of relieving a nasty abscess and saving an impending visit to the surgeon.

Golf stories are not easy to tabulate. They must be jotted down more or less as they come.

My record drive of three hundred and ninety-six yards was made at the fifteenth hole at Walton Heath, when the ground was frozen hard and a hurricane blowing.

I did an unusual thing at Walton Heath once, at the eighth. I played my ball out of a bunker; it dropped straight into the hole and stayed there.

On another occasion my opponent threatened to twist my neck if I holed out from some cart-ruts at the third hole at Walton Heath. I actually succeeded in holing out from this very unpromising lie. My opponent, however, failed to carry out his threat.

"INSTEAD OF APOLOGIZING AND SHOWING CONCERN FOR HIS INJURIES, HE SAID, WITH A SATANIC SMILE ON HIS FACE, 'IT'S OUR HOLE.'"

A most amusing incident connected with a "threat" is told about a certain chief constable in Scotland, a genial giant, six feet high and twenty stone in weight, a man as benevolent as he was big. He was walking about the links of the club to which he belonged, most of the other players having gone off, when a little man, a visitor, appeared with his clubs. As he did not seem likely to get a game, the chief constable offered to play him. The little man inquired his handicap,

and was told it was "just aboot scratch." "Then you must give me a stroke a hole," he replied. The chief agreed, and they started off. The little man made no mistakes whatever, and on the eighth green the big man was eight down.

"Mon," growled the giant, "ye're a dommed fraud; I've a good mind to take my niblick to ye." Much to the chief's surprise, the little man took him seriously and bolted, never stopping till he reached his hotel and safety.

The most curious shot I ever saw at golf was a tee shot which struck the player who was making it on his *right foot!*

Another tee shot, hardly less curious, occurred on a noted West of England course. A very keen foursome was in progress, there being considerable feeling on both sides and not a little money on the match. At a certain hole one of the players sliced his tee shot so badly as to strike one of his opponents, who was standing to the right of the tee and a little in front of it. The ball struck him full on the solar plexus, and down he went. As he lay writhing in pain on the ground the player who had done the damage turned to him, but instead of apologizing and showing concern for his injuries, he said, with a Satanic smile on his face, "It's our hole."

A player on a Gloucestershire course had a most amazing experience. In playing a shot his ball hit a gate-post some five-and-twenty yards in front of him. Rebounding, it struck him on the pocket of his coat and set fire to a box of matches. Before he became aware of the fact most of that side of his coat was burnt out.

Foursomes generally manage to furnish some unusual incident, the opportunity being, as it were, doubled.

In a foursome at Walton Heath in which I was engaged, our opponents, one of whom was a famous professional, put their ball into a bush. The professional, unwilling to lose the hole, asked his partner if he had a club he did not mind getting broken. On receiving one, he successfully played the stroke and broke the club.

An amusing incident once occurred in a professional foursome at St. Andrews. One of the players sliced on to the railway, and

"BEFORE HE BECAME AWARE OF THE FACT MOST OF THAT SIDE OF HIS COAT WAS BURNT OUT."

his partner asked for the loan of some special club to play the shot. The former, however, walked over to have a look at the ball, and, seeing the awful place in which it lay, calmly replied, "Ye just break one of your own clubs."

The public courses round London and Edinburgh, and anywhere else, too, doubtless witness more odd incidents and accidents than private clubs.

In the early days of the Braid Hills course it was the custom for players on crowded days to tee up their balls on the first tee in readiness for their start. Naturally, such an unscientific method led to heated arguments as to whose turn came next. This first tee, it should be mentioned, had a very small area, and was of the plateau type, with dense whinbushes around and below it. On a certain Saturday afternoon the crowd of waiting players was larger than usual, and the tee a serried mass of tee'd-up balls. A player carefully picked his way on to the tee, found a vacant space for his feet, and addressed his ball. With the action of a man using a scythe, he took his club back, and with the same action

"HIS OWN BALL HE MISSED ALTOGETHER, BUT SUCCEEDED IN SWEEPING QUITE A NUMBER OF OTHER BALLS OFF THE TEE."

brought it forward. His own ball he missed altogether, but succeeded in sweeping quite a number of other balls off the tee into the whin-bushes. Half an hour later he could still be seen grovelling on hands and knees among the whin-bushes, vainly looking for other people's balls.

What amazes one most about golf on public commons, such as Wimbledon, is that so few accidents occur to pedestrians. They wander about seemingly in blissful ignorance that a golf-ball is a dangerous little thing. If they knew how hard it was and how swiftly it flies from the club—at the rate, it is computed, of three hundred miles an hour—they might not feel so comfortable in its neighbourhood. But perhaps it is just as well they don't know. May a special Providence continue to watch over them and the nursemaids and children who are the special bane of golfers on common courses!

Now and then accidents do occur, and a player tells how he watched a drive of his lengthen out fifty yards and more beyond his normal distance and light straight upon the head of an infant in arms. He ran forward in much apprehension, expecting to find something very like a corpse; but, to his unbounded astonishment and relief, the baby was unhurt, and its mother ignorant that any special danger had threatened it. The ball had fallen upon that wonderful woollen headgear affected by small babies, and had harmlessly dropped to the ground.

Fatal accidents on the golf links, though not unknown, are happily very rare. But if the golf-ball has been sparing of human life, it has done considerable destruction in the animal kingdom. Quite a common curiosity of golf clubs is a stuffed bird killed by a golf-ball on the links, and hung up in the club-house as a curio.

All manner of birds, from seagulls to snipe, have met their fate in this fashion. Possibly the commonest of kills is the lark. One of the most extraordinary of animal casualties occurred on a Scottish links. A player's ball dropped straight on to a couple of weasels engaged in mortal combat, and saved them any further trouble in the matter.

A clergyman who played his golf on an inland country course, where caddies were scarce and artificial tees the common practice, had trained his spaniel to pick up the tee—a brown rubber disc—after he had driven and carry it to the next teeing ground. The faithful dog for a long time performed this task without miss or mistake. One day, however, in a moment of canine aberration, he moved forward to pick up the tee as his master was in the act of driving. The latter did not observe the movement in time, and the poor dog received a fatal blow on the head.

But sometimes the animal kingdom avenges itself on the golfer and his implements. Playing in India recently, a lady hit her ball into the neighbourhood of some crows. Spying a white and unfamiliar object dropping from the skies, and hoping it might prove to be of an edible nature, one of the birds hopped down, seized the ball in its beak, and flew away, chased by the frantic player, shouting and brandishing her club.

THE PATCH OF NETTLES.

By

PAUL BOURGET.

Translated by Ethel Christian.

Illustrated by Léon Fauret.

Paul Bourget, one of the most celebrated French poets and authors, is a member of the Legion of Honour and, what is perhaps a still greater distinction, one of the Forty Immortals who constitute that exclusive institution, the French Academy. He has been described as the founder of the psychological school of fiction, and his works are remarkable for their subtle analysis of the working of the human emotions, while his studies of women stand apart from those of any other writer. The following story is an excellent example of M. Bourget's work, while it is based upon a most original and striking incident which has the rare merit of providing a new sensation in fiction.

"THAT strikes you as strange," said the Master of d'Habloville, "that square bed of nettles in this French flower-garden? We keep it there, too, for a very strange reason. The story is a dramatic one, which I can only tell you badly; but as you love a little this ancient building, these venerable beeches, this terrace overlooking the valley of the Orne, it would, perhaps, give you pleasure to know how this small country seat escaped destruction under the Terror. We keep in our charter-room—a very modest little charter-room—an account of this adventure, written by my great-grand-aunt, who was herself the heroine of it. You can read it through in a quarter of an hour after tea, and still have time to reach Bagnoles for dinner. But Habloville will afterwards be a more living thing to you, and that is what I desire. We are not dukes or peers. Our family were never distinguished, either during the *ancien régime* or since, but there have always been Barrois d'Habloville here for the last three hundred years. Here I was born. Here I was married. Here I brought up my children. Here I hope to die. You can imagine what those bricks and stones mean to me."

With a gesture he indicated the simple façade, dating from Louis XIII. It has no ornamentation save a stone bossage, standing out grey against the deep red-brick background. But it has a charm all its own. This old place, with its two turrets, its long, low slate roofs, its great trees framing the garden, and its queer parterre of nettles; to this

must be added the river flowing below the garden, and the master of the house himself, to make the picture complete.

M. d'Habloville is an old soldier, retired with the rank of Captain, having served in Tonquin; the yellow ribbon of the military medals on his breast tell with what distinction. Great family sorrows—his wife and three daughters dying within a short period of each other—have seared his thin, lined face. At fifty-five his hair is snow-white, but he holds himself very straight and his blue eyes have a look of pride that suits the owner of this fine old place. Having no successor but a nephew who does not bear his name, he would willingly leave it to the State—on the condition that everything remained untouched, unaltered—following the precedent of many illustrious persons, were he not a slave to the idea of "the good of the family." In this portrait I am trying to paint the man as I see him—his traits, his gestures, his attitude. When his hand, with its knotted veins, raises the gold-topped Malacca-cane to point out a hedge of old yoke-elms, the winding of the river, or the angle of a wall, one is almost astonished at not seeing a frill of lace fall back from his withered wrist, an eighteenth-century costume clothing the frail, upright old body, and a *perruque* crowning the lofty brow. Clothe him thus and you have before you one of those simple, unostentatious noblemen, such as one might imagine Mirabeau's steward, devoted and self-sacrificing in anything touching their race. Perhaps the charm that men of this type exercise over me—so perfectly in harmony with themselves—added to the impression left on my mind by the few notes written long ago by Mlle. Célénie Barrois d'Habloville. Perhaps the place where I read these confidences—a tiny round panelled closet, high up in a turret—fitted only too well the scenes evoked by those yellowing pages which my host took, with an almost devout air, from a massive mahogany chest bearing his coat of arms.

Whatever the cause, the story affected me so strongly that I begged leave to copy it. Permission was granted, and here it is, transcribed just as it was written down, except, it must be confessed, for some corrections in spelling. The late Mlle. Célénie had all the traditions of the *ancien régime*—even that of writing as she pronounced. Books were less familiar to her than a riding-whip.

HABLOVILLE,
August 10*th*, 1794.

The anniversary of a terrible day, but one which I shall look upon as a day of deliverance. On July 27th the tyrant Robespierre was guillotined at Paris, a sign that everything was changed. The messenger who brought me Cauvin's note telling me this news no longer called me *citoyenne* in talking to my servant—it was once more "Mademoiselle." Cauvin told me in this note that he was leaving to rejoin the army. He would not see me again; he asked my pardon for the past.

What a strange man! If anyone had told me three weeks ago that I should ever speak his name with any emotion except fear or horror I should not have believed it. He has saved me, and with me this château, these lands, all that I hold dear and for love of which I refused to emigrate with my brother. He has saved me. The story of the enormous difficulty he had to contend with, and all the happenings of those days, I want to write down while they are fresh in my memory. And this against the day when the King comes back and justice is done. This man must not be punished. He has been a Jacobin. He has committed crimes, I am sure; but I have seen him under the influence of a grand and honourable emotion which wipes them all out.

When he came back to the village, six weeks ago, I knew at once that something was going to happen. I will write down here the whole truth, which I have not told my brother. How could I tell him? What would he have thought had he known that Cauvin, a mere country yokel, the son of a domestic, sent to a Jesuit school by the charity of our parents, had dared to tell me he loved me? Philippe would have said to me: "You must have flirted with him—led him on!" I had only been foolish. In the months before the States-General a breath of folly had blown upon us all. This young man had come back from Paris with the prestige of examinations brilliantly passed. Everyone spoke of him as a future member of the Cabinet. Everyone lauded him. He professed sentiments which seemed to me splendidly unselfish. I was twenty-five, an age at which a girl—especially an orphan keeping house for an unmarried brother—could take to herself the independence of a young married woman. To talk with Cauvin amused me. On several occasions I met him while I was out riding, and he, being on horseback too—he was going round among the people preparatory to his election—he would accompany me; at first for a few minutes only, then for a longer time. I never attached any importance

to it. Before God Who sees me write these lines I swear I was as astonished as I was shocked when he spoke to me as he did. This was on the day after he had been nominated deputy to that fatal Assembly which was to be the Constituent Assembly. I was letting my horse gallop at his will under the great trees of the forest of Rabodanges, as I replied in the only way I could, he caught my arm, repeating :—

"Yes, I love you. I love you. I knew you would not marry me. You despise me because you are of noble birth and I am only a peasant. For fifteen years I have loved you. It was for you that I worked ; for you that I have had myself nominated deputy.

"I STRUCK HIM ACROSS THE FACE WITH MY RIDING-WHIP."

thought of the States-General and of the era of happiness and prosperity it was to inaugurate in France, when suddenly I saw Cauvin emerge from a ride at right angles to me. Clearly he had been watching for me. He brought his horse beside me and we rode on. I congratulated him on his success. He was silent. He looked so pale that I asked if he felt ill. Then he began to speak those words which, even to-day, I can hardly believe he really spoke—and that I really listened to them. But, yes, I heard them ; I can hear them still. I see his eyes when, having Look at me—look well—and remember what I say. You shall be mine !"

I looked at him as he bid me, to prove to him that I was not frightened, but the savage, masterful look on his face raised a storm of indignation in me, and I tried to disengage myself.

As his hold on my arm only tightened, I struck him across the face with my riding-whip, with such violence that the pain made him loose his hold. I galloped away. He followed. Fortunately a d'Habloville can manage a horse better than a Cauvin.

After a quarter of an hour's hard riding I no longer heard the beat of his horse's hoofs behind me. I got safely back to the château, and should, I suppose, have told the whole affair to my brother, but I was afraid of a scandal. It would be time enough to speak, I thought, if Cauvin showed he had not profited by the lesson I had given him; it had been sharp, but he deserved it.

A few days later he left for Paris. His first votes threw my brother into such a rage that I thought it best not to add fuel to the fire. And then the dreadful happenings began; the Terror was upon us. Our friends and neighbours were emigrating, and I begged Philippe to quit France too. He only decided to do this when the princes began to raise an army of nobles and gentlemen. It was settled that I should not leave, but should stay at home and try to take care of the château and estate.

Had Cauvin lived in our part of the country should I have had the courage to remain? But he did not. The Constituent Assembly over, he took up at Paris his profession as doctor, and later I heard that he had joined Dumouriez's army as surgeon, and in that capacity had assisted at Valmy and at Jemmapes. I said to myself, "He has forgotten me." I saw proof of this in the fact that his relations, an uncle and two cousins, living at d'Habloville, left us at the château in peace. And this while crime was succeeding crime in France. The assassination of the Queen followed the assassination of the King. Every day I heard of arrests, of confiscations, and, but for a few petty annoyances, such as cutting down our trees, billeting tax-gatherers on me, calling me *citoyenne*, I was left undisturbed. The farmers no longer paid rent, it is true, but the farms still remained ours. My brother in his letters, written from the camp at Condé, in vain urged me anxiously to fly the country; all seemed so quiet and peaceful in this little corner of Normandy that I had ceased to feel any fear.

But fear came to me, dreadful fear, on the 14th of July last—another sinister anniversary—when old Jacques, my servant, came to me and said:—

"M. Cauvin is without, and wishes to speak with mademoiselle."

"M. Cauvin, the doctor?"

"Oh, he is an officer now, with top-boots, feathers, and a sword. It seems he has been wounded. He arrived here yesterday."

"Very well. Show him in."

Cauvin it was, in a uniform indeed sufficiently imposing to deceive the rustic Jacques—that of a surgeon in the Sambre-et-Meuse army. A bullet-wound, received while attending the wounded during a battle near the Rhine, had caused him to be sent home on sick leave. This I heard later, for now he had not come to speak of himself. He had hardly entered when he said:—

"Mademoiselle, I have come to save you."

"From what, monsieur?" I replied.

At the sight of his lowering face and burning eyes I knew I had to deal with the man of Rabodanges Forest. Neither the fever of Revolution nor the fever of War had changed him. He still loved me. He still desired me. I felt this with the same shrinking, the same horror, as before, and as before I pitted my will against his.

"From yourself," he replied. "You who receive letters from a traitor, a conspirator, from one who bears arms against his native land; you, who write to this——"

"Are you speaking of M. d'Habloville?"

"I am speaking of the *émigré* d'Habloville."

"Leave this house!" I cried, indignantly. "You have already insulted the daughter of your benefactor. To-day you insult his son, and under his roof. Go!"

"I will not go. Your letters have been intercepted; do you understand what that means? They are in hands that can hurt you; do you understand that? Look! Do you recognize this?"

He held out a sheet of paper, which I recognized with a terror that froze my blood. It was my last letter to Philippe.

"And this?" he continued.

This time it was my brother's writing which I instantly recognized on the paper he held out. My brother and I had communicated through a channel which we thought quite safe—a little peddling watchmaker of Abencon, named Dubois. Had he betrayed us? Or had he been betrayed?

"Dubois has been arrested," went on Cauvin, as though he read my thoughts. "He entrusted his papers to his wife. She got frightened and gave them to my cousin, Pierre, who, in his turn, took fright and brought them to me at Paris, where he knew I was recovering from my wound. Do you still tell me to go?"

"Go!" I repeated. "Go!" All my strength came back to me at the menace in those last words of his. "Those papers are not yours. If you keep them—it is a theft."

"Indeed, no, they are not mine," he sneered. "It is to Justice they belong."

"Well! Give them up, then!"

I crossed my arms and looked him straight

"'LEAVE THIS HOUSE!' I CRIED, INDIGNANTLY."

in the face, defying him as I had done three years before in the forest. This time I had no whip with which to lash his face. For a moment words failed me. Then I added :—

"All revolutionaries — all 'blues' — are thieves and assassins. You are a 'blue.' Do your worst!"

"And the 'whites'—what are they?" he cried. "Those who conspire with foreigners against the nation? And you, their accomplice, what are you? But you don't know. You don't understand. They have lied to you. The proof that you are a patriot, in spite of your caste, in spite of all, is that you have not quitted France; you stand by her. Well! Be what you like! I love you. I shall always love you. You have insulted me, struck me. But I love you. You belong to the class I hate, the detestable aristocrats, every one of whom I would send to the scaffold. But I love you. If you have been left here in peace, cannot you guess to whom you owe it? I found the means to protect you, first from the Assembly, then from the army. But now that is finished. You remember what I once said: You shall be mine. I want you. I will have you. Oh!" he continued with a bitter smile, as I recoiled from him, "you need not fear. It is from yourself that I will take you. Of your own free will."

Then, with a sudden change, he spoke imperiously, in a cold, hard voice.

"The château is surrounded. Do not try to escape. I no longer ask you to be my wife, to marry me. You would say 'Yes' to-day and 'No' to-morrow. At midnight I will pass in front of your windows. If there are lights in them, that will mean that you have left the side door open—the little door into the kitchen garden; then I will come up. I will wait until two o'clock. If at that hour no light has appeared these letters will be in the hands of the authorities at dawn and you will be arrested to-morrow."

"Take them there at once, then," I said, simply. And then added, banteringly, "The nights in Normandy are cold, even in summer. You are only just recovered from a wound. Being a doctor, you know what pneumonia is. I wouldn't take the risk, if I were you."

Writing now, I cannot think how I had the courage to speak so lightly. But at all costs I had to humiliate the man at this moment when he was bringing this hideous pressure to bear on me, and some instinct told me the surest means to this end was to laugh in his face. My sarcasm hit the mark. He became livid, turned on his heel, and left me. As soon as he had left the room I fell back on a sofa: my heart was beating so violently that it seemed as though it must break through my breast, and I was trembling all over. As I have taken up my pen to write the whole truth, why should I hide the fact that I broke down and wept? I cried and cried like a child, like a coward. A vision of the guillotine was before my eyes. I could feel the chill of the blade on my neck. My flesh crept with horror. All the youth in me revolted so passionately from the thought that I was able to calm myself and set about trying to plan a way out. What could I do? How could I escape?

It was now noon. I had twelve hours before me. I went to the window; a peasant stood on guard in front of the great entrance gate; from a window which overlooked the kitchen garden I saw another peasant, guarding the little side door of which Cauvin had spoken. Cauvin had warned me. These men were his. I was caught. Apart from me, too, this meant the seizing of the château and estates by the nation, the loss of all we possessed. Should I kill myself? I thought of that, too. But the afterwards? There was, I knew, another world, and, for those who commit suicide, hell. Should I go to Cauvin and beg for mercy—try to melt him to pity? I thought of that, too. But what was the use? To one way only I gave no single thought—I can take that credit to myself—to save my life by accepting Cauvin's ignoble bargain. I threw myself on my knees and begged God's mercy, and with all my heart said St. Elizabeth's beautiful prayer: "What will happen to me to-day, my God? I know not. But this I know, that nothing can happen to me which Thou hast not foreseen, ordered, and determined from all eternity. That is enough for me, O my God, that is enough!"

When I rose my sacrifice was made. I was not only consoled, but calm and resolute. First, I must fulfil my duty towards those who had been so faithful these three years. It must not happen that, when the soldiers came to arrest me, they should find any documents compromising a single one of my servants or neighbours. To light a fire in any of the rooms at this time of year was to risk giving the alarm. But there remained the kitchen hearth. After lunch, to which I did but small justice — though for my people's sake I had to comport myself outwardly as on other days—I sent the woman who prepared my meals to the village with enough errands to ensure her absence for a couple

of hours, thus giving me time, with old Jacques's help, to burn all the papers and bundles of letters which might be incriminating: my brother's letters first, then others, then notes and instructions written for my guidance, then receipts which might draw attention to this one or that. This business finished, I carried down to the cellar, again with Jacques's help, the little chest containing the family jewels. This we buried. I then divided what money I had into three parts: a small sum to take with me to prison, a larger one which I entrusted to Jacques to send to my brother if he could find a way, and a third which he was to distribute among the other servants after my arrest. I simply told him this was imminent, without giving any details.

"It is that young fellow Cauvin who has warned you, mademoiselle," he said to me. "At one time I thought him a rascal, but he hasn't a bad heart, mademoiselle, I am sure. He takes after his father, who was so brave."

I shall always believe that I owe my safety to the firm resolve I had made, kneeling before my crucifix, to forgive all those who persecuted me. But for that vow I should have talked to Jacques, and told him of this man's vile proposal, and on the morrow nothing would have happened as it did. For Jacques would never have allowed him to enter the château, would not have spoken with him, would not have brought him to my door.

But I am going too fast; I must go back to that day of preparation.

Well, by six o'clock everything was in order. The Revolutionists could come. At half-past six I supped. At nine, after taking a final survey of the house and saying my prayers, I went to bed, and, unbelievable as it may seem, I slept. A loud rapping on the door awoke me. It was broad daylight.

"It is they already!" I told myself, shaken wide awake by fear. My heart beat furiously as I called out: "Who is there?"

"Open, mademoiselle; open quickly!" whispered a beseeching voice — Jacques's voice. "It is a matter of life and death!"

I jumped out of bed, slipped on a dressing-gown, knotted up my hair, and, with bare feet thrust into slippers, I opened the door. Cauvin was there with Jacques. Hastily I drew back.

"You here! You!" I cried. "You have dared! Take that man away, Jacques! Don't let him in! He has lied to you. It is he who denounced me. He is a blackguard. He must not come in. If he does——" I seized a loaded pistol which I always kept by me at night. "If he crosses this threshold I will kill him."

"You did that—you, Cauvin, your father's son?" cried Jacques, throwing himself on Cauvin.

"Yes," the man replied. "I have denounced her, Jacques, it is true; I come straight from Falaise, where I gave up her letters and M. Philippe's." In this moment of mental upheaval the name used in childhood came to his lips. "But it is also true that immediately I had done it I was horrified at my act. I have ridden a horse to death to get back here in time to save her. By my father's sacred memory, Jacques, I swear I have come to save her. Let me pass—I must speak to her. She must listen to me."

He turned to me.

"Can you not see, mademoiselle, I am suffering the torture of the damned? They will be here in an hour—less, perhaps—and if they take you it means death. I have been mad! But to see you arrested, condemned! To see you——" Before his eyes, too, there swam a vision of the guillotine. "No! No! No!" he cried, in a frenzy. "It shall not be! I ask nothing of you, mademoiselle—nothing but leave to save you."

My composure had returned to me. I listened to the man, and felt he was sincere in his repentance, as he had been in his threats and madness. For all that I did not lay aside the pistol. Jacques, standing between us and still holding Cauvin, turned to see if I had changed my mind. I thought of my brother, of our home, and said to myself: "It is the only chance," and then, aloud:—

"You can no longer save me."

"I can," he replied, in an utterly changed voice. It was enough for him that I had spoken to him in a tone no longer scornful. He went on: "Have you the courage to suffer pain—great pain?"

"I thought I had proved that," I replied.

"Mentally, yes. But physically, in your flesh, in your blood? Anyway, if you have not the courage, Jacques and I must force you. Take these gloves, Jacques"—he pulled off his gauntletted gloves—"and put them on; then go into the park and gather an armful of big nettles, the biggest and leafiest you can find. But be quick—very quick!" Then, as the other did not budge, he turned to me. "Mademoiselle, tell him to go. I cannot go myself; if I were seen all would be lost!" Then, savagely, "My God! you don't believe in me! I deserve it! But this is awful!"

"Do as monsieur says," I told Jacques.

"Thank you,' Cauvin said, earnestly.

Jacques obeyed. The sound of his steps faded in the distance. I was alone with this man who loved me, who had told me so, and who had denounced me that very morning in his fury at not winning me; and yet, inexplicable though it is, I was sure that now he would say no smallest word to offend me. He paced up and down the room, casting a passionate look at me every now and then, in which I could read remorse at the wrong he had done me. This passion no longer terrified me. It was the guarantee of his sincerity. What were the means he was going to use to save me which were so terribly painful that he warned me of it as of a danger? I guessed at his idea, though I would not question him. How could I speak without thanking him—and he had betrayed me; without reproaching him—and he was risking the scaffold for me? If his presence in the château and the warning he had given me were discovered, that meant the end of all for him. This silent and tragic encounter did not last long. Jacques returned with his bundle of nettles.

"Get into bed, mademoiselle," said Cauvin. "Keep the gloves on, Jacques. Where can I find a cloth, mademoiselle, to wrap round my hands? We must beat you with these nettles. You understand, Jacques; you must beat, not rub, so that there is an eruption all over."

"Leave me," I said. "I will beat myself with the nettles. I have the strength."

"You could not do it," he replied. "It will hurt you too much. And then your shoulders, your back? At least let Jacques do it—and try to bear the pain."

He went out of the room while my old servant and I carried out this singular prescription, the object of which was quite clear. Cauvin had not exaggerated. I do not believe there is in the world a torment comparable to this flagellation by nettles. It is unspeakable agony. The venomous stings bite into one's skin and gnaw into one's flesh, one's blood, one's very bones. It is a veritable hair-shirt of torture, passing over the flesh and under it, shooting through one in waves of pain and searching out every nerve to torture with a dreadful burning, piercing, stinging irritation, till one longs for death. When it was done I got back into bed. The blistering was so intense that I was already in a fever.

Jacques called Cauvin.

"Is this all right?" I asked him, showing my hands and wrists covered with white blisters, round which the flesh flamed red and angry.

"But your face!" he cried, and, without taking any precaution to avoid stinging himself, he seized a handful of nettles and lightly struck my forehead, cheeks, chin, and neck with them, saying, "Keep your eyes closed! Be very careful to keep them tightly closed." After a few moments he continued: "In a few hours the pain will be over. You, Jacques, take away those nettles, all of them, mind; see that you do not leave the smallest sprig on the sheets or carpet. Mademoiselle, you will remain in bed—and presently you will see!"

My God! How I suffered! The danger to be averted alone gave me courage to bear it. Cauvin left me, and with Jacques's help I tidied my bed. When the room was once more in order I rang for my maid. Her cry at sight of me proved that Cauvin's prescription was effective.

"Oh, mademoiselle! What is the matter?"

"A touch of fever, I think."

"But, mademoiselle, just look at yourself!"

She handed me a mirror, although obviously frightened to come near me. I was covered with round white blisters and bumps, which stood out on my deeply inflamed face. I had no time to give more than a glance in the mirror, for just then I heard from the courtyard below the trampling of horses' hoofs and the sound of men's voices.

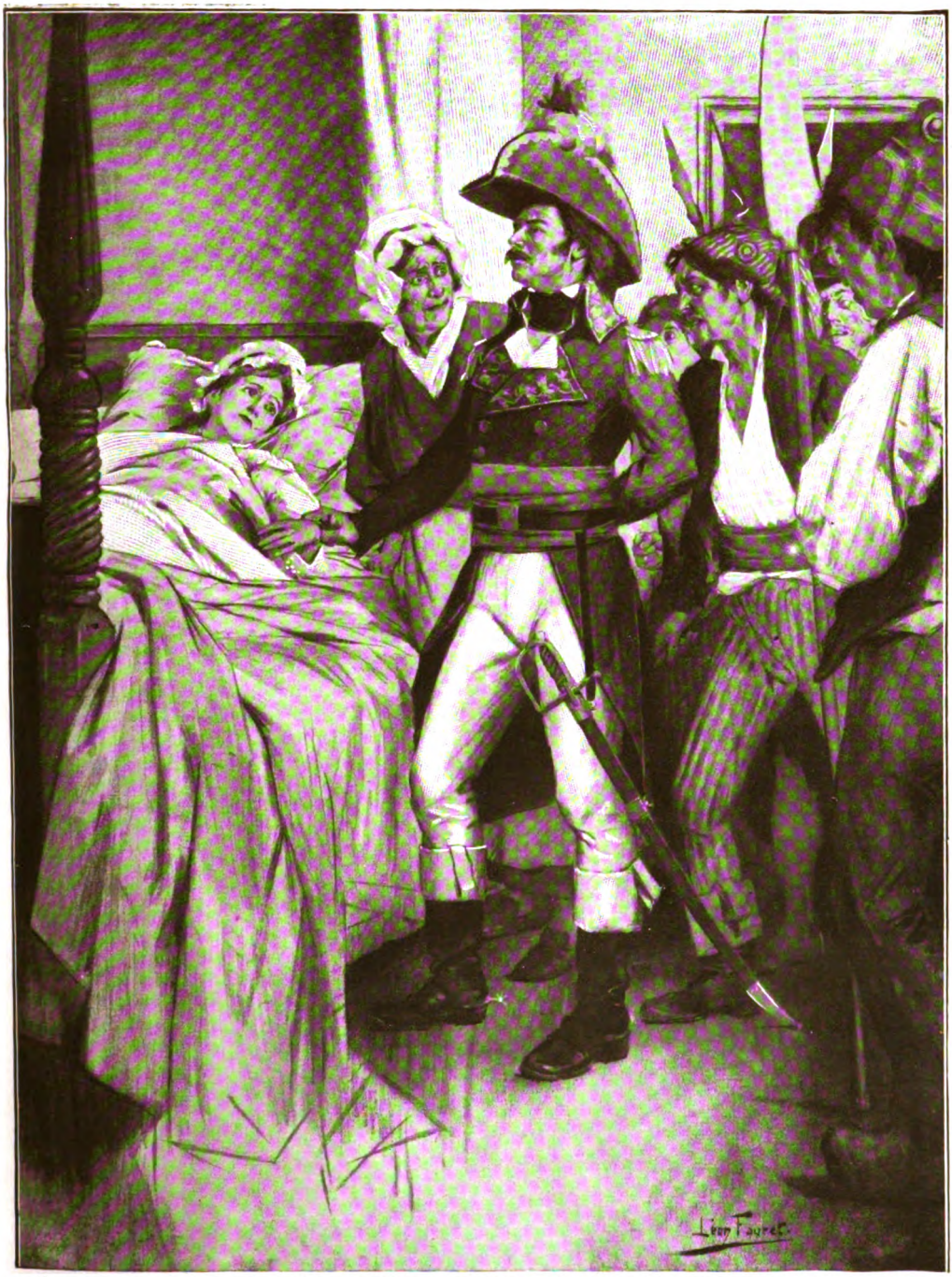
"Mademoiselle, it is the soldiers!" cried my maid. "And Cauvin is leading them. Holy Mary! who would have believed it? They are come to arrest mademoiselle. But they cannot—they cannot—when they see how ill she is!"

She rushed from the room, and I heard her arguing vehemently in the corridor.

"I swear to you that mademoiselle is ill. You cannot go in there! You shall not! You will not permit them, Monsieur Cauvin?"

"I will not permit the justice of the people to be made a mock of," replied Cauvin, brutally, in a hard voice—was it assumed on purpose? "And, moreover, there is no *Monsieur* here, do you understand, *citoyenne?* There is one Citoyen Cauvin, Surgeon-Major in the Army of Sambre-et-Meuse, who is quite up to all these little tricks. If the *citoyenne* is ill, we will cure her. My colleague Guillotine has an infallible cure for illnesses of that sort."

From the ferocious burst of laughter which greeted this sally I could imagine the gestures which had accompanied Cauvin's allusion to the "National razor." Was he playing a



"HE FELT MY PULSE. 'THAT IS ENOUGH. MY COLLEAGUE GUILLOTINE IS UNNECESSARY. IT IS THE SMALL-POX, AND A VIRULENT CASE!'"

part, or had this unstable nature changed again, and was he now against me? I trembled at his entry into my room with his troop of ferocious *carmagnoles* at his heels, to whom the idea of surprising an aristocrat in bed was a delightful joke. I recalled the massacre of the Princesse de Lamballe, and froze with horror in spite of my burning fever.

"Tut, tut!" said Cauvin, coming to my bedside. "This doesn't look very promising. Stand back, you fellows; you are not experienced in illnesses. Your arm, *citoyenne!* Pull back the sleeve that we may see how far this extends. Now the other—and the neck! H'm! Give me your wrist." He felt my pulse. "That is enough. My colleague Guillotine is unnecessary. It is the small-pox, and a virulent case! You," he said, turning to my maid, "as you are so devoted to your mistress, you can remain, and you will see what *your* skin looks like in a few days. Now, left wheel, my boys—we will save *ours!*"

He had played his *rôle* so well, with so much authority, so naturally, that the riff-raff Revolutionists were out of the room before he had finished speaking.

He had kept his word. He had saved me. But for how long? Since that fifteenth day of July—for it was the fifteenth—twenty-six days have passed, which I have spent in my room, not daring even to show myself at the window, waited upon solely by Jacques, for my servants would not come near *him*, much less me, for fear of the contagion.

But it is over now—finished. Robespierre is dead. Cauvin tells me in his note that he has been able to destroy the documents against me and to suspend all investigations. I am saved. The lands and château are saved, thanks to him, and he has gone away. Shall I try to see him to thank him?

No; I will not write to him. I will not see him. *It is better so.*

"Well?" said the great grand-nephew of Mademoiselle Célénie, when I rejoined him after reading this story. "Can you understand my grand-aunt's sentiment in expressing in her will the wish that there should always be a patch of nettles here to remind the masters of d'Habloville of her danger and of her rescuer?"

"And the man—this Cauvin—what happened to him?"

"He became Chief-surgeon in the Grand Army and a Baron of the Empire. He died heroically, tending the wounded on the battle-field at Wagram. And look, since this story seems to interest you, here is his Cross of the Legion of Honour, which he bequeathed to my grand-aunt. Look on the back of the case. You will recognize her writing: "In remembrance of July 15th, 1794. R.I.P."

"They met again, then?"

"Never."

"And she never married?"

"No."

"Nor he either?"

"Nor he either."

What a commentary on that sentence, "*It is better so,*" underlined by Mademoiselle d'Habloville at the end of her tragic narration, and what a mystery in the heart of that proud old woman, who as a girl knew herself loved by one who was an enemy to all her dreams, her beliefs, her loyalty! And she, had she not loved him, though forbidding herself to do so? And then with what thoughts, in the evening of her days, did she look at that patch of nettles trembling in the breeze which brought from the valley below the far-away, sad, monotonous sighing of the river. I remember the sound well. I listened to it when I returned to d'Habloville, and the sound moved me like the sighing of a woman's soul.

THE CHÂTEAU D'HABLOVILLE.

REMINISCENCES

By MORLEY ROBERTS

IT is perhaps hard for a writer to imagine that his life can be interesting to others. This may be the reason that most writers of reminiscences try to be amusing, and yet it may be that this endeavour of theirs comes from the revolt against the hard realities of their own career, which few care to face in memory. For the life of an artist, whatever his endowments, is always hard. There may be also another less pleasing element in the reluctance of many to speak of these matters. Those who are chiefly interesting because of their struggles often say little about them, and dwell on their successes. They have never discovered that their only real triumph is in the fight they seek to forget. In such memories there is often a bitter-sweet flavour, but what the world calls success is often wholly bitter, in that it comes too late.

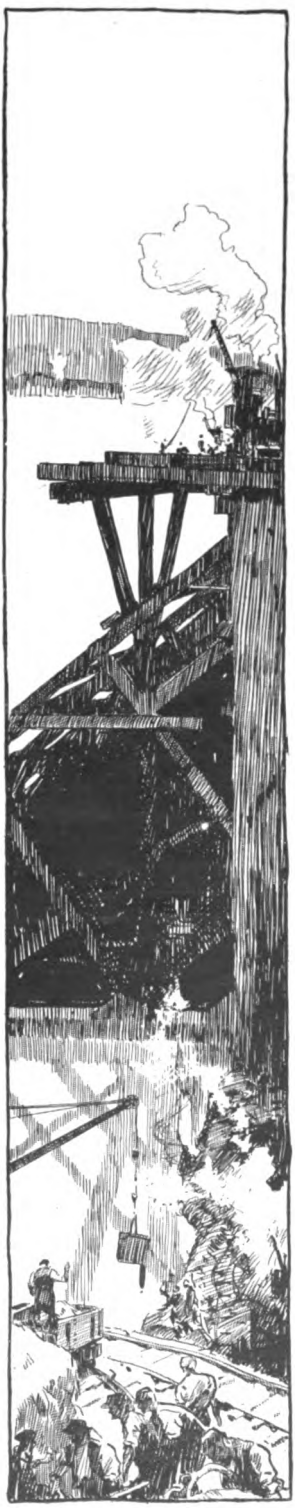
Though I was born in London, my earliest organized memories are those of the North of Devon, which has always seemed to me as much my home as any place could be to one who began wandering while he was still a child. I lived in Barnstaple, in Luton, in Tunbridge Wells, in Carlisle, in Wigan, in Oxford, and for short times in many other places before I was twelve, when I went to Bedford Grammar School. This was then a bad school of the ancient type, before the time it was reconstituted and made famous by the ability of Mr. Philpotts. Nothing was taught at it then but Kennedy's Latin Grammar. So far as instruction was concerned, that was the only thing I learnt much of in two or three years—if I omit the matter of continuous fighting, which perhaps stood me in better stead in later years. After this I went to Manchester and became a student at Owens College, but what folks call education came to an end for me abruptly, for I had trouble with my father. He was a man of remarkable qualities, but he had no idea of the way to handle a tolerably high-spirited youth. It was owing to this that I left home soon after I was eighteen,

MORLEY ROBERTS AT VARIOUS AGES.

and took a steerage passage to Australia in an old iron ship called the *Hyderabad*.

Up to this time my life had mostly consisted of books, mitigated by a seasonal passion for "Rugger." I thought of little else than literature as soon as I had passed the age when most English boys desire to go to sea. My father owned many books and loved them. I read almost all he possessed before I was twelve. Nevertheless, although I was somewhat bookish, there must have been other elements in me, as I soon discovered in the *Hyderabad*. My earliest passion had been for the sea; it is the natural passion of an English boy. It now revived, and, though I was but a passenger, and a steerage passenger at that, I turned all my attention to learning what could be learnt in this new school of mine. In this ship I found much of the world. She was a strange microcosm; although the officers were white, her crew consisted of Hindus, Malays, and Sidi boys, and I found these races exceedingly interesting to me. I became, indeed, a great friend of the Malay serang, and I was, I believe, a particular favourite with the old mate, who often had me on the poop at midnight and filled my eager mind with strange sea yarns and sea learning. I did my best to draw his character, not wholly without success, in a book called "The Flying Cloud." The passengers, too, were very interesting to me. They were composed of more failures, entertaining blackguards, and pleasing ruffians than I had up to that time met in one place.

After the life I had lived in England these were strange and wonderful experiences. I learnt the name of everything on board, both in English and in the Lascari Bât in which the ship was worked. I also learnt to go aloft, and for several



months—for the voyage was very long—I worked as though I were one of the crew. The knowledge that I gained then was very useful to me later. Indeed, it has been useful to me all through my life, for I learnt then to use my hands, and gained some of the quick, inventive faculty which distinguishes not only the handy men of the Navy, but even more the handy men of the mercantile service, who have always more to do and less to do it with. This contact with real work and real workers and real life hardened my mind and my hands, and both perhaps needed hardening. To go to the sea was to get back to Nature, and it is not only artists who have to get back to her; she is needed by all men, for out of contact with the sea and the earth there may come wisdom, though it may not be the wisdom of the world which leads to what is called success.

On board our old ship I lived in strange absorption in this new life. I did not know what I was going to do in Australia, nor did I greatly care till I saw Cape Otway wreathed in the smoke of the burning bush that hot summer. And yet that day seemed a strange and cold one to me. It reminded me of my early boyhood, when it suddenly occurred to me as a new and great discovery that I should have to earn my own living, and that no one, so far as I could see, proposed to keep me for the remainder of my life. Now I saw the prospect of having to fend for myself come very near. I was only nineteen when I landed in Australia, and my whole stock-in-trade consisted of childish book-learning, the knowledge of the sea which I had lately acquired, and a fairly-well-developed muscular system. Naturally enough, it was through this that I commenced to make a living. In-

side of a fortnight after my arrival I was working as a labourer in Spencer Street in the goods sheds of the Government Railway.

My life as a labourer was not at all unhappy, for I loved to use my hands; I loved to gain experience. It was fine to see how things were done, how men worked, how they did without things that were necessary, and used or invented expedients. It was a passion to me to gain experience. I worked for eight hours a day and earned six shillings during some months, but much of my pay was knowledge. I learnt to handle all kinds of merchandise. We discharged wheat in sacks, and all kinds of timber and bush products coming in from the country. We sent up-country manufactured goods and iron, bridge work, fencing wire, and all sorts of European provisions and manufactured articles. Every kind of case, every kind of package, takes some learning to handle. The work was hard and at times very unpleasant, and yet I got through it very well indeed, for every day I found myself grow stronger and more capable of meeting emergencies. But presently I became dissatisfied with being on the civilized sea coast, for my native mind hankered for the wild bush, and I determined to go up-country into the wilderness.

It always takes a little courage to cut oneself adrift, even from a hard way of earning one's living. A man becomes a creature of habit. There is a strange adhesiveness in him. Too often he becomes sessile. Yet the call of the wild was on me and I could not resist it. This call is one which all men experience at some time of their life, even if they have not courage to respond to it. At any rate, the possibility of replying to it is dormant in us all, and anything may awaken it. The ancient experience of man a million years before there was anything that we call civilization is deep in everyone's heart. We all desire to renew it, to go through some of those things that the race has gone through, for by this we strengthen our hold upon the earth. We build up civilizations and they pass, and still the earth remains, and under new conditions mankind starts his ancient task. I found the bush enchanting, and its rudest conditions romance. For a little while at Albury, on the northern side of the Murray River in New South Wales, I worked in a mere office, but it was one which enabled me to lay hold of the life of the country, and in some ways prepare myself for it. After that I went up to a station on the Upper Murray among the hills, and worked with sheep and cattle and horses. There I learnt how to handle sheep in the bush, and how to drive bullocks, and how to ride in the Australian fashion. I also began to handle an axe and many other tools, and when at last I left this station I was a fairly capable bush hand, considering that I was still a "new-chum," as the old hands call the newly imported.

Now I turned myself entirely loose, and, buying a horse, set out upon my free adventures knowing not where I should go. I was on one station as a boundary rider and general mender of fences. After that I worked for a contractor as a horse-driver on the station which was the old hiding-place of Morgan, the celebrated and brutal bushranger. As we sat round the camp-fire in that deep bush I heard many strange stories. While I worked there I not only learnt how to drive horses better than before, but how to handle the cross-cut saw, the axe, the broad axe,

the mortising axe, the pick and shovel—to say nothing of the auger and a dozen other tools. The work was hard, and yet of strange interest, and this constant change of tools was very trying, for each fresh one that a man uses makes a new kind of blister, and finally a new callosity upon his hands. At one time while working here I counted forty blisters, or marks of them, on both hands. I left blood on every tool I worked with. Finally, however, I grew hard, and did not suffer afterwards. No doubt my mind grew harder, too.

After leaving this work I was on a small station, and again I went northwards toward the interior, riding right across the Riverina. Once I went to work near Forbes, the old mining town to the north of the Lachlan, and cut down Bathurst burrs on Dead Man's Plain. This was the very deep and strange wild bush, the country of the red kangaroo and eagle-hawks and emus, with a few rare aboriginals. Among the white men there were strange scallawags and outcasts from England, and some from America—men who had enlisted for life in the great Lost Legion; who had been in Africa, in India, in the East; who had been sailors, soldiers; and some broken and characterless men from great cities who had lost all they strove for and now lived from day to day. I became acquainted with sundowners and tramps, with those who did no work and hated to hear of it—those who are called, in the slang of the bush, "Murrumbidgee whalers"—men who begged or stole their tucker and fished lazily for the Murray cod, or set traps for the crayfish that live in the big Australian rivers. I learnt to know these rivers well—the wilder, fresher Murray of the hills; the deep-cut Murrumbidgee; the meandering Lachlan, at one time in wild flood, and then no more than a string of waterholes. This was a good school, and the things I learnt by heart were of more importance than the prepositions in Kennedy's Latin Grammar. I began to love the great plains, awful as they seemed at first, and barren as they look in the hot summer. There was a fascination in the salt-bush, in the grey myall and boree country, in the box and stringy bark forests of the hills. There were pain and joy in the dawns that came up so hotly, and in the heavy noons, and the good, tired nights that came to us with work. I loved this life, and yet I hated it; that is the nature of man. There is much suffering and much to endure, but it is a strange, big, natural life and helps one to be a man, or ought to help one to be.

One had to endure heat and flies and mosquitoes, and what they mean in Australia and some other tropic countries no one knows who has not felt them. It was a world of flies and mosquitoes and tarantulas and ants and centipedes, of scorpions and snakes and iguanas. Yet besides these there are the grey and red kangaroos of the hills and plains who live a happy social life, and the wild birds with their human-like calls and wonderful colour. The creeping and biting things—the triantelopes and triantewantegongs, as bushmen call the creatures that torment them—make life at times impossible, and yet long afterwards one remembers even such experiences with pleasure. For one of the great things of life is to remember what we have endured and suffered, perhaps with courage.

My last long experience in the bush was away on the Lachlan back-blocks, far down the Willandra Billabong, on a very big sheep-station. There I became an experienced butcher

and milkman, and learnt to break in young and savage cows for milking, often with risk to my life. I hated the brutality of much that I had to do, and yet learnt to do it, for these things had to be done. After that I was some months boundary riding on the same place. I looked after the fences of three paddocks, two of which contained a hundred square miles of country, and another fifty square miles. In one of them, after the lambing season, I had thirty thousand ewes and lambs for which I was responsible. During four months I rode on an average over a thousand miles a month; some days I did sixty, eighty, and even ninety miles. These were the long days during the busy times of sheep mustering for shearing. It was no uncommon thing for me to get upon a horse long before dawn and only turn into my blankets at twelve or one o'clock at night. Here one learnt not only Nature but very much of man among the two or three hundred who worked upon the station. I have half-forgotten the labour and half-forgotten the names of those who worked with me, but much that they said and much that they did remains. They were great days, and perhaps I grew up there.

Although I feel this now about the time I had in Australia, I do not think my sentiments were quite the same while I was going through these experiences. The labour was hard and trying, and as soon as I grew capable of handling it with satisfaction to others my own satisfaction in it decreased and faded. There were other things to do and others to learn. I was a graduate in my first university, and life was still before me. Some men in the bush, or in the wild, are subdued to their surroundings and take on their natural colour for ever. Once more I began to feel that such a life was not everything. I came back strangely to books and the desire of knowledge in other schools. In some ways, it may be, I was not wholly like my fellows, although I held up my end with them to my own satisfaction. There seemed nothing in view, and no finality in life. I know now that there is no finality in any life, that it is all a becoming, as the metaphysicians say. Life is a series of processes, and if it were anything else it would not be life. The dissatisfaction I felt at last with what I was doing was no more than the dissatisfaction that all men feel the moment they have accomplished anything. While energy exists, the energy which is life, things remain to be done. We seek what is new, more experience, more life, more knowledge. And therefore, although I did not know what moved me, I felt that Australia had done its work so far as I was concerned. I determined to go back to England.

I walked a great part of the way to the coast, and while upon the southward track starved for nearly five days in a flood. Part of the time I was eaten alive by mosquitoes. Nevertheless, I was very strong, and endured it, and came down at last to Melbourne with thirty pounds in my pocket, and went into a sailors' boarding-house in what was then called Williamstown. It was a very rough place, run by astoundingly rough people. During the seven days I stayed there we had eight serious fights, in some of which razors were employed, to say nothing of more lethal weapons. The food was impossible. I have seen healthy young seamen take a rest during one mouthful of beef and complain wearily of the labour of chewing it. The tables and benches of our dining-room were clamped to the floor. The windows, which

were always getting broken, were eight feet from the ground, and at the end of the room, far above the reach of anybody, there was a board with a notice on it, "Order must and will be preserved." To be in the house even a week was a liberal education in the ways of the wild men of the sea when they touch the earth again. From it I shipped on board a sailing vessel going back to England.

It was something new for me, and something not a little daring, for my experience of the sea had not been great. Nevertheless, I had learnt very much on board the old *Hyderabad*. It seems to me, when I look back, that in a little over four months I gained as much knowledge of seamanship as the average boy or apprentice learns in three or four years. Luckily for me, I was the youngest seaman in the crowd, and it was the general opinion of the crew that I was a runaway apprentice, a "brass-bound poop ornament," as seamen call such. But they owned freely in the fo'c'sle that if I had only been an apprentice I knew more than any they had ever come across. However, I never admitted for a moment that I had not been to sea for at least six years, and when one old seaman discovered that I was perfectly capable of making a Matthew Walker on a four-stranded rope he was bound to believe almost everything I said, even if I knew very little about many easier things.

On the whole, I did very well in this ship. Taking it all round, I went home in her not without glory; but my fellow-foretopman, an Irishman named Reynolds, was aware of certain lacunæ in my knowledge which he found surprising. They were the more surprising to his simple mind when he discovered I

knew many things better than he did himself, over and above the very great matter of the Matthew Walker. I found out that the possession of handiness and a certain practical intellect often put me on more than a level with men of greater age and much greater experience. My greatest triumph on board the *Essex*, however, was the fact that I was able to read an inscription in French on a tin of some preserved provisions. After that I was considered somebody in the fo'c'sle, and my pretensions to other more important matters were not questioned. On reaching London River I left the *Essex* with a very good discharge, and was, indeed, invited by the mate to go back in her to Australia.

My first great schooltime was over. I was back in London—in the world. Sometimes I wonder now what I learnt or what I had begun to learn. I had had certain practical experiences, but these, I think, were not the chief thing. The greatest difficulty in life is to be oneself, not a shadow, not a reflection, but something more or less real—if, indeed, any reality exists. Much as I had learnt of men, I think I had learnt more of myself—in the long periods of solitude that come to all men in the bush, in the rides in the hot noons, at lonely camping-times in the bush or on the open plains. I came back to England with even less respect for authority than I had when I went away. My elders and betters were not necessarily right; indeed, I often fell into the error of supposing they were necessarily wrong. Law had not the same authority. There are always higher laws than those that men obey; if a man is to be in the smallest sense a pioneer he must learn this. For there

are two sorts of law-breakers —those who are merely savage and atavistic, and those who make the new rules that in their own time will be destroyed. It matters not how we find this out. A man may learn as much if he steals a sheep to feed himself and his hungry fellows. I had learnt to be a rebel.

Yet a man is more than a double animal. I had another period of slavery to endure, and I resumed my studies in the old school of books. In the meantime I had to make a living, and worked in sundry Government offices as a writer at tenpence an hour. During these years—for they amounted to years — my mind turned again to literature. It was now that I took to writing seriously, though what I did was mostly verse. Some of my friends, who were men of importance in the literary world—though, like most men of real importance, very badly paid—encouraged me greatly; but under the double stress of uncongenial labour in the day and writing at night my health failed. I found I could stay in England no longer, and just then my brother wrote to me from Texas. I threw my books down, raked together a little money, and went to meet him. He and I worked together, but soon afterwards he fell ill and left me to go North. I was once more alone, with the ordeal of the West before me, and the West was a strange, hard world.

America was peopled by those who had the grit and courage to leave the Old World and face new conditions. Among these hardy men the harder and more adventurous went farther West still, leaving the weaklings and the cowards behind. Hence it is that in the West individualism is rampant, often cruel and brutal. Men look

after themselves and their own. He that cannot stand must fall; few hold out a helping hand—the romances which say otherwise lie. There is an old Western saying not without its truth—"I can't eat it; my dog won't; you may have it." That is called Western generosity. However, even in this hard world there are kindly men; the best one I ever came across was a professional gambler. The "respectable" people in his city would not speak to him; nevertheless, from my point of view, he was the finest man in the town, even though he had to ensure respect, or allowance, by means of a "gun."

I spent three years in Western America, working in many States and Territories — in Texas, Illinois, Iowa, Oregon, California, British Columbia, and Washington Territory. Always I worked with my hands — as railroad labourer, on a section, and at harvesting. I was a labourer on the waterworks of St. Paul, Minnesota. There I spliced gear for derricks and helped to put them up. I worked in icy-cold water in quicksand, and one day, having worked for twelve hours, I worked overtime all night. The next day I worked again, and half the next night. This was in order to get a little extra money to go farther West.

The work in these Western conditions is hard, and often cruel. I remember when I first saw men working there I said to myself, "These men have been told that if they finish the job quickly they can go home." It was a natural mistake. The American may get bigger wages, but if he gets twice as much as an Englishman he works three times as hard. There are few "soft seats" in America. As they say out there, "It is no good looking for a picnic." There is an

old phrase, used among seamen and labourers, "Sixpenny-worth of ease is worth a shilling." In Western America I do not think so much ease could be got for less than a dollar. It is a school that breeds men, but it occasionally breeds brutes. The pace and ferocity of life there create the "bad man" of the prairies no less than they create the financier and trust-monger of the East and Middle-West. Such men, whether they are hanged or whether they sit in glory on the necks of the judges of the High Courts, are more or less of the same breed, and come out of the same conditions. As they say on the Western prairie, it is "Root, hog, or die." Natural selection is at its savagest. It is a great school for a youth, and for a time, but I doubt if any but the greatest minds, or the most primitive, would find it good to live there always.

Yet, after all, it breeds men. There are few finer creatures than the typical cowman of the West, even if he differs from those who live their little life in romance. The typical look on the faces of men in Europe is that of anxiety. It is seen on most women's faces as well. Often I have seen the same look on the faces of savages, those on whom conditions press hard, or those who are unequal intellectually to the stress put on them. Twice only have I seen men calmly and serenely equal to the calls that Nature and society made. They were the best of those I knew on the great prairies, and those natives, both men and women, that I saw in the Samoan Islands—for even the women there looked one calmly in the face as if they would say, "I am equal to all things, and equal to you."

This paper is no narrative—I do not mean it for such. I have told the full tale elsewhere, though few have read it. Nevertheless, I may say that after my time in Texas and the Middle-West I worked in the Rocky Mountains on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. After that I walked across the Valley of the Columbia, the Selkirks, and the Gold Range, and went by way of the lakes and Kamloops to the coast. There I tried my hand in a saw-mill, and found it work indeed, under the conditions of the West. After that I was in Portland, Oregon, and shipped in a barque for Hong Kong. I worked in her for some weeks, stowing lumber in her hold and preparing her for sea, but I did not go to sea in her owing to a difficulty I had with the second mate. As a man who knew something of the sea, I was aware that it was a foolhardy proceeding to be in an American ship with a hostile officer, especially if his hostility had been aroused by his having been proved in the wrong and rebuked by the captain on a seaman's account. Oregon was a hard country, but I preferred experiment there to massacre and probable mutilation at the hands of a typical American mate in the China Seas. Nowhere do the Americans run individuality into the earth so much as in their mercantile marine. It is the greatest object-lesson in the world to prove that individualism carried to excess means the denial of individuality to the majority.

After leaving that barque I walked south through Oregon, and did some three hundred and seventy-five miles in about a fortnight, starving most of the way. I got work in the South. I was told that I worked for the meanest man in Southern Oregon—I trust it is true, for Oregon's sake. It is one of the most beautiful countries in the world, and much of it still remains in my mind with the more wonderful

scenery of the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks. But they say in the West, knowing it to be true from bitter experience, "A man cannot live on wind pudding and mountain scenery." That is one of their pleasant euphemisms for starvation, and is equivalent to "living on the round holes in doughnuts," a Barmecide feast that I have myself indulged in in two cities of the Pacific Slope. A certain amount of trial is good for a man, no doubt; but it is not good for a man, or for anything else, to be tested to the breaking strain. That is what happens to many in the conditions of America. It is increasingly so in the conditions of Europe, as the race for power among the nations is accentuated and made more savage. Still, I do not regret nowadays any experience that I had, even though this experience included hunger and thirst, and that of being a homeless outcast in a great city with all I owned under my hat.

When I got down to San Francisco, which I did at last, I lived there for months without any regular work, and during that time spent all my spare hours in a free library, where I read furiously and amazingly, often with a tightened belt. I should have been a puzzle to an English librarian, but I think the man in charge of the books there had seen others like me before. At any rate, he displayed no surprise whatever book I asked for. It was this experience among books, after nearly three years of enforced abstinence from such a mental diet, that made me yearn to return to England. I thought, and I was probably right, that I had got all that was good for me out of the West. It had been a great university, and I felt that I had graduated, if not with honour, yet with some credit.

I knew the United States from east to west and from north to south, from Fire Island to San Francisco, from Seattle down to Texas and the Panhandle. I had worked in Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Oregon, California, the Territories, and the Indian Nations. I knew something of Manitoba and much of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. I had sailed the Straits and had been down the Sound. I had met all kinds of working Americans and Kanucks. I knew the sheep and cattle men. I had been friends with the prairie-bred boy of the South-West and with the workers in the pine woods. I had seen something of hunting, and had learnt to handle tools, the cross-cut saw, the bar, the shovel, short-handled and long-handled, the pick and the auger, the maul and the wedge. I had laboured in the saw-mills and understood their work. I had camped with Indians and outcasts, had been friends with tramps and hoboes. I had sailed lakes and understood railroading. Among my acquaintances were men of all breeds, not only Americans and Canadians, but Germans, Norwegians, Swedes, Frenchmen, Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, Finns, Lithuanians and Russians, Spaniards and the men of Mexico. I had been friends with those whose language I did not know and who did not know mine, but still had found them men.

So I came back to my old world and set to work writing books, endeavouring to put things down. And I found life here as bitter and savage and strange and sweet as it is in the East or West or South. For experience is more than art, and accumulates; and where life is the world of the unknown is still to explore, though it may be with bleeding hands and feet.

THE MAGIC POWDER.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

By E. MERRY-WEATHER.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

I.

CHADID, the Caliph of Bagdad, sat one beautiful afternoon on his silken cushions, smoking his long pipe, sipping his coffee now and again, and stroking his long beard.

He had just awakened from a refreshing little nap, and felt pleased with himself and all the world.

This was the hour when the Grand Vizier Almansor liked to pay his respects to his Sovereign master, for the Caliph was at his best, good-tempered and affable.

To him, then, on this beautiful afternoon came the Vizier, according to his wont; but the Vizier was quite unusually grave and thoughtful.

Taking his pipe out of his mouth, the Caliph asked:—

"Why such a thoughtful face, Grand Vizier?"

Almansor crossed his arms, bowed very low, and answered:—

"Lord and master, whether I have a thoughtful face or not, I cannot say, but this I know, and it angers me greatly, that in the court below is a merchant with most splendid wares, and I, alas! have no money with which to buy them."

The Caliph, who wanted to please the Grand Vizier, sent his black slaves at once to bring the merchant up to him. In a very few moments they returned with a fat little man with a dark brown face, ragged clothes, and a chest containing all kinds of wares—pearls and sparkling rings, necklaces and bracelets, finely wrought pistols, golden cups and combs. The Caliph bought pistols for himself and Almansor and an elegant comb for the Grand Vizier's wife.

The little pedlar began to put up his wares, when the Caliph spied a small drawer in the chest.

"Let me see that little drawer!" he cried. "Is there anything inside?"

The pedlar opened the drawer and took out a little box which had a blackish sort of powder inside, and he also took out a small paper with words written on it.

"You may have them both," said the merchant, "for a very small price. They are not of the least use to me. I bought them of a man who found them in the streets of Mecca."

Chadid bought them and dismissed the

pedlar. He was fond of foreign languages, and tried to read the words, but could not. They were quite strange to him.

He turned to the Vizier, and asked him whether he knew anyone who could make out the meaning.

"Selim the learned, who knows all languages, and who lives by the Great Mosque, will tell us what they mean," said Almansor.

At once they sent for Selim the learned.

"Selim," said the Caliph, "if you can tell us the meaning of these words you shall have a grand new holiday robe, but if you cannot you shall have twelve good strokes on the back and twenty-five on the feet for being called 'the learned' to no use."

Rather a hard alternative, but such is the way of Caliphs.

Selim, however, salaamed most respectfully, and answered cheerfully:—

"Be it as you will, O sire."

For rather a long time he studied the writing, then suddenly he cried out:—

"This is Latin, or let me be hanged."

"Say what it means, then," commanded the Caliph.

Selim translated:—

"Mortal, who findest this, praise Allah for this favour. Whosoever shall take a pinch of this powder, saying, at the same time, 'Mutabor,' shall be able to change himself into any animal he pleases, and shall understand the language of all sorts of creatures. But beware! If while thou art changed thou shalt by chance laugh, then the magic word shall be no more remembered, and thou shalt remain an animal."

The Caliph was delighted. He made Selim swear to tell no one of this strange powder and writing, gave him a handsome dress, and sent him away. But he said to his Grand Vizier:—

"What do you say, Almansor? I call this a splendid purchase. What fun it will be to get changed into an animal! Come to me early to-morrow, and we will go together into the fields, sniff a little out of the box, and then listen to what is said in the air, in the water, the forest, and the meadow."

Scarcely had the Caliph dressed and breakfasted next day when the Vizier appeared as he had commanded him, in order to accompany him in his walk. Chadid stuck the little box of magic powder in his belt, and ordering his followers to stay behind he set out with only the Grand Vizier. They passed through the spacious gardens of the Caliph's palace without spying any living creature. Then the Grand Vizier proposed to go to a pool a little farther off where the storks, whose odd ways had often amused him, were wont to come and make plenty of noise.

The Caliph agreed, and very soon they arrived at the pool. The Vizier was quite right; there was a stork there already, and one flying overhead preparing to alight.

"How would it be," said Almansor, "if we were to turn ourselves into storks?"

"Why, the very thing!" answered the Caliph. "But first of all, what is it we have to do to get back again into our proper selves? Ah, I remember; bow three times towards the east and say 'Mutabor.' And, Grand Vizier, my friend, above all things, we must not laugh, or we are lost."

He pulled the little box out of his belt, took a large pinch of the powder, and handed it to the Grand Vizier, who followed his example, while they both cried "Mutabor!"

Immediately their legs began to shrink, and shrink, and redden, their handsome yellow slippers became clumsy storks' feet, their arms changed into wings, necks stretched out a yard long, the long beards suddenly vanished, and their bodies were covered with feathers.

"You have a handsome bill, Mr. Grand Vizier," said the Caliph, after a moment of speechless surprise. "I have never in my life seen one like it."

"Humble thanks," answered the Grand Vizier, as he bowed low; "but if I might venture to say so, you appear more handsome as a stork even than as a Caliph. But, if it please you, let us come and listen to what our fellow-storks are saying."

They came nearer, but kept themselves hidden, and to their great amusement they heard the following conversation:—

"Good morning, Lady Longlegs; you are very early in the meadow to-day."

"Many thanks, dear Rattlebill. I am seeking a little early refreshment. Would not you like a bit of duck or a small frog or two?"

"I really have no appetite," the stork replied. "I am here for quite another reason. I have to dance before my father's guests to-day, and have come here while it is early and quiet to have a little practice."

And thereupon the young stork began to step about in most wonderful fashion, standing now on one leg, now on the other, waving her wings gracefully, bending her long neck this way and that, till the Caliph and Vizier could bear it no longer, and broke into a hearty laugh.

The Caliph was the first to stop.

"What a joke that was; worth any

money!" he cried. "What a pity it is that we have frightened them away! Perhaps they would have begun to sing next."

But suddenly the Grand Vizier remembered that they must not laugh while they were changed into animals, and he answered, "My goodness! it would be a sorry joke if we had to remain storks! Do you remember the stupid magic word? It escapes me."

"Three times to bow towards the east and say 'Mu-Mu-Mu——'"

They bowed and they bowed till their bills scraped the ground, crying anxiously "Mu-Mu-Mu——" But, oh, horror! the word had vanished completely from their minds, and poor Chadid and his Vizier were, and remained, storks.

Sorrowfully the two bewitched ones wandered through the fields, and what to do they knew not. They could not get out of their stork skins, neither could they return into the city to make known their unhappy fate, for who would believe that two storks were really a Caliph and Grand Vizier? Even if they had been believed, who would have a stork for a Caliph?

They were very hungry, too, for frogs they would not eat, and the wild fruits they found they had great difficulty in picking with their long bills.

"IMMEDIATELY THEIR LEGS BEGAN TO SHRINK, AND SHRINK, AND REDDEN, THEIR HANDSOME YELLOW SLIPPERS BECAME STORKS' FEET, AND THEIR ARMS CHANGED INTO WINGS."

For some time they flew round and about, often over the roofs of the houses of Bagdad. For a day or two they noticed there was trouble and anxiety in the city on account of their sudden and complete disappearance, but on the fourth day there seemed to be great excitement and preparations for some unusual event. The streets were beautifully decorated and were crowded with people. Soon they saw a gay procession, with trumpets, pipes, and drums resounding, and on a splendid horse, surrounded by his followers, came a man in gorgeous array of gold and scarlet—the new Caliph!

The people cried, "Hail, Mirza! Lord and Sovereign of Bagdad!"

The poor storks were sitting on the roof of the palace and saw it all.

"Ah! now I understand well how it has come about that I am bewitched, Almansor," cried the Caliph stork. "This Mirza is the son of my deadly enemy, the powerful wizard Raschnur, who in an evil hour swore vengeance on me. Still, I am not going to give up hope. Come with me, faithful companion in misfortune. We will fly to the tomb of the Prophet; perhaps there the magic will lose its power."

II.

But, though it is delightful to have wings and be able to fly, yet, as it was new to them, they did not find it quite easy. The Vizier was very tired after two hours' flying, and cried, piteously:—

"With your permission I will rest awhile, O master. I am too tired to go farther; besides, it is nearly evening, and we must find a shelter for the night."

"Very well," said Chadid; "let us fly to that ruin I see in the valley below."

They soon arrived there, and found that at one time it must have been a princely castle. There were many beautiful columns still standing, many wide corridors and spacious apartments. They began to explore, seeking for a dry, sheltered place for the night. Suddenly the Vizier stopped.

"Lord and master," he whispered, "if it were not foolish in a Grand Vizier, and still more foolish in a stork, I would declare that I am afraid of ghosts! There is something strange about this place, and I hear sighings and groanings."

The Caliph stopped and listened.

"I, too, hear quite clearly sighs and sobs," he answered, "but they sound like human voices, not animals. Come at once; let us see what it means."

The Vizier plucked at his master's feathers in alarm, but the Caliph, who had a brave heart, although it was just then under stork feathers, tore himself away from the Vizier's beak and went into a dark passage whence the sighs seemed to come.

The sounds grew louder, and now there was a mournful shriek. He stopped before a closed door, pushed it with his bill, and stood astonished on the threshold. The room was dimly lighted by a little lattice-window, and sitting on the ground, with great tears rolling from her eyes, he saw an owl.

As she caught sight of the stork she gave a joyful cry. She wiped with her speckled wings the tears out of her eyes, and spoke to the Caliph and Vizier, who had followed him, in good Arabic:—

"Welcome, storks; you bring me good luck, for a prophecy has declared that I shall be rescued by storks."

The Caliph, with his long neck, made her a most courtly bow, and answered:—

"Night owl, I can hardly believe your words, that you are indeed a companion in misfortune; I fear, however, your hope of rescue is in vain. We are quite helpless, as you will see when you have heard our sad story"; and then he related all that we already know.

When the story was finished the owl said: "Listen now to what I relate, and you will see that I am just as unlucky as you. My father is an Indian king, and I am his only daughter, Lula. The wizard Raschnur, who has bewitched you, has also brought this misery to me; and this is how it happened. He came one day to my father to ask that I might marry his son Mirza. My father is a very hot-tempered man, and in a sudden gust of passion he pushed the wizard downstairs. But the wizard very soon had his revenge. He knew how to change himself into any form he pleased, and one day, as I was walking in the garden, he came to me dressed as a slave and offered me a drink, which, to my great sorrow, I accepted. I drank it and became the miserable creature you see. Helpless and speechless with fright, I was dragged here by the wizard, who shrieked in my ear:—

"'Here you will remain, hateful one, until you die, shunned by animals even, unless one shall be found willing to marry you in this hideous shape. And thus I take my revenge on you and your proud father.'

"Many months have gone by since then. Lonely and sad I live like a hermit in this building, shunned by everyone, a horror even

to animals. Nature, in all its beauty, has disappeared for me because I am blind by day. Only when the white light of the moon shines over these walls the veil falls from my eyes and I see once more."

As the owl stopped speaking she wiped away the tears from her eyes with her wings, for her sad story had made her weep anew.

The Caliph stood for some moments, thinking deeply. Then he said:—

"I feel convinced, Princess, that there is some strange and secret connection between your unhappiness and ours; but how to find the key to the riddle I know not."

The owl said, eagerly:—

"O sire, I feel sure you are right, for long ago a wise old woman foretold that a stork would bring me a great joy. I feel certain that you will be able to save me from my misery."

The Caliph was much surprised, and asked her in what way she meant.

She answered:—

"The wicked Raschnur comes every month to these ruins. Not far from this room there is a hall; there he and his comrades meet and feast. I have often listened to them. They tell one another of their wicked doings. Now I think it is very likely that they may name the magic word which you have forgotten."

"Oh, dearest Princess," cried the Caliph, "pray tell us more and say where is the hall."

The owl was silent for a moment, and then said:—

"Please don't be angry; but before I tell you, you must make me a promise."

"Speak! Speak!" cried the Caliph. "Anything; I will do anything you like."

"I, too, wish to be freed from this horrible bewitchment," said the owl, "but that can only be if one of you offers to marry me."

The storks were taken aback somewhat, and the Caliph motioned to the Vizier to come to a little distance.

"This is a stupid business, Grand Vizier," said the Caliph behind the door, "but you can take the owl if she is determined."

"Oh, indeed!" answered the other. "But what will my wife say? And, moreover, I am an old man, and you are young and

"ON A SPLENDID HORSE, SURROUNDED BY HIS FOLLOWERS, CAME A MAN IN GORGEOUS ARRAY OF GOLD AND SCARLET—THE NEW CALIPH!"

unmarried. Surely it would be more becoming for you to offer your hand to a young and beautiful princess."

"So it would seem," replied the Caliph, sighing, while his wings drooped mournfully. "But how do you know that she is young and beautiful? That remains to be proved, my friend."

They argued about the matter for a long time; then, as the Caliph saw that Almansor would rather remain a stork than marry the owl, he determined to agree to her condition himself. She was overjoyed, and told them that they could not have come at a better time, for very probably the wizard would come to the ruins that very night.

Led by the owl, they left the room to go to the hall. Very silently they stole along a dark corridor, until from a crumbling wall they caught sight of a clear, shining light.

"Stay here quite still," whispered the owl.

They could see through a crack in the wall a large hall below, with many fine columns, and splendidly decorated. There were so many coloured lamps that the place was as light as day. A round table stood in the midst, laden with all kinds of dainties. Around the table was a couch on which eight men were seated. One of them the storks recognized at once—the little pedlar who had sold them the magic powder.

"Tell us now what you have been doing lately," asked the pedlar's neighbour. You may imagine how the storks held their breath to listen. The pedlar told them the story of the magic powder and his visit to the Caliph's palace.

"What was the word you gave them?" asked one of the wizards.

"A very hard Latin word," replied the pedlar, with a laugh—"Mutabor!"

As the storks heard this, they were almost beside themselves with joy. They ran so quickly on their long legs, down the dark corridor to the door of the ruins, that the little night owl could hardly keep pace with them.

The Caliph, true and honourable gentleman that he was, turned first of all to the owl.

"With all my heart I thank you for saving me and my friend by your generous help, and therefore I ask you to be my wife," said he.

Then he turned towards the east, where the sun's rays were just lighting up the mountains. Three times the two storks bowed their long necks towards the sun while they cried "Mutabor," and in an instant they were changed to men.

Master and servant fell into each other's arms laughing and weeping. But who shall describe their astonishment as they looked round and saw a beautiful lady, richly dressed, standing before them?

Laughing, she gave the Caliph her hand.

"Don't you know your night owl?" she asked.

The Caliph was entranced with her grace and beauty, and cried:—

"THEY LOOKED ROUND AND SAW A BEAUTIFUL LADY, RICHLY DRESSED, STANDING BEFORE THEM."

"Being changed into a stork has really brought me my greatest happiness, dear lady."

The Caliph found in his dress both the box of magic powder and his purse. He bought what they needed and the three set out at once for Bagdad. Soon they were at the gates. How surprised and delighted were the people to see again their old Governor, whom they had mourned as dead! And how their hatred against Raschnur and Mirza his son flamed up! They rushed into the palace and took both captives. Raschnur was condemned to pass the rest of his days in the chamber where he had put the owl. Mirza was made to take a pinch of the magic powder and at once was turned into a stork. He was placed in an iron cage in the garden of the palace.

Long and happily lived Chadid with his fair wife; but always his happiest hour of the day was the time when he sipped his coffee and smoked his pipe, while he and his faithful Vizier talked over their strange adventures as storks. If the Caliph should chance to be cross or dull the Vizier had only to tell him how he looked as a stork, stepping solemnly up and down the room, flapping his arms like wings, making odd rattling noises, and bowing again and again, crying "Mu - Mu - Mu ——," to chase away all ill tempers or moodiness.

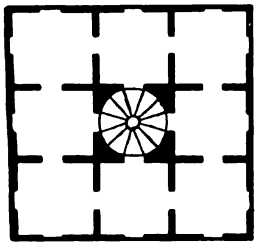
One little secret, however, the Vizier kept faithfully, though he often laughingly threatened to tell, and that was what happened behind the door of the night owl's room when it was a question of an offer of marriage.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

178.—A DORMITORY PUZZLE.

In a certain convent there were eight large dormitories on one floor, approached by a spiral staircase in the centre, as shown in our plan. On an inspection one Monday by the abbess it was found that the south aspect was so much preferred that six times as many nuns slept on the south side as on each of the other three sides. She objected to this overcrowding, and ordered that it should be reduced. On Tuesday she found that five times as many slept on the south side as on each of the other sides. Again she complained. On Wednesday she found four times as many on the south side, on Thursday three times as many, and on Friday twice as many. Urging the nuns to further efforts, she was pleased to find on Saturday that an equal number slept on each of the four sides of the house. What is the smallest number of nuns there could have been, and how might they have arranged themselves on each of the six nights? No room may ever be unoccupied.

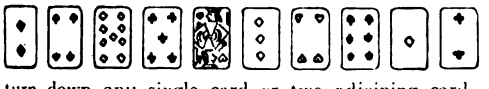


179.—STEALING THE BELL-ROPES.

Two men broke into a church tower one night to steal the bell-ropes. The two ropes passed through holes in the wooden ceiling high above them, and they lost no time in climbing to the top. Then one man drew his knife and cut the rope above his head, in consequence of which he fell to the floor and was badly injured. His fellow-thief called out that it served him right for being such a fool. He said that he should have done as he was doing, upon which he cut the rope below the place at which he held on. Then, to his dismay, he found that he was in no better plight, for, after hanging on as long as his strength lasted, he was compelled to let go and fall beside his comrade. Here they were both found next morning with their limbs broken. How far did they fall? One of the ropes when they found it was just touching the floor, and when you pulled the end to the wall, keeping the rope taut, it touched a point just three inches above the floor, and the wall was four feet from the rope when it hung at rest. How long was the rope from floor to ceiling?

180.—THE TEN CARDS.

Here is a simple little puzzle game that is apt to perplex the beginner. Place any ten playing-cards in a row, as shown, with all their faces upward. There are two players. The first player may turn down any single card he chooses, the second player can then



turn down any single card or two adjoining cards, then the first player turns down any single or two adjoining cards, and so on. The player who turns down the last card wins. Remember that the first player must turn down a single, but afterwards either player can turn down either a single or two adjoining cards, as he pleases. Should the first or the second player win?

181.—POCKET MONEY.

What is the largest sum of money—all in current silver coins and no four-shilling piece—that I could have in my pocket without being able to give change for a half-sovereign?

182.—A WORD SQUARE.

The traveller his course will *fourth* awhile,
And as he *fifths* at wayside inn will smile,
For fast the rain is falling from the *third*;
The lightning flashes, and deep thunder's heard.
But soon 'twill *first*, and 'neath the azure sky,
With springing step he'll *second*, fresh and dry.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

169.—THE FOUR POSTAGE-STAMPS.

Referring to the original diagram, the four stamps may be given in the shape 1, 2, 3, 4, in three ways; in the shape 1, 2, 5, 6, in six ways; in the shape 1, 2, 3, 5, or 1, 2, 3, 7, or 1, 5, 6, 7, or 3, 5, 6, 7, in twenty-eight ways; in shape 1, 2, 3, 6, or 2, 5, 6, 7, in fourteen ways; in shape 1, 2, 6, 7, or 2, 3, 5, 6, or 1, 5, 6, 10, or 2, 5, 6, 9, in fourteen ways. Thus there are sixty-five ways in all.

170.—THE CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

The distribution took place "some years ago," when the fourpenny-piece was in circulation. Nineteen persons must each have received nineteen pence. There are five different ways in which this sum may have been paid in silver coins. We need only use two of these ways. Thus if fourteen men each received four fourpenny-pieces and one threepenny-piece and five men each received five threepenny-pieces and one fourpenny-piece, each man would receive nineteen pence and there would be exactly one hundred coins of a total value of £1 10s. 1d.

171.—THE TWELVE PENNIES.

Here is one of several solutions. Move 12 to 3, 7 to 4, 10 to 6, 8 to 1, 9 to 5, 11 to 2.

172.—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

In four and a half years, when the daughter will be sixteen years and a half and the mother forty-nine and a half years of age.

173.—AN ANGLING PASTIME.

In addition to the two examples we gave, it is possible to land the following sixteen fishes in their order: Perch, roach, bream, sprat, ling, carp, tench, herring, dace, sole, barbel, whiting, swordfish, trout, chub, salmon.

174.—AN ENIGMA.

The answer is PALMS—ALMS.

175.—THE FOUR GATES.

The traveller had at first the sum of five shillings and one penny.

176.—THE THREE SUGAR BASINS.

The number of lumps in each basin must have been thirty-six.

177.—MISSING WORDS.

The words are LEAP, PALE, PLEA, and PEAL.

MY BILLIARDS:

And the Strokes That Made It.

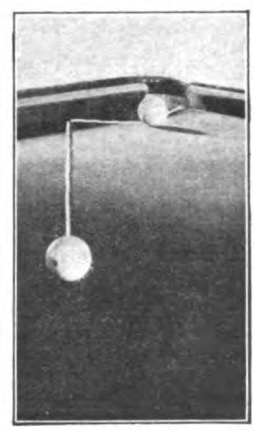
ILLUSTRATED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD.

By JOHN ROBERTS.

[The photographs accompanying the text constitute the unique feature of these articles. Each stroke was set up on the table by Mr. John Roberts personally, and the white lines illustrating the run of the balls were placed in position by him. The spot on the cue-ball shows the exact place where that ball must be struck to make the stroke depicted, and the line running from the cue-ball to the object-ball shows the line of aim for the stroke.]

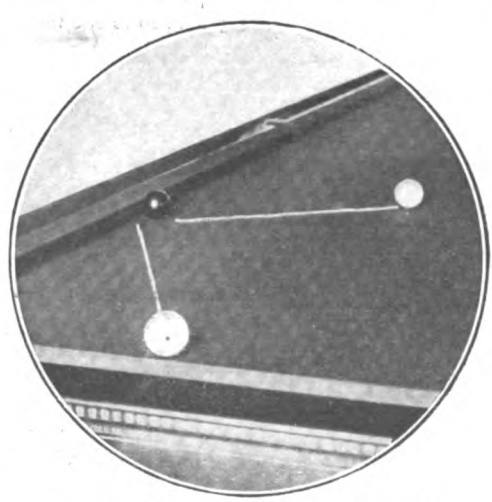
CONCERNING A VARIETY OF STROKES.

AM by no means averse to safety play in billiards. It has its uses, and even its beauties. But its great drawback is the ease with which it is carried to excess, even by front-rank cuemen who could be named. Among amateurs as a body, the gentle art of potting the white and running a double baulk is usually reserved for match or handicap games, when its introduction often upsets the normal game of those who adopt it for the occasion. Speaking broadly, just as attack is the best kind of defence, so it is always better to score if you can rather than put the white down, give a miss, or indulge in any other variety of safety stroke. Very often when it appears as if there is nothing else to do except make the white winning hazard, that ball may be saved and the break continued by the exercise of a little ingenuity.



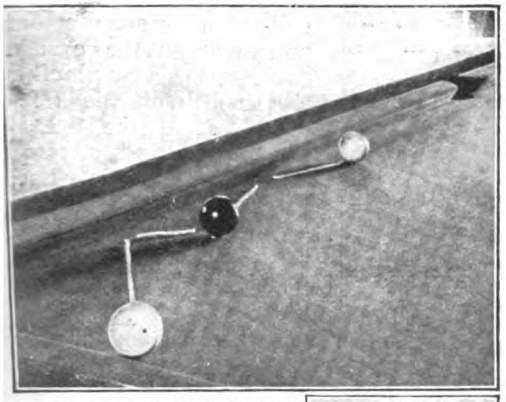
NO. I. — SAVING THE WHITE BALL.

Take our first photograph, for example. The object-white is decidedly adjacent to the right top pocket, and as the red is not shown I may as well inform my readers that it is well down the table in first-class position for a losing hazard from hand, but offers no feasible score as the balls lie. The temptation to pot the white is very great, and as the four-stroke can be made easily enough it would be the game to do so if only a small break was wanted to finish a close match, and the probability of collecting the required points by playing from hand at the red was by no means remote. But in ordinary circumstances there is not the slightest reason why that white ball should be pocketed. Put a good deal of left side on the cue-ball, aim carefully at the exact spot on the top cushion indicated in the photograph, and the cue-ball will glide in off the white every time. It is quite simple, and almost as easy when it is understood as making the four shot. The beginner will find the angle deceptive, and until he has tried the stroke for himself he will hardly credit its ease and possibility.

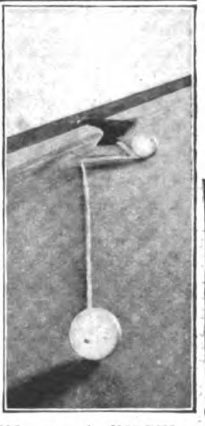


NO. 2.—A USEFUL POSITIONAL CANNON.

Any number of pretty and profitable strokes can be made by bringing the cue-ball into contact with a cushion before allowing it to strike an object-ball, and to my mind this



NO. 3.—A CANNON WORTH KNOWING.

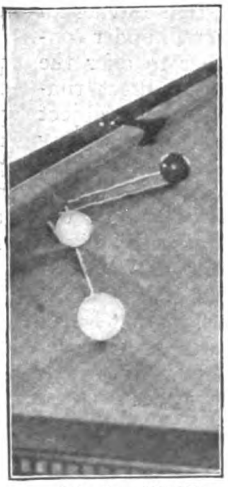


NO. 4.—A USEFUL TYPE OF SHOT.

beautiful phase of the game is not nearly so much practised in English billiards as it deserves to be. In support of my argument I have arranged a couple of neat little cannons, neither of which would appeal to the ordinary amateur as a stroke he ought never to miss. Yet such is the fact, as a trial stroke or two will quickly prove. Our first cannon is set up at the side of the table. The red is tight against the cushion, and the position of the other two balls is shown very plainly in the illustration (No. 2). A cannon can be made by playing fine direct on the left of the red, but the stroke is not nearly so safe as the one I advocate, which is made by striking the cushion just in front of the red with the cue contact shown by the dot on the player's ball. This will drive the red towards the middle pocket, and is sure to leave a nice chance of a good break. The other cannon is most useful because the position is such that a direct follow-through is impossible, and the stroke off the side cushion, which requires no explanation beyond what is shown in the photograph (No. 3), offers an easy and certain score.

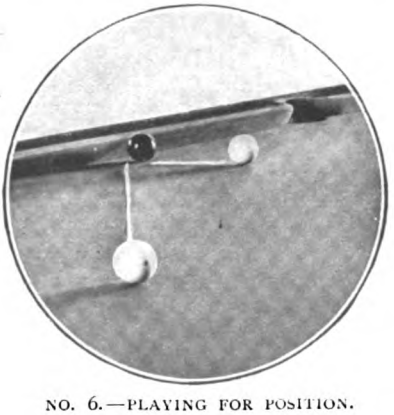
Our next stroke is another of the "cushion first" variety, as the tyro would say, but this time a hazard into a middle pocket is scored. This stroke looks as if a fine hazard direct into the pocket is presented, but this is because I have brought the object-ball rather a long way out for the class of stroke in order to show quite plainly the angle the cue-ball makes from the cushion to the object and then on into the pocket. Make a cue contact as shown (No. 4) by the spot on the cue-ball, and then try the stroke at the angle shown, and a working knowledge of a very useful type of shot will soon be gained.

Once again we are faced by a stroke which has a deceptive appearance. The direct ball-to-ball cannon which appears so simple in the photograph (No. 5) is not so in reality, as the balls are a good deal farther apart than they appear. A correct idea of the distance can be gained by noting the position of the red and cue-ball against the side cushion, which is within a few inches of six feet in length. When the angle is lengthened according to this hint, and it is remembered that the cue-ball is much nearer to the white than that ball is to the red, then the real state of affairs becomes obvious enough.



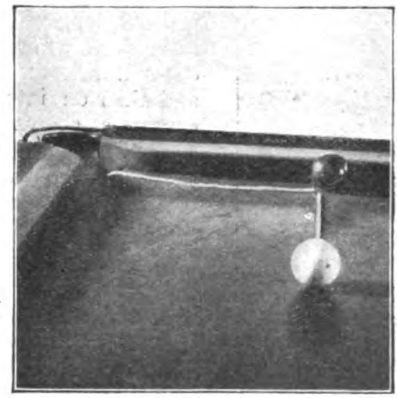
NO, 5.—AN INSTRUCTIVE CANNON.

The fine cannon is playable, of course, but is most decidedly not the game. The balls are at the baulk end of the table, and what can the fine cannon leave? Nothing except the white in an impossible position, and the red badly placed as well, unless, more by luck than judgment, it happens to stop in the vicinity of the middle pocket. Even then the cue-ball will be between the white and the red, a flagrant and needless transgression of that excellent



NO. 6.—PLAYING FOR POSITION.

billiard dictum which tells a cueman to keep two object-balls in front of the cue-ball. This positional ideal can be reached and the score made quite easily by the stroke indicated in the photograph. This is a follow-through with running side. The ball contact is nearly full, but a shade to the left of the object. From this contact the cue-ball will strike the cushion as shown by the line on the extreme left, while the object-ball will travel practically straight ahead, take the cushion at a point which enables it to clear the red, and come to rest a foot or so beyond that ball. Meanwhile the cue-ball will complete the cannon off the cushion and finish its run behind the red, thus leaving all three balls before the striker, well under control, and close enough together to offer the easiest of scoring facilities. A direct run-through, if attempted, will send the object white off the side cushion in such a way that it will inevitably kiss the red out of the path of the oncoming cue-ball. Altogether a most instructive stroke, and one which will richly repay careful study by those who have advanced beyond the rudiments of the game.

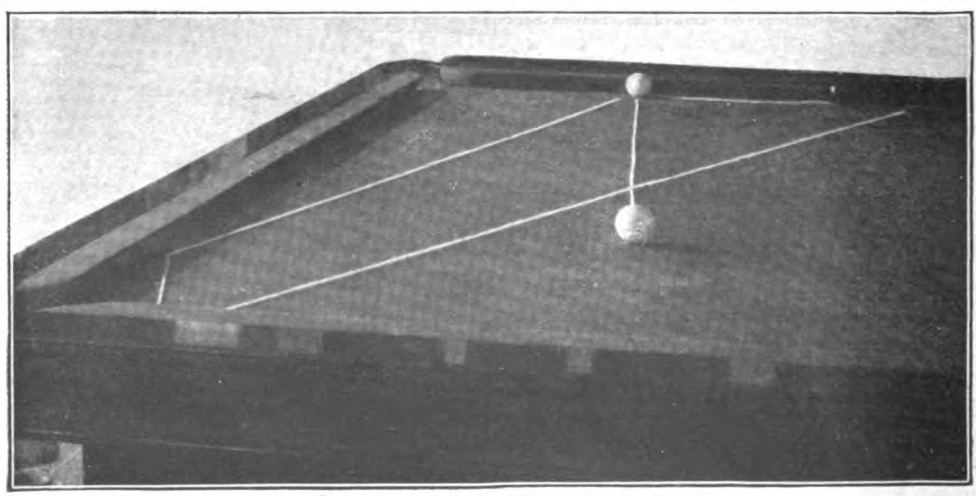


NO. 7.—A SIMPLE "KISS" LOSING HAZARD.

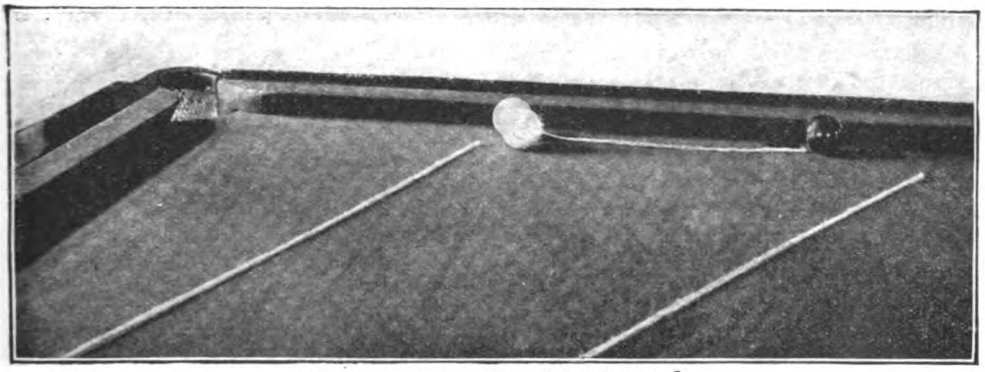
Our next shot is much easier, and comes out so well in the photograph (No. 6), that I need write but little concerning it. The cue-ball is in hand, and the uninformed tyro would assuredly place it somewhere well towards the right-hand spot of the "D," and bang away merrily at the easy ball-to-ball cannon thus presented. But the correct stroke is made by placing the cue-ball on the left-hand spot of the "D," enlisting the assistance of a little right side, and making a fine contact to the left of the red, which sends that ball over the middle pocket and completes the cannon as shown.

Still keeping the red ball tight against a cushion, we will pass on to discuss some useful kiss strokes. The first (No. 7) is quite a simple one, and the photograph describes it far better than anything in writing could do. The contact is approximately three-quarter ball, and the strength should not be more than is required to carry the cue-ball into the pocket.

We now come to an advanced example of positional stroke (No. 8). The lie of the balls is depicted very well indeed, and the second photograph (No. 9), shows the ball contact to a nicety. But the difficult part of the stroke is gauging the strength so well that the object white is steered into position off two cushions as shown. This will make a full call on the cue-manship of my readers, and may be practised with profit, as it is a lovely shot, one of those billiard triumphs which effect a score from an apparently hopeless position, and at the same time leave something easy to go on with. This is a refinement which may well engage the serious attention of keen students, as it is most discouraging to overcome one hard

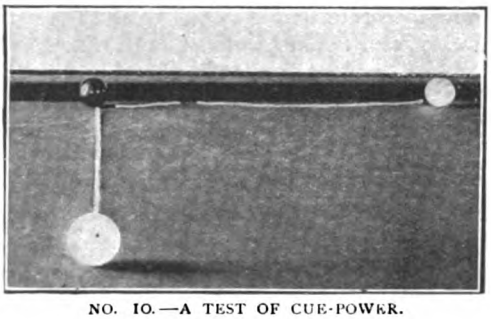


NO. 8.—AN ADVANCED POSITIONAL CANNON.

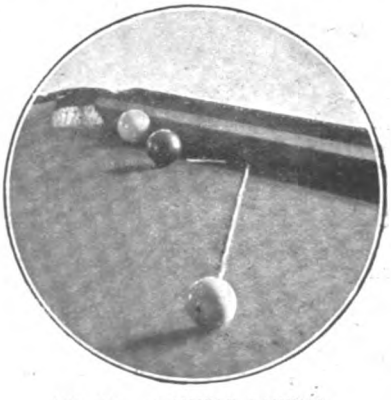


NO. 9.—THE BALL CONTACT FOR NO. 8.

stroke only to be confronted by another, possibly even more difficult, at the next shot. Sometimes, but rarely, this really is a risk which must be faced. There are strokes which make such a call on execution that nothing but the score can enter into the calculations of the player, and after-position must be left on the knees of the gods. But strokes of this type do not crop up anything like so frequently as is often supposed, and before accepting a difficult leave as hopeless positionally unless the fates are kind, it is always best to strive to work out a solution which leaves but little to chance. An inexperienced player is easily deceived by the appearance of many strokes. At a hasty glance, for example, the stroke shown in our next illustration (No. 10) looks almost identical with our last. But it is not. A second and close inspection will show that the angle from cue-ball to red is different. As a matter of fact, the stroke is not a kiss at all. It is made with the cue contact shown, and a little fuller than half-ball contact with the red. Then the cue-ball impinges on the cushion at the spot indicated by a gap in the white line, and runs on to make the cannon. Not an easy one, this, but worth mastering as a test of cue-power.

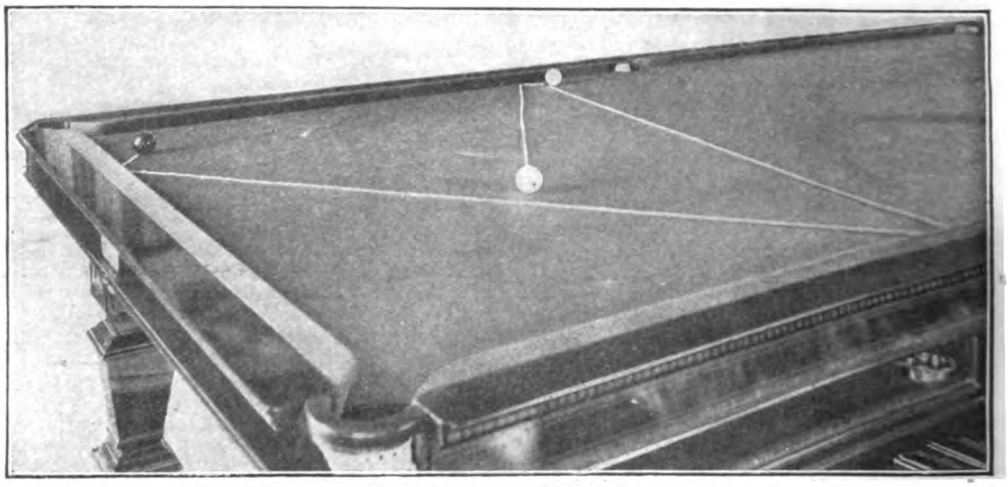


NO. 10.—A TEST OF CUE-POWER.



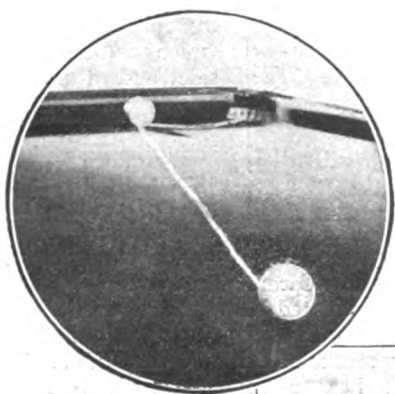
NO. 11.—A SIMPLE CANNON.

Reverting to strokes made by first bringing the cue-ball into contact with a cushion, I will commence by setting up a simple cannon which really requires no explanation beyond that afforded by the photograph (No. 11). I may remark, however, that the score is best made in this way for many reasons. Quite a different proposition is supplied by our next stroke, which combines screw, side, and a primary contact with the cushion. The red ball is in baulk, and the stroke is made by placing the cue-ball on the baulk line and striking it very low and to the right. Careful aim should be taken at the spot indicated in the photograph (No. 12), and attention must be given to the fact that in every stroke of this class the middle of the cue-ball has to come into contact with the spot marked on the cushion. Then the running side will bring the cue-ball off at just that angle of reflexion which brings about the requisite contact with the first object-ball. At the instant of ball contact, screw, which retains its power after striking a cushion, comes into action, and brings the cue-ball nearly straight across the table. By the time the ball has reached the opposite cushion the screw has evaporated, but enough of the strong side is left to



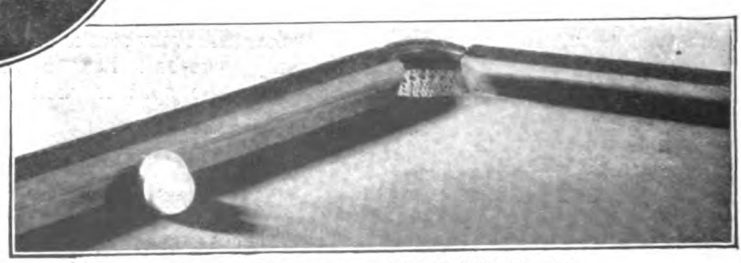
NO. 12.—A GRAND STROKE.

make the fresh angle of reflexion which directs the cue-ball over to the baulk cushion just in front of the red, and so close to that ball that the cannon is sure to result. This grand stroke may leave a feasible shot off the red, and takes the white well out of that "danger zone" so detrimental when playing from hand—as no plain hazard can be scored from baulk off a ball within the "danger zone."



NO. 13.—A TEST OF PLAIN BALL STRIKING.

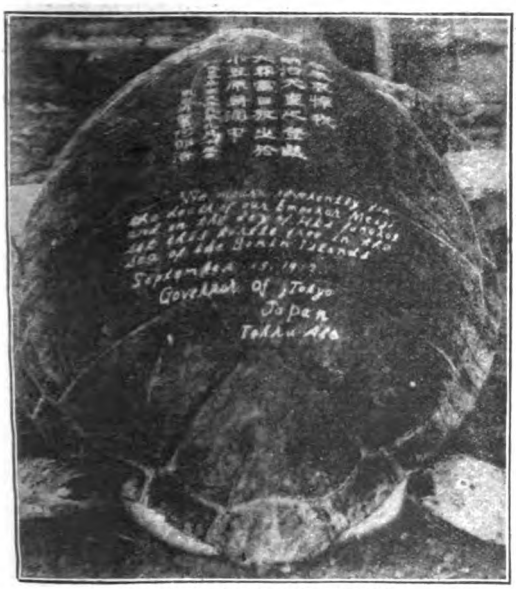
In conclusion, I will return yet again to that bold, accurate, plain-ball striking allied to perfect cue delivery which is the foundation of billiards. The stroke I have selected to illustrate my meaning shows the white ball tight against the baulk cushion, with the cue-ball more than a yard away and at such an angle that the losing hazard appears to be quite a fearful and wonderful business (No. 13). Strike the cue-ball a little high and a shade to the left, nothing in the least decided either way, and make the full ball-to-ball contact shown in our final photograph (No. 14), and it will at once be evident that the difficulties of the stroke are much more apparent than real. But not unless the cue swing and delivery is free from fault, as the cue-ball must have plenty of life in it to add a couple of well-earned points to the striker's score by making the losing hazard which at first sight seems scarcely feasible to the untrained eye.



NO. 14.—THE BALL CONTACT FOR NO. 13.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

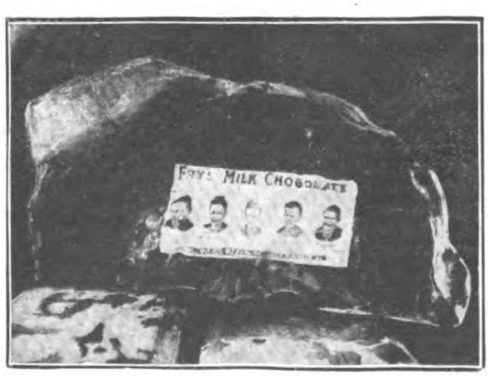


A STRANGE MEMORIAL.

"WE mourn revelently for the death of our Emperor Meiji, and on the day of His funeral set this Turtle free in the sea of the Bonin Islands. September 13, 1912. Governor of Tokyo, Japan, TOH RU ABE." The above inscription, in Japanese and English, was carved on the shell of a large turtle at the time of the death of the Emperor of Japan, by a native of the Bonin Islands, in the Pacific. It took the man three days to complete the inscription, and then the turtle was set free on the day of the Emperor's funeral. It is strange the Japanese should have been to the trouble of adding an English inscription—but they love an opportunity of showing off their knowledge of English.—Rev. L. B. Cholmondeley, Chaplain, British Embassy, Tokyo, Japan.

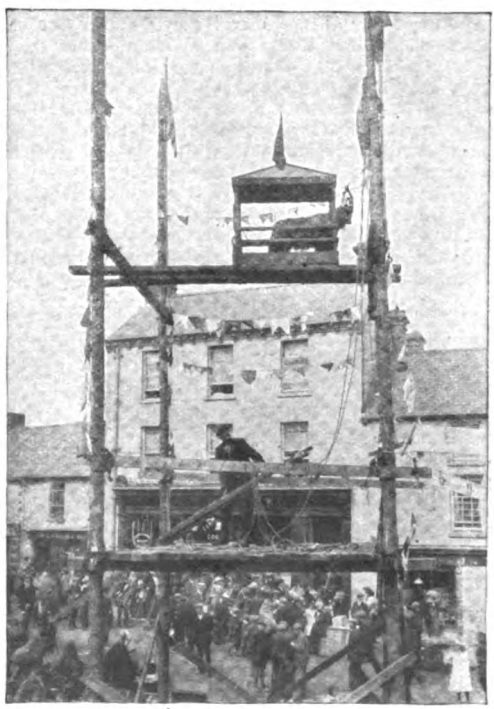
ON WHICH SIDE IS THE LABEL?

THIS piece of ice was collected and photographed in Robertson Bay by Mr. Priestley, one of the geologists of Captain Scott's British Antarctic Expedition. It was about four to five inches thick, and unusually transparent. He wanted some means of showing up the transparency, and used the wrapper from a piece of Fry's milk chocolate, which he happened to have with him. The paper is on the far side of the ice, as will be seen by the slight distortion of the faces, but the ice is so clear that the paper appears to be on the front of it.



ELECTING A GOAT KING FOR A DAY.

"PUCK Fair," held at Killorglin, is one of the last of the old-time Irish fairs, and more than one story is told as to the origin of its name. Amongst them is a tradition that when Cromwell's soldiers were in Ireland a large party of troopers were coming over the Kerry Mountains, making for Killorglin, when they frightened a flock of goats. These immediately made off helter-skelter for Killorglin, and dashed wildly into the town headed by a great "Puck." Thus warned of impending danger, the inhabitants beat off the troopers, and in gratitude dedicated a fair to their horned defender, and elected him king for a day.—Mr. William B. McCarthy, Photographer, Tralee.



ANOTHER ANAGRAM LETTER.

THE anagram letter in a recent number excited so much interest that we have pleasure in publishing another example, on similar lines, by Mr. Eille Norwood, the well-known actor. Perhaps we need scarcely add that each word, or group of words, printed in heavy type may be formed into a single word, thus making perfect sense when the whole is read. The solution will be given next month.

My dear **Draft Hanger,**

A Gran Ma is my **fad argues** here; **see I throw** our **valet ire,** the **missing toy,** might see this **step lie,** and be **grenade,** and the usual **sub tutor** would follow. His **pay that in** to **damn I know,** and to me in **I trap a curl** (though I'm not a **rag is stuff**) is **diary err on tax,** and must be the result of **Simons patent dip** in youth. He thinks he is the **ice wares** of **awe crises,** which causes both **tin in a coach** and **any one can;** that is **re opal band,** you'll admit. **O be subsidy!** how I hate them! they are **sleeper in herb,** stupid **lost arm,** with no more feeling than a **south throb!** But you, my dear **Grecian on oat,** are **champs piety,** and I revel in giving you any **no fat minor I** about my **ice fan.** He is quite **underflow!** you should see his clever **put a lion main** of his **pæan lore;** I was his **green saps** once, you know. He seems **adept at** for **fig lyn,** and his **chain me** is the best **into a Babel.** We are to be **nut die** in **Ruby fear,** and shall always feel **it tug dear** for your **toy is green,** and **my mint again.** We shall have to be **cool cinema** in **th' ivy green.**

Your loving **hunted drag rag,**

GOLDEN NEW.

QUAINT JAPANESE CUSTOM.

IT is a custom in Japan when a man is seriously ill for his family to pay homage to the tutelary deity, and to offer a wooden shrine gate as a propitiatory gift to the deity for his recovery. The accompanying photograph shows a number of such gates in front of a sanctuary, the Japanese characters on them being the names and addresses of the donors and the date of the dedication. The greater the number of gates the better is the patient's chance of recovery thought to be.—Mr. K. Sakamoto, 19, Tsuji-Kuru Cho, Yamada, Ise, Japan.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

IF you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth, divide this by the number of Haman's sons, subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven, subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh, add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath, subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem, divide by the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, and subtract the number of persons saved in the ark, the answer will be the number of pupils in my Sunday-school class. How many pupils are in the class? The answer will be given next month. [This puzzle is one of a large number of interesting problems contained in "Mathematical Wrinkles," published by Mr. Samuel T. Jones, of Gunter, Texas.]

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S SOLO PROBLEM.

A. SOLO HAND.—Diamonds—ace, king, queen, knave; Spades—ace, king, queen; Hearts—ace, king; Clubs—king, knave, 9, 7 (trumps).

B.—Diamonds—none; Spades—none; Hearts—queen, knave, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2; Clubs—ace, queen, 10, 8.

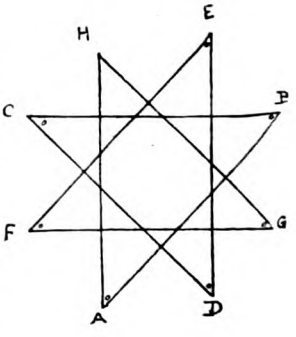
C.—Diamonds—2, 5, 7, 8, 10; Spades—4, 6, 7, 9, 10, knave; Hearts—3, 10; Clubs—none.

D. DEALER.—Diamonds—3, 4, 6, 9; Spades—2, 3, 5, 8; Hearts—none; Clubs—2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

THE TRICKS AS PLAYED.—1. A leads 9 of Clubs, B 10 of Clubs, C 5 of Diamonds, D 2 of Clubs; 2. B leads queen Hearts, C 3 Hearts, D 3 Clubs, A ace Hearts; 3. D leads 4 Clubs, A 7 Clubs, B 8 Clubs, C 4 Spades; 4. B leads knave Hearts, C 10 Hearts, D 5 Clubs, A king Hearts; 5. D leads 6 Clubs, A knave Clubs, B queen Clubs, C 6 Spades; 6. B leads ace Clubs, C 7 Spades, D 3 Diamonds, A king Clubs; 7. B leads 9 Hearts, C 2 Diamonds, D 2 Spades, A ace Diamonds; 8. B leads 8 Hearts, C 10 Spades, D 3 Spades, A king Diamonds; 9. B leads 7 Hearts, C 8 Diamonds, D 4 Diamonds, A queen Diamonds; 10. B leads 6 Hearts, C 7 Diamonds, D 5 Spades, A ace Spades; 11. B leads 5 Hearts, C 10 Diamonds, D 8 Spades, A king Spades; 12. B leads 4 Hearts, C 9 Spades, D 6 Diamonds, A queen Spades; 13. B leads 2 Hearts, C knave Spades, D 9 Diamonds, A knave Diamonds.

ANSWER TO "CAN YOU DO IT?"

HERE is the solution to the little puzzle entitled "Can You Do It?" which appeared last month. 1. Start at B and leave the object at A; 2. C to B; 3. D to C; 4. E to D; 5. F to E; 6. G to F; 7. H to G. The start can be made at any point, if care is taken to place the object on the point from which the previous one started.



The amusing Story,

"OFFICE ATHLETICS,"

on page 312, has been selected for filming for the Cinematograph Theatres throughout the country as No. 3 of a series entitled :

"STORIES from the STRAND MAGAZINE."

No. 1 of this series was

"THE WINGS OF DEATH,"

a splendid aeroplane story, published in our January number under the title,

"FULL BACK,"

while No. 2 was the intensely dramatic story,

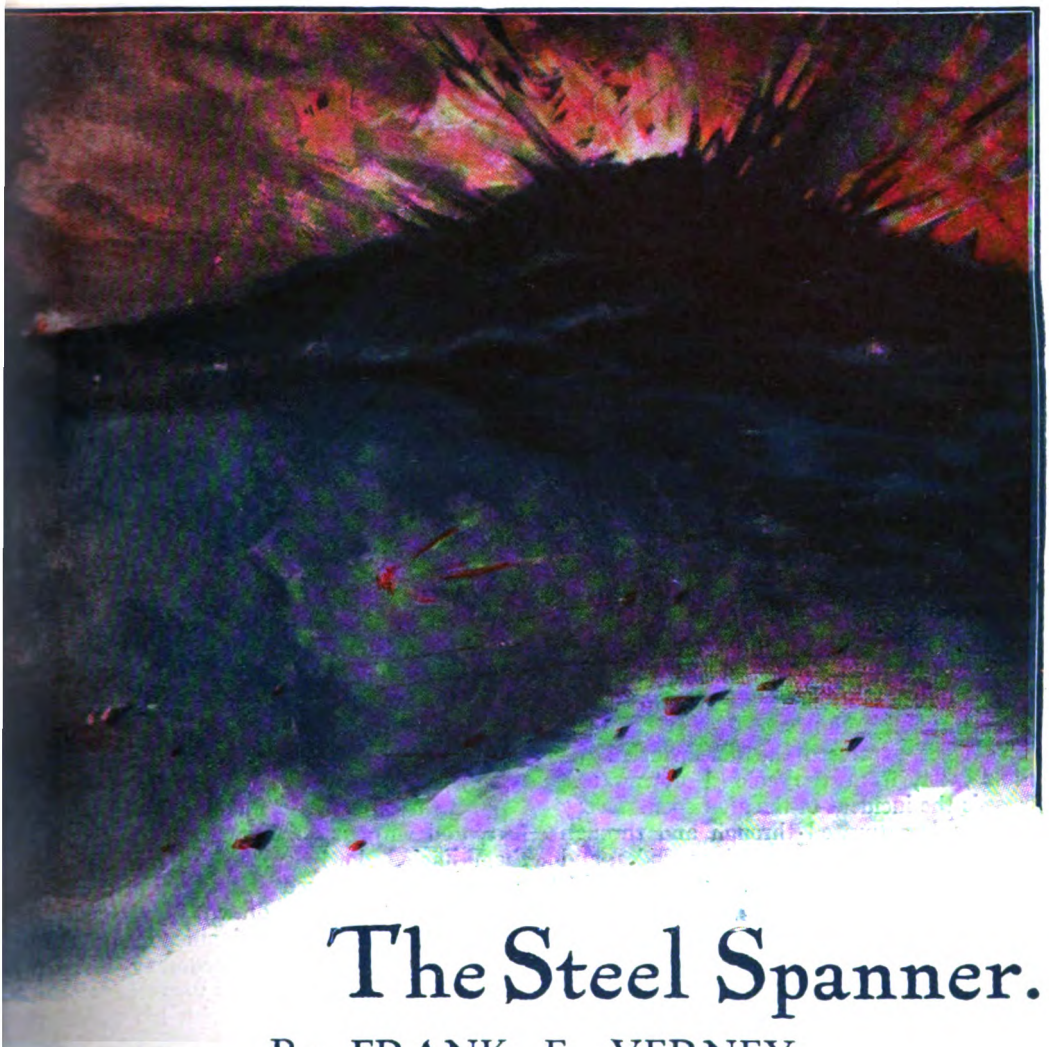
"The DANCER in DARKNESS,"

which appeared last month.

Our readers should not miss the opportunity of seeing these films, which are being taken by The Solograph Film Company, and which will provide some of the most original and striking effects ever shown on the screen.

"A MIGHTY REVERBERATING CRASH SWAMPED THE DIN OF THE BATTLEFIELD."

(*See page* 250.)



The Steel Spanner.

By FRANK E. VERNEY.

Illustrated by Christopher Clark, R.I.

I.

"STAFFIELD," said the senior subaltern, "you are a disgrace to the mess!"

For a minute there fell upon the small room the silence of the sand-butts after the explosion of a big shell. Then there was a slight shuffle of spurred heels. Staffield's ears flushed to the colour of his mess-jacket and his sensitive mouth stiffened to a narrow line.

"Your seniority," he answered, unevenly, "gives you no right to come to my room and make a statement like that."

The senior subaltern's large red face grew redder. In the shadow behind him the fire flickered coldly like bayonets in a moonlit mêlée.

"If you had any pluck in you at all you'd forget that and chuck me out, or try to, but you haven't, and that's just why we're here."

Staffield's boyish face twitched oddly.

The other men in the room were staring rigidly in front of them. The senior subaltern was saying nothing stronger than they would have said; to their minds, Staffield had broken a tradition upon which lay the very foundation of the regiment.

"Let me remind you that my seniority

gives me every right to see that a 'sub.' of 'Ours' does nothing he should not do; so kindly explain why you, a 'Hellferleather,' funked that fence to-day when every other man in the 'field' took it?"

The words came in a cold staccato. Staffield rose from his seat and slowly inserted in the crowded bookcase the book which he had been reading. The disapproving glances of his brother officers followed his movements to the studious article of furniture which inexcusably intruded on the conventional room equipment of a Sixth Lancer. Staffield reseated himself in front of his inquisitor. "I repeat," he said, unevenly, "my horse was unreliable, and—I saw nothing useful in risking a broken neck or a smashed collar-bone."

"You saw nothing useful!" exclaimed the senior subaltern, in tones almost incredulous. "You've been with the mess eighteen months—and you go and ruin the record the regiment was raised on—and you and all of us have been fed on—and then say you could see nothing useful!"

For a moment there was silence, while the scornful words sank in.

The bitter incredulity of the senior subaltern's voice expressed the sentiment of the whole mess, from the colonel downwards, towards the incident of the afternoon. Every regiment is saturated through and through with the traditions, superstitions, codes, and unwritten laws which have made British regiments what they are. These deathless scrolls are loved and honoured always with a faithful singleness of vision that the civilian cannot comprehend; and of these worshipped creeds there is usually in every mess a premier idol or fetish that is treasured and guarded above all. In turning back from a fence this young boy officer of the hardest riding cavalry regiment in the Service had broken the sacred Icon of his regiment.

"Smythe and Bride were on hacks and got over," said one of the other men.

"Smythe's in hospital to-night," answered Staffield. "I saw him go down."

"Hang it," said the senior subaltern, tensely; "what's it matter who got smashed? There isn't a man of 'Ours' who wouldn't have donkeyed it over in the middle of the night rather than jib a lead: and the whole place was watching you."

"Day of the regiment's farewell, too," muttered the subaltern at the window.

"Yes! a pretty picture for the papers—what!" said the senior subaltern, grimly. "'Officer of the Hellferleathers refusing a fence. Farewell function of a famous regiment *en route* for the front, etc., etc.'" The words were flamboyant, but the spirit bitterly earnest.

Staffield drew a deep breath. He was very white under this united onslaught, this boy subaltern with the sensitive face and thoughtful brow.

"I'm afraid—you don't quite understand," he said, unsteadily. "It didn't matter—to my view—who was looking. It wasn't—a circus. There was no real reason for me to chance an almost certain smash, so—I didn't do it."

The men on the bed got to their feet. "Let's push off," said one, gruffly, with a glance at his wrist-watch. "They'll be rotting up for this old dance soon."

The senior subaltern drew his long legs together.

"No, Staffield," he jerked out. "I'm afraid we don't understand anything except that you've behaved in a manner unlike one of 'Ours.'" It isn't the first time you've shown a curious regard for that pretty face and precious skull of yours. And," he concluded, with a stern glance at the tense, boyish face in front of him, "the opinion of the mess is that you are a disgrace to the regiment."

With this pronouncement he turned on his heel, and without another word the five of them jingled slowly across the room. The door opened and closed sharply, and Staffield, his clean-cut face oddly drawn, was left alone to grapple with the full significance of this room court-martial. The ordinary "rag," with which the unpopular or unconventional officer is brought into line with his mess or forced out of it, was quite a different thing from this deliberate deputation on a crowded day of the week of a regiment's embarkation for active service. To the cold eye of layman logic the senior subaltern's arraignment was unnecessarily harsh and disproportionate, but in a regimental mess everyday acts have far different values. Beneath the senior subaltern's arraignment lay the measured judgment of the mess, and under his final accusation was the grave and serious assessment of that living entity, the spirit of the regiment.

The boy sat with a queer hurt look about him. His eyes travelled slowly round the room.

Its appearance subtly reflected its owner. The narrow bed, half hiding the double row of highly-polished boots standing beneath, with their carefully-tree'd heels arrayed at

"THE OPINION OF THE MESS IS THAT YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THE REGIMENT."

regular intervals against a long, slim uniform-case, was usual and typical enough; but the cases of books, the model of a military railway, the reading-lamp, the selection of photographs on the mantelpiece, containing only one picture of a brother officer, were markedly different features from the average subaltern's room. He should have had pictures of at least half the mess. His book-case should have been at most a small support for a few novels. The engineering model should have been a cabinet gramophone. And, most of all, in the Sixth Lancers he should have had his walls hung with mask and pad and brush, hunting-crop and sporting prints. Trifling differences in the outside world, but significant departures in a barracks.

A sharp knock sounded on the door, and a tall, mess-kitted figure entered. It was the man whose portrait stood on Staffield's mantelpiece. On his shoulder flashed three small gold stars; on the flap of his jacket hung, in miniature, two war medals and the D.S.O. medallion. In his gaunt, plain face shone eyes that held charity and understanding.

"Halloa, Staffield," he said, cheerily, "just looked in to tell you the C.O. wants to see you at orderly-room at nine to-morrow."

He sat down. "Blundell been in here?" he asked.

Staffield nodded.

"Ragging, I suppose?"

Staffield stared at the carpet.

"Only told me I was a disgrace to the regiment," he said, simply. The pain in his voice made the other get up and walk about.

"I can talk to you, Edwards, as I can't talk to anyone else. You've always been decent to me," he said, quietly. "Was it so—awful—to-day?"

The answer came after a pause. "One has to do lots of apparently unreasonable things in a regiment. It's best to 'dress' with the rest." He turned round. "You know, Staffield, you're a bit different from the average giddy subaltern—too much sense, really. You don't fall into pattern with most of us: and that sort of originality isn't popular in the Service, especially when it affects a regimental custom."

"Is it a regimental custom to break one's neck as a relaxation from duty?"

"That's not quite it, old boy," answered the other, gravely. "It's a regimental custom to court risk rather than shirk it, and I think it originated in the not unsound idea that a man must be daily familiarized with danger, so that when the time comes in war he will treat it with the right contempt."

"Do you think a man who refuses to be deliberately reckless, say at a hunt, is going to fail when the real necessity arrives?"

The question seemed to embarrass the other man.

"I'd value your opinion, Edwards," pleaded the boy, quietly.

It was a full minute before the elder man spoke.

"Archie," he said, "you may not like my answer, but—I've seen something of real soldiering, and—I've never found—the reckless man lacking as a soldier."

Staffield studied the other's spurs.

"It's a kind way of putting it," he said, at last, dully.

"Well, buck up, youngster," said the other, suddenly, with cheerfulness. "We are not all built on the same lines."

He turned to the door. "I must push off now."

"Wait a minute," said Staffield. "What does the Colonel want me for in the morning?"

Edwards thought for a moment. "I'm not supposed to say a word," he said, at last, "but—you might as well know. We've got to leave a subaltern behind at the depot," he continued, with overdone casualness, "and the Colonel mentioned your name."

"At the depot—while you fellows go to the Front!"

Edwards coughed. Staffield bent down and stared at the floor.

"Is it an order?" he asked, at last.

"I believe so. You'd be detailed off." Edwards put his hand to the door-knob.

"Wait," said Staffield, queerly. "Excuse my questions, but when was my name mentioned?"

"Why—er—just before mess to-night. I must really dash off."

And once more Staffield was alone in his room; this time to face the bitterest situation that can befall a soldier. Condemned by his mess as a disgrace to his regiment—a thing of contempt to his brother officers—a subject of charitable toleration to his only mess-friend, and—deliberately selected by his Colonel to stay at the depot while the regiment went where lay a soldier's real work.

Staffield pulled himself together. Thank God, there was still one left to believe in him and understand him. He would be seeing her in a few minutes at the dance.

Through that evening, with a brave smile on his boyish face, and braver wit on an untripping tongue, Staffield punctiliously practised the ballroom rites of a junior subaltern, talking to sitting dowagers and dancing with faded wallflowers. His task was not easy when contempt could be read in all faces by his sensitive eyes, and hostility detected in the jingle of every spur; when the very spirit of the flag-hung scene in its martial glory of red and gold jackets and twinkling medals circling amidst soft silk and flashing jewels, backed by the glittering crimson splash of the regimental band, flung out an aloof reproach. At the commencement of the last dance Staffield left the marquee. His companion was a girl upon whose form his eyes had been directed most of the night. He had not danced with her once during the whole evening. She had touched his hand in greeting at the beginning with an odd haste, and had given him only the last dance instead of half her programme as she used. She had danced only once, and that with her father, the Colonel.

"Take me to the ante-room," she said; and, with her hand laid lightly on his sleeve, they passed through the canvas corridor into the great entrance-hall.

Proudly beautiful was this tall, straight girl, in every sense the daughter of her father, the Colonel of the regiment. In Staffield's eyes, as he looked at her, shone the pure, steady light of a boy's adoration. In her presence he seemed oblivious of everything else.

She led the way into the ante-room. Staffield

"WITHOUT A WORD SHE TURNED AND WENT SLOWLY TO HER FATHER."

never spoke ; he did not want to when he was with her. His faith and worship was a very beautiful thing.

Side by side they walked down the centre of the room and halted beneath the centre-lamp that gleamed on its surroundings with almost conscious pride. Within its shaded radius hung some of the regiment's guidons, tattered and torn by age and conflict, and stained darkly with the blood of many sons

slain in defence of the silken emblems. Beneath the gallant remnants gleamed a sword-hilt carrying a few inches of blade. The rest of the steel was in the body of a tall Russian lying buried beneath the field of Balaclava. The broken stub itself was found embedded in the skull of another bearded gunner in the same silent group, the dead fingers of a fair-faced young officer still clasping its gory hilt.

Most prominent of all, in a gold-rimmed

"'WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIR,' HE SAID, QUIETLY, 'I WILL TRY TO REPAIR THAT LEAK.'"

case hung a bronze medallion surrounded by a wreath enamelled in the colours of the regiment and surmounted by the regimental crest. It commemorated a ride of a hundred and fifty years before, when the officers of the mess had risen one night from the table at barracks and earned the regiment its nickname. The ride was to a distant town in a straight line, over and through everything. Five only out of ten officers returned. The rest were left at the bottom of a gorge that was too wide for their horses to leap.

Diana Lerris had known that story in her nursery.

"Don't you love all this?" she breathed.

"I do," said the boy, simply. His eyes were on the broken sabre. Swift as a flash she turned round on him.

"How could you? Oh, how could you?" she cried.

Staffield looked at her with slowly-whitening features.

"Diana!" he exclaimed.

She looked at him.

"Archie," she said, very slowly, "to-night I heard father say that you were to stay behind at the depot instead of going with the regiment to the front."

The boy stared at her. "You heard—that?" he said.

"Yes, to the Adjutant," she answered. "He said something else, too—he said he thought you'd prefer it—judging by to-day."

The colour came back to Staffield's face suddenly. The tones of her voice stung him. There was a long, tense pause.

"Do you believe that, dear?" he asked, queerly.

Through the open window brave and gay came the sounds of the regimental march, with its odd effect of galloping hoofs and ringing accoutrements. There was a quick jingle of spurs, and Colonel Lerris stood at the door.

"Diana," he called.

She looked once at the boy's drawn face: and then, without a word, she turned and went slowly to her father.

And Staffield stood like a man robbed of Earth, Heaven, and all Faith.

The next day Staffield was reported "absent

from barracks." He had gone without a word, even to his soldier servant.

"I suppose," said the senior subaltern, grimly, "he didn't know he would be staying behind *in any case*."

II.

GREY anxiety lurked in the conversation of the group of officers standing near the brown-coloured engine. The hot, sunlit air shivered and shook to the thunderous roar of the great shells that were hewing the heart from the defence. In the trenches on the other side of the hill the grimy defenders gripped hot rifles and gazed along blackened sights to the broken ground and low hills at the other side of the gleaming steel rails, which divided the attack from the defence like a chalk-line in a tug-of-war.

Now and then, to the accompaniment of one of those mighty crashes, a section of elaborate earthwork would vomit a great dust-cloud, subsiding to reveal an ominous plough of reddened earth, and a dreadful eddy of silence in the lines of clamouring rifles.

On the inside of the hill, the centre of a yawning scar, lay two dismantled guns; beyond them, in the Base centre, two squads of sweating men fought the flames of a huge, twisted heap that had been a train-repairing shed—further tributes to the cataclysmic menace that growled in skilful traverse from the far hill beyond the glittering rails across the battle-front. In the trenches and the Base reserve men were swearing dully, and officers were desperately wondering what had intervened to keep the top on that hill to which the enemy's only heavy guns had been cunningly manœuvred by the crafty strategy of the Base Commander.

In the little group around the Commander and his Chief of Staff there was no doubt as to what had nullified so dangerously the skilful work of sweating Sappers in the daring plan for the destruction of the enemy's only formidable weapons.

The buried wire between the base and the carefully-mined hill had become disconnected. The lever in the black storage-box that should have shot its current to the fuse in the mine had been switched in vain, and the frowning Sapper officer had stated that the leak was at a joint immediately beneath one of the glittering rails now being swept from both sides in low and high trajectory by screaming shell and whistling bullet. It was unnecessary for him to state the very obvious fact that, unless that short circuit could be remedied, the Base was doomed. It was also unnecessary to state the human impossibility of repairing it in a fire one-tenth of that which swept the battle-front.

On the footplate of the smoking engine, listening to the grave remarks of the grey-haired Commander, stood a slim-bodied man in greasy blue overalls. Beneath the grime of his calling and his unshaved cheeks his face looked oddly youthful.

He was specially interested, perhaps, because he had watched the hurried joining of that insulated wire after the Sappers had cut it to pass it under the rail-line.

Suddenly he swung himself down to the ground and saluted the Commander.

"With your permission, sir," he said, quietly, "I will try to repair that leak," and he waved a thin, dirty hand towards his panting engine.

"I know where the join is," he added, somewhat nervously, as they stared at him.

"Who are you?" asked the officer, curtly.

"Driver spare engine B. 2 armoured train, sir."

"Sapper?"

"No, sir—volunteer rail engineer."

"Well, get back to your post," was the sharp order, "and learn to submit suggestions through your immediate superiors. *That* one is useless suicide. Colonel Lerris," he continued to the grey-haired officer at his side, "your men will assault that gun hill. It's our only chance."

At the words the driver suddenly sprang back on his engine. Instantly the armoured engine blasted out a compression of steam that was muffled by the clamour of guns, and then, before anyone realized what was happening, she began to glide away from the little khaki group on the sheltered siding towards the battle-front.

Colonel Lerris sprang forward with a sudden exclamation.

The Commander thrust out his arm.

"Wait," he said. "If the thousandth chance happens he'll save your regiment—and the Base."

"The engine will get blown to pieces before he even gets there," said Colonel Lerris.

"It will get smashed—but—he may escape just long enough."

The engine began to gather speed as it surged forward. The watching officers caught a glimpse of the driver's hatless head as he reached up to swing the sheet-steel gate across the cab entrance.

"Anybody know that fellow's name?" suddenly asked Colonel Lerris.

"Staffield, sir," said the Sapper officer.

"Staffield?" repeated the Colonel.

The Sapper nodded.

"Quite a youngster. Decent-looking chap when his face is clean. Clever engineer, too."

"Good heavens!" said the Colonel.

Away on the speeding engine, his steady hand on the speed-lever, stood Staffield, his eyes gazing steadily through the narrow slit in the steel front plates. Coolly he drove his engine ahead into a fire inferno that was certain to destroy him completely. Without the slightest qualm he was deliberately going to his death on the bare chance of saving the garrison before violent death struck him. His mind's vision was focused only on the image of a clumsily-joined wire. The rattle of rifle-fire suddenly grew louder as the square nose of the armoured engine reached the level of the reserve trenches, and when the clank of plates and panting exhausts chimed into the sinister orchestra of the first line of resistance the toiling defenders in the trenches began to voice their realization of the fact that this new element had entered the arena.

And as Staffield's engine swung round across the left front and began to eat up the bright steel rails across the centre of the fire-zone, the fire of the defence slackened in eddies, and only an occasional bullet spattered the defence side of the engine, but on the other side the armour plates rang in a deafening tattoo. But still Staffield stood unmoved with his hand on the lever and his eyes glaring along the track.

The deeper roar of the enemy's guns slackened curiously, and Staffield knew by that pause that his engine would quickly be the target. She was not an easy mark as she rattled along, but the guns were not far away, and as soon as the engine slowed down the final juggle with Fate would begin.

Suddenly Staffield's left hand reached out to a handle, and with a gritting of brakes the engine began to slow down, and just as she stopped dead he touched the throttle, and the whistle shrilled out his safe arrival at his goal.

Swinging aside a hanging plate, he slipped quickly to the ground, and on his stomach he began to worm his way along between the rails. A bang, a crash, and a rattle, and a small shell struck the coal-box of the engine. One battery had got the range already. Slowly, steadily, Staffield worked his way along the stony track.

Now the air began to roar and scream as the guns got to work on the target. A giant's rataplan of shell fragments and bullets beat the still iron. Staffield suddenly stopped moving. A shrapnel bullet had seared one ear and stunned him for a moment. Again he commenced to wriggle. He stopped again. Dead flat on the ground, he began to scoop away with a steel spanner at the ridge of loosened earth that traversed the track.

In a minute he dropped the spanner and worked with his bare hands. An exclamation broke from his lips as his fingers closed round a wire. A swift pull, and a black wire with a frayed end of bright copper was exposed to the view of his smarting, dust-filled eyes. Again his bleeding fingers scraped and dug. Ah! the other end. He lifted it and strained with both hands in an endeavour to connect the two sprays of shining strands. They wouldn't meet by a hand's length. He took up the spanner and rubbed it with earth till it shone. And then he curled up the two ends of cable and laid the cleaned side of the spanner across them. Instantly a mighty reverberating crash swamped the din of the battle-field, and away on the small square top of that dominating hill, whence those two invincible guns had belched forth disaster to the besieged, a great mound of earth and iron and stones was slowly settling beneath a vast cloud of dust.

Four hours later, when the now fangless attack had ebbed back to silence, a stretcher party and several officers under a white-grounded red-cross flag halted near the mangled engine. They found Staffield on his back between the iron rails, his dark eyes staring sightlessly up at the brazen sky, his right hand gripping a gleaming steel spanner that reflected the sunlight like a heliograph.

Colonel Lerris and two of his officers stood in a terrible silence beside the still figure in the bloodstained overalls. On the reckless face of the fox-hunting senior subaltern was a grey look that a man has only once in life. The gaunt brown visage of Edwards—Staffield's mess friend—was clamped with an iron grief.

Colonel Lerris spoke, and the voice that could make a regiment wince with its cold inflexibility shook with suppressed sobs.

"May God forgive us—our—blindness," he said; "there was no braver soldier in the Service, and—he—died like that to save his regiment."

And now a bright steel engine-spanner gleams in the place of honour in the mess of the Sixth Lancers. It is surrounded by a wreath of laurels enamelled in the colours of the regiment and surmounted by the regimental crest.

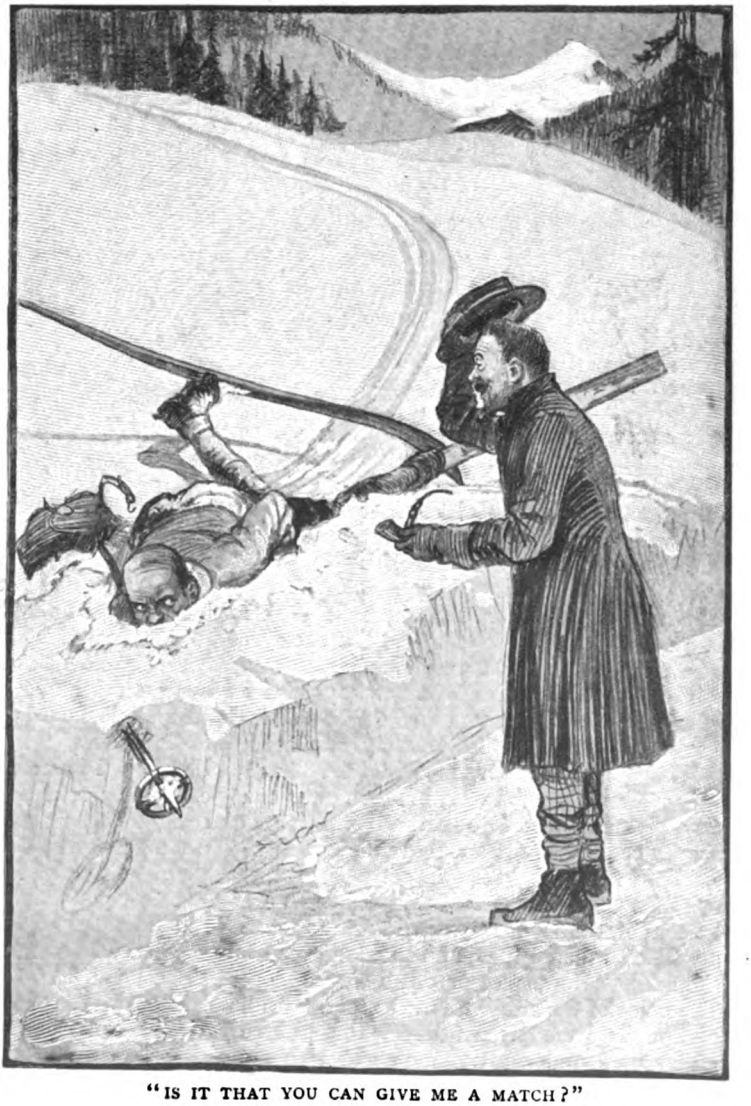
The Humours of Winter Sports.

BY

EUSTACE E. WHITE *and* C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.

OF all winter sports ski-ing, perhaps, is most fruitful in humour. First attempts at ski-ing by a somewhat unathletic novice are a side-aching delight for the onlooker. There is a fortune awaiting the music-hall humorist who comes home and gives a faithful and unexaggerated imitation thereof behind the footlights.

First of all, the novice starts to walk in the ordinary way, with toes turned out. As a consequence, his long strips of wood cross each other at the back. He then tries to advance that ski which is pressed down by the upper one, and falls on his nose. Then the fun really begins. He essays to get up by placing his hands on the snow. The more he presses the deeper his arms sink into the snow, until he looks like Ulysses embracing his mother earth. Having coughed some of the snow out of his mouth, and worked his eyelids vigorously to shift some of the deposit, he sits up and looks at his feet. They are still there, and reason tells him that his left foot naturally belongs to his left side, but how to untie the tangle of his skis and get it there looks like a Chinese puzzle. He squirms and rolls over and over, but with no better result than to achieve a little *pas seul* that might be named "the animated snowman." A further fierce moment of mental concentration results in the conclusion that



"IS IT THAT YOU CAN GIVE ME A MATCH?"

"IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN, I'LL BREAK EVERY PANE OF GLASS IN YOUR FACE."

it is necessary to get the point of the right ski round the back of the left leg. He attempts to put this into practice, forcing his legs wider and wider apart in the attitude known as the "splits." His legs being short and his hired skis designed for a taller man, he fails of his purpose by an inch or two, and lies back on the snow panting, explosive, and exhausted. It was at some such critical moment that a Swiss peasant once approached a member of the Bar and, doffing his hat, politely requested, "Is it that you can give me a match?"

A professional instructor in ski-ing was one day giving a lesson to half-a-dozen pupils simultaneously, and adopted the plan of going in front of them and getting them to copy his movements. When he came to the bottom of the slope he wished them to make a well-known stop-turn, and shouted over his shoulder, "Now, please, do a *telemark!*" The point of the story lies in the fact that all his pupils were strewn down the hillside performing sundry antics and acrobatic feats unknown to the art of ski-ing.

To do a *telemark* is one of the accomplishments every ski-runner must learn, being, as it is, one of the few effective ways of turning and stopping. There are hundreds of jokes having this turn as their foundation.

Here is a common application of it. A wild-eyed female novice is flying down a slope at an ever-increasing speed. Her arms are going like flails; she can barely keep her balance. Suddenly a ditch and fence come into view in front of her, right across the path of her mad career. Her eyes dilate still farther and her mouth opens for a scream. It is then that all the witty bystanders with one accord yell "*Telemark!*" The effect is instantaneous; the runaway promptly sits down, burrows her way violently into the snow, and is brought up on the brink of the obstacle.

Two Englishmen once set out from Villars to ski over to Montana, three days' hard work. On the way a solitary Frenchman on skis was met who, without so much as a by-your-leave, calmly attached himself to the party. Unfortunately, his ability as a ski-runner was considerably less than his outfit suggested, for he fairly bristled with impedimenta—great rücsack, climbing rope, crampons, and enormous snow-goggles that covered the greater part of his face like a mullioned window. Every hint dropped that his room was preferable to his company, and that he was causing considerable delay, proved unavailing. He hung on grimly. On coming to the next steep slope the Frenchman, in order to make up for his lack of skill downhill, kept so close to the Englishman in front of him that he constantly trod on one of his skis. This, of course, is very bad form, and worse than driving into the couple ahead at golf. For a time the Englishman suffered in silence. At last it could be borne no longer. Turning round, and shaking his fist in the much-be-goggled countenance of the culprit, the irate Englishman bawled, "If you do that again, I'll break every pane of glass in your face."

On one occasion, when a well-known English ski-er was out with a guide, the former removed a boot in order to coax back the

circulation to his frost-bitten toes, and laid it on the snow beside him. Raising his eyes at an ejaculation from his guide, he was horrified to see his boot rapidly shooting down the mountain-side. The guide's remarks on restoring him his boot after a descent of some hundred feet were worth hearing, if not quite fit to repeat.

An early morning expedition up the Chamossaire to see the sun rise once furnished a little adventure that had in it elements of tragedy, comedy, and humiliation. The party consisted of a man and two ladies. Nearing the top of the climb the party paused to rest and to look back. One of the ladies pointed out a dark object on the snow some little way beneath them. She was certain it had moved; something or someone was following them.

"Why not a bear?" said the man.

"But are there bears in Switzerland?" eagerly asked both the ladies at once.

What a chance for a practical joke, thought the man. He assured them that, of course, there were. Did not the Swiss peasants carve more bears out of wood than any other animal? Obviously, the bear was as much the national wild beast of Switzerland as the lion was of Africa or the tiger of India. As they moved up the slope, with frequent backward glances, the object ever grew larger, drew nearer. It was following them, and it was a bear! Fear seized the ladies. Their predicament was an alarming one. Behind them a bear, therefore no retreat in that direction; a hundred feet in front of them the narrow plateau forming the summit of the Chamossaire, and beyond that a sheer drop of several thousand feet. What could they do? It was decided that the party should spread out, the man nobly occupying the centre position, which he declared would be the objective of the bear's attack; bears always come straight on. But just at this interesting crisis the sun rose, the light dawned, and the truth was rapidly revealed. The bear was the dark top of a fir-tree, which grew larger, and so appeared to come nearer, the higher the party got above it.

"And in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear,"

appropriately quoted the now laughing cavalier.

The sport of curling is a rich mine of humour, and to its devotees a perpetual delight. But, like many other sports, its best humour is intelligible only to the curler. The directions which a brawny Scotch skip bawls to his crew are worthy of preservation in their entirety.

Should he desire a stone to be sent up which will just touch another, instead of saying so in plain language, it will be something like this: "Now, Wullie, dae ye see that stane? Jest ye send me up a bonny little gel to crack an egg on it—a pigeon's egg, ye ken. But howd yer hand, Wullie."

"SOOP, MON, SOOP! AH, YE NO CALL THAT SOOPIN'. YE'RE NAE BUT JUST TICKLIN' THER EECE."

If a stone is not going as fast or as far as the skipper wishes, then the order is given to sweep it. By the means of besoms every particle of powdered ice or snow is swept out of the path of the oncoming stone, and a considerable difference in its "life" can thus be effected. Sweeping, or "sooping," is therefore a very important thing.

During a curling Bonspiel at Kandersteg a very exciting match was being played between two rival Scotch teams. Things were getting very close, and every stone was of importance.

One skipper, desirous of guarding a stone which was well placed in the centre of the "house," instructed his man to send a stone so that it stopped some way from it, and so prevented it from being knocked away by the enemy. The stone was well "laid," and quite straight, but it was questionable whether it would go quite far enough, so the order was issued to sweep.

"I like it, I like it!" yelled the excited skip. "Bring it; soop all ye ken." Then as the stone began to die, "Soop, mon, SOOP! Ah, ye no call that soopin'. Ye're nae but just ticklin' ther eece."

On another occasion a guard was required, but the luckless player sent his stone down so keen that it not only ran too far, but knocked the stone it was meant to guard right out of the "house," and spun out itself. The skip was beyond speech. His shaggy eyes burnt holes in his luckless number three.

"Ah, Lomas, thank God yer father no lived to see this day, mon. He could put his gravestone down better than that."

But if a Scotch skip is facetious in his condemnation, he is sublime in his praise. He has asked for an almost impossibly difficult shot. And here it should be said that, although some of us think we can curl a bit, to see some of the wonderful bits of judgment and skill displayed by a canny crofter puts the best of us to shame. In obedience to the chief's request, the stone is sent down straight and true, with just enough curl on to go round another stone and achieve the apparently impossible. A perfect shot. The skip solemnly advances to meet his faithful henchman, and grasping him by both hands looks with pride into his eyes.

"Mon," he says, "ye're a curler."

The most extravagant dream of lofty ambition can attain to nothing higher than this.

"SHE MADE QUITE A HABIT OF CLINGING AFFECTIONATELY TO ANY STABLE MALE FORM IN HER VICINITY."

The humours of skating are chiefly spectacular. The evolutions of the beginner and the gyrations of the man who is really a beginner but imagines himself something of an expert are funnier to watch than describe.

A certain young lady had the reputation of being excessively shy, and yet, when in the throes of learning to skate, she so far forgot her native shyness that she made quite a habit of clinging affectionately to any stable male form in her vicinity. The story goes that she was such an exceedingly pretty young lady that she was invariably to be seen with a strong following of the eligible male, each imbued with the hope that in her next moment of amative instability he might be the chosen support.

While waiting at Lauterbrunnen Station a party of gentlemen, strangers to each other, were discussing some knotty point in figure-skating. One little colonel, anxious to prove that he was right, blurted out, "Look here, I don't like talking about it, but I got through my tests last year, so I ought to know what I'm talking about." The quiet, distinguished-looking man opposed to him in argument replied, "I also hate talking about it." As a matter of fact his name was Grenander. The peppery little colonel on learning this was forced to admit the possibility of a world's champion knowing more than himself.

Ice carnivals are one of the attractions at all sports centres. Scarcely a carnival but some wag dresses himself up to represent "Winter Sport." The most usual rendering is a creation like a much-wounded soldier fresh from the battle-field with wounds all dressed and features adorned with patches.

Mention of carnivals calls to mind the balls and dances which are almost nightly the indoor amusement at all hotels. A very humorous thing once happened at one of these places. The waiters, Swiss, Germans, or French, anyway fools, top-dressed the ballroom floor with soap-powder instead of French chalk. The warm feet of the dancers worked up a fine frothy lather, and the ball-room floor rapidly took on a surface that appealed to the heart of every ski-er present.

The humour of winter sports becomes evident as soon as you get outside your hotel in the morning. To hasten your arrival at the rink, you decide to do the short, steep journey on a luge. You sling your skates and boots round your neck and distribute your lunch about and around your person. The black bottle containing—well, your cold tea, is difficult of distribution. You hug it to you the best way you can. Hampered by your commissariat, and a novice at the game, you fail to negotiate the sharp corner half-way down the run. Over you go, skates, black bottle, and food packages flying in different directions!

As you lie on your undignified back the warning cry of "*Gare, gare!*" sounds close at hand. Another party of lugers is coming down the run. You just have time to drag yourself and luge out of the way, and see part of your precious lunch swept away into the distance. If it is not humour to you, the gods, at least, enjoy a hearty laugh.

A certain gilded youth came up from the Riviera to St. Moritz and must needs have a shot at the Cresta Run. It was in January, so the run had been built up only so far as

"IT'S A DASHED SIGHT EASIER TO BREAK THE BANK AT ST. MORITZ THAN AT MONTE CARLO!"

Stream Corner. He arrived at the start arrayed in full kit, rakes, knee and elbow pads, and all the rest of it. He made a moderately good start, but soon his steed began to side-slip. He cannoned from one bank to the other in a most sickly manner, but somehow managed to stick to it. He succeeded in getting as far as the railway-bridge, but, taking the banking there too late, flew up to the top, scraped along a few yards, and then came a most "unholy purler" amidst a shower of ice and snow. When he had recovered consciousness sufficiently to be asked his opinion on tobogganing, he replied, "I don't know much about it, but it's a dashed sight easier to break the bank at St. Moritz than at Monte Carlo!"

On a bobsleigh the man in front steers and commands, while the one behind has a double-handed brake to look after.

On one occasion a party were negotiating a mountain road. Seeing a short cut which would save a *détour* the steersman turned off down it. All went well until the track grew steeper and more bumpy at every yard. After flying over one immense boulder the pace became too hot, even for the well-known jockey who acted as steersman, and he shouted to the man behind, "Brake, you fool, brake!" Hearing no response, and noticing an ever greater acceleration of the bob, he turned round and saw the brakesman somewhere behind us in the air in what looked like an attempt to outPégoud Pégoud!

It is extraordinary the skill some of the Swiss peasants show in the management of their luges. One of the writers of this article well remembers seeing many years ago, a whole string of villagers speeding down from Villars to Ollon on their luges. One young fellow was carrying his wife on his lap, and she was holding a big basket of eggs. He must needs let go his hold of the luge—and this was at the steepest and narrowest part of the road—take off his cap, and, balancing the whole lot, flew swiftly past us laughing and "wooing!"

"HE SHOUTED TO THE MAN BEHIND, 'BRAKE, YOU FOOL, BRAKE!'"

1. — "I TAKE REFRESHMENT. BEHOLD! THE GRAND DOGS OF ST. BERNARD."

2.—"THEY TAKE TOO MUCH INTEREST OF ME. I ATTEMPT APPEASEMENT WITH THE FLESH OF THE SANDWICH."

3.—"MA FOI! IT IS ME THEY REQUIRE!"

4.—"NEVER SHALL I HAVE RESCUE WHEN I AM NOT SO MUCH AS A LITTLE LOST! RESISTMENT TERRIBLE."

5.—"IT IS FATE, AND I AM VERY ANGRY."

6. — "I TELL THE STUPID FATHERS OF THOSE MOST STUPID DOGS SOME TRUTH OF THOSE DOGS, AND AM TREATED FOR LUNATIC!"

7.—"I TAKE DISGUISE AND ESCAPE TO MEET MY WIFE ON RESCUE PARTY. GREAT SCANDAL."

Mr. Harry Rountree's Picture Story of the foreign gentleman on a ski-ing trip whom the great dogs of St. Bernard persisted in treating as a lost traveller.

"The Auld Hoose"

By J. J. BELL.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

I.

SUNSHINE of a May afternoon fell warmly upon a red-roofed, white-walled cottage set in a market-garden and upon the figure of an old man labouring there. It fell also, but less cordially, so one might imagine, upon a young man in fine linen and fashionable cloth who stepped from the cottage porch, a frown between his eyes, vexation at his lips.

At the young man's approach the old man raised his grizzled head, straightened his back, and smiled. Resting one tanned and weather-bitten hand on the spade, with the other he wiped the sweat from his brow.

"Weel, Davie?" he said, in mild inquiry.

"Oh," came the impatient answer, "it's

no use talking to mother. She simply won't see reason."

"Is it maybe no' jist *your* reason she canna see?" the old man asked, gently.

"It's plain to me that you and mother have made up your minds to reject what I offer you." With a glance at the hedge separating the garden from the public road, David Forres continued in a lower voice. "But I thought *you* might have seen reason in my suggestion. It's time mother was taking things easier. She ought to be in a modern house with modern conveniences, and have a servant or two to do the hard work. And you ought——"

"Davie, lad," said the old man, "I'm no' sayin' onything against modern conveniences—for modern folk; but I'm sure yer mither would never thole a servant in the hoose." Suddenly: "Did ye ever see yer mither lookin' abler?"

"Oh, I admit she is wonderfully fit—at present." David Forres paused for a moment. "Come, now, father," he resumed, "what is your own particular objection to removing to Laburnum Villa?"

The old man hesitated, then waved his hand in comprehensive fashion, as if to remind his son of these two acres surrounding the cottage—acres sown and planted with vegetables and fruits and flowers, and supporting several glasshouses wherein at the moment his two assistants were working.

"I've lived on it and lived by it for five-and-thirty year," he said at last.

"But you don't need to earn money now. You want a garden to amuse yourself in. You know what a splendid garden there is at Laburnum Villa, and you could do anything you liked with it."

John Forres shook his head. "But—but, Davie, it's no' three year since ye bought this garden and cottage to save us payin' rent."

David gave a rueful, almost angry, laugh. "So *you* won't leave the garden, and mother won't leave the cottage!"

The other eyed his spade. "I wouldna like to leave the cottage either. Five-and-thirty year since yer mither and me set up hoose in it. It's seen a' oor joys and a' oor griefs. And"—he raised his eyes with a twinkle in them—"it's been the birthplace o' a vera clever and important man!"

David shrugged his shoulders. "You mean a man who gets his gift to his parents thrown back at him!" he said.

"Na, na, Davie!" cried the father, quickly. "Ye're no' to say that! Never! If this had happened twenty year earlier, I wouldna say but what we would ha'e jumped at it. But we're ower auld noo—no' ower auld to dae the day's work, but ower auld to change it." He sighed and smiled. "The auld hoose for the auld folk—aye, that's it, lad!—the auld hoose for the auld folk!"

David was touched, but in more ways than one. He turned away, and for a space stood staring at a big house on the hillside—the house he had admired as a child and coveted as a youth—the house he had sworn, as a young man, to possess some day—the house that circumstances and his own amazing success in business had permitted him to buy six months ago for a summer residence. There it was, square and handsome and creamy white in the sunshine, almost ready now for the mistress whom he would bring to it a month hence.

The old eyes followed the young.

David swung slowly round, his gaze earthwards. "I'm beginning to think I've made a mistake," he said. "It will be too absurd my living up there while you are—here. Don't you see the incongruity, the—the—— oh, I've no word for it! If you had only liked the idea of Laburnum Villa, which is quite

as good a house as mine, only smaller, everything would have been all right. Now——" David threw out his hands in a gesture of defeat.

"But I canna see what ye're vexed aboot," said John Forres, his countenance troubled. "The wee auld hoose suits *us* fine, and it's jist as natural as natural that a modern young man and woman like you and Miss Carlisle should be wantin' modern conveniences. But ye can tell her, if she wants a guid dish o' tea, jist to slip doon to her mither-in-law."

David smiled in spite of himself. "All right, I'll tell her," he said, and looked at his watch. "Four o'clock. I must catch the four-twenty from the junction."

Presently they parted.

John Forres, leaning on the gate, watched the tall, smart figure as far as the long stretch of straight road permitted. He was turning away when a neighbour, coming from the other direction, accosted him.

"Fine weather, John. I suppose yer son'll ha'e been tellin' ye aboot his latest investment?"

"Maybe," said John, cautiously, "maybe. He tells me many a thing, Peter."

"I meant aboot Laburnum Villa. He didna get it that cheap, either. Seeven hundred and fifty pound."

John stared. "Laburnum Villa? Seeven hundred and fifty pound?"

"Oho! So he didna tell ye! Weel, I got it frae the postman, and the postman got it frae Sir Kenneth's factor; so it's true enough. What's yer son wantin' the villa for?"

For a moment or two the old man was speechless. Regaining command of himself he answered with some dignity: "I've nae doobt he'll tell us when it suits him to tell us. I dare say he forgot a' aboot it the day—he's that mony investments, as ye say, to think aboot." Abruptly he moved off.

He made straight for the cottage. In the kitchen his wife cried out at the sight of his face.

"Gracie, he's *bought* Laburnum Villa!"

"Bought it! Havers, man!"

"But he has! Seeven hundred and fifty pound!"

Mrs. Forres gasped. "Did Davie tell ye that?"

Her husband shook his head. "I heard it after he was awa'. I wish I hadna. But, Gracie"—he smote his fist on the table—"yer son's a gentleman, if ever there was one. He didna tell us he had bought the Villa, because he kenned it would ha'e forced us to tak' the gift! D'ye see?"

"Aye; I see," she said, slowly. Her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, John, we've been a sair disappintment to oor son this day!"

John walked over to the grandfather clock and studied its face intently. "We'll ha'e to keep what we ken a secret frae him," he said. "I suppose that's a' we can dae."

"I suppose it is," she agreed, hopelessly.

But in their hearts they knew it was not all they could do, and when the night came, and the last hour at the fireside was closing, their hearts betrayed them.

And Gracie got pen, ink, and paper, and, prompted by John, wrote a letter to David, telling him that, having changed their minds, they would like to accept his splendid present and spend the rest of their years in Laburnum Villa.

II.

In the fullness of his relief, and without bothering the old people (as he put it to himself), David proceeded to redecorate and furnish Laburnum Villa from top to bottom. It is possible that he "overdid it" in some respects; certainly he left no vacant spaces. In the case of his own house, neither decoration nor furnishing had been done without the suggestions and approval of his *fiancée*, to whom he had submitted elaborate plans of every room. But now his anxiety to see his parents installed in their new home before the date of his marriage argued that there was not time to take another's opinions and advice. Besides, he was inclined to be autocratic—a not unnatural result of his having become the head of a great business at the age of thirty-three.

Not until the day before that fixed for the removal did John and Gracie see the inside of their future residence. In the afternoon David conducted them through it. Without a doubt they were impressed, as their son had wanted them to be. They gazed at the high ceilings and the smooth, unsullied walls distempered in delicate shades, the bright Turkey and Indian rugs and the modern furniture, the newest in fire-places and sanitary improvements. But their feet moved gingerly, their hands touched nothing. And their speech was confined to rare murmurs of solemn, even awe-inspired, admiration.

When the inspection was over they sat awhile in the parlour—David had had the wit to dispense with a drawing-room—and a young maid in the latest cap and apron brought tea.

"I canna say I'm extra hungry," remarked Mr. Forres, after finishing the thin bread and butter.

"WITHOUT A DOUBT THEY WERE IMPRESSED, AS THEIR SON WANTED THEM TO BE."

"Light your pipe, father," said his son, cheerfully.

"What? Can I get smokin' here?"

"Can he?" asked Mrs. Forres, anxiously.

"Why, it's *your* house," said David, smiling on them both. "How's the tea, mother?"

The old woman hesitated, and gently replied, "The lassie'll learn."

"Mind you teach her, then, and be strict with her."

"Me? Oh, I forgot she gaed wi' the hoose." Mrs. Forres looked down at the delicate china on the lap of her Sabbath gown.

His pipe seemed to give the old man confidence. "I've been wonderin', Davie," he said, looking round the room, "where we're to put a' the things frae the auld hoose."

"Well," said David, "if there's any little odd thing you particularly wish to have from the old place, you can just bring it along to-morrow. You see, I didn't want you and mother to be bothered with a general upheaval, and I propose that you just step up here to-morrow, at the hour that suits you, and settle down at once."

There was silence until Mr. Forres said, in a lower voice than usual, "I see." He glanced at his wife, but her eyes were still lowered. "I see," he said again. Then, diffidently, "And will ye be for sellin' the—the auld hoose, Davie?"

David smiled. "I was going to tell you that Ruth has forbidden me to sell the house I was born in."

For an instant Mrs. Forres looked up. "Did she say that?" she cried, softly, and from that moment loved the girl she had not yet seen.

III.

THOUGH David's acquaintance with Ruth extended over several years, his engagement to her had been a short one. Her home being in London accounted for the fact that she and her future parents-in-law had not met. David had been wholly honest with her regarding his birth, his parents, and his simple home-life; and his honesty was not that of the man who merely brags of a humble origin. Nevertheless, he was no sooner engaged than he sought to induce the old people to make the great change in their mode of life. Whatever motives dwelt at the back of his mind, there was a human enough foreboding in front. The tattling tongues of one's native village, the raised eyebrows of one's friends, are not easily to be ignored.

Early in July, David and Ruth returned from the honeymoon. It had been David's wish that only his parents should be present to welcome them home.

"Surely, Davie, lad, we'll be there!" Mr. Forres had declared, heartily, almost boisterously, and was a little annoyed with his spouse because she had merely nodded and said, "'Deed, aye, Davie," in a timid whisper.

But now, as they sat close together in the hall of the big house, listening for the sound of a motor, it was not she who faltered.

"Dinna be feart, John, man," she whispered. "It'll be a' right. We'll no' need to bide long once they're here. We'll jist break the shortbreid, and wish them great joy, and tak' a dish o' tea wi' them; and then we'll awa'"—she nearly said "hame"—"to Laburnum Villa."

"Oh, I'm feart she'll no' like us," groaned Mr. Forres, "and I feel like a perfec' mountebank in this lang coat, and I dinna like the look o' the servants, and ma boots is hurtin' me something terrible."

"Weel, weel, John," she returned, soothingly, "I dare say ye're sufferin', but ye needna be afraid o' Davie's wife."

Ruth will never know what a great thing she did when she begged her lover not to part with the house of his birth. Through weeks of doubts and dreads and the awful strangeness of everything, an old woman had almost lived on the memory of her lightly reported words.

And the old woman had not deceived herself. The motor arrived, the young couple appeared, and then—a girl's good heart and kind hands did the rest. There was awkwardness, of course, but it was not of the painful sort, nor did it linger.

Here was, without doubt, the happiest day Mr. and Mrs. Forres had spent since leaving the "auld hoose"—or was it the only really happy one?

For that evening, at least, they forgot or ignored the grandeurs of Laburnum Villa.

IV.

RUTH would have been more—or less—than human had she found nothing to smile at in her new relations and their ways. But the amusement at her lips often meant a little ache in her throat.

On her first visit, which she paid alone, to Laburnum Villa, she forestalled and pleased the old people by asking to be shown over the house. There was no doubting their readiness, nay, eagerness, to exhibit each room, cupboard, and nook. Mrs. Forres was almost

alkative over the linen and china, while her husband dilated, as one who had honestly sought to master the subject, upon the "modern conveniences." Yet now and then would fall a silence, abrupt and heavy. Ruth was not slow to perceive that here was no pride of possession, no joy of attainment. The man handled things cautiously, the woman fondled nothing. Yet pride there was, and even joy—pride and joy in the son who had given so much. Somehow the realization of this jarred Ruth more than did certain rather glaring errors of taste in the furnishings.

"Ye would notice that everything's new," said Mr. Forres, breaking a silence that had lasted throughout the slow descent of the stairs and the passage to the parlour.

"And o' the best," Mrs. Forres quickly added. "Davie has made a braw hoose for us. There's no' another in the place to touch it, except yer ain. And we're rale comfortable, are we no', John?"

"Oh, terrible comfortable! Ye'll tell Davie that, will ye no', Miss—Mistress Ruth?"

"Just Ruth, please." The young woman smiled, but her mind was at a loss. "Surely those brass candlesticks are not new?" she said, indicating the pair on the mantelpiece.

"Na," replied the old man; "they're frae the auld hoose. Davie said we was to bring onything we fancied, but——" He halted.

"We didna ken where to put them," said Mrs. Forres, smoothing out a crease in her gown.

"Ye see, Mistress—I mean Ruth," said John, "we've never been back at the auld hoose since we cam' here. There—there's been naething to tak' us back. It's no' on the road to the shops, and it's no' on the road to the kirk, and—onyway, we've never been back. We're fine and comfortable here—eh, Gracie?"

She nodded with unnecessary emphasis—so it seemed to the visitor.

"You know," said Ruth, gently, "you know I want to see David's old home—inside, I mean. I've always wanted to see it, since he told me about it. Some day will you show it to me?"

"Surely——" began the old man, stopped short, and looked at his wife.

She was still smoothing out that crease. "Some day—some day, maybe," she murmured. "But Davie has the key. We thought it was best for him to keep it."

"Then I'll ask him for it," said Ruth, lightly, and thereupon changed the subject.

Was it possible that they were ashamed of the old home, she wondered, but not for long. There was no snobbery in these old people. Was there, then, some tragedy connected with the cottage they seemed so unwilling to behold again? That question, too, was soon answered in the negative.

On her next visit to Laburnum Villa, Ruth began to suspect the truth; a few more meetings with the old people, and she believed she had grasped it. When she asked her husband for the key of the cottage, he gave it her with the laughing advice to get his mother to act as guide and retailer of the authentic history of each household god. "By this time," he added, "I fancy a mere glimpse of the old place will send mother and father back in a hurry to the once-despised modern conveniences."

Ruth, however, kept the fact of her ownership of the key to herself, and, strangely enough, found herself shrinking from using it.

On an afternoon in September she entered the garden of Laburnum Villa with the object of taking the old people home with her to tea. Mr. and Mrs. Forres never went to their son's house without an escort. A written invitation was not enough. Alone they could not face the well-trained servant who would open the door. Only under the wing of David or Ruth did they have courage to approach the big house.

Rounding the old yew-tree, half-way up the trim gravel path, Ruth came upon her father-in-law. He was doing something to a bed of chrysanthemums, and it was plain, even to her inexperienced eyes, that he worked half-heartedly. At the sight of her, however, his expression lost its dullness, and he rose eagerly from his stooping posture.

"It's a lang time since ye've been here, lassie," he remarked, affectionately.

"Three days ago!" she laughed. "We've had visitors, you know."

"I was forgettin' that. Ye'll be gaun in to see her?" He wagged his head in the direction of the house. "Weel, I'll jist put on ma coat and come wi' ye."

"But you don't want to stop your work now?"

"Ach!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "it's no' worth workin' at." Next moment he laid an apologetic finger on her arm. "But it'll be a fine garden yet. Be sure and tell Davie I said it, Ruth. It'll be a fine garden yet."

"I sha'n't forget," she replied. "But can't you tell me what is wrong with the garden now?"

With his shabby jacket half on his shoulders he looked around him in a helpless, searching fashion. His hand went to his forehead and rubbed it as if to allay some mental irritation. At last he said, slowly, "'Deed, it's no' easy to say what's wrang wi' the garden. Maybe it's me that's no' used to it. I'll surely like it fine—when I get used to it. 'Deed, aye! But it's a queer thing. Will I tell ye a secret, Ruth?"

"Please."

"Weel, I canna—it's an awfu' queer thing—but I canna praise the Lord in this garden!"

She barely checked her exclamation of distress.

"But, mind," he went on, quickly, "it's a secret. Ye're no' to tell Davie—nor ye're no' to tell *her*, either." He glanced at the house, and saw his wife at the window. "Come, lassie, we'll gang to her. She'll no' be pleased at me keepin' ye, and"—he sighed—"she hasna been extra blithe the last twa-three days."

"Do you think she's not so well?" Ruth asked, with an effort.

"Oh, I wouldna say that. But her and the servant dinna seem to get on, and there's other things—but I suppose it'll come right in time. I shouldna ha'e spoke aboot it."

Ruth took his arm and pressed it. "You can tell me anything, you know, dear," she whispered.

"I believe that's true," he agreed. "Maybe ye could get her to tell ye what's vexin' her, for I'm thinkin' there's something she doesna tell me. So maybe I'll no' come in jist yet, and that'll let ye get a crack wi' her. It's been kin' o'—deefficult the last twa-three days, lassie."

His wife was at the door now, and he managed to smile and wave his hand as he turned back to the chrysanthemums.

Ruth quickly perceived that her mother-in-law was not desirous of going out that afternoon, and her invitation remained unuttered. It was not long until Mrs. Forres, of her own accord, mentioned the trouble with the maid, but hardly in the way that her husband's words had led Ruth to expect.

"I'm no' blamin' her," she made haste to continue. "This is no' the place for a young lass. It's ower quiet for her, wi' naebody in the hoose but us twa auld bodies; and there's no' enough work for her and me. But her and me ha'e made it up noo, and we'll jist thole each other in the meantime. And, dearie, ye'll no' say onything to Davie, will ye? For we're rale comfortable here."

If Ruth looked then for further and deeper confidences, she was to be disappointed. Yet the hostess's face betrayed a sad spirit; more than once there were tears in her eyes—for no spoken reason. Ruth could doubt her own instincts no longer. This old woman was simply eating her heart out. She was as much at home as she would have been in the drawing-room of a grand hotel. And when the old man joined them it was pathetic to see how the twain avoided each other's eyes.

On reaching home Ruth found she had an hour to fill before David's arrival. He was working hard these days.

After some hesitation she went out again, carrying the big key David had given her and remembering his smile. The dusk was beginning to fall when she placed it in the green door of the white cottage. The men whom David continued to employ in his father's old market-garden had gone home.

Ruth opened the door, entered and closed it behind her. She became wrapped, as it were, in the stillness. Unconsciously she moved on tip-toe. She turned first to the left and found herself in a small parlour. Swiftly her eyes took in the haircloth furniture, the faded carpet, the brighter jute hearthrug, the dark green cloth covering the little round table that bore on its centre a yellow-brown woolly mat with a glass case containing waxen fruits of hectic complexions; the narrow mantelpiece with its grotesquely "beautiful" china ornaments, the high mahogany chest of drawers, the lace curtains—all so orderly that the mistress might well have been there that day, but for the contrary evidence of a thin dust everywhere.

Off the parlour opened a tiny bedroom. Ruth recollected David's telling her how, on later visits, he had occupied it, although his own room—the room of his boyhood—was in the loft. She peeped into the tiny chamber, perceived that nearly everything in it was very white and smelled of lavender, sighed, and stole from the parlour. The way to the loft was little better than a ladder, but that did not deter her.

Presently she stood in the loft, or rather in a portion of it that had been partitioned off. There was little head room. The skylight was small; now it barely sufficed for an examination of her surroundings. A narrow bed with a patchwork counterpane, an old wooden trunk, a small mirror on the wall that had evidently been papered by an amateur, a framed text, "God is Love," a press of painted deal, a table with a fringed white cover, and on it a boy's boat rudely carved from a block of

wood and painted a bright blue, a couple of tattered school books, a pair of childish little clogs. . . .

"Oh, surely," thought Ruth, "she wanted to come back for these!" Ruth was not thinking of David at all just then. But a minute later, preparing to descend, she paused

"AND NOW SHE WAS FINGERING THEM, FONDLING THEM—THE DEAR, WORTHLESS TREASURES SHE HAD LOST AND FOUND."

to touch, as with a caress, the patchwork counterpane where the pillow raised it.

She was scarce over the kitchen threshold when the final and most poignant revelation of all came to her. Perhaps it came simply from that empty, tidied hearth, with the empty arm-chair on its right, the empty, low nursing-chair on its left. For her eyes could have seen little else ere her heart filled with understanding. Oh. now she *knew* why the old people had never ventured back—back from that new house crammed with things still unfamiliar to their sight and touch, and things they would never use at all, to this old home with the few and simple things they had known and handled and cared for through five-and-thirty years—back only for a glimpse or two of all they had unconsciously loved, all they had abandoned. They were afraid—that was it—afraid for each other's sake, for their son's sake, to come back. Rather than offend David by a breakdown they would struggle on in Laburnum Villa until . . .

Ruth was not a woman who wept readily. She set her lips, she clenched her hands. . . .

It was dark when she groped her way forth,

That night she poured out her heart to her husband.

V.

A WEEK later Mr. and Mrs. Forres spent an afternoon at the big house, and Ruth insisted on taking them home in the car. Darkness had fallen.

"It's going on to the junction to fetch a parcel," she explained, in answer to her father-in-law's protest against bringing out the car for so short a distance. "I wish it were to meet David," she added, with a sigh. "He won't be home till ten. It's perhaps as well that we are going to town at the end of the month."

The old people made no remark. What would they do at Laburnum Villa all the winter without her? This was their new burden.

"David thinks we shall come here for a week or two at Christmas. I hope so." Ruth had already made the remark several times during the afternoon.

"Ye'll be terrible welcome," said Mr. Forres, with an effort.

"Oh, ma dearie!" whispered Mrs. Forres. "Could ye no' come afore then, and bide for twa-three days at the Villa?"

The car emerged from the avenue.

"He's takin' the wrang road," Mr. Forres cried.

"No, he understands. I told him," Ruth replied.

Mr. Forres lay back satisfied. Whatever Ruth did was right.

But four minutes later the car drew up at the gate of the cottage. Ruth did not give her companions time to speak.

"I want you to show me the house David was born in," she said, quickly. "I can't wait any longer. I—I'm afraid David will be dreadfully offended if you don't show it me. He's always asking if you have done so." It was the cruellest thing she could have said, but it served her purpose.

As they passed through the gate which the chauffeur held open John took a grip of his wife's arm. They went up the path in silence until Ruth, going in front, said, casually:—

"I knew you would do what I asked, my dears, so I had the lamps lit."

They did not appear to hear; slowly, reluctantly, with bowed heads, they followed her to the door.

"Please open it. I don't think it's locked," said Ruth.

The old man hung back.

"John, dear," said his wife, "it's Ruth that's asking ye."

He turned the handle. "God!" he whispered. "The nock's goin'!"

As the door swung back he and his spouse were pushed gently but firmly inwards.

They stood blinking in the kitchen—blinking at the leaping, glowing fire, the bright lamp, the table laid for supper, the old clock with its jerking seconds-hand, and the smaller, familiar objects, including the brass candlesticks which a few hours ago had stood in Laburnum Villa.

"I think you'll find everything you need for to-night," they heard their daughter-in-law say. "The house has been fired for a week. And there's a letter on the table from your Davie. Oh, my dears, be at home—be happy!"

But still they blinked, and when at last they turned she was gone.

Throughout the night fell heavy rain, but the morning broke clear and joyous.

There was only pure disappointment in David's spirit as he opened the gate. Some resentment might have been excused, for the man had done much to no purpose, his well-intentioned scheme had proved a pitiable failure; and down in the village, he guessed, gossip was already raging furiously. But David had learned and admitted his mistake. Love we never so dearly, we cannot give our beloved more than happiness.

He saw no one in the garden. The cottage door was open, and he stepped in—almost bashfully. At the kitchen door, which was not quite shut, he hesitated. Then through the chink he spied his mother.

She had opened all the drawers in the dresser. From this and that she had taken homely articles, wooden spoons, black-handled, two-pronged forks, a rolling-pin, and such-like. And now she was fingering them, fondling them, crooning over them—the dear, worthless treasures she had lost and found.

For the life of him David could not have faced her then. Going softly out of doors again, he passed round the cottage and came in sight of his father.

John Forres had a hoe in his hands, but was doing no labour. He was standing motionless, his face upturned to the calm blue sky. There was that in his face which David had seen but once before—on the day when his mother began to recover from the one serious illness of her life.

As the son halted the father moved and caught sight of him.

"I was jist praisin' the Lord," the old man said, simply, rather absently. Then he held out his hand. "Davie, lad!"

IN "PEGGY."
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

Meandering Memories.

By

EDMUND PAYNE.

IN "THE MESSENGER BOY."
Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

LET me explain at once that I was not born in, or near, the Gaiety Theatre. Strictly between ourselves, I may tell you I was born some years before I ever appeared at the Gaiety—it is no use being too precise in these old-age-pension days — one never knows when that five bob a week may come in useful—and before I came to London I went through all sorts of vicissitudes. Not the most enjoyable of these was nearly to lose my life as a snowball at the Corn Exchange, Market Harborough, through a super pushing me on from the wings, so that I lost my balance and rolled into the footlights, which at once set fire to the snowball costume in which I was enveloped. But for a large dash of good luck and a plentiful supply of blankets I should not be alive to-day to tell you this stirring tale.

But most people have short memories in these days, and I take it, therefore, that, having worked for twenty-one years at the Gaiety Theatre without a break—except when I broke my leg—I am probably better known as "the comedian who is always at the Gaiety" than in any other capacity.

I made my first appearance at that theatre when I played Mephistopheles in "Faust Up-to-Date" during a six weeks' season under the management of the late Mr.

Van Biene. That engagement seems a very long way off now, and those who dabble in theatrical history of days gone by may be interested to learn that in the same cast appeared Messrs. J. J. Dallas, Eric Thorne, and George Honey, while Miss Grace Pedley played the part of Marguerite. It will thus be seen that, as far as the leading players are concerned, many changes have taken place since the "Faust Up-to-Date" days. Indeed, although at the present time I am taking a short holiday from the Gaiety, I think I may regard myself as the oldest "standing dish" who still does his humble best to "feed" audiences there.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT. AS SHRIMP IN "IN TOWN"—HIS FIRST PART AT THE GAIETY.

Photo. by Brown, Barnes, & Bell.

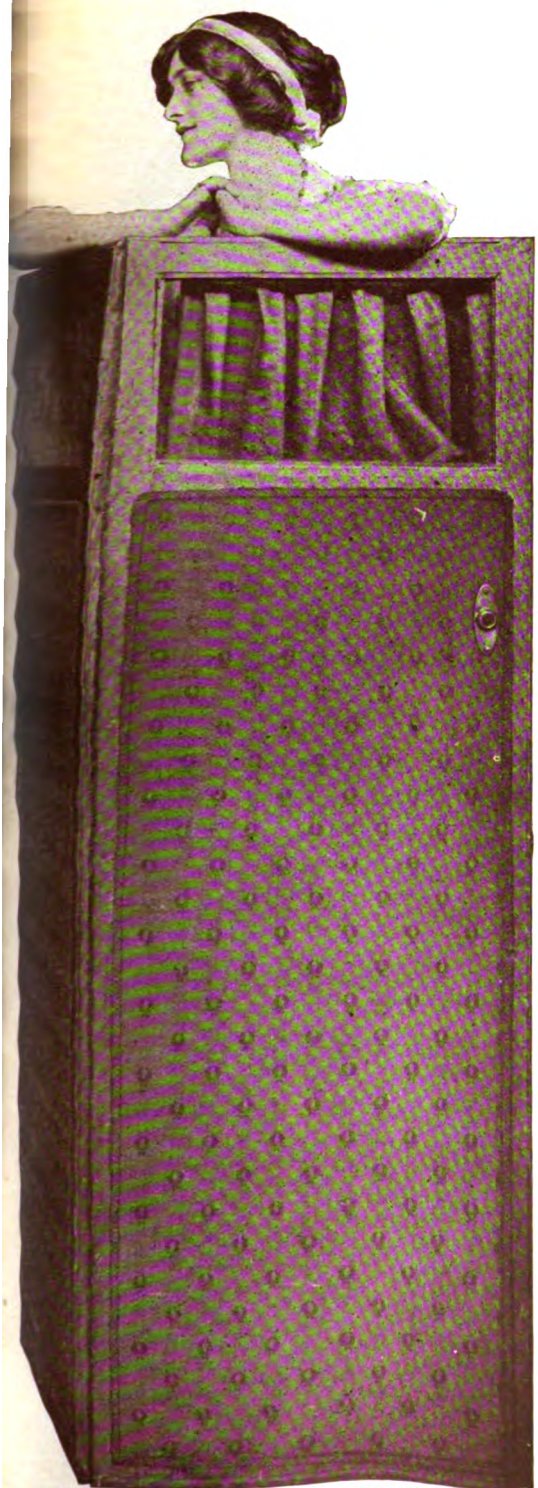
My first appearance under the "Guv'nor's"—I mean Mr. George Edwardes's—management was as Shrimp, the Call Boy. In the second act of "In Town" there was a small part of a Call Boy, which was originally played by Miss Jennie Rogers. Like the man who fell into the sea when taking a stroll on the front, I literally "tumbled" into this part—and at extremely unpleasantly short notice. On Christmas Eve—I have no memory for dates—the management sent for me and tersely asked me whether I would play the part of the Call Boy when "In Town" was produced at the Gaiety on Boxing Night. The part was so small that when it was offered to me I had to borrow a microscope to find it in the script, but after thinking the matter over I replied that I would play it if, when I had been lucky enough to find it, I might be allowed to "build it up." The management agreed to my architectural proposition, but the "studying" of that part was anything but a walk-over. I practically only had Christmas Day in which to learn the dialogue—also the words and music—of that classical, moving, soul-stirring song, "Keep Your Eye on the Call Boy."

However, it had to be done, so I hurried up to the Gaiety to find the chorus mistress waiting to teach me the music, with the piano planted well in the centre of the stage. Without a moment's delay I commenced to concentrate my brain power on the words and music—a task not rendered any the easier by the fact that a small army of thirty or forty scene-shifters and limelight men were working at high pressure. However, after some three hours or so of quiet study in this pandemonium I felt I had got a good grip on the music, and, tucking my part under my arm, I made my way to the stage-door. On reaching the friendly shelter of this portal I felt a light touch on my shoulder, and, turning round, I found myself face to face with a none-too-cleanly scene-shifter, who had evidently been watching me standing by the piano with my hands behind my back during my rehearsal.

"You'll forgive an old 'and takin' a

EDMUND PAYNE AND PHYLLIS DARE

Photos. by



IN AN AMUSING SCENE IN "PEGGY."
Foulsham & Banfield.

liberty, young-feller - me - lad," he said, whispering stertorously into my ear, "but it's not meant as a bit of imperence, yet I'd like to give yer a friendly tip, like — and that is, that you'll find that song of yourn'll go a darn sight better if you put a little action into it."

AN EARLY PORTRAIT.
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

Evidently this son of the theatre was under the impression that I proposed to sing the song as I had rehearsed it—that is to say, without action. But his advice was, I knew, meant most kindly, so that I thanked him profusely for his original brain-wave, and was not surprised to learn later on that, after the song had made a big hit, my worthy friend told his pals "that it was thanks to him that I hadn't made an unholy frost of it."

"In Town" proved a great success, and in time I "developed" the character of Shrimp, the Call Boy, so that eventually it became one of the best parts in the piece. Had I made a failure of it I imagine that the Gaiety would have probably seen me no more for some little time. But it's no use waxing pessimistic over successes. I was lucky enough to "get away" with the part of the Call Boy, and that first success was, I think, the means of cementing my long acquaintanceship with Mr. George Edwardes — and the Gaiety.

IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."
Photo. by Ellis & Walery.

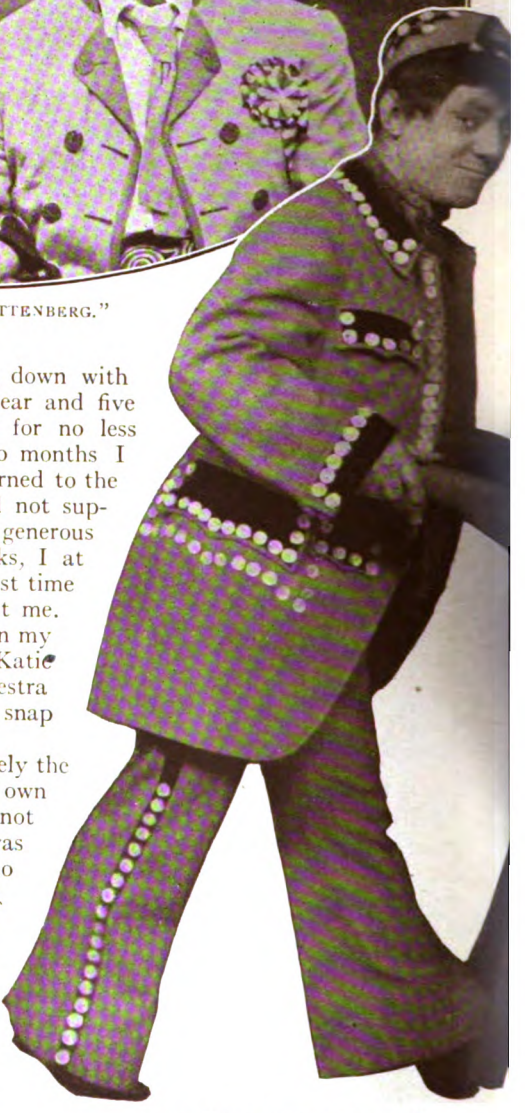
When I had been at the Gaiety about three years—in fact, during the second

WITH GERTIE MILLAR IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

week of "The Shop Girl"—I was stricken down with typhoid fever, and was out of work for a year and five months, of which time I was on my back for no less than a year and three months—the odd two months I spent in trying to learn to walk again. Returned to the theatre, where—I recall with a pride I would not suppress if I could—I was accorded an ovation so generous that I felt the tears running down my cheeks, I at once proceeded, as I hoped, to make up for lost time and lost money. But fate again was against me. I was just beginning to warm to my work when my well-known "dummy duet" with the late Katie Seymour cropped up. Scarcely had the orchestra rattled off a few bars than I felt my shin-bone snap right in half!

"Great heavens," I thought to myself, "surely the works can't have gone wrong again!" In my own mind I felt they had, but for a minute or so not even Katie Seymour noticed that anything was wrong, and so, hoping against hope, I tried to believe that nothing had happened. And trying to believe it and supporting myself as best I could by holding on to Miss Seymour, I went on with the duet until George Grossmith, junior, realized my trouble, with the result that, before I really knew where I was, I found myself being carried off the stage.

The pain I endured was too excruciating for words, for the fracture was a real beauty. I think, however, the mental was worse than the bodily pain, for if you will figure it out quietly to yourself and will bear in mind that I was dependent on my work in the theatre for a livelihood, you will realize at once that having been on the sick list for seventeen months, to be deprived of any possibility of



IN "THE NEW ALADDIN."
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

earning a living again after a quarter of an hour or so's work was a state of things which even the most philosophical of philosophers could scarcely be expected to appreciate.

I will not describe what happened after my clothes were cut off me. It wasn't a bit funny. The next thing I really remember very clearly was waking up on the following morning, not caring very much about my bodily accident, but worried to distraction as to how I should get through my illness—"get through," I mean, from a financial point of view. Happily, however, I did not have to worry long, for my first visitor was Miss Ellaline Terriss, who stopped and sympathized with me for a while, so successfully that when she left I already felt that half my troubles were over.

Half an hour or so after she had gone I saw an envelope lying sleepily on the counterpane just within reach of my right hand. Wondering what on earth could be inside it, I quickly opened it, to find a cheque for one hundred pounds. That kindly thought on Miss Terriss's part I shall never forget as long as I live, and, though I was able to repay the loan shortly after I started work again, I still feel that I shall never really be out of Miss Terriss's debt, for there are times in most of our lives when one hundred pounds should not be regarded as representing merely one hundred pounds—for it represents nothing of the sort. It is the father of Hope which might otherwise have died, it is the executioner of Worry, and the Express Messenger of Relief of Mind, none of which can be weighed up in a financial sense.

Photo. by] IN "THE SUNSHINE GIRL." *[Foulsham & Banfield.*

But there is an end to most things—not excluding trouble. After lying on a bed of sickness for several months, and after going on a three weeks' holiday to Norway, and after touring in the provinces for eight weeks in "My Girl," I returned to the Gaiety as Biggs, an American bar-tender, in "The Circus Girl."

At this juncture I wish to be allowed to ask THE STRAND MAGAZINE readers a straight, pertinent question. Does anyone imagine, from glancing at the illustrations in this article, that your humble servant is a good-looking man? If one or more persons have come to this conclusion and elect to persuade others that I am a handsome man, I will throw down my cards on the table at once and say that they are liable at any moment to rob me of one of my most valuable stock-in-trades. How? Why? Simply and solely because my looks have been as valuable to me as was to her the face of the beauteous milk-maid who acknowledged that her countenance was her fortune.

Frankly, I know I am not a handsome man, and, equally frankly, I acknowledge that I don't want to be a handsome man. As a matter of personal confession I may say that I have not a single misgiving about my face, which is one of those "homely"—I use the word in the American sense—straightforward, rugged, hewn-out-of-a-rock-and-then-stamped-upon-by-a-steam-roller sort of countenances which command the admiration of all fortunate enough to have caught sight of it—once. I write "once" because I heard a nervous lady remark, as I came out of the stage-door of the Gaiety one night, that if ever she saw a face like mine again she would never go to the theatre—she wouldn't be able to. In raucous tones she said that a second shock like that would be too much for her weak heart and delicate state of health.

But I am not jealous of handsome men—not a bit of it. Beauty, forsooth!—it should be a drug on the market. And I write this from experience, the greatest of all teachers, not from mere hearsay, for was I not for many long, weary years trying to win fame and fortune and all the time casting curses on my homely countenance before I realized what a lucky fellow I was to have been born with a visage which would never win a prize even at one of those popular seaside beauty contests which seem to me to be invariably won by the plainest of human beings?

In my early days I used to set great store by elaborate make-up. But before long the thought crossed my mind that I was on the wrong track altogether—and when that heaven-sent brain-wave struck me I discovered that I had hit upon the secret of my own success, which lies in the fact that one should strike out an individuality and stick to it like glue.

I observed that, no matter what piece they played in, Toole and Edward Terry almost invariably adopted the same make-up. "If it's good enough for them it's good enough for me," I thought. So I took the hint, and ever since I have adopted the same bit of red nose, no matter what part I may have been playing. The only difference Toole and Terry made was in the clothes they wore, and I literally "followed suit." People used to speak of me as "the red-nosed comedian," but I saw that fame and fortune were to be won by the judicious use of red-nosedness—and that red-nosedness has remained with me at the Gaiety ever since—though I always take it off before I go home at night.

There is one drawback, however, to being regarded by the members of one's own company as a plain man. And that drawback is that when one meets with an accident, a real accident—as I have said, I think I have had more than my fair share—as a plain man one does not get nearly as much sympathy—not a tithe as much—as a handsome man in similar circumstances. Thus, I remember when I was playing in "A Messenger Boy" I narrowly escaped a nasty mishap in the scene where, as a plucky fireman, I had to mount to the aid of beauty in distress. One evening my "mounting" resulted in a severe fall, in which I earned a bruise on the forehead which threatened to swell to the size of an egg. But was I sympathized with? Not a bit of it. Not a single member of the company seemed the least bit sorry for me—just because, of course, I'm a plain man; and when I told Miss Connie Ediss that the bruise on my forehead was becoming "egg-like," the only consolation I received was to be told not to make a "mounting out of a molehill."

Among many popular comedians with whom I have been associated at the Gaiety is none other than dear old Arthur Roberts, the king of lightning-gaggers, and one of the greatest monarchs of mirth-provoking jokes that have ever faced an audience across the footlights. At one time and another Arthur and I cracked many a wheeze together, and in "Don Juan" we worked an unexpected joke which, if I may say so with due humility, took the house by storm. It wasn't in the book when we started to work it, but after its first reception it was left in for evermore.

This unrehearsed effect—by the way, it is most curious how successful unrehearsed effects frequently are; at least that's my experience—came about in this way. Arthur Roberts had been out of the cast owing to having been laid up with lumbago. Pronounced fit and well by his doctor, he duly turned up at the Gaiety, and was told that he had to sing a duet with me entitled "Not a Word." As luck would have it, at the time Arthur was mixed up in some legal business or other, and, in consequence, had not much time to study the words. Still, to quote Mr. Weedon Grossmith in "The Pantomime Rehearsal," he assured me that "everything would be all right on the night."

As a friend, I was naturally bound to take his word for this, but, between ourselves, I was a little bit doubtful whether everything would be *quite* all right, so that I thoughtfully learnt his part as well as my own. On the whole, it was lucky that I did—but that's another story—for really, what Arthur lacked in knowledge of the words he more than made up for with brilliant gagging, and when we were accorded a particularly cheery encore—despite the fact that we hadn't got one ready—he was in no way perturbed, but merely said, as he stood in the wings, "Come along, Teddy, my lad; keep your eye on me, and we'll just make it up as we stride along."

Accordingly Arthur, who was dressed as a species of Stiggins, walked up to the footlights with the dignity of the youth who has just left school, and who has been bought a top-hat for the first time, and in funereally impressive tones raised his topper. The following dialogue then ensued:—

ROBERTS: "Oh! they say the British lion!"

PAYNE: "Not a word! not a word."

ROBERTS: "Oh! they say the British lion!"

PAYNE: "Not a word! not a word!"

ROBERTS: "Oh! they say the British lion; yes, they say the British lion! Oh! they say the British lion!"

BOTH: "Not a word."

In cold blood—I mean in cold print—there may not sound anything particularly humorous about the above dialogue, but the fact remains that it went so amazingly well with the audience that it was kept in ever afterwards, never failing to prove one of the big hits of the evening. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I mention the fact that on the last night of "Don Juan," when the time arrived for speeches, and bearing in mind the many spontaneous gagging contests Arthur Roberts and I had engaged in during the run of the piece, my good friend was kind enough to compliment me as follows: "I have galloped hard, and taken a few obstacles with all sorts of comedians in my time, but Teddy Payne is the only man who ever made me take up the whip and ride."

By the way, one night, on leaving the Gaiety, Arthur was accosted by one of the professional cadging gentry who, after relating a carefully-prepared tale of misfortune, ended by proffering his visiting-card—presumably in the hope that it would be accepted as some sort of evidence of good faith. The most generous of men in deserving cases, he had, on this occasion, sized up his man at sight, and as he looked at the card he noted it was inscribed with a foreign name, and in a style frequently followed on the Continent—that is to say, the number of the house was placed both before and after the name of the road.

A moment's scrutiny, and Arthur handed back the piece of pasteboard to the astonished mendicant with the remark, "Great Scot! You don't mean to say that you've got the impudence to ask me to help a man who lives at both ends of the street?" And ere the tale-pitcher could recover from this Robertian shaft the comedian had adroitly removed himself from the spot.

Writing of stage-door cadgers—their name is Legion—I remember being accosted one night during the run of "The Circus Girl" by a very down-at-heel gentleman who asked me if I wanted to buy a really intelligent-looking dog. At the time I happened to be on the look-out for a dog, and said, "Well, I might think about it if the dog really is intelligent—can you explain why you lay such stress on your dog's enormous brain-power?"

The man replied with emphasis, "I can, indeed, sir. I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so that he'd bark if a person stepped inside the gate, and I thought I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to carry bundles, and I did—you could teach that dog anything in about ten minutes. If I put a package in his mouth the dog would keep it there until someone took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard someone in the next room. I got up and grabbed my gun. They were there! And the dog——"

"Didn't he bark?" I interrupted.

"Never a bark, he was too busy."

"Busy? What doing?"

"Carrying a lantern for the burglars!"

I did not buy that dog.

The names of ladies who have played at

the Gaiety are, as is well known, writ large in Debrett. Which reminds me of a story of a certain member of the chorus of a musical-comedy who had aroused the admiration of one of the most bashful young men—bashfulness is a trait seldom found in a stage-door Johnny—I've ever seen in the precincts of any stage-door.

One Sunday evening this retiring young man was asked to supper to meet the parents of his inamorata. After supper, about nine-thirty, as the object of his unexpressed affections was playing and singing at the piano in the drawing-room, her father, a rather gruff, stout old gentleman, entered the room and said to the young man, who was standing by the piano, "Excuse me, sir, but do you know what the time is?"

The bashful youth moved nervously away from the piano. "Yes, sir," he replied; "I was just going." He went into the hall without any delay, and hastily put on his hat and coat. The girl's father followed him. As the caller reached for the door-knob the old gentleman again asked him if he knew what time it was.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Good night," and he left the house, leaving his gloves and walking-stick behind him. After the door had closed the old gentleman turned to his daughter. "What's the matter with that fellow?" he said. "My watch ran down this afternoon, and I wanted him to tell me the time."

As far as I can judge by the present-day standard of stage-door *habitués*, this type of young man is distantly related to the dodo.

Still another story of a charming musical-comedy lady who, after a couple of years or so on the stage, retired on her marriage. The young man to whom she was engaged lived some distance from his bride-elect. On the eventful day he set off for the station in good time, but, being delayed by friends, he missed his train. Then he bethought himself of the telegraph. "Don't marry till I arrive. — WILLIAM," was the message he wired.

Actors, I believe, are generally supposed to be lazy individuals who shun exercise of any sort as they would shun the plague. Personally, however, during the whole of the time I have been at the Gaiety I have invariably made a point of keeping myself fit by cycling

IN "THE GIRL FROM UTAH," IN WHICH HE IS NOW APPEARING AT THE ADELPHI.

AS A PAGE BOY IN "CINDERELLA."

and gardening. I would rather travel a hundred miles to see a cycle-race than a horse-race at any time. As a matter of fact I have taken part in a good many cycle-races in my time, and was in the first twenty-four hours' race on the Putney track when Frank Shorland's twelve hours' record was wiped out. Perhaps you may remember that during the contest the lightning flashed and the thunder roared and the rain descended. Sundry of the competitors, indeed, became alarmed, chucked up the business, and sought the shelter of an adjacent cellar. Trifles like thunder, lightning, and rain, however, have never worried me much, and I managed to keep going for nine hours, at the end of which time I was holding fourth place and going better than any of the company, when, having covered two hundred and thirty miles in close on record time—I had almost exceeded the speed-limit, in fact—I came a cropper and hurt my knee so severely that I, too, had to retire.

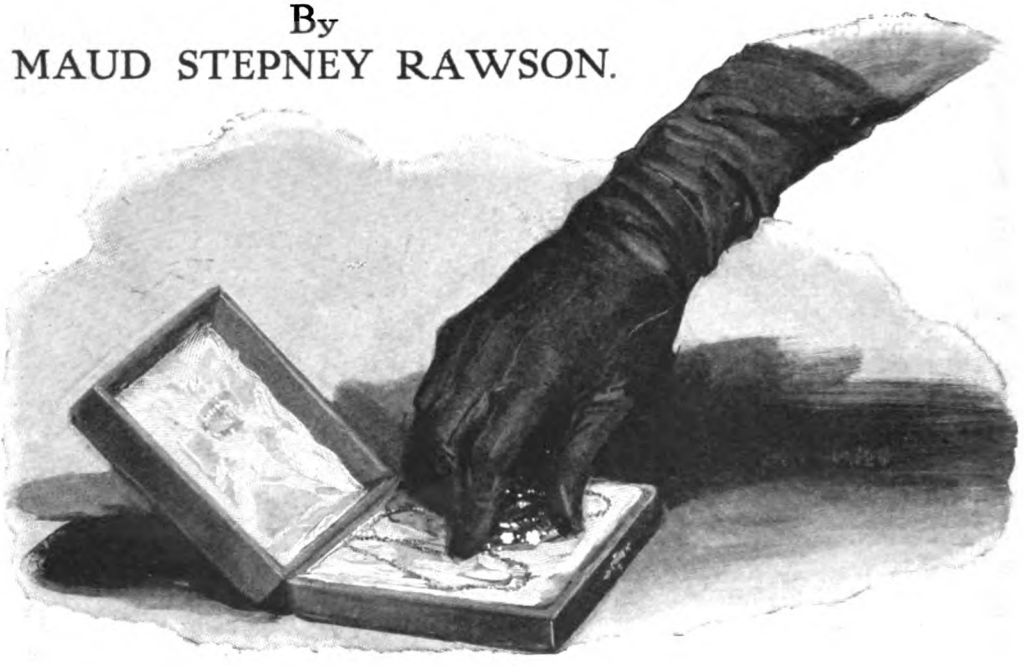
Writing of exceeding the speed-limit reminds me that on one of my cycling jaunts in the country I happened to be present when a motorist was caught in a police-trap, and as I had seen the excessive pace at which he was supposed to have been travelling I was commandeered to give evidence. "Was his motor going so very fast?" asked the magistrate of the police-trapper who had done the trapping. "Yes, your honour," was the reply, "it was going so fast that the bulldog on the seat behind him looked like a dachshund."

And now, gallant-hearted gentlemen and ladies, I bid you *au revoir* — but before long you will, doubtless, see your handsome, humble servant again treading the dear old boards of the Gaiety. Ah, me! What a life we do lead, to be sure! in the quest of bread and butter—with occasional jam.

IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Photo. by Foulsham & Banfield.

THE PEARL

By
MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.



Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo.

I.

YOUNG Lord Flamborough sat alone in a room of his enormous London house, frowning over a mass of papers.

Flamborough—better known in the Indian Army as Captain the Hon. Robin Bulford—had just come home. In doing so he had "come into his own."

He was the third son of John Bulford, first Lord Flamborough—the "Petrol Peer," as society called him. He—Robin—had really no right, beyond the right afforded by pure accident, to his present eminence. For he had disliked his father and had a deep abhorrence of the title and all that went with it. Years ago he had quarrelled with the head of the family.

This quarrel was not a common case of a young man's debts. It was just this: the third son of the Petrol Peer had had the effrontery to protest against the methods by which his father had amassed the nucleus of his immense fortune.

Of course, a good many people had been directly the better off for the fact of the Flamborough riches. Except one man—Jim Gosselin. And he was dead. So what, asked the world, did that matter? He was not well known; he had never been the centre of a little cosmos like his friend Bulford. He had simply gone under. For years he had not been heard of by his immediate friends. And then there had been a paltry suicide in a little country town. People recognized Gosselin's name and said, "Dear, dear! If we had only known, something might have been done. And he leaves a wife and a daughter. Dear, dear! Well, they surely must have relations who will help them. Something will be done. But Flamborough ought to do it. He let in Gosselin years ago. What—you never heard the story? Well, it was a great pity, a great shame. But remember, Gosselin was a fool. He ought to have cleared out of the concern like Bulford. Bulford knew, of course, how the thing was going. He persuaded Gosselin to go into it—and then ratted. The old story. Yet Gosselin

PENDANT.

ought to have kept his eyes skinned, you know. An Army man, of course. They're always soft in business matters. Easy game. Still—Flamborough!"

Robin Bulford never got those two words out of his ears: "Still—Flamborough!" It embodied his keenest memory, his hottest sense of shame—that conversation overheard at a club just when the newspapers were commenting on the Gosselin suicide.

So Robin Bulford tackled his father, pleaded with him, accused him—and lost the great cause. But he took his defeat with a high hand, met parental abuses and threats with a voluntary renunciation of his rights as a son and an emphatic repudiation of the family—his mother excepted—exchanged from a Guards regiment into the Indian Army, and faced a life of comparative poverty.

When, after another two years, the news of his sudden inheritance reached him, the excitement at the power flung into his lap both stimulated and prostrated him.

Not till a fortnight ago had he been able to do anything practical towards his end. He had advertised for the Gosselins in several daily papers, and also in the provincial organ published in the small country town where mother and daughter resided at the time of their family tragedy.

So far there had been no reply. His heart was leaden. For he was beset by the belief that these women no longer existed, that they, too, had gone under—perished; or possibly there was worse than death for them—incurable illness, wreckage, or shame.

This heavy, stupid day was nearly at an end. Only one episode remained to it, and that loomed now as an unspeakable bore, worse even than the daily lawyer's business and domestic affairs. An engagement faced him.

Fortunately it happened to be an affair out of which he could easily slide—an At Home—a wedding At Home, too, or rather a "pre-nuptial prance," as the note described it. It was a merry, friendly, affectionate, slangy note from the bride herself—Alie Beaumont. He had known her in pinafores. She had always been a good playmate, a keen, zesty creature, one of the few people whom he liked wholeheartedly, without suspicion of her motives or of her loyalty. He had sent Alie a very rich gift—a magnificent pendant.

II.

He sat in his motor now, waiting in the immense double queue which stretched round two sides of the huge, august square and far down a side-street. His limousine had reached the end of the first half of the square and stood at the head of this part of the queue. Another side-street pierced the square just at this point, and a policeman saw to it that the entrance to that was not blocked to other casual traffic. Flamborough felt sorry for the poor devils in taxi-cabs, who were counting up the twopences during this tiresome interval. He wished he could invite some of them into this horribly luxurious limousine, left exactly as his father and mother had used it, fitted with every imaginable luxury, from silver clock, cigarette-case, card-case, match-box, mirror, telegram-case, to a silver-clamped address-book—nay, even to a ladies' powder-box and flask of eau-de-Cologne. He had not made that last discovery—about the powder-box—before, and it amused him. Just as he was putting this object back into its leather pocket there was a crash. A taxi-cab from the side-street had tried to oust his car from its place just as the procession on the other side of the crossing had moved forward. Seeing this, his chauffeur had made a dash for the tail of the upper half of the queue, and the taxi-cab had collided with the limousine, and it was the former which had suffered.

The taxi-door was broken off, one lamp and one window were shattered, and, through the din of policemen's orders and the oaths of the two drivers, a piteous voice, a woman's, begged for help. Flamborough was out of his car in a moment, regardless of his pumps and the mud. The little electric detachable lamp from the interior of his car, which he had snatched up as he jumped out, showed him the exact state of affairs. There hung the broken cab-door, a mass of splintered wood, and in the gap, bent with fright and shock, stood a lady, on whose grey velvet cloak gleamed splinters of the broken glass.

"The floor of the taxi is broken!" she cried. "The glass is all over me—in my hair, too. I must get out. Oh! the mud!"

"Wait one moment."

Flamborough caught up a car-rug and flung it on to the roadway.

"Now—step on that."

"Thanks, thanks—but that's no use—I shall get so splashed—I can't stand there on a rug island. I must get on to the house."

"You are going to the Beaumonts'?"

"Yes."

"Then please make use of my car."

She stepped down fearfully, with dress jealously gathered about her. His electric light shone on a very beautiful pair of feet and ankles and caught the gleam of threads of jet on a misty swirl of black skirts. The hand that lay in his was shaking with the sudden discomfiture. She all but fell as she attempted to enter the limousine, and he practically lifted her in. He got in after her. Just as the limousine jerked on the taxi-driver ran alongside, abusing the lady at the top of his voice.

"Oh!" she cried, shamefacedly. "Yes, yes—I forgot the fare. It is under two shillings, so two shillings will be right." She dived into her draperies for the money. The man outside threw her words back in her teeth. Did she think he could get a new door and lamp and pay his glazier's bill out of her paltry two shillings?

Flamborough leaned out and gave him short shrift.

"Here's three shillings. And be hanged to *you* for trying to cut out my chauffeur and hurt a lady. All your own doing—this smash. I've given the police my card and I'll dare you to bring damages against me." He shut up the window with a snap, and turned to the lady.

"I am so very sorry," he said, "but you won't be troubled any farther. Neither you nor I were to blame, and if the matter comes into court I will see that you are not worried. I hope you are all right now?"

"Very nearly," she said, faintly. "I have got some glass into my glove—a little cut, somehow. I fear I am raining glass on all your rugs and cushions."

"That's nothing. I've got some eau-de-Cologne in here. Have some. We're close to the house now." He pulled out the Cologne bottle and proffered it. She took it, asked him to hold the stopper for her, and slipped something besides the stopper very shyly into his hand.

"I hope that is right," she murmured, awkwardly. "The fare really *was* two shillings—in fact, less. I only came part of the way by cab, you know."

"Oh! but I can't——" He really detested this florin in his palm.

"You must take it, please—just as if I were a man, and you had met me—anywhere."

"Oh! As you wish." He slipped the silly coin into a pocket, where it jingled with others—mostly gold.

"Thanks—this is delicious eau-de-Cologne—the best I ever met," she said, with a light laugh.

Another jerk, and they were at the portal of Number Eighty. She sprang out lightly—with a bow and brief thanks for his intervention and assistance—and the splendid interior received her.

After divesting himself of his coat and opera hat he hung about the vestibule for a few minutes, expecting to see her come out. Five minutes passed, and she was still invisible. Yet it did not seem quite polite to lie in wait for her. The matter was settled by a son of the house, who emerged from a room where light refection was served, greeted him uproariously, and swept him upstairs. Flamborough was immediately tossed into a vortex of family introductions and gradually pushed forward into the dense pack of the first of three drawing-rooms amid a roar of conversation.

The second drawing-room, like the first, had a door opening on to the stairs. He entered the room, propelled, willy-nilly, by a plump and hard-fighting dowager and her *débutante*, just as a song came to an end. It was now that he caught sight at last of the lady of the shattered taxi. The full blaze of a Venetian chandelier fell upon her as she mounted the stairs. Uncloaked now and in full glory of white shoulders rising from a perfectly-fitting, simple black dress, she stood out in that over-bedizened crowd, not only by sheer simplicity, but by beauty. It was a most distinguished face, a most queenly head—unadorned, except for the piled-up wealth of hair arranged with such taste, but without any show of artifice.

She was at the goal now—the stairhead. He strained his ear to catch her name. It escaped him. Now she was being received by Mrs. Beaumont—kindly, but not with special enthusiasm. He saw the girl—surely she was not a married woman?—turn aside, scan eagerly the faces of people about her, and then she was swept forward into drawing-room number one, as he had been swept. He waited. Sooner or later she must gravitate to this point. He amused himself by chatting, *sotto voce*, to a man he knew slightly—a painter—and kept his eye on the door between that first room and the second.

"What is going on in number three?" he asked.

"Oh! that," said his acquaintance, "is

"'THE FLOOR OF THE TAXI IS BROKEN!' SHE CRIED. 'THE GLASS IS ALL OVER ME—IN MY HAIR, TOO. I MUST GET OUT.'"

given up to the blessed wedding loot. A perfectly disgusting display, I call it—worse than a Royal Academy show. Everything is jumbled up cheek by jowl. It beats even a charity bazaar. The Beaumonts ought to have hired a warehouse for half the stuff."

Fate intended him to visit the "bazaar." The girl in black had entered the concert-room. Just once their eyes met. She recognized him with a little, faint smile. He bowed very slightly. She moved on. He let her pass out of sight before he followed and strolled casually into room number three. Besides himself and the girl in black, only a few people were there. From time to time he stole a look at her. She was examining leather goods — endless purse bags, blotters, despatch and jewel cases. One of his stolen glances proved a little too lengthy. She caught him. He was annoyed with himself, and turned abruptly to a book display. She was watching him now. She passed him and bent over some jewels. He had lost his chance of speaking.

To his surprise she gave it to him by a little ejaculation :—

"Oh, look! How wonderful!"

She frankly meant that invitation to converse for him. No one else was at hand. The other women were trailing out of the door, chatting about supper. A solitary man was in a far corner, absorbed, apparently, in a new kind of barometer and weather-chart combined. Flamborough approached with a second bow and regarded the object to which she pointed. For a moment, so different did it look among the surrounding gewgaws and so rapid had been his transaction at the jewel-shop, he did not recognize the pendant—especially as the card which accompanied it had fallen aside and lay face downwards. But now he remembered the stones—pink tourmalines and pearls and diamonds. They were probably the best in the room.

"You admire it?" he asked Incognita.

"It is the most beautiful, the most valuable, thing in the whole room."

"I think the design is quite good," he replied, discreetly.

She turned from him abruptly and her glance wandered over the necklaces, brooches, clasps, and rings in that marvellous little colony of flashing stones and velvet-lined cases.

The solitary man relinquished the problem of the weather-chart and drew a little nearer.

The girl suddenly looked straight in Flamborough's eyes with challenge in her own. A delicate scorn played about her mouth. Her voice was low, intensely bitter.

"Isn't it a disgrace to England—all this?"

"How?" asked Flamborough, puzzled for a moment.

"All this excess of 'good things,' as they are called—dozens and dozens of duplicate toys for one man and one woman. Heaps of silver, heaps of ornaments. They can't use half of them really. And all the while people are starving, committing suicide, dying of disease because there is no bread for them and no hope of bread."

"There is always hope," said Flamborough, quickly, "if only——"

"Some people come to an end of hope." She left him inconsequently and crossed the room to the books.

After a minute he followed. He was sorry for her. He sympathized fully. He would very much like to go deeply into this question with her. It was so very near his heart. He thought miserably of the Gosselins.

He tried to reopen the subject now as he pointed out the titles of the books and tried to interest her in their bindings. It was one of the handsomest of these which gave him his opening. He took it up (with an absurd, furtive sense that this was a sale-room where customers were requested not to handle the goods roughly, and that the solitary man in the corner was a shopwalker) and opened it at random. It was a book of selections from Ruskin. By a coincidence he opened it at this passage and read it aloud :—

"'It is the duty of magistrates and other persons in authority, but especially of bishops, to know thoroughly the numbers, means of subsistence, and modes of life of the poorest persons in the community, and to be sure that they at least are virtuous and comfortable; for if poor persons be not virtuous, after all the wholesome discipline of poverty, what must be the state of the rich, under their perilous trials and temptations?'

"Doesn't that rather tickle you?" he asked. "And doesn't it make you just a little sorry for the rich, with their all-too-much of toys?"

"'Tickle' me?" Her eyes blazed at him as if his words had been a deliberate insult. "I wonder if—if you had ever st—I mean, if you saw people starving because they were as virtuous as the bishops would have them, you would think that anything could ever 'tickle' them? Really, you ought to be a bishop, I think, so that you could go deeply into these things. As for Ruskin, he never starved. Men who don't fight for their bread can afford to be sentimental about the virtues of the poor. I used to be. Now I

sometimes look upon them as the most obstinate form of weakness."

Here was a desperate sentiment, a frank opinion indeed for a woman so young, so beautiful, who, from her bearing and manner, was so assuredly removed from any first-hand knowledge of the seamy side of life! He was not very quick yet in discernment. He had mixed very little with any but women in his own class.

He felt uncomfortable, somehow guilty, and rather afraid. Still, curiosity was his prevailing emotion. He wanted to press her on the question raised, ardently wished to see a little farther into the mind behind that pale, sensitive, beautiful mask of hers. She had experience which would throw light upon his own problem. On the other hand, she might be a mere economic fanatic—a mixture of socialistic philanthropist, suffragist, revolutionary. He had not make up his mind on any sociological subjects. At present he merely wanted to see righted certain wrongs which came under his eye—righted instantly without reference to any large scheme for social reconstruction. The thought of the Gosselin women lanced his brain poignantly, scattered his wits at the moment.

"Oh! well," he said, lamely. "Of course—I didn't mean to treat such a very serious thing frivolously. I'm really on your side, you know. That's why I am so awfully pleased with the way Ruskin puts it."

"Oh! yes——" she tossed, curtly, over her shoulder as she moved away.

He regarded her beautiful back with perplexity and contrition. He wanted to take her down to supper and soothe her. Yet if he asked her now she might rebuff him. He would give her time.

So he strolled over to the solitary man in spectacles, who had gone back to the fascinating weather-chart, and examined it with him. It really was a most delightful toy and intensely absorbing, but Flamborough managed to keep one ear cocked for the rustle of draperies of black tulle and jet, while his new acquaintance, who seemed very interested in temperatures and cyclonic disturbances, talked about his recent experiences on an Atlantic voyage.

"Yes—I went over on legal business—expert evidence."

Even as the words were uttered, a light flashed across Flamborough. How stupid of him! Of course, the solitary man was the usual inevitable detective who is necessary on such occasions to protect the goods of the more or less unvirtuous rich from the claws of the virtuous poor—as the Ruskinites would phrase it. At some other time it would be amusing to know what this fellow thought on this big question. For the present the girl was the stronger attraction. Flamborough determined to appease her, draw her out—possibly ask her advice in his own trouble, veiling his story under the guise of that of a friend.

He walked resolutely across the room to reopen intercourse with his strange lady. She had returned to the jewels. Her back was towards him. She was examining something, as before, very carefully. He had to make the tour of the centre table, covered with fancy articles and silver, before he could get at her. That brought him at right angles to her just as her hand went out slowly, apparently to touch one of the cards on the jewel-cases. The spectacled man in the corner swung round abruptly and watched them both. At this point two things happened. The arm of the detective, in his quick turn, caught a photograph-frame, which jostled another, and another. Five or six of these articles rattled down upon the floor. He stooped to them. Simultaneously the slender, black-gloved hand of Flamborough's Incognita covered something, and retired. He stared. He had very good sight. From the spot where he stood he could see a white velvet case—empty.

He walked up to the girl, his heart beating furiously. She moved away slightly, collided with him. With her left hand she pressed a lace handkerchief to her lips. Her face was ashen, her eyes pools of terror. Her right hand, tightly closed, clutched the draperies of her dress. He felt rather than saw the solitary man rise from his stooping position, a pile of fallen photograph-frames between his hands.

Flamborough spoke without hesitation, almost in a whisper—a very stern whisper.

"Give it to me," he said, looking down at the hand which was almost hidden in the black tulle draperies. "Don't be afraid. Do as I tell you—at once."

For the second time that night her palm brushed his and left something behind. Would to Heaven it were only another silly florin!

"Now," he murmured, "leave the room. Do it naturally—not in a fluster. The man over there is watching us. Go straight down. Speak to no one. Get your cloak. Wait for me in the outer hall. I will take you away."

He knew that she would obey—from the helpless terror in her face. He could not

"SIMULTANEOUSLY THE BLACK-GLOVED HAND OF FLAMBOROUGH'S

INCOGNITA COVERED SOMETHING, AND RETIRED."

watch her as she rustled out slowly, her eyes gazing ahead of her, her figure swaying like that of a woman under the influence of a drug. He had other work to do, with the gimlet eyes of that other man on them both. Swiftly Flamborough turned to the jewel-table. His hand covered the white velvet case stealthily, just as hers had done. When he withdrew it the case was re-inhabited by a cluster of pink tourmalines, diamonds, and pearls. He did not stop to arrange the pendant gracefully in its soft nest. The sweat broke out on his forehead as he made for the door and fought his way down through the pack of humanity on the stairs.

She had acted with lightning quickness. As he dived into the men's cloak-room for his coat and hat he saw her waiting, in her wrap, in the outer hall, her face almost entirely veiled by a scarf of black lace. He was still struggling into his coat as he joined her. He made a sign to her and gave rapid orders to a footman.

She had the nerve to walk up to him and murmur, "It will take a long time to find your car. Perhaps we can walk to it. Then, if you will drive me to a Tube station, I can get home by train."

"Car?" he replied, sharply. "I'm not going to risk shouting for my car and—and all the delay. I have ordered a taxi. I will see you home myself at once."

The taxi arrived. He hurried her into it. She gave an address. It was somewhere in Pimlico. They travelled for a whole minute in appalling silence. Then he burst out :—

"What—why, in the name of Heaven, did you do it?"

"I think—I think I was mad. My brain was going round. I was hungry——"

"*Hungry?*"

Her only answer was an uncontrollable outburst of laughter—laughter which ended in wild sobbing. He could not bear it. He put a hand on her arm and spoke very gently.

"Listen to me—I want to know more. I want to help. I should like to have a little talk with you now—at once. I hardly like to billet myself on your house, on your people, so late at night, but——"

"I have no house. My mother is ill. She cannot live very long. We cannot ask you in. We only have one room out there in the wilds."

"Very well, that settles it. We will go to a restaurant—a good one and a decent one. We will have supper. We can talk. Then I shall see you home."

"I would much rather you set me down here in the street," she cried. "I never want to see you again. I never want you to know anything——" She checked her grief and rounded on him passionately with a fresh effort. "Why didn't you leave me alone?" she blazed. "What does it matter to you—all this?"

"But—the man was a detective. Don't you see the horror of it all? Even now there may be danger. He saw us. He would think us in league."

"Then why," she retorted, "did you lay yourself open to suspicion? I could have gone through with it all—gone to prison even. That would mean one mouth less to feed at home. And nothing can hurt my mother any more. Her mind wanders. She would not realize much. And the world would know at last—at last to what it has driven us."

She fell into those wild sobs once more. He put his head out of the window to give the address of a restaurant, and returned to his ministrations.

"Listen to me. Try to calm yourself. You are in my hands, and I can keep my mouth shut. Don't try to think or analyze. I'll do all that."

"Why—why?" she moaned.

"Because I want to help. Because I cannot bear to see you like this. And again"—he paused—"because I myself am in great trouble over someone—over several people who may be as unhappy as you are, and——"

The taxi stopped before the restaurant in a side-street off Piccadilly. Again a portal flooded with light received those beautiful, slender feet and the tall, slim figure in the grey cloak. Once again for a moment she was lost to sight in a *garde-robe*. This time she emerged much sooner. She had retained the black lace scarf. It shrouded her lovely shoulders modestly, veiled them from the impertinent gaze of attendants and supper folk alike. He piloted her to a quiet recess and a table for two. He scanned a wine list, ordered some good Moselle, and stretched out a hand for her glass.

"Not for me," she said, hastily. "I should be intoxicated inside ten seconds." She leaned back in her chair, looking very white, very diaphanous.

"Take two sips now and a mouthful or two of bread," he commanded, "and by the time you are half-way through supper you'll be twice the woman you are."

After that he let her be. He did the conversation, talking of light and little things. A quite harmonious and not too noisy string

band in the vestibule filled up the awkward places, the conversational gaps, delightfully.

He let her tell her story—left the broaching of it on her shoulders—felt himself something of a coward for that. Yet, after all, she was his guest. It was for her to reveal the life into which he had impulsively pitchforked himself.

She did it suddenly, without any preparation; leaned forward, and made a condition defiantly.

"I will answer any questions. But I can't tell you everything unless you promise to believe me."

"I am as anxious to believe as I am to hear everything," he said, with a smile of perfect good faith.

"Will you believe that such a thing as this—the thing that I did to-night—has never happened before?"

"I know that."

"Why?"

"Oh, because, in the first place, you would have been more *rusée*. Excuse the word. I only mean that you would have gone about it differently. You would have known who he was—that fellow with the spectacles in the corner. Above all—your face! You aren't that sort. That's what—hurts."

"Thank you!"

She looked down, played with crumbs of bread, lifted her eyes again, and plunged rapidly.

"When you took up that Ruskin book and read out that sentence I could have screamed. I could have torn the book into shreds and flung it at you. I only just managed to control myself. But something seemed to go snap in my head. And then a voice whispered and whispered, 'Go back to the jewels; go back—and look at them. There is something there which you must look at.' The stones, especially the pink ones, were full of horrible things. I wanted to tear them out of their settings. Then I saw something else—a card just by that case—the one with the—the thing I gave back to you. I saw a name on it."

"Yes?" he said, with shame in his face. Every vein in his head seemed on the point of bursting.

"It's a name that ought never to have existed. The sight of it—in copperplate, with a gorgeous address in Mayfair below it—was the worst thing of all. It's the name of a man who has no right to his money or his title. If you only knew!"

"I shall know. You are going to tell me, you remember," he said, swiftly. He did not realize how very stern his eyes had grown, and, though their imperiousness was not caused by anything she had said or done, they scared her.

"Don't—don't look at me like that," she gasped. "If you knew what that man represented you would forgive me everything I have said and done to-night."

"Forgive?" he said, miserably. "I have nothing to forgive. Go on. What has this man done to you?"

"He is just living riotously on the money his father made out of my father. His father was just a murderer. It can't be called anything else. They—the world—called it suicide—my father's case. But it was his friend who really shot him—who ruined him and first beggared and then starved my mother and myself. He pushed us down, down. He pushed me to this—to what I did to-night."

"He is not alive still?" asked Robin, grey about the lips.

"No; but a family like that never dies. Bay trees always flourish. There is his son, I tell you. And now *he* goes on—pushing us down, down, it seems, by his very existence."

"Stop!" said Robin. "One moment. I have something to tell you. That horrible pendant was my gift to Alie Beaumont."

For a moment he thought she was going to collapse, faint dead away. She sank back with a little moan and covered her face with her hand. It was only for a second. She managed to rise, steadying herself by the little table between them.

"I will get my cloak," she whispered. "Let me go." She made a few steps forward. In two strides he was with her, drew her hand into his arm.

"Now, come—we'll talk out the rest of this wretched business on the way to your place," he said, gently. He beckoned to the waiter as he passed. "Bring me my bill in the vestibule."

He took the girl to the cloakroom door, paid the reckoning, waited till she reappeared, and hailed a taxi.

"There's nothing more to say," she faltered, after the cab had been running for a minute or two.

"No, it's my turn to talk. I've been waiting for this—for years. Why did you not answer my advertisements, Miss Gosselin?"

"Advertisements, Lord Flamborough?"

"In the *Post*—the *Telegraph*, the evening papers."

"You forget. We can't afford to take in papers."

"Is there no one who could tell you?"

"We have only been in London a few days.

We had to leave our last place—a boarding-house on the Continent—suddenly. Can't you guess why?"

"But the Beaumonts? They might have told you."

"For five years we have been living under another name. And I only met the Beaumonts two years ago. My mother insisted upon the change of name. There was the suicide, you see—she could not bear to be dogged by that always. And then there were my father's creditors. Wherever we went the old name brought trouble, distrust. So we just cut the cables—we vanished socially. And I had to get work somehow—governessing, companionships, work in shops, anything, everything. Things went better when my mother was fairly strong. I could leave her and get tolerable employment. Then she was struck down—partly paralyzed, and I had to join forces with her. We kept a little boarding-house in Switzerland—till last week. But we had a bad season. Everything was against us. The bailiffs descended on us. We had to leave everything—all the furniture I had scraped together, all the comforts. I came up—here, to London, to get her into a hospital and then find work.

"I hoped the Beaumonts would help—I did some secretarial work in Sussex for them last summer. That is why I went there to-night. Their invitation to this party came a fortnight ago—I couldn't accept then. I didn't even reply. This morning I decided to go—and make some excuse—explain that we had suddenly come to London. My mother wished me to go. I hated the idea. It meant breaking into my last sovereign. It was tempting, though. After what one has been through for years, especially during the last fortnight, you cannot imagine how one just aches to forget the horrible poverty and the horrible fear for an hour or two and go to a thing like that party, where one meets people who are not hungry and not afraid day and night. And then, you see—there was the chance that, if I 'showed up,' the Beaumonts would help me after the wedding. But now I see it was the most idiotic, the most indecent thing I could have done—in the circumstances."

"It was the only thing that you could do. It was an inspiration. If I could only tell you the relief, the——"

The taxi pulled up. He had to relinquish her to that narrow row of houses, with their dingy little front-gardens and dripping apologies for laurels. But he kept her waiting after she had found the latchkey, and again found the keyhole by the help of the matches he struck for her.

She put out her hand.

"Good night. I feel as if I had been walking through pools of mud to-night and dragging you into them. I feel as if there were no place so dark and so deeply hidden that all the world will not find me out and point and laugh—now. I shouldn't care, I shouldn't care any more, if only my little mother——!"

A tear fell on his hand as it tried to meet hers in the darkness. He longed to take her in his arms. But, since he was a gentleman and the night was dark and the hour late, he acted differently. He proceeded to show a fresh light.

He struck two matches together this time, and stooped as if he had lost something.

"What is it?" she asked, in a low voice, fearful to attract the attention of gossiping neighbours or belated passers-by.

"There isn't a trace of mud on your feet," he announced, gaily. "They're the most beautiful feet I have ever seen. You must have been dreaming about that part of it. As for the rest"—he raised the flickering flame to the level of her face—"wherever you go into hiding I shall find you out long before the world has an inkling. I have been hunting you in my thoughts for years—you and your mother. And now, if you please, I beg leave to stand between you and the world."

"Good night," she said again, with a happy sob.

"Good night. This is the last night which you will spend in this place, so make the best of it," he answered, with a laugh.

Her tears were raining once more on his hand, for she had lifted it to her lips.

"There!" she cried, as she let it fall again; "I'm bad and I'm bold. But I said horrible things about you all. And this is all I can do to show you that I know how much I hurt you."

"It will hurt still more to-morrow, I expect," he said, cheerfully.

She slipped into the house and shut the door.

He walked back over the damp flagstones of the garden-patch to the still panting taxi. He was glad it was not raining any more. For that would have completely obliterated the warm salt-drops on his right hand—the precious baptism into his new life.

Postage-Stamp Romances

By D·B·ARMSTRONG

THOSE unversed in the pleasant art of philately may, perhaps, find it hard to conceive of any romantic association in so prosaic an object of our every-day life as the ubiquitous postage-stamp. Yet within his album-pages the philatelist can point to countless specimens with histories as eventful as the most absorbing creations of the novelist's pen. Rare stamps are akin to famous gems or celebrated *objets d'art*, in that they are frequently the subject of curious stories and legends of remarkable interest and fascination, handed down from one collector to another, until each has secured its permanent niche in the archives of philately. And the same is true of the less valuable stamps that are found in more modest collections, as of the *raræ aves* reposing in the sumptuous volumes of the millionaire collector. Every stamp, indeed, has its story, telling in mutely eloquent language of the victories of war, the blessings of peace, the march of civilization, the rise and fall of nations; providing, in short, a lasting and comprehensive record of the most notable events of our times.

NO. I.—THE FIRST POSTAGE-STAMP.

A selection of some of the most interesting stories and legends dealing with the romantic side of what is to-day the most universally popular of all collecting pursuits may serve to demonstrate the truth of these assertions, and to explain, in part, to the uninitiated some of the fascination that the collection and study of postage-stamps holds for its votaries.

The Penny Black—the First Postage-Stamp.

The adhesive postage-stamp had its origin in England seventy-four years ago as a direct outcome of the postal reforms introduced by Sir Rowland Hill, whose master-mind created not only the inestimable boon of penny postage, but the means by which it was carried into effect—the adhesive postage-stamp. At the time of the passing of the Uniform Penny Postage Act in 1839 all postal charges were paid in cash (usually on delivery), involving an enormous amount of book-keeping on the part of the Post Office, which would have been increased a hundred-fold when the reduced rates of postage came into force but for the suggestion of the great postal reformer, for "a bit of paper, just large enough to bear the stamp, and coated at the back with a glutinous wash," being subsequently embodied in the famous one penny black postage label (No. 1) and its consort, the twopence blue, which made their *début* in May, 1840, and were the progenitors of all adhesive postage-stamps.

NO. 2.—THE EARLIEST STAMP ISSUED BY BRAZIL, THE FIRST COUNTRY TO FOLLOW ENGLAND'S EXAMPLE.

The First Foreign Postage-Stamps.

For three short years Great Britain enjoyed a monopoly of this novel and handy method of collecting postages, until, in July, 1843, the enlightened Empire of Brazil followed suit with a series of unprepossessing adhesive labels of native manufacture, adorned with large numerals of value in place of a design (No. 2). In 1847 the United States entered the field with two beautifully-engraved portraits of Franklin and Washington (No. 3),

NO. 3.—THE FIRST ISSUES OF THE UNITED STATES.

whilst the head of Ceres, the Goddess of Agriculture, found place on the first stamps of the French Republic (No. 4), engraved by the elder Barré, which made their *début* on January 1st, 1849. On the same date appeared the first Belgian labels, bearing a portrait of Leopold I., and in the same year Bavaria joined the ranks of the stamp-issuing countries, whilst on June 1st, 1850, Austria-Hungary put forth her initial postage-stamp issue, emblazoned with the Hapsburg Arms. At the close of the first decade the convenience of the postage-stamp had been adopted by some twenty Governments, and within the ensuing sixty years its use has been extended to every civilized country on the face of the globe, a recent estimate putting the number of distinct types of postage-stamps issued by the countries of the world at over twenty thousand specimens, not including the multitudinous varieties dear to the heart of the philatelist.

NO. 4.—FRANCE'S FIRST STAMP.

The Rarest Stamp in the World—Value £2,000.

Pride of place amongst the many valuable and unique specimens belongs to a singularly unpretentious and sorry-looking stamp (No. 5), issued in the Colony of British Guiana in 1856, for provisional use pending the arrival of a fresh consignment of the regular postage-stamps from England. It is of the denomination one cent, the design being crudely set up from ordinary printer's type at the office of the *Official Gazette*, with the central device of a sailing ship taken from the heading to the shipping announcements in the paper.

NO. 5.—A STAMP WORTH TWO THOUSAND POUNDS.

The single known copy of this rarity was discovered by a young collector in the Colony amongst some old family papers stored away in an attic. Knowing nothing of its scarcity and not being favourably impressed by its appearance, he sold it to another collector for a trifling sum, the purchaser also being ignorant of his great bargain. Ultimately it found its way to Europe, and now reposes in the collection of M. Philippe de la Renotière, of Paris, the distinguished owner of the world's greatest stamp collection, who purchased it many years ago for an amount that has never been disclosed, but is believed to have been at that period a record one. Its intrinsic value to-day, in the very unlikely contingency of its ever coming into the market, is certainly in excess of two thousand pounds.

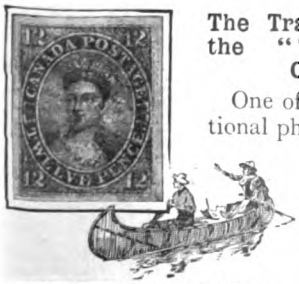
A report on this famous stamp by a celebrated expert states that "the copy is a poor one, dark magenta in colour, and somewhat rubbed. It is initialled 'E. D. W.' and dated April 1st, the year not being distinct enough to be read." Nevertheless, it is the rarest stamp in the world.

The Most Famous Stamp — the "Post Office" Mauritius—Value £1,450.

Probably the best known and most discussed of all philatelic rarities are the two first postage-stamps of the Island of Mauritius, which were crudely engraved on a small copper-plate by a local watchmaker of Port Louis, and issued on September 21st, 1847. They bear an unflattering presentment of the late Queen Victoria, the words "Post Office" appearing along the left-hand side of the frame in error for the inscription "Post Paid," and from this circumstance they derive their familiar title (No. 6). A total of only five hundred copies of each of these stamps were tediously printed off, one at a time, from the plate, and the majority of these were used on invitations to a ball sent out by Lady Gomm, wife of the Governor of the Colony.

NO. 6.—THE FAMOUS "POST OFFICE" MAURITIUS.

Of these only twenty-six copies are known to be in existence to-day. It was not until nearly twenty years after their issue that the first two copies of these rarities were brought to light by a young stamp-collector of Bordeaux. The most perfect used copy of the twopenny Post Office Mauritius was sold by auction in 1904 for no less a sum than fourteen hundred and fifty pounds, and is now in King George's collection. It originally reposed in an almost forgotten collection formed by a suburban collector when at school, who was unaware of its value until enlightened by a philatelic friend.



NO. 7.—A STAMP WITH A TRAGIC STORY.

The Tragic Legend of the "Twelve-pence Canada."

One of the most sensational philatelic romances is woven round that popular rarity the twelve-pence stamp of Canada (No. 7), a copy of which played a prominent part in a grim tragedy in Montreal over sixty years ago. Shortly after the appearance of this stamp—in November, 1851, to be precise—an elderly Canadian who dwelt in a small house overlooking the St. Lawrence River had occasion to send away by post some valuable securities that had been entrusted to his care. Whilst preparing the package for posting he was interrupted by the entry of his adopted son, a worthless scamp, who commenced a long story of financial difficulties, and implored the old man's assistance. On the latter declaring his inability to help him, the younger man suggested that the amount required might be easily raised upon the papers in the package he was about to send away. This proposal his foster-father refused to entertain, and high words ensued when the old man replaced the package, franked with a copy of the fateful twelve-pence stamp, in a deed-box, which stood open on the table, and turned the key. In desperation the son attempted to wrench the box from the elder's grasp, and in the struggle that followed a lamp was overturned and the flimsy wooden habitation was speedily in flames. Drawing a pistol, his assailant fired at the old man, inflicting a mortal wound, and then made good his escape, whilst his foster-father, with a supreme effort, dragged himself to the window and flung the precious box into the deep waters of the river. His charred corpse was discovered next day amongst the ruins of the house, but of the deed-box and its contents no trace could be found.

Forty-one years later a powerful dredger was at work clearing a channel of the St. Lawrence, when one of the crew observed a bulky object clinging to one of the dredges. He secured it, and on examination it proved to be the missing box with its contents intact and in an excellent state of preservation, the package containing the lost securities bearing on its cover a splendid copy of the scarce twelve-pence stamp, which was ultimately sold for seventy pounds.

The peculiar name of this stamp is due to the fact that Canadian currency required fifteenpence to equal the shilling sterling, and in various parts of North America the local "shilling" ranged in value from sixpence-halfpenny to tenpence. The postal rates were therefore based on sterling currency.

The Stamp of Death.

A stamp round which centres one of the foulest political crimes of modern history is the so-called "death-mask stamp" of Servia, issued in 1904 to commemorate the accession of King Peter I.

NO. 8. — THIS SERVIAN STAMP WAS SUPERSEDED BY THAT SHOWN BELOW.

The dastardly assassination of King Alexander and his Queen Draga by military officers on June 11th, 1903, wiped out the Obrenovitch dynasty from the throne of Servia, and paved the way for the succession of the present King. A series of new postage-stamps bearing the likeness of the murdered monarch, which was in readiness for issue at the time of the *coup d'état*, was at first overprinted with the device of the Servian arms, effectively obliterating the features of the luckless victim of Slavonic treachery (No. 8).

NO. 9.—SERVIA'S DEATH-MASK STAMP.

Meanwhile M. Eugène Mouchon, most famous of French stamp engravers, was commissioned to prepare a stamp from a design by a Servian artist, showing on a single plaque the twin profiles of Kara Georg, the founder of the dynasty which bears his name, and King Peter, his descendant. The stamps were issued at the time of King Peter's Coronation in 1904, and hardly had they got into circulation than it was discovered that the "death-mask" of the late King Alexander had been skilfully and subtly introduced into the design, and on the stamp being inverted could be plainly traced in the reversed features of the two heads (No. 9). This discovery at once caused an outcry, the stratagem being ascribed to ex-Queen Nathalie, mother of the murdered King, and her supporters, but all connivance in the plot was indignantly repudiated by the veteran engraver, and the mystery of this extraordinary happening has never been satisfactorily cleared up.

The Romantic Story of the Stamps of Sedang.

The romantic story of the eventful career of King Marie I. of Sedang is interestingly recalled by a series of pseudo postage-stamps purporting to have been issued in the land of the Sedangs (No. 10). When these Sedang stamps first appeared in Europe philatelists were at a loss to know what to make of them, the kingdom of Sedang not being found in any popular gazetteer, but for a time they were accepted as a legitimate issue.

NO. 10.—A FAMOUS BOGUS ISSUE.

The history of "Marie, Roi des Sedangs," is recounted at length in a volume on the "Far East" by Sir Henry Norman, who describes it as "one of the most remarkable romances of modern Eastern history." Marie David de Mayrena, the picturesque adventurer who styled himself "S.M. le Roi des Sedangs," first made his appearance at Hong-Kong in the spring of 1889, where he was vouched for by the French Consul. He had had an adventurous career in the Far East, and in the course of his wanderings had reached the territory of a tribe known as the Sedangs, who inhabited the hinterland of Annam, by whom he contrived to get himself elected King. At first he was recognized by the French Colonial authorities, concluded several successful treaties with neighbouring tribes, and appears, in fact, to have made an admirable ruler. During his stay in Hong-Kong he was always magnificently attired, his note-paper adorned with a coat-of-arms surmounted by a crown, and he instituted an elaborate "Order of Marie I.," which he bestowed on all and sundry of his acquaintances, including the Governor of Hong-Kong himself. Lastly he had a series of postage-stamps printed in Paris ostensibly for use in the Sedang country, but in reality for sale to unwary philatelists. Unfortunately at this juncture the French Colonial authorities changed their policy and decided to annex the region over which Marie I. held sway, denouncing Mayrena as

an impostor. Marie sought the protection of Great Britain and was refused, so he decided to try Germany, and actually dispatched an incautiously-worded telegram to Berlin offering his allegiance. He had, however, overlooked the fact that his message must pass through the French telegraph-office at Saigon, where it was reported to the Colonial Government, and a warrant issued for his arrest. Believing himself to be condemned to death for high treason, Mayrena fled from Hong-Kong secretly, leaving a budget of unpaid bills in his wake.

A few years later he turned up in Paris, where he lived in excellent style, and finally his somewhat chequered career was brought to an abrupt termination in the Malay Peninsula by the bite of a cobra.

NO. 11.—A STAMP DESIGNED BY KING GEORGE.

King George as a Stamp Designer.

The interest taken by His Majesty the King in the science and hobby of philately is noted, but the eminently practical nature of his philatelic studies is by no means so widely known. Few people, even amongst stamp-collectors, are probably aware that His Majesty (then Prince of Wales) was responsible for the design of the 1903 postage-stamps of Canada (No. 11), universally acknowledged to be the most artistic stamps of the last reign. About the time of the late King's Coronation the Postmaster-General of Canada, then on a visit to England, took the opportunity of consulting with His Royal Highness on the subject of the proposed new issue of postage-stamps for the Dominion. The Prince entered whole-heartedly into the matter, and not only placed his expert knowledge and experience at the disposal of the Canadian authorities, but undertook to superintend the preparation of the "master-die" in England. The stamp itself was designed by the then Prince of Wales in conjunction with the late Mr. Tilleard, of the Royal Philatelic Society, and showed a three-quarter-face portrait of King Edward VII. in robes of State, taken from a Coronation photograph, enclosed in a neat oval frame, with two small Tudor crowns in the upper spandrels, and figures of value in tablets wreathed with maple leaves in the lower corners.

The Edwardian stamps of Canada can, therefore, lay claim to the distinction of being the only stamps designed by a King.

A Stamp Designed by a Baker's Boy.

The postage-stamps of the erstwhile Republic of Corrientes, now forming part of the Argentine Confederation, are amongst the crudest and most ill-favoured specimens known to philatelists. Respecting their creation and issue a curious story is related, furnishing one of the few humorous episodes in the history of the world's postage-stamps. It appears that the need for postage-stamps in Corrientes was first experienced on account of the want of small change, through which the working of the Post Office on a cash basis was rendered extremely difficult. At that period the Province of Corrientes had its own paper money, of which, however, there was no denomination lower than one dollar, whilst of silver coins there was a complete dearth. One of the officials came to the conclusion that the deficiency might be met by the issue of postage-stamps, and, the project being approved, himself undertook to make the necessary arrangements. The task proved of greater difficulty than he had anticipated, since no engraver could be found to cut the die or prepare the plates for the proposed stamps. Whilst discussing the situation with the head of the State Printing Office on his veranda one morning, the baker's boy arrived with the daily supply of bread, and, overhearing the conversation, volunteered to undertake the work, stating that before emigrating to South America he had been apprenticed to an engraver in Italy—his native country. At his wit's ends to get the stamps prepared, the official accepted the offer and gave the boy a specimen of the contemporary postage-stamp of France, bearing the head of Ceres, with instructions to make as close a copy of it as possible.

The result, which was presented some days later, was so deplorable that the official hesitated to show it to his superior for fear of ridicule, but, no other course being open, finally did so, when, to his astonishment, the caricature was accepted, despite its crudity, and subsequently served for all postage-stamps issued in Corrientes from 1855 down to September 1st, 1880, when the separate stamps were superseded by those of the Argentine Republic.

NO. 12.—A STAMP WITH A HUMOROUS HISTORY.

A Romance of Vanity.

For another postage-stamp romance we will take the tale of the vanity of Postmaster-General Connell, of New Brunswick, and its disastrous consequences. In December, 1859, the Hon. Chas. Connell, then Postmaster-General of New Brunswick, was authorized to procure a new set of postage-stamps in view of the impending introduction of decimal currency into the North American Colonies.

Mr. Connell personally visited New York and placed a contract for the stamps. Acting apparently upon the assumption that he had a free hand in determining the details of the issue, Connell caused his own unprepossessing countenance to be substituted for that of the Sovereign on the five-cent value of the new series (No. 12), that denomination being in most general demand. On the stamps reaching Fredericton for distribution it leaked out that Connell's own portrait appeared on one of the values, and it was therefore decided that the stamps must be approved by the General Council before issue. Notification of this was sent to the Postmaster-General, who was absent from the capital, which, however, he ignored. The Council ruled that the five-cent stamps must not be issued, and it was decided that the Postmaster-General should be instructed to obtain a new five-cent stamp. This Connell refused to do, and in view of what he was pleased to regard as an unwarrantable interference in his department by the Council he delivered up his portfolio. Having resigned his appointment, worth six hundred pounds a year, Connell shook the dust of New Brunswick from his feet, passing the remainder of his life in retirement.

Stamps of the Scott Expedition.

Of the ill-fated Scott South Polar Expedition stamp-collectors possess tragic mementoes in the current halfpenny and penny postage-stamps of New Zealand, overprinted VICTORIA LAND (No. 13), for use on the correspondence of members of the expedition. When the *Terra Nova* left New Zealand for the Antarctic regions on November 29th, 1910, she carried one hundred pounds' worth of penny New Zealand postage-stamps overprinted as above, which were supplied to members of the expedition, and used on letters dispatched to New Zealand and the outer world by the *Terra Nova* on her various voyages. A post-office was duly established at Cape Evans by Captain Scott, who had been officially appointed Postmaster of the British Antarctic in succession to Sir Ernest Shackleton, and the stamps were in every way a legitimate issue, available for franking letters to all parts of the world, and duly recognized by the Postal Union. The halfpenny stamp was added early in 1913 to make up the twopence-halfpenny rate on letters to foreign countries, the date of issue being January 18th—the day on which the news of the disaster reached the base.

NO. 13.—THE SCOTT ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION STAMPS.

The remaining stock of these scarce and interesting stamps has recently been put on sale in London in aid of the funds of the British Antarctic Expedition, and they are, I believe, still to be obtained from the Secretary of the British Antarctic Stamp Department, 89, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., price twenty-five shillings for the halfpenny and five shillings for the penny value.

Doubtless they will be treasured by many hundreds of stamp-collectors as historic souvenirs of the tragic yet glorious story of Captain Scott and his comrades.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Bright & Son, Strand, for the loan of many of the stamps illustrating this article.

The Inoffensive Captain

by

E. C. BENTLEY

Author of

"TRENT'S LAST CASE."

Illustrated by James Durden.

Philip Trent is the central figure of Mr. Bentley's recent novel, "Trent's Last Case," which is already one of the classics of detective fiction. Trent is an artist, still young; he sometimes turns to journalism at the request of his friend, a famous editor, who has discovered in him a peculiar talent for newspaper-detective work. He gets on well with everybody, and Inspector Murch, of Scotland Yard, is an old friend. Trent's lively, generous, quaintly-humorous personality has had much to do with the immense popularity of the novel in which he was introduced to the world.

"INSPECTOR CHARLES B. MUIRHEAD. Introduced by Chief Inspector W. Murch." Trent was reading from a card brought to him as he sat at breakfast.

He finished his coffee deliberately and stood up.

"Show him in here."

"Certainly, sir."

Inspector Muirhead was a lean, light-haired, upstanding man with a scanty yellow moustache, dressed in an ill-fitting dark suit, with a low collar much too large for his neck. The only noticeable things about him were an air of athletic hardness and a pair of blue eyes like swords.

"I am very glad," said Trent, "to meet any friend of Inspector Murch's. Sit down and have a cigar. Not a smoker? So much the worse for the criminal class. Now let me hear what it is you want of me."

The hard-featured officer squared his shoulders and put his hands on his knees.

"Inspector Murch thought you might be willing to help us unofficially, Mr. Trent, in a little difficulty we are in. It concerns the escape of James Rudmore from Dartmoor yesterday afternoon."

"I hadn't heard of it."

"It's in the papers to-day—the bare fact. But the details are unusual. Rudmore did what others have done—made a bolt from one of the gangs doing outdoor labour, taking advantage of a mist coming on suddenly. But instead of wandering on the moor till he was taken again, as they mostly do, he got on to a road some miles from the prison, where he had the luck to meet a motor-car, going slow in the mist. He jumped out in front of the car, and when the chauffeur stopped it Rudmore sprang at him and gave him a knock on the head with a stone that stunned him. The car belongs to an American gentleman and his wife, by name Van Sommeren, who were touring about the country."

"Gratifying for them," remarked Trent. "They will feel the English are not making strangers of them—that we are taking them to our bosom, as it were."

"Mr. Van Sommeren drew a revolver," pursued the detective, stolidly, "and shot twice before Rudmore closed with him. He managed to get hold of the weapon after a struggle, and so had them at his mercy. He was hurt slightly in the arm by one of the shots, Mr. Van Sommeren thinks. Rudmore made him give up his motor-coat and cap and all he had in his pockets, also the lady's purse. Then he put on the coat and cap over his convict dress and drove off alone, going eastward. It was hours before the others got to Two Bridges and told their story."

"He managed it well," Trent observed, lighting a pipe. "Decision and promptitude. He ought to have been a soldier."

"He was," returned Mr. Muirhead. "He had been, at least. But the point is, where is he now? We now know that he drove the car as far as Exeter, where he abandoned it outside the railway station, taking with him two large suit-cases and a dressing-bag.

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"MR. VAN SOMMEREN DREW A REVOLVER, AND SHOT TWICE BEFORE RUDMORE CLOSED WITH HIM."

There can be no doubt that he went on by train to London, arriving last night. He has particular business here, as well as friends who would help him. Do you remember the Danbury pendant affair, Mr. Trent? It's nearly two years ago now."

"I don't. Probably I was not in England at the time."

"Then I may as well tell you the story of it and the Rudmores. You must know it if you're to assist us. Old John Rudmore was for many years a doctor in very good practice at Calcutta—had been an Army doctor at first. He was a widower, a man of good family, highly educated, very clever, and popular. His only son was James Rudmore, who was a lieutenant in a Bengal cavalry regiment, very much the same sort of man as his father. There was a daughter, too—a young girl. Six years ago, when James was twenty-three, something happened—something to do with old Rudmore, it is believed. It was kept dark quite successfully, but the word went out against the Rudmores. The old man threw up his practice and the son sent in his papers. All three of them came home and settled in London. The Rudmores had influential connections, and Jim got a soft job under the Board of Trade. His sister went to live with some relatives of her mother's. The father made his headquarters in bachelor chambers in Jermyn Street. He travelled a good deal, and was interested in mining properties. He seemed to have amassed a great deal of money, and it was believed he made his son a considerable allowance."

"Was there supposed to be anything wrong about the money?"

"That we don't know: but what happened afterwards makes it seem likely. Well, James Rudmore went the pace considerably. He got into a gambling, dissipated set, and wasn't particular about what friends he made: a reckless, desperate chap, with a dangerous temper when roused, and he was well on his way to being a regular wrong 'un when the affair of the pendant happened; but he was very clever and amusing, and had a light-hearted way with him, a gentleman all over to look at, and hadn't lost caste, as they say."

Trent nodded appreciatively.

"You describe him to the life. I should like to have known him."

"One day there was a big garden-party at Danbury House, and he was there helping with some sort of entertainment. Lady Danbury was wearing the pendant, which was a famous family jewel, containing three remarkable diamonds and some smaller stones. It was late in the afternoon before she found that the chain it was attached to had broken and the pendant was gone. A search was begun all over the grounds, but it hadn't gone far when one of the maids, hearing of the loss, came forward with a statement. It seemed she had been philandering with one of the men-servants, in a part of the grounds where she'd no business to be; the man's eye was caught by something on the grass, and the girl, going nearer to it, recognized the pendant. Just as she was hurrying forward to pick it up, they heard steps on the path, and they both stepped behind a clump of shrubbery. They saw James Rudmore come round the corner of the path. He was alone, and seemed to be looking for something on the ground. He caught sight of the pendant, and stood gazing at it a moment. Then he picked it up and, holding it in his hand, went on towards the place where the company were. It never occurred to them that a man of young Rudmore's appearance would steal it."

"It was a silly thing to do," said Trent.

"He was in a tight place," explained the detective. "It came out afterwards that he was thousands in debt, and had just dropped a good sum on the Stock Exchange."

"He had one resource," suggested Trent. "I have heard it described as tapping the ancestor."

"The ancestor," said Mr. Muirhead, with a hard smile, "was away on his travels, looking into some East African mining proposition, and apparently couldn't be got at. Besides, as you'll see, tapping him might not have been much good, and James no doubt knew that, for their relations were always very close and confidential. But, as I was saying, the two witnesses told their story about the finding of the pendant. An hour afterwards I was out after James with a warrant in my pocket. About nine o'clock I arrested him as he walked into the hotel where he lived. He denied the charge with a show of astonishment and indignation, but he made no resistance. The pendant was not on him then, and it was never found. I took him away in a taxicab. In Panton Street he gave me a blow on the jaw that knocked me out, jumped from the cab, and darted round the corner into Whitcomb Street. There he ran into the arms of a constable, who held him; he fought savagely, and was only secured by the help of two men. He didn't get away again."

"Until yesterday," Trent observed. "Where had he been between leaving Danbury House and returning to his hotel?"

"Apparently at a club in the Adelphi, where he played billiards for an hour and then dined. His story was that he'd walked there straight from Danbury House, and gone straight from there to his hotel. It couldn't be shown that he'd been anywhere else, but nobody knew exactly when he had left Danbury House. His line at the trial was that he knew absolutely nothing of the pendant, and that it was a plot to ruin him. The case against him was unanswerable, and the assaults on the police, of course, made the matter much worse. The judge was one of the old-fashioned sort, and James was sent to penal servitude."

"Then you think he has his booty hidden somewhere, waiting for him to take it when he comes out?"

"Sure of it," the detective replied, "Doesn't it stand to reason? He was ruined anyway, and the assaults which his temper had led him into made a heavy sentence certain. He might as well have something to show for it when it was all over."

"Just so. Well, then, inspector, where do I come in?"

Mr. Muirhead drew out a pocket-book.

"Three weeks before his escape James Rudmore, who had been a model prisoner from the first, was allowed the privilege of writing a letter, in accordance with the regulations. He wrote to his father. Now it so happened that old Rudmore had then been himself in jail six months or more. I had arrested him, too. The charge was fraudulent bankruptcy, and it was as clever a piece of crooked work as ever came into court, I should think. I took him at his rooms, and he went like a lamb; pleaded guilty, and took his dose without any fuss."

"A philosopher," said Trent. "So he never got the letter from James?"

"Certainly not. James Rudmore was informed, in accordance with the regulations, that his letter could not be forwarded, the reason being withheld. He then asked to have it back, and that was a mistake, for the Governor of Dartmoor had already taken it into his head that there was something more than met the eye in the letter, and that made him certain of it. He believed it contained a secret message telling old Rudmore where the pendant was. Why he thought so I don't know. The letter was forwarded to Scotland Yard, and has been gone over carefully by experts. They can make nothing of it."

"That is probably just because they are experts," Trent commented. "Where is the letter?"

The inspector, without reply, drew a folded paper from his pocket-book and handed it to Trent. He read the following, written in a firm and legible handwriting:—

MY DEAR DAD,—I am writing to you, the first time I am allowed, to say how sorry I am for all the misery my disgrace must have caused you. When I was made a scapegoat, it was the thought of how you would feel the dishonour to our name that hurt me most.

I wish I could have seen you just once before I was put away here. But you, at least, will never have doubted my innocence, I know. It would be the end for me, indeed, if when I were free again I should find even your door closed against me.

I am strong and well, in better health than I have been for years. Most of the time I have been set to what is really navvy's work in the open air, reclaiming waste land. At first it was fearfully hard work, and I used to wish I had a hinge in my back, and as many arms as the idol, whose name I forget, on your mantelshelf. But I soon got hardened. I have not lived an out-of-door life regularly for some years, and it has made me a new man. I feel trained to a hair. I did have one bad bout of fever, though, before I got fit. I fancy the climate here is rather hard on one if one has malaria in one's system and isn't up to the mark; the country looks and smells rather like the Gelderland country round Apeldijk, where, you remember, I was laid up three years ago. But this was a much worse attack. I was light-headed for days, and felt like dying. Isn't it somebody in Shakespeare who talks about "the wretch whose fever-weakened joints buckle under life"? I felt exactly like that.

I would like to tell you all about the life we lead here, and my opinion of the system, but all I write has to pass under the officials' eyes, and "*sie würden das nicht so hingehen lassen*," as old Schraube used to say.

I send this to the old rooms in Jermyn Street, trusting it will reach you.

Good-bye. Your loving son, JIM.

"This," said Trent, "is what judges in lawsuits call a very proper letter, meaning, usually, a letter with a faint flavour of humbugging artificiality about it. I don't like the note of its pathos, and I think there's some hanky-panky about it somewhere. It contains one passage which must be an absolute lie, I should say."

"I don't know which you mean," the inspector replied, "but all the statements about himself in prison are true enough. He *did* have a bad illness——"

"Yes, naturally all those are true. He knew the letter would be read by the authorities, of course. I didn't mean anything of that sort. Look here, I should like to spend some time with this in a reference library. Will you meet me outside the British Museum one hour from now?"

"Right, Mr. Trent." The detective rose quickly. "You'll find me waiting. There may be no time to lose."

But it was the inspector who found Trent awaiting him fifty minutes later, with a taxi-cab in attendance.

"Jump in," said Trent. "The man knows where to go. It didn't take very long after all. I had even time to dash up into Holborn and buy this."

He produced a stout screw-driver.

"What on earth for?" inquired Mr. Muirhead, blankly, as the cab rushed westward. "Where are we going?"

"Inquisitive!" Trent murmured, shaking his finger at him gravely. His eyes were shining with suppressed elation and expectancy. "What is the screw-driver for? Well, you surely will admit that it is prudent to be armed when going after a dangerous man. Then, as to where we are going — we are going to Jermyn Street."

"Jermyn Street!" Mr. Muirhead was staring at his companion as at some strange animal. "You think the stuff is there?"

"I think the letter says it is—or was—hidden in old Rudmore's rooms."

"But I told you, Mr. Trent, old Rudmore was thousands of miles away when the theft took place. His rooms were locked up."

"Yes; but isn't it likely James had a key to them? You told me they were on terms of great mutual confidence."

The inspector nodded gloomily.

"Yes, it's quite likely. Then I suppose your idea is, he just walked round to Jermyn Street with the pendant, let himself in, went upstairs to his father's rooms, tucked the thing away, and then strolled on to the club. Certainly it's possible. Only nobody happened to think of it."

"No. Here we are in Jermyn Street. What number, inspector? Two hundred and thirty—right!"

Trent leaned out of the window and instructed the driver. The cab drew up before a shoemaker's shop of such supreme distinction that only three unostentatious pairs were placed, as if they had been left there by accident, in the window. To the left of the shop was a closed private door for the use of those living in the chambers above.

The inspector's ring was answered by an extremely corpulent, mulberry-faced man, with snowy side-whiskers and smooth white hair. His precision of dress and manner, with a certain carriage of the body, proclaimed the retired butler.

"Well, Hudson, have you forgotten me?" asked the detective, pleasantly, stepping into the well-kept but gloomy little hall.

The stout man hesitated, then said:—

"Bless my soul! It's the officer who came to take Mr. Rudmore." His face lost something of its over-ripe appearance, and he added, as he closed the door, "I do hope it's not another business of that sort. My house will be getting the name of——"

"Now, don't you worry yourself," the man of authority advised him. "I'm not after anybody in your house. I only want to know if the rooms that old Rudmore had are occupied at present."

"They are, inspector. They were taken shortly after that unfortunate affair by Captain Ainger, who has them still—a military gentleman, invalided home from India, I believe—a very pleasant, quiet gentleman."

"Is he at home now?"

"Captain Ainger never goes out until luncheon-time."

"Then we want to see him. Don't you trouble to come up, Hudson; stairs don't agree with you, I can see that. It's the second floor, I remember."

"Second floor, and the door on the left. And I do hope, gentlemen——"

Hudson withdrew, murmuring vague apprehension, and ponderously descended to the basement floor as Mr. Muirhead, followed by Trent, went up the narrow stairs.

"I thought it better," said the inspector, pausing on a stair, "to go up unannounced. He can't say he won't see us if we just walk in and make ourselves pleasant."

As the two men reached the first landing they heard the sound of a door closed gently on the one above, and of light-stepping feet. A tall girl in neat and obviously expensive tailor-made clothes appeared at the head of the short stairway, and, apparently not seeing them, stood for a moment adjusting her hat and veil. Mr. Muirhead uttered a growling cough from below, at the noise of which the young lady started slightly and hurried down the stairs. In the half light on the landing they received, as she passed them, an impression of shining dark hair and barely perceptible perfume. Trent looked after her meditatively as she went swiftly along the ground-floor passage and let herself out.

"Smart woman," observed the inspector, appreciatively, as the front door slammed.

"A fine example of healthy modern girlhood," Trent agreed. "Did you see the stride and swing as she went to the door? From the cut of her clothes I should say she was American."

There was a note in his voice which made the other look at him sharply.

"And," pursued Trent, returning his gaze

with an innocent eye, "I suppose you noticed her feet and ankles as she stood up there, and as she came downstairs?"

"I did not," returned Mr. Muirhead, gruffly. "What was there to notice?"

"Only the size," said Trent. "The size—and the fact that she was wearing a man's shoes."

For an instant the inspector glared at him wild-eyed, then turned and plunged without a word down the stairway. He reached the door and tore at the handle.

"It's locked—double locked from outside! Here, Hudson!" he bellowed, and swore aloud and savagely as the fat man was heard shuffling across the passage in the basement below, and labouring heavily up the stairs. "Give me your latch-key," he commanded, as Hudson, with a staring housemaid in his wake, appeared, trembling and gasping.

For a few moments, filled with vivid language by the enraged officer, the man fumbled at a trouser-pocket. At last he produced his key. Mr. Muirhead seized it and endeavoured to thrust it into the keyhole. After half-a-dozen vain attempts, he resigned the key to Hudson, who grasped the situation at the first try.

"HIS ANKLES WERE TIED TOGETHER AND HIS

"I'm afraid whoever double-locked it has left the key in on the other side," he panted. "This'll never go in till the other's taken out."

Mr. Muirhead suddenly recovered his calm and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"He's done us," he announced. "He could reach Piccadilly in fifteen seconds from here without hurrying. It's a clean get-away. Probably he's bowling off in a taxi by now. Hudson, why the devil didn't you say there was a lady with the Captain? I'd never have let him pass me if I'd known he was coming from those rooms."

"I never knew there was anyone with him, indeed, inspector," quavered the old man, his mind wrestling feebly with the confusion of genders. "I expect it was this girl let her in."

"How was I to know there was anything

ARMS LASHED TO HIS SIDES WITH BOX-CORD."

wrong?" cried the domestic, bursting into tears. "She spoke like a perfect lady, and sent me up with her card and all. I never thought till this minute——"

"All right, all right, my girl," said the inspector, brusquely. "You'll get into no trouble if you're straight. Hudson, I want your telephone. In the back room here? Right! And you'd better hail somebody next door and get your door opened."

The detective disappeared into the room, and Hudson shuffled down the passage to the back of the building, still in a dazed condition.

"What I don't see," he mumbled, "is where she, or he, or whoever it was, got the key from."

And as he said it, Trent, who had been leaning against the wall with a face of great contentment, suddenly turned and fled lightly up the stairs.

Captain Ainger's door opened easily. Captain Ainger himself, a small, crop-headed man, lay upon a sofa near the window of his tastefully-furnished sitting-room. As Trent burst in, a look of relief came into the Captain's bewildered eyes. The rest of his face below them was covered by an improvised gag made out of a tobacco-pouch and a tightly-knotted silk scarf. His ankles were tied together and his arms lashed to his sides with box-cord.

He looked wretchedly uncomfortable.

Five minutes later, in answer to a call from Trent, Mr. Muirhead closed his conversation with Scotland Yard and came upstairs. He found Captain Ainger sitting in an armchair, restoring his physical tone with a deep glass of whisky and soda. To Trent's account of how he had found that ill-used officer the detective answered only with a grim nod. Then, "I suppose it was your latch-key, sir?" he said to the victim.

"Yes," replied the little Captain, "she took my latch-key—he did, I mean. Tell you just how it was. She sent up her card—his, I should say—well, it was a woman's card, anyhow. I put it up here."

He rose and took a card from the mantel-shelf.

Mr. Muirhead glanced at it with curiosity.

"Of course!" he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Van Sommeren's card, is it?" asked Trent from his chair by the window.

"It is."

"And Mrs. Van Sommeren's clothes and hat, and Mrs. Van Sommeren's little bag, and Mrs. Van Sommeren's own particular perfume—they all went by us just now," Trent remarked, "in company with, I expect, Mr. Van Sommeren's shoes and Mr. James Rudmore's wig. Probably he was a little excited at seeing you, inspector, awaiting him at the bottom of the stairs. It needed some nerve for him to stand there fixing his veil without a quiver, and to trip downstairs right into your yearning embrace, as one may say."

Annoyance, self-reproach, menacing resolve, and appreciation of the comic side of the episode—all these things were in the inspector's eloquent answering grunt.

"If only he had remembered to walk along the lower passage like a lady, instead of like a champion light-weight," Trent resumed, "I don't believe the meaning of the shoes would have burst upon me as it did. I dare say his hold on himself began to go when he saw the street-door and safety six steps in front of him. Yet that latch-key business was pretty coolly done. Jim is certainly a gifted amateur. But you were telling us"—he turned to the obviously mystified Captain—"how she made her appearance."

"The message with the card," resumed Captain Ainger, who still preserved his pained expression, "was that she would be obliged if I would answer an inquiry on a family matter. It made me feel curious, so I said I would see her. She had on a very thick veil—he had, I mean."

"Why not stick to 'she,' Captain?" Trent suggested. "We should get on quicker, I think."

"Thank you," said the veteran, gratefully, "I believe we should. The whole thing is so confusing, because she talked just like a woman from beginning to end. Where was I? Ah, yes! I couldn't see her face very well, but her voice and style were those of a well-bred woman. She told me that a year ago she had lost a brother who was very dear to her, and that on his death-bed he had laid what she called a sacred charge upon her. It seemed he had been befriended at some critical time, when he was in India, by an English officer of my name, of whom he had lost sight for many years. He wished her, if possible, to find out that officer and place in his hands a memento, something which had belonged to himself, in token of his undying gratitude. She had made inquiries, and had found me in the first place, but understood there were others of my name in the Army List."

"How did Rudmore get hold of your name, I wonder?" mused the inspector. "He only got away from Dartmoor yesterday."

"That wouldn't have been difficult for his sort of man," Trent replied. "Very likely he got it out of the housemaid who opened the door, before sending up the message."

The Captain cursed the absent malefactor feebly, and took another drink from his tumbler.

"I confess I was rather touched. Of course, I've usually done a man a good turn when it lay in my power, but I couldn't remember having played Providence to an American at any time. So I asked what his name was. She said their name was Smith. Well, you know, I must have run across about fifty Smiths, and I told her so. Then she said she had a photograph of him with her. She took it out of her bag. It was a picture of a good-looking, youngish chap, with the name of a Philadelphia firm on the mount."

"Van Sommeren's photograph," murmured Trent. "She carried it about with her. You didn't tell me they were on their honeymoon, inspector."

"I felt sure I'd never seen the man," continued Captain Ainger, "but I took it to the window to have a good look. And the moment my back was turned she leapt on me and garrotted me. There wasn't a chance for me. She was as strong as a tiger, and I'm still pretty shaky from a long illness. When I was about at my last gasp, she gagged me with that infernal thing, then dragged me into the bedroom and tied me up with my own cord. When I was trussed properly, she went through my pockets and took my latch-key, then she carried me back to the sitting-room. She said she was so sorry to be giving me all this trouble, and that she always wished women were not so dependent upon men for everything. She put her veil up a little way and helped herself to a whisky and soda, and lighted one of my cigars. After that she took a screw-driver out of her bag, and went to work at something behind me. I don't know in the least what she was doing; I couldn't move. It took about five minutes, I should say. Then she skipped to the window, with something that looked like a wad of cotton-wool in her fingers, and began gloating over something I couldn't see. She stood there

"THE MOMENT MY BACK WAS TURNED SHE LEAPT ON ME AND GARROTTED ME."

a long time, smoking and looking out, and then all at once she gave a start and stared down into the street. Just after that I heard the front-door bell ring. And then she—well, she went."

The Captain's bronzed face went slowly scarlet to the roots of his hair.

"She said good-bye, surely?" murmured Trent, looking at him attentively.

"If you must know," burst out the Captain, with his first show of fierceness, "she said she didn't know how to thank me, and that I was a dear, and might she give me a kiss? So she—she did it." Here his narrative dissolved into unchivalrous expressions. "And then she went out and shut the door. That's all I can tell you."

He wearily resorted to his tumbler again.

Trent and the inspector, who had prudently avoided catching one another's eyes during the last part of the story, now conquered their feelings.

"What I want to know now," the detective said, "is where the stuff was hidden here. Can you go straight to the place, Mr. Trent, or should we have to search?"

Trent took the convict's letter from his pocket.

"Let me tell you how I got at it first," he said. "You will be interested. Captain, you read it."

He handed the document to the soldier, and gave him a brief account of the circumstances regarding it.

The Captain, now highly interested, read it through carefully twice, then handed it to Trent again.

"I don't believe I should make anything out of it in a thousand years," he said. "It seems straight enough to me. I should call it an interesting letter, that's all."

"This letter," said Trent, regarding it with a look of unstinted appreciation, "is the most interesting, by a long way, that I have ever read. It tells us, not, I think, where the pendant was hidden, but where the diamonds of the pendant were hidden by Jim Rudmore before his arrest. What Jim did with the setting I don't know, nor does it matter much. But the diamonds were concealed here, and they are now again, I am afraid, in the possession of Jim."

Inspector Muirhead made an impatient movement.

"Come to the point, Mr. Trent," he urged. "What did you pick up from that letter? Where was the stuff hidden?"

"I will tell you first the things I picked up, and how. The first time I read the letter—in your presence, inspector—I checked at the statement that 'the country looks and smells like the Gelderland country round Apeldijk.' When one reads that, it naturally occurs to one's mind that Dartmoor is practically a mountain district, whereas Gelderland is a part of Holland, most of which country is actually below the sea-level."

"It didn't occur to *my* mind," observed Captain Ainger.

"Therefore," pursued Trent, unconscious of him, "any similarity of look or smell would be rather curious, don't you think? Possibly that was what struck the Governor of the prison and aroused his suspicions of the letter. Well, the next thing that pulled me up was the Shakespearean reference. I knew I'd read it in Shakespeare, and yet I felt it was wrong somehow. There were some words missing, I thought. Besides, it didn't look like a prose passage; yet it didn't fit into the decasyllabic form, or any other metre. The only other notion that occurred to me at first glance was that it was an odd thing to quote a German phrase when an English one would have been just as good.

"Then I took the letter to the British Museum Library, and sat down to the problem in earnest. I said to myself that if there was any cipher in it, it was probably impossible to get at it. But I thought it more likely that the message, if any, was conveyed in the words as they stood. So I asked myself what were the signals that it hung out to a man who would be trying to read some inner meaning into it; what things in it were, by ever so little, out of the common, so that the reader would say to himself, 'This may be a pointer'? And I had to remember that both the Rudmores were said to be clever and cultivated men, who understood each other well.

"Now, to begin with, I thought that 'the idol, whose name I forget, on your mantelshelf,' was the sort of thing Rudmore *père* would have pondered over. Of course, we've all seen those little images of the Hindu goddess with ten arms. Jim Rudmore, who had lived in India for years, said he had forgotten her name. That might possibly be meant to draw attention to the name."

"It's Parvati—heard it thousands of times," the Captain interjected.

"Yes; I found that name when I looked up the Hindu mythology. But there's another, by which she is known in Bengal, where the Rudmores had had their experience of India. There, my book told me, the people call her Doorga. So I noted down both

names. Very well. Now, the next passage that seemed out of the ordinary was that about 'the Gelderland country round Apeldijk.' The first thing I did was to look up Apeldijk in the gazetteer. It mentioned no such place; the nearest thing to it was a town called Apeldoorn, which was in Gelderland sure enough. Then I got a big map, and went through Gelderland from end to end. As I expected, it was as flat as a board, and there was no sign of Apeldijk. But I found several towns in Holland ending in 'dijk,' which shows you what a conscientious artist Jim is. Now, if he had really been ill at Apeldoorn, as I expect he had been, his father would have got a hint at once. I wrote down Apeldoorn, and then I began to see light."

Mr. Muirhead rubbed his nose with a puzzled air.

"I don't see——" he began.

"You will very soon. Next I turned to the odd-looking quotation from Shakespeare. On looking up 'joints' in the Cowden-Clark Concordance, I found the passage. It's in 'Henry the Fourth,' where Northumberland says:—

> And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
> Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life . . .

What do you think of that?"

The inspector shook his head.

"Well, then, look at the German phrase. '*Sie würden das nicht so hingehen lassen*' means 'They would not allow that,' or 'They would not pass that over,' or something of that sort. Now suppose a man looking for a suggestion or hint in each of those German words."

Mr. Muirhead took the letter and conned the words carefully.

"I'm no German scholar," he began, and then his eye brightened. "Those missing words——" he said.

"Like strengthless hinges," Trent reminded him.

"Well, and here"—the inspector tapped excitedly upon the word *hingehen*—"you've got 'hinge' and 'hen' in English."

"You're there! Never mind the 'hen'; she's not there on business. Lastly, I'll tell you a thing you probably don't know. *Schraube* is the German word for 'screw.'"

Mr. Muirhead gave his knee a violent blow with his fist.

"Now, then!" Trent tore a leaf from his notebook. "I'll put down the words we've got at that were hidden."

He wrote quickly, and handed the paper to the inspector. Both he and Captain Ainger read the following: "*Doorga, Doorn, Hinges, Hinge, Screw.*"

"Also," Trent added, "the word 'door' occurs twice openly in the body of the letter, and the word 'hinge' once. That was to show old Rudmore he was on the right track, if he succeeded in digging out those words. 'Good,' says he to himself. 'The loot is hidden under a screw in a hinge on a door somewhere. Then where?' He turns to the letter again, and finds the only address mentioned in it is 'the old rooms in Jermyn Street.' And there you are."

Trent took his screw-driver from his pocket, and went to the open door leading into the Captain's bedroom.

"Naturally it wouldn't be the outer door, as to get at the hinges one would have to have it standing open." He glanced at the hinges of the bedroom door. "These screws"—he pointed to those on the door-post half of the upper hinge—"have had their paint scratched a little."

In a minute or two he had removed all three screws. The open door sank forward slightly on the lower hinge, and the upper one came away from its place on the door-post. Beneath it was a little cavity roughly hollowed out in the wood. Silently the inspector probed it with a penknife.

"The stones are gone, of course," he announced, gloomily.

"Certainly gone," Trent agreed. "The stones were in that little piece of cotton-wool the Captain saw him handling."

Mr. Muirhead rose to his feet.

"Well, I don't think they'll go far."

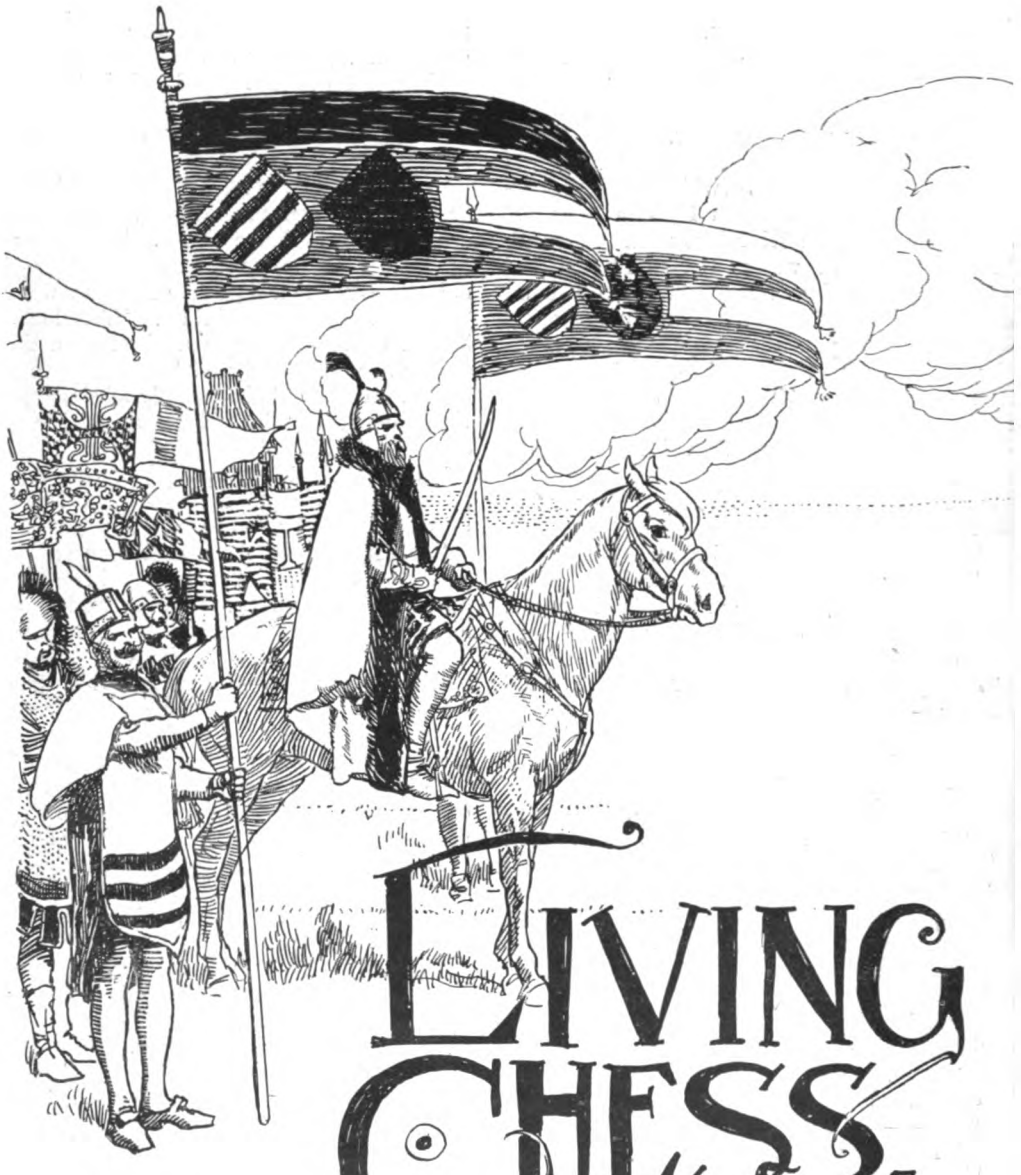
As he took up his hat there was a knock at the door, and Hudson entered panting, a sharp curiosity in his eyes.

"A messenger-boy just brought this for you, inspector," he wheezed, handing a small package to the detective. It was directed in a delicate, sloping handwriting to "Inspector C. B. Muirhead, C.I.D., care of Captain R. Ainger, 230, Jermyn Street."

Hastily the inspector tore it open. It contained a small black suède glove, faintly perfumed. With this was a scrap of paper, bearing these words in the same writing:—

"Wear this for my sake.—J. R."

(Another adventure of Philip Trent will appear in an early issue.)



KING SIGISMUND.

LIVING CHESS.

By MRS. HERBERT VIVIAN.

THOSE who pride themselves on their knowledge of the world of chess will not need to be reminded that the people of Bohemia are almost unrivalled in the fertility and variety of their ideas on the game. A well-known authority tells us that, though some cavillers are apt to accuse them of grinding out variations, few will dispute the pre-eminence of the Bohemian school, whose skill in the construction of problems is amazing.

When, therefore, some time ago, that most interesting order, the Sokols of Prague, assembled for their annual gathering on the great Letna Field, on the heights above the city, it was perhaps only fitting that one of

JAN ZIZKA.

Illustrations by H. R. Millar and from Photographs.

the chief features of the meeting should be a giant tournament of living chess.

The society of Sokols is one of the most remarkable developments in the history of modern Europe, and few people in this country perhaps realize what a power it is and may eventually become. It originated in Prague in the year 1862, at a time when Austria was both suspicious of and hostile to Bohemia, and may be described as a Slav brotherhood.

Every five or six years there is a great festival in Prague, to which Sokols flock from the four quarters of the globe to take part in gymnastic and other displays.

At the time of the festival of which we have to tell the whole city was swarming with Sokols. There were twenty-four thousand of them on the Letna Field as performers or onlookers, and each wore the dress of the order —blue serge frogged, with high Hessian boots, a Hussar jacket slung over one shoulder, and a little round cap with a falcon's feather, for the word Sokol means falcon.

But undoubtedly the most picturesque event of the meeting was the wonderful Chess Tournament, representing the defeat of the army of King Sigismund by the Hussite troops under the heroic leader Jan Zizka. The Church and the King declared a crusade for the destruction of heresy, and adventurers flocked from all parts of Europe, lured by hopes of pillage. However, such was the enthusiasm of the Hussites and the skill of Zizka that before long most of the country had fallen into their hands. Zizka lost his remaining eye in battle, but though blind continued to command the victorious army. Sigismund was utterly routed and driven out of Bohemia, and it is of his defeat at the Battle of Kuttenberg and

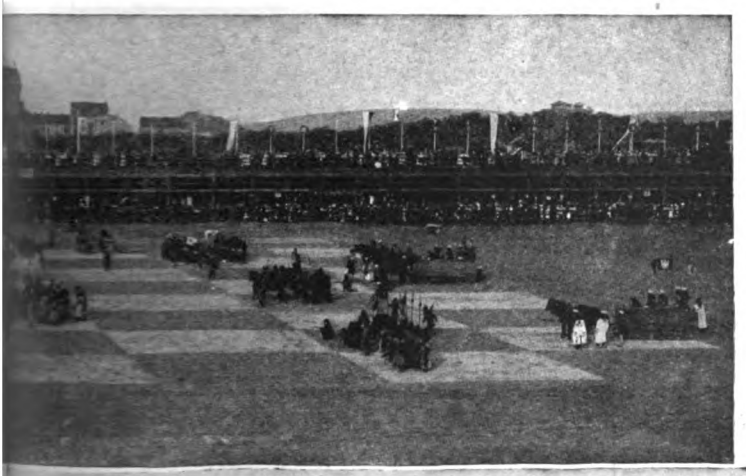
1.—THE CHESSBOARD DURING PLAY.

Deutschbrod that the tournament treats. The chessboard was of mammoth proportions, divided up into great black and white squares (1). Each side was represented by two hundred and ten Sokols. All around were tribunes which held hosts of spectators. Chess-players were hugely interested in this novel war game, and ordinary mortals were enthralled by the unique scene, which carried them back to the costumes and methods of warfare of mediæval times. It was all so realistic and so lifelike. There were the encampment of the forces, the wild dances on the eve of battle, the songs of the soldiery, for which special music had been composed, the bivouacs, and the watch-fires.

At each end of the immense ground on which the chessboard was marked out were two great gates. The northerly one represented the city of Kuttenberg, where the first events of the tournament were played out; the other Deutschbrod, where the final rout of Black took place. One of the most impressive episodes of the whole tournament was the entry of the Hussites (2). The Royal troops had already made their appearance. We can see them in one of our pictures (3) taking their places, armed with long lances. It is an effective scene, with one of Prague's beautiful old churches in the background.

Suddenly in the distance is

2.—THIS GROUP OF HUSSITE ARCHERS REPRESENTS ONE OF THE PAWNS.



King Sigismund and his army, which consists of Hungarians, Poles, Silesian troops, and mercenaries, at the opening of the game are resting in the villages and fortresses round Kuttenberg, after a series of battles. Suddenly, on January 6th, 1422, the mighty Zizka appears like a whirlwind and carries the fight into the heart of the Royal army before they have realized he is upon them.

3.—THE TROOPS OF KING SIGISMUND ON THE CHESSBOARD.

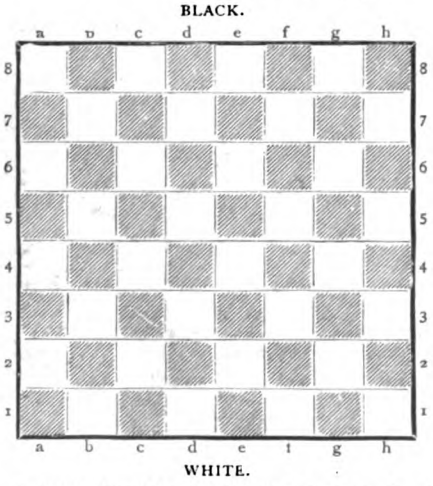
heard the wonderful old Hussite hymn and battle song, "All ye that are warriors of the Lord." It comes gradually nearer and nearer. Then, soberly and sedately, the peasant army, such a contrast to the gay, rollicking soldiery opposite, march through the gate and finish singing their chant as they range themselves on the board.

With regard to the story of the campaign depicted on the chessboard, here we have it in short.

In our illustration at the head of this article we see Zizka, a massive figure mounted on his charger, in the simplest dress, and carrying the famous spiked mace with which he crushed his assailants. On either side of him is a standard-bearer, who unfurls the Hussite banner. It bears the badge of their faith, the cup, for the Hussites demanded the Sacrament in both kinds.

The left flank is attacked and the centre of the army broken up. The King, paralyzed with fear, retreats in the utmost confusion, followed by the head of his staff, General Pipo Span. The peasant army follow pell-mell on the heels of the enemy, who lapse into a disorderly rout. The King has taken

BLACK.		WHITE.	
Square.	*Royal Troops.*	Square.	*Hussites.*
Pawns. a 7	Regiment of Polish Tartars.	Pawns. a 2	Archers.
b 7	Hungarian regiment.	b 2	Spearmen.
c 7	,, ,,	c 2	Scythesmen.
d 7	Transylvanians.	d 2	Irregulars.
e 7	,,	e 2	,,
f 7	Hungarians.	f 2	Scythesmen.
g 7	,,	g 2	Spearmen.
h 7	Tartars.	h 2	Archers.
a 8	Gun carriage.	a 1	Field wagon.
b 8	Duke of Transylvania.	b 1	Commander of the Prague troops.
c 8	German commander.	c 1	The captain of a thousand men.
d 8	King Sigismund.	d 1	Zizka.
e 8	l'ipo Span, chief of the staff.	e 1	The ark of the Hussite Faith.
f 8	Polish commander.	f 1	Commander of the Taborites.
g 8	Hungarian magnates.	g 1	Capt. of the Taborites.
h 8	Gun carriage.	h 1	Field wagon.



4.—A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE "PIECES"—THE LOWER DIAGRAM SHOWS THEIR PLACES ON THE BOARD.

refuge at the fortress of Habry, but when Zizka arrives and prepares to open the attack he finds that Sigismund, who fears being captured, has again flown.

King Sigismund is a magnificent but sinister personage, cruel and unspeakably treacherous; Zizka, usually above all personal malice, is animated with a deadly hatred and contempt for him. We see him on horseback, sword in hand, clad in coat of mail, a long white cloak floating behind him. The standard-bearers wear striped black and white uniforms, and hold banners on which are two shields, one with the eagle of the Royal house.

The winter is a cold and rigorous one, and many of the troops perish during their flight. The peasants are more inured to all weathers than the mercenaries, and under their indomitable leader press on. They find the King and his army crossing a frozen river, and are just in time to witness a frightful disaster, for the ice breaks under the weight of the guns of the Hungarian artillery and thousands lose their lives in the stream.

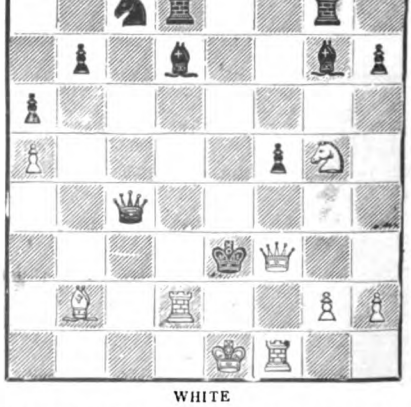
Six hundred Royal wagons fall into Zizka's hands, full of all sorts of plunder. He calls a halt, and whilst his men are settling for the night, lighting huge watch-fires and singing songs of thanksgiving and victory, the King flies on and on, leaving the leadership of the remnant of troops to the Ambassador of the King of Poland.

Zizka arrives at Deutschbrod, the scene of the final struggle, to confront this remnant, and after mass begins *pourparlers*. Whilst these are going on, sympathizers in the town open a side gate, and before Zizka can control his men they pour in and sack the place. The Polish Ambassador is taken prisoner with the remainder of the Royal troops.

This puts the crowning points to the campaign. The King has crossed the frontier and leaves the country for good. Zizka returns to Prague to receive honours and the thanks of the nation, and with that the story of the tournament comes to an end.

The following is the game as actually played:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to Q R 4	P to K 4	18. P to K 5	P takes K P
2. P to K 4	P to Q 3	19. P takes Q B P	Q takes P at Q B 4
3. P to Q 4	P takes P	20. Q Kt to K 4	Q to Q B 3
4. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3	21. P takes K P	Kt to K B 4
5. Q to Q 1	Kt to K 4	22. P to Q R 5	Kt to Q B 1
6. P to Q Kt 4	P to Q B 3	23. B to Q 5	Q to Q Kt 4
7. B to K B 4	Kt to Q 2	24. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
8. B to Q B 4	Kt to Q Kt 3	25. B takes K BP, ch	K takes B
9. B to Q Kt 3	B to Q 2	26. Q to R 5, ch	K to K 2
10. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q R 3	27. B to R 3, ch	K to K 3
11. Q to K R 5	P to K Kt 3	28. Kt to Kt 5, ch	K takes K P
12. Q to K B 3	B to K Kt 2	29. P to Q B 4	Q takes Q BP
13. B to Q Kt 2	K Kt to K 2	30. B to Q Kt 2, ch	K to K B 5
14. K Kt to K 2	R to K Kt 1	31. R to K B 1, ch	K to K 6
15. R to Q 1	Q to Q B 2	32. Q to K B 3, mate	
16. R to Q 2	R to Q 1		
17. Kt to K B 3	P to Q B 4		



5.—THE GAME AS PLAYED—THE DIAGRAM SHOWS (IN ORDINARY PIECES) THE POSITION WHEN ZIZKA GAVE CHECKMATE.

With extreme skill the Sokol chess-players devised a game which represented as faithfully as possible this historical episode. The places of the "pieces" on the board are shown on the diagram (4). It must be carefully borne in mind that these pieces are quite different from those of the ordinary game, although their moves are, of course, the same.

Zizka, being the most important figure among the White men, is the Queen, and makes dashing sallies up and down the board. The White King is represented by a field altar or ark, symbolizing the Hussite creed and ideals. This is a very telling group. The ark is attended by Hussite bishops and clergy. These fighting priests are fine, stalwart old fellows, with flowing white beards. They wear three-cornered birettas and velvet robes, with sashes round their waists. One bears a staff surmounted by a star (6), another a chalice, and in attendance on them is an acolyte who carries a banner with their badge, the cup.

King Sigismund plays the Black Queen, as he was never captured by the Hussites, but his chief commander, Pipo Span, is cornered by Zizka, and therefore takes the part of the Chess King.

The first part of the game unfolds itself round the camp of the King, gradually developing, and showing Zizka's sagacity and mastery of the game of guerrilla warfare. His amazing skill in creating from the rawest material an almost invincible army which struck terror into the hearts of the chivalry of Europe seems well-nigh incredible.

With the accompanying diagram (5) we find the thirty-two moves which made up the game. White begins the attack with Q R P to P 4, indicating Zizka's plan for outflanking the enemy. The pawn was represented by a detachment of archers armed with crossbows. In the large group of Hussite soldiery (2) we can see these archers in front supporting their curious bows on the top of their still more curious shields. It may be noticed what an extraordinary medley of uniforms and weapons they display.

Zizka, who was the greatest military genius of the time, decided, with his usual wisdom, that it would be useless to expect peasants taken straight from the land to learn at once how to use muskets, lances, and swords, or to clothe themselves in cumbersome breastplates and armour. Therefore the Hussites' shields were usually of wood, home manufactured, sometimes even of skins stretched on a lining.

As to their weapons, they were of the most curious and unexpected order. Instead of lances they used scythes or ploughshares. Often a whole regiment would be armed with flails studded with iron nails. Cavalry was the chief bugbear of these peasant troops, for they had practically none themselves, and the riders of the enemy were often irresistible in their onslaught. Then Zizka devised a protection, and had huge hooks attached to the spears of the spearmen. When the cavalry dashed at them they would adroitly catch these hooks in the collars or accoutrements of the riders, and became so skilful at the game that they would often drag them from the saddle, or at any rate manage to terrify the horses by these strange manœuvres.

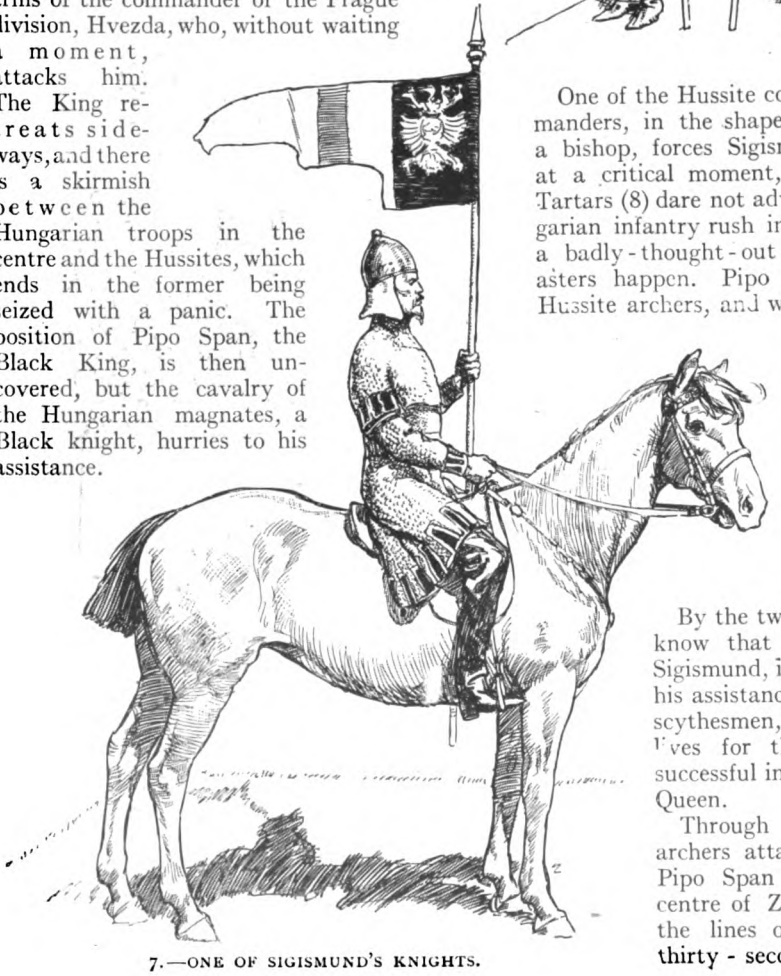
From the Hungarians comes the answer to Zizka's attack, and Transylvanian troops advance from the

6.—A HUSSITE BISHOP WHO ATTENDS THE ARK, WHICH REPRESENTS THE KING.

centre. To stop their advance the scythesmen go forward, whereupon more Transylvanians from the centre reinforce their comrades.

Zizka now orders a detachment of irregulars armed with flails to advance, but these are beaten by the Hungarians and the pawn is captured. Zizka promptly takes vengeance and seizes the Hungarians, but has to retire, as the Hungarian magnates in the shape of a knight threaten him (7). Gradually his left wing advances, and the first sixteen moves are occupied with his preparations for battle and his care in taking up the most advantageous position.

Zizka has now finished his preparations, but has given Sigismund no chance to organize properly. The Hussite infantry advance in the centre, the Hungarians meet them, but are slain by the spearmen. Sigismund is tempted from his protected position, and finds himself almost in the arms of the commander of the Prague division, Hvezda, who, without waiting a moment, attacks him. The King retreats sideways, and there is a skirmish between the Hungarian troops in the centre and the Hussites, which ends in the former being seized with a panic. The position of Pipo Span, the Black King, is then uncovered, but the cavalry of the Hungarian magnates, a Black knight, hurries to his assistance.



7.—ONE OF SIGISMUND'S KNIGHTS.

One of the Hussite commanders, in the shape of a bishop, forces Sigismund back. Then, at a critical moment, the panic-stricken Tartars (8) dare not advance, and the Hungarian infantry rush into the breach with a badly-thought-out attack. More disasters happen. Pipo is stopped by the Hussite archers, and whilst trying to defy a group of scythesmen he is attacked by the commander of the Hussite troops from Prague. There is a desperate battle, but Pipo still hopes against hope that he may be relieved by the Black Queen.

By the twenty-ninth move we know that his fate is sealed. Sigismund, in trying to come to his assistance, is stopped by the scythesmen, who sacrifice their lives for the cause, and are successful in arresting the Black Queen.

Through a free space the archers attack the Black King. Pipo Span is driven into the centre of Zizka's army between the lines of wagons. At the thirty-second move he is

8.—TARTARS—A GROUP REPRESENTING ONE OF THE PAWNS.

caught by Zizka, who gives him the mate.

The finale is most dramatic. At the instant the King surrenders his sword, the entire Royal army and its commanders, seized with a panic, rush headlong from the field. The Hussites pursue them. But a few moments later the victors return through the gate and slowly march the length of this chessboard and out at the other gateway, singing their battle hymn as they go.

In the large illustration (1), showing the whole field of play, one of the wagons, representing a castle, which was instrumental in causing the downfall of the Black King, deserves a few words of explanation. These wagons were among the most ingenious and distinctive features of Hussite warfare. Owing to the necessity for protecting his lightly-armed men, Zizka practically invented this means of defence. The wagons were covered with sheets of steel, and were linked together with iron chains, usually in four lines or columns. Everyone except the cavalry took refuge within them, and in case of defeat the wagons formed a fortified entrenchment. They were also used for offensive operations. In this case, the crack shots were placed next the driver. Like the Boer farmers, the Hussite peasants became famed for their deadly aim, and before long they put the fear of God into the hearts of the enemy.

Sometimes a few of the biggest and strongest men would walk in front carrying a pole provided at the end with a short length of chain. To this chain was attached a large wooden sphere the size of a football, studded all over with iron nails. This they would swing round and round, and woe betide the unfortunate mortal who came their way!

All praise is due to those who clothed the tournament in its wonderful historic dress. The marches, the battle array, and, more particularly, the irresistible onslaught of the Royal cavalry were peculiarly effective and inspiriting. Each phase was set to music, as was only fitting, for music played a great part in the Hussites' life. Each chess-piece had its own individual air, which not only gave a charm to the proceedings, but also afforded a useful clue to the performers by announcing that their turn had come. Everyone seemed to know his part, and the four hundred and twenty performers had evidently not only been well drilled, but were, moreover, animated with the keenest patriotic enthusiasm whilst living over again the heroic deeds of their Fatherland in those far-off days.

Office Athletics

By HAROLD STEEVENS

Illustrated By H·M·BATEMAN

"FEEL that," said Wagster.

I felt.

"Not bad, is it?" he suggested, in a tone of modest satisfaction.

"It's amazing!" I unhesitatingly replied.

And so it was. His extended arm was straight and stiff, and hard as a board. It bruised my fingers to touch it, or so at least I fancied. In reality I suppose the sensation was simply due to the mental shock of the unexpected.

"How on earth do you manage it?" I asked, in genuine wonder. "You're as hard as nails. You look as fit as a fiddle. Why is a fiddle fit?—but let that pass. And yet you never seem to take any exercise. You really ought to be a most diseased person, living as you do, drat you!" I confess I envied the fellow his arrogant muscularity.

"My average last week was thirteen hours' work a day," said Wagster, heartily. "Once I got out to lunch, just for a treat, and I dined regularly, or irregularly, at ten o'clock at night."

"You ought to be in your grave," I said; "and you will be—one day. It is quite time you were breaking up."

"Breaking up be sugared!" said Wagster, with slangy exuberance. Then he added, inconsequently, "Can you do this?"

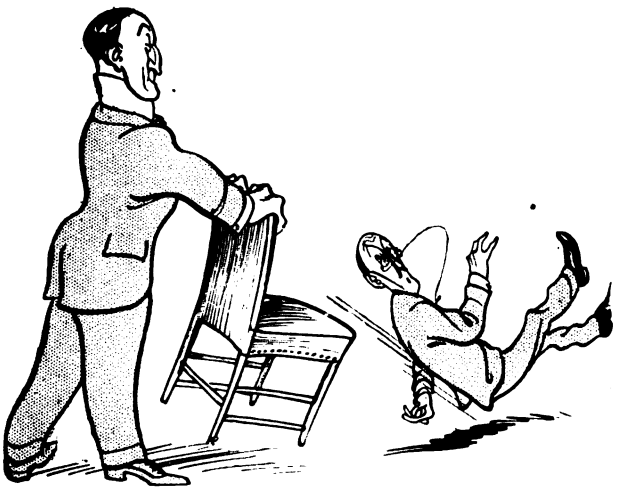
Stepping behind my chair, he took the back of it in his hands, and deftly shot me off the seat; as I staggered to gain my feet, I saw him grasp the top back rail firmly in his hand, lift the chair from the ground, and extend it horizontally in front of him. For a moment he held it there with outstretched arms, the seat of the chair standing up in air and the four legs pointing towards me. Next, keeping the chair in the same horizontal position, he slowly drew in his arms until his wrists nearly touched his chin, then thrust them out again. He did this several times with an easy, regular movement. Then he put the chair down.

"It looks pretty easy," I said.

"You try it," he invited me, with an engaging smile.

This story will be filmed and shown at the Cinematograph Theatres throughout the country. See the announcement on the back of the frontispiece.

It was with some confidence that I took a firm grasp of the chair, lifted it from the ground, and boldly extended it before me. Rather, I should say, I endeavoured to do so, for just as I was on the point of stiffening my arms to a steel-like rigidity the legs of the chair began to sag, and in spite of my utmost endeavours continued to do so until they ignominiously bumped the floor. I made several attempts, always with the same result.



"HE TOOK THE BACK OF THE CHAIR IN HIS HANDS AND DEFTLY SHOT ME OFF THE SEAT."

The blow to my self-esteem was tempered by Wagster's magnanimity.

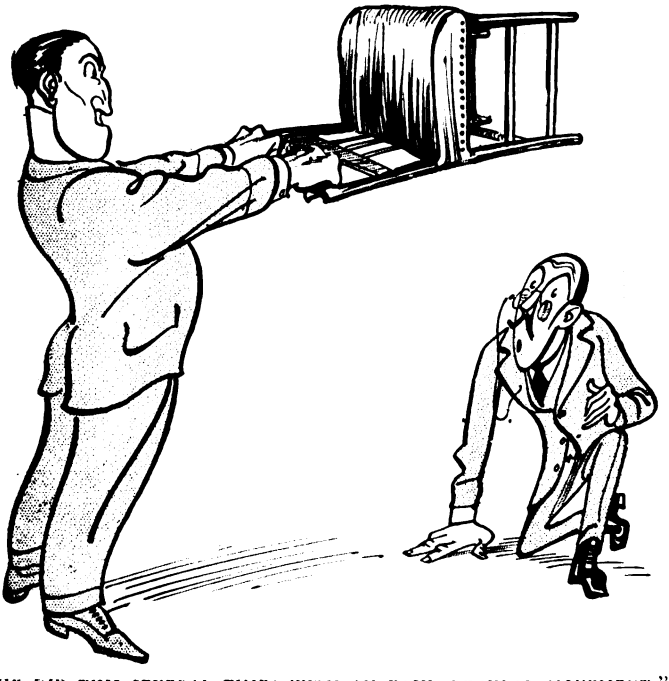
"Simply a matter of practice," he said, airily. "Couldn't do it myself three weeks ago."

"But what started you on this extraordinary racket?" I asked.

"Well, you see," said Wagster, "I have no time for outdoor exercise just now, and I got so sick of being everlastingly stale. I felt I wasn't working well—and I had to do something. One night at the club I saw somebody doing this for a lark, and the idea came to me that it was just the kind of thing I wanted. Now, whenever I see a chair I get at it wherever it is—at home, at the club, in the office here, or in somebody else's office—it's all the same to me. Your apparatus is always handy. It creates enormous interest, I can tell you. But do you mind if I get on with my letters?"

"By all means," I said.

He rang for the typist, and began dictating



"HE DID THIS SEVERAL TIMES WITH AN EASY, REGULAR MOVEMENT."

"THE LEGS OF THE CHAIR BEGAN TO SAG IN SPITE OF MY UTMOST ENDEAVOURS."

at a rapid rate. He himself did not sit down, but stood or strolled about the room, occasionally pausing at his desk to glance at some name or address.

Suddenly he stood stock still behind his office-chair and, measuring the distance with his eye, deftly swung up his right leg and placed his foot on top of the chair-back. It was one of those high-backed chairs and, to an observer, the position seemed a difficult one. As soon as he had made sure of his balance, he leaned over gingerly and placed the tips of his fingers on that part of the floor which lay between his foot and the chair. In this peculiar posture he remained while he finished his letter.

The typist displayed no agitation; obviously she was used to Wagster's original methods of dictation.

"That's a splendid one for the figure," said my friend when he had recovered his normal position. "I use the bedstead-rail for it every morning when I get out of bed. It makes a grand morning stretch. If I have plenty of time, I stop on my way to the station and try it on a garden-fence. I have done it before now on the ledge of the booking-office window, but it caused pain to the booking-clerk, and I have not repeated the performance. Now, Miss Brown, write to Messrs. Spillikins and say——"

Wagster's official letters were not my business, but I was much interested to observe him, being half-way through his letter and

"THE TYPIST DISPLAYED NO AGITATION; OBVIOUSLY SHE WAS USED TO WAGSTER'S ORIGINAL METHODS OF DICTATION."

momentarily at a loss for a word, behave in the following singular manner.

He took his stand with his back to the wall and his feet about a yard away from it. Then he flung up his hands and rested them on the wall behind his shoulders, at the same time arching his back and throwing back his head until he assumed the outline of an inverted letter " U." As he bent lower and lower his hands also travelled downwards, just as if he were walking down the wall on his hands until they touched the skirting-board.

This curious manœuvre seemed to stimulate the brain in some way, for, while so placed, he found the word he was seeking, and got through the letter without further check, his voice reverberating sepulchrally from the flat surface of the wall.

Next he proceeded to walk back up the wall. Before he could complete the ascent, the door suddenly opened and his chief entered the room. Glancing swiftly towards Wagster's empty chair, he said, " Mr. Wagster not here ? " and was turning to leave the room again, when he caught sight of the distorted Wagster desperately struggling to regain that erect stature which distinguishes the lord of creation from the beasts.

The chief started back, then stood stock still, a look of wonder on his face.

" Why — what — Mr. Wagster —— " His words came haltingly, in his surprise. Then an idea seemed to strike him. His face blenched visibly.

" That's strychnine ! " he ejaculated, and dashed for the telephone.

As he raised the receiver, Wagster, with a final twist, stood upright again, and, panting from his exertions, at once stepped towards his chief.

" It's all right, sir," he managed to say. " I'm very sorry. I'm only exercising. I'm so sorry to have startled you."

At first the chief seemed inclined to be irritable, after the shock he had sustained. But he was fond of Wagster and listened, first patiently, then with amusement, and finally with genuine interest, while Wagster expounded his theory of office athletics. In less than five minutes all three of us were simultaneously practising Wagster's repertoire of exercises. The typist had long since fled.

" I should like you to try this one, sir," said Wagster, with an engaging air of innocence, and as he spoke he raised his arms above his head and, bending over forwards, touched his toes with his finger-tips.

" That is easy, Wagster," said the chief. " Why, we used to do it years ago when I was a boy." Wagster made no reply but went on bending, so to speak, until not only his fingers and thumbs but also the palms of his hands lay flat and firm on the floor. Then, keeping his legs perfectly straight and stiff, without even the suggestion of a kink at the knees, he calmly walked across the room on all fours.

It was an extraordinary if somewhat ungainly performance, and I was not surprised to see that the chief was inclined to shy at it.

"THE CHIEF STARTED BACK, THEN STOOD STOCK STILL, A LOOK OF WONDER ON HIS FACE."

He was afflicted, if I may put it so, with considerable abdominal development.

"No, Wagster," he said, as my friend rose easily to the upright position, "I am not so slim as I was——"

"No, sir?" Wagster struck in, with a quizzical glance at his chief's corporal profile.

"There is no need for you to be offensive, Wagster," replied the chief, with a rueful smile. "Show me something a little more suitable to a man—well, a man of forty-five."

"You would do it in six weeks, sir, if you practised every day. But this way is just as amusing." He went over to a revolving bookcase and took out a thick volume, which he laid on the floor.

"An encyclopædia is almost a necessity in these days," he said, and immediately stood on it. Then, bending over as before, and keeping his knees rigid, he easily touched the floor with his finger-tips.

"That's all right," he said. "Now for another one." He got out another volume of the encyclopædia and put it on the first; the two together made a platform seven inches high, as I estimated. Wagster balanced himself carefully, bent over, and again succeeded in touching the floor.

A third volume was just enough for him, however. His middle fingers touched, but the others were always a fraction of an inch short of the carpet.

"I should like to try that," said the chief. "Give me a hand, Wagster."

The three volumes made a pile nearly a foot high. It would certainly have been wise of the chief to start from the floor, but Wagster had done the thing with apparent ease and his self-confidence was infectious.

We helped the chief to step on to the pile and gave him a hand till he got his balance. He motioned us away, then stretched his arms above his head, and with a fine sweeping movement doubled himself forward.

He really did uncommonly well, for he got his fingers considerably below his knees.

"Bravo!" cried Wagster, with enthusiasm. "A bit lower, sir! Stick to it!"

"HE WAVED HIS ARMS SPASMODICALLY IN A FUTILE EFFORT TO RECOVER HIS CENTRE OF GRAVITY, AND SLOWLY PITCHED HEAD FOREMOST."

Wagster's encouragement and, I think, a certain surprise at his own success stimulated the chief to a still greater effort. He set his teeth and lunged forcefully downwards. Unfortunately his effort, though spirited, was a little over-violent. In his desire to get his hands down he got his body too far forward, over-balanced himself, waved his arms spasmodically in a futile effort to recover his centre of gravity, and slowly pitched head foremost.

"Tuck in your tuppenny!" shouted Wagster, and the chief understood, for we saw him, with a short, quick movement, thrust his chin into his necktie. Before we could save him he struck the floor heavily with his head, rolled over, and went sprawling on his back in the middle of the room.

Wagster's face turned white. I must say that I was alarmed too, for the chief was no chicken. However, as we sprang to raise him, we were relieved to hear him say, in his normal voice, "Wagster, I give you a month's notice—to take effect when you get me on to your confounded encyclopædias again."

THE MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

BY

H.R.H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

The Memoirs of the Infanta Eulalia—sister of the late King of Spain and aunt of the reigning Sovereign—will be found of unique interest. For the first time in history a Princess of the Royal Blood has told the story of her own life, with all her thoughts and feelings, from her earliest days. The Memoirs are brilliantly written, and provide a most striking picture of Court life as seen from the inside.

V.

SUPPOSE that no one who has not lived at a Court will believe how narrow in its interests the Royal life can be. It is the life of a little family isolated by an impervious etiquette from the immensities of life that are about it. One can read, and hear, and be aware of the life of the nation at second hand; one cannot approach it intimately. And the little family revolves upon itself, with its own gossip, its own scandal, its own jealousies and ambitions, its own jokes, and its own quarrels, in a kind of Royal cloister, surrounded by invisible walls. During those first years of my brother's reign, laws were passed, debates were conducted, the Liberals and Conservatives struggled together for office, elections were held, revolts were put down. I heard nothing of it. Or if I did, it made so little impression on my interest that it made none on my memory. I remember that now the famous Premier Sagasta would be at the palace daily, and now his famous rival, Canovas; but that was politics merely; and politics were to us princesses what business would be to the daughters of an American millionaire.

The entourage that surrounded us in the palace of Madrid went with us to the mountains when the Court removed to the summer palace of La Granja, which is the Versailles of Spain, and modelled after Versailles. There we fished and hunted and rode and made excursions like a house-party at an English country seat. And when we went to Santander for the sea-bathing, it was the same. The same people accompanied us, the same routine of life engaged us, the same round of interests confined our minds.

Contrary to the popular tradition about Courts, there was very little of the scandal of which the "secret memoirs" of ladies-in-waiting have so much. Conditions in Spain did not encourage such stories, particularly among the aristocracy that came to Court. A Spanish lady would not even receive a call from a man if her husband were not at home; she could not walk alone in the streets; and, there being no divorce possible—and the jealousy of the Spanish husband so deadly—if she were foolish enough to engage in any love intrigues, the act would have to be too secret ever to become a matter of gossip.

And there was nothing but such aristocracy at Court. We did not see—as one would at a French Court, for example—judges, or lawyers, or academicians, or artists, or professors, or great engineers of public works, or even many military or naval officers, except the King's aides. Such men might be presented at audiences, but did not enter into our social life. Nothing but aristocracy. These had few interests, and therefore few

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topics of conversation. They shot rabbits and partridges, but did not hunt. They did not talk of sports, since they played no games —except card games that went on interminably, afternoons and evenings. Sport, in those days in Spain, was an affair of the lower classes wholly. They were fond of music, so we had *musicales*—and, of course, dances. When we had clever foreign visitors who talked entertainingly, the aristocrat was bored; the expression of ideas wearied him. He had manners, presence, dignity, but no activity either of body or mind.

The diplomats we had always with us, and they make one of the traditionally brilliant circles of Court life; but I found, of all men in modern Courts, the diplomats the most absurd. If the kings have had their powers curtailed, the Court diplomats have lost theirs altogether. They are a useless survival of the days when the relations between nations depended on the feelings between Sovereigns, and the diplomats intrigued and flattered to some purpose, by smoothing over misunderstandings or exasperating offence. Nowadays, a Court diplomat has no power except to deliver the message of his home Government. He is not entrusted with secrets, any more than an errand-boy. And he is usually stupid. If a family of position has a son who is not quite bright, they say, "Put him in the diplomatic service." He goes to a foreign Court and devotes himself to attending Royal funerals and christenings and weddings and church services and Court functions, as the "representative" of his Government—and, if he is a Russian or a Southerner, he spends the rest of his time flattering the ladies whose husbands have Government authority, in an attempt to obtain information from them which their husbands have let fall.

Like the public warning, "Beware of Pickpockets," in places of public resort, the drawing-rooms of Court society should put up the sign, "Beware of Diplomats." The English representatives and the Scandinavians are not so fond of intrigue, but too many of the others are the official eavesdroppers and detectives of their Governments, and it is chiefly simple women who are their victims—women who can be blinded by pretended admiration and led into confidences that are indiscreet. It is not an occupation for a clever man, and few clever men remain in it long. The majority of those whom I have known were total idiots who would swallow absurdly wrong information without blinking, and convey it eagerly to their home Governments without suspicion. I have tried it, to find out. And I found the typical conversation of diplomats all in one key of vanity: an assurance that when they were at one Court the king showed them "special favours," and when they were at another Court, the same. It is a conversation that would weary a mistress of the robes. It cannot add much intellectual stimulus to the life of Royalty. I could never see that it added any to mine.

Nevertheless, whether with diplomats or what not, these days moved along for us very brightly. We were young and active. My brother and his wife were idyllically happy in their married life; and their happiness was reflected in all around them. He was working with the prospect of greater success to come with greater experience, living simply, taking healthful exercise, using tact and patience, and keeping a cheerful hope. Then, in the sixth month of his marriage, the heart was cut out of it all by the death of his young Queen after a miscarriage that resulted in blood-poisoning from some bungling of the doctors. They treated her for typhoid fever and blundered about for weeks, till a putrefaction had set in that no treatment could retard.

She was buried in the Escurial, and my brother would not leave the palace. Every day he would shut himself up, for hours, in the crypt where her tomb was; and when we tried to coax him away he would not speak to us. It was midsummer and the heat was extreme, but he would not leave her body to go to La Granja. He would not do anything but grieve, in a silence that worried us more than the wildest outburst, neglecting himself and his duties, taking no exercise, sunken in a mood of passionate despair that seemed to have put him beyond our reach. He did not sleep. We coaxed him to come out for a little fresh air in the early mornings about five o'clock, and again in the evenings after sunset, but it was months before I succeeded in getting him to ride on horseback. The Spaniards do not understand a grief that is silent, and the report was spread that he was a bit mad. He did not care. He seemed to have lost interest in life entirely; and, as the months passed, we were afraid that his health would be destroyed.

We knew that he was tubercular. It was hereditary in our family, and my own lungs were affected; but Royalty is not allowed to be ill, and we had to struggle with the situation privately, in a way to keep the knowledge of it from spreading beyond the inner circle of officialdom. My sister Pilar, who was

always delicate, had developed symptoms of what was supposed to be some sort of skin disease, and the doctors ordered her to a resort in the mountains, to take the baths. Soon after our arrival there she became unconscious, and died, two days later, of meningitis. For all this I now blame the state of medical practice in Spain. In a country where education is wholly in the hands of the religious orders, and the hospitals in the hands of the nuns, there will be neither a good supply of medical students nor opportunities for them to perfect their studies under conditions that are good. We had to pay the penalty with the rest of Spain.

My brother never really recovered from this blighting of his life. He took up his work again, at first listlessly and then as an escape from himself; but the young and happy part of him was gone with his young wife, and he had nothing left but the care and activities of his position. He was only twenty years of age, though he seemed older. Since there was no heir to the throne, the Government began immediately to talk of arranging another marriage for him. He said he did not care, so long as he was not bothered about it, and negotiations were at once begun. It was a sad life for a charming man. He would have been much happier if he had never been a king.

Meanwhile, he returned to us for companionship, and I began to hear a great deal from him of his work and his plans. He had come to recognize that the day of the warrior kings was over, and he was occupied with attempts to promote the industrial development of the country. He never wore a uniform except when he attended the army manœuvres or took part in some such military display, and he laughed at the kings who went about as soldiers, always on parade. He saw to the founding of arsenals for the manufacture of munitions of war, and he struggled to correct the dishonesty in the expenditure of appropriations for the army and the navy, but he was not in love with the show of military pomp.

THE INFANTA—THE FIGURE IN THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER—IS HERE SEEN WITH HER TWO SISTERS AND HER BROTHER (AFTERWARDS ALFONSO XII.).

He tried to persuade the grandees' sons to enter the army as officers — on the theory, as he said, that "occupation is the salvation of a man"—but without success. The aristocracy of Spain is landed, but too indolent even to oversee the administration of their estates; and they called the Duc de Montpensier, contemptuously, "the orange-man," because he directed the exporting of his orange crop to England, instead of letting it rot on the ground. Like so many aristocracies, they would do anything for money except work for it. They were content to take wealth and honour from the nation without making any return. In common with the Court diplomats, they had almost lost their reason for being.

All the mines and many of the large manufacturing industries of Spain are in the hands of foreigners, because the natives have no training for such occupations. They have a

hatred of foreigners that prevents them from learning, and the King was always arguing against this hatred and trying to devise means of overcoming it. He set the example himself of going frequently abroad to study the improvements in foreign countries—getting the sanction of the Parliaments for his journeys by the simple expedient of letting them know, good-humouredly, that if they did not give it he would go without it—and he came back with ideas which he tried to apply. Spain was sadly lacking in railroads, and he had maps and plans drawn up for building them, and worked to finance them, but I do not recall with what success. The great enemy of all such public works is the official dishonesty in Spain, and with this my brother was always at war. I am told that the corruption was not as bad during his reign as it was before and has been since. He fought it particularly among the Customs officials and tax-gatherers, and such collectors of the Government income, and he made himself much feared among them. He worried about the excessive criminality in Spain, interviewed judges, and tried to find out and ameliorate the conditions that produced the crime. His influence was potent, because Spain will accept a great deal from a Sovereign. I used to tell him that it was lucky he looked like a Spaniard, for he had not the brain of one; and if he had had my colouring, his ideas would have aroused antagonisms that would have defeated him at every turn. He was, as I have said, supremely tactful, and he had a patience that was incredible to me. He had not my habit of saying what is in one's mind, inopportunely. He could wait, and speak in better time.

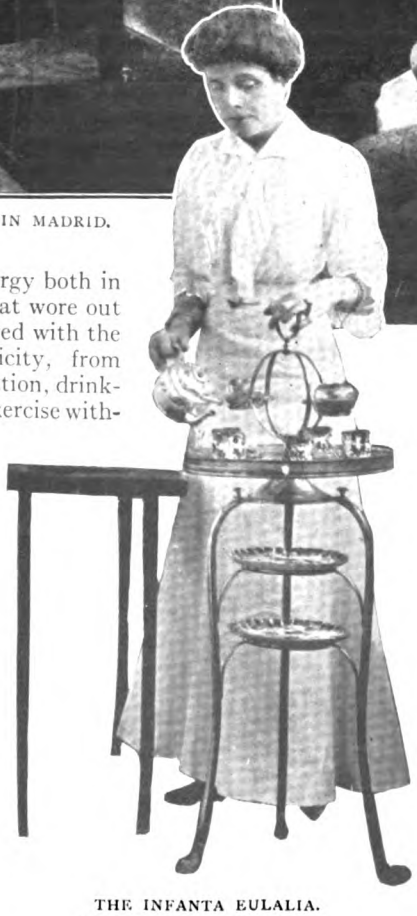
ALFONSO XII., FATHER OF THE PRESENT KING AND BROTHER OF THE INFANTA.
From a Photograph by Fernando Debas, Madrid.

PRIVATE SITTING-ROOM

The arrangements for his second marriage he had left wholly in the hands of my sister Isabel and her advisers, who were, of course, Clerical. It was considered impossible for the King of Spain to marry a Protestant princess; and, of the Catholic Royal families, the Italian princesses were eliminated from the choice because of the quarrel between the Italian Court and the Vatican. Negotiations were opened, therefore, with the Court of Vienna, and a marriage was arranged between my brother and the Austrian archduchess Maria Cristina. It was celebrated about a year after the death of his first wife. He had two daughters by this marriage—both of whom have since died in childbirth—and a posthumous son, the present King, born six months after my brother's death.

He died in November, 1885, but it was not until the previous month, October, that we had any idea he was seriously ill. It seemed impossible that a man so active could be

OF THE INFANTA'S HOME IN MADRID.



THE INFANTA EULALIA.
From a Photograph by Lillian Griffin.

THE INFANTA'S HUSBAND, PRINCE ANTOINE OF ORLEANS.
From a Photograph by Boissonnas & Taponier, Paris.

unwell. He had an energy both in work and recreation that wore out everybody else. He lived with the most healthful simplicity, from habit, eating in moderation, drinking no wine, enjoying exercise without weariness, and taking cold baths that one would not have thought a consumptive could endure. He showed no signs of fever that I knew of. The doctors, if they had noticed any alarming symptoms, did not speak of them to us; and we were only vaguely aware that he had to be careful of himself. But in October he complained of weakness, and the physicians suddenly told us that his lungs were very bad. Even so, the matter had to be kept secret—for fear of unnecessarily disturbing the business of the State. We went to the mountains to give him rest and treatment. And before we had really accepted the thought that he was an invalid, he was taken with a hæmorrhage of the lungs, cried out that he was choking, and died almost with the words.

He was buried in the Escurial — where we had laughed together at the tombs of the Infantas—among all the kings, who had become now only the

names of kings—no longer brothers, husbands, fathers—just dead kings—as he had become.

His death was, I think, a great loss to the country, for the King of Spain has much power under the Constitution, if he has the ability to handle the instruments of his authority in a way to have his orders carried out. And my brother had that suavity of will that wins its way almost affectionately and puts stubbornness firmly aside when it cannot be won. Such a king, placed above the temptations of wealth, could protect the poor from an industrial oppression from which they are too often unable to protect themselves. And being of a liberal mind in his religion, he could prevent the religious orders in Spain from using their pulpit and sacred office for political ends. With his death, it seemed to me, the Royal power passed wholly into the hands of Clerical advisers; and since that time, of all the country, the religious orders and their adherents alone have prospered.

His death seemed like the end of my own life to me. I had no longer any interest or happiness in Spain. I had no friends there, except the Duc de Montpensier and our little family. I found myself always a foreigner when I went outside the palace. I could not understand the popular religion, which is not Catholicism as it is known in other countries, but only the outward form and name of Catholicism filled with superstitions and fetishisms divorced from the moral purposes of religion. They have, for example, in Madrid, a popular feast called "*La Cara de Dios*" ("The Face of God"), when there is exposed under glass, to be kissed by the people, the handkerchief with which Christ is supposed to have wiped the bloody sweat from His face on His way to Calvary, and thereby to have imprinted on the fabric a portrait of His features, which has been miraculously preserved. In front of the church where this relic is set out, booths are erected and an all-night debauch of drinking and dancing and brawling is begun. Between carouses the people go to kiss "the Face of God," return to their excesses, and only interrupt them to make another pilgrimage to the relic. It seemed to me that the whole religion of the common people was a sort of feast of "*La Cara de Dios*," that profited nobody but the keepers of the shrine. I could not turn to such a religion for consolation in my grief. I could not look forward to any happiness in a Court where only my love for my brother had made the stupidities of our days endurable. I wanted to get away.

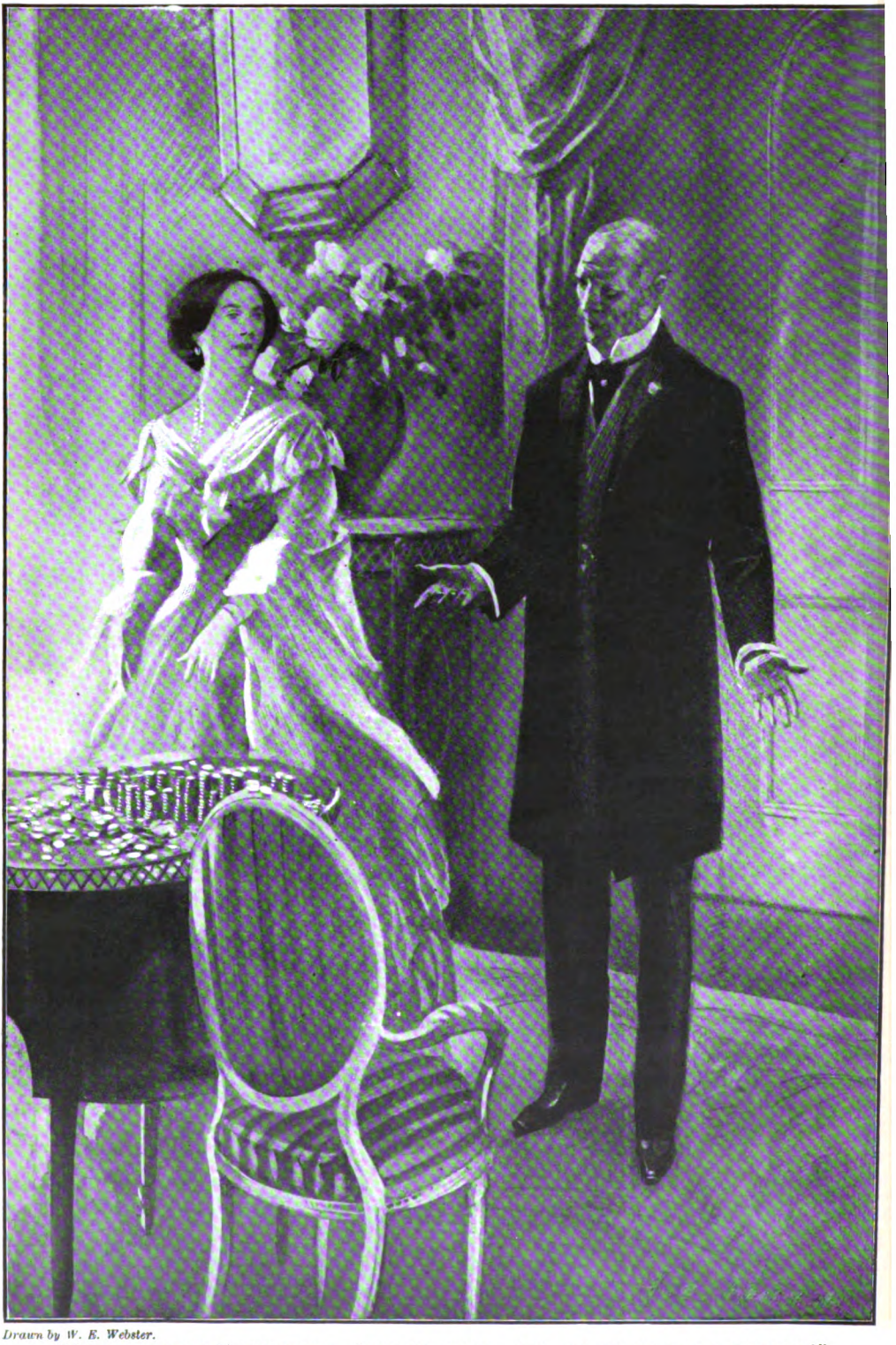
But I could not get away unmarried. That was impossible. I was still engaged informally to the Duc de Montpensier's son, Antoine d'Orléans; but now that my brother was gone I wished to break the engagement, because I had only entered into it with the idea that such a marriage would keep me near him. My determination aroused an amazing alarm. Members of the Government came to plead with me to hold the Duc's interest to the throne by marrying his son; if I refused, they were afraid that he would enter politics again, to the extent even of making another revolution. That was absurd. But it was not absurd that I was as fond of the Duc as if he had been my father, and he wanted me for a daughter-in-law. It was considered a necessity of State that I should marry at once in order to protect the succession. I felt as my brother had felt after the death of his first wife. I did not care.

In December, 1885, just a month after his death, the date of my wedding was fixed, by Royal decree, for the following February. I remember that soon afterwards I received a visit from a girl friend of my own age who had come to say good-bye to me because she was entering a convent; and I thought, as I spoke to her, how much happier she was than I. I felt very sad, very depressed. I declared that I would only be married in mourning. They cried out against it, that it would bring me bad luck. What worse luck was left for me, I asked, except to die?—and I should not mind that. They yielded to me; February 26th was set for my wedding-day; but in the middle of the month I was taken ill of a fever that proved to be diphtheria, and on the 26th I had been for several days at the point of death; so I had a reprieve. It was a brief one. On March 5th, I was well enough to be taken into the big sitting-room in the evening, to sign the marriage contract before the necessary witnesses; and on the following day, still very weak, I was married in the Royal chapel, with all the company dressed in deep mourning, and the church draped in black as for a funeral. I went away on our honeymoon, miserable, to the palace of Aranjuez; and, for once, I welcomed the Court etiquette that required us to be accompanied by a lady and a gentleman-in-waiting, since their presence saved me from a *tête-à-tête* with my husband, for which neither of us had any inclination.

One reads a great deal, in histories, of the immoralities of kings. What is one to expect of a man married in aversion to some foreign princess whom he is forced to take

Drawn by Arthur Becher. "I WAS MARRIED IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL, WITH ALL THE COMPANY DRESSED IN DEEP MOURNING, AND THE CHURCH DRAPED IN BLACK AS FOR A FUNERAL."

into his life for reasons of State that do not make her either beautiful to look at, or intelligent to talk to, or congenial to live with? If people will not allow a king to enjoy even the ordinary temptations to be virtuous, why should they exclaim if he seeks, outside of marriage, the happinesses of personal intercourse that are denied him in a wife? The fault is not in the kings. It is in the conditions that have required kings to be more than human beings and content with less than human beings. With the unfortunate



Drawn by W. E. Webster.

"'GOOD HEAVENS!' SHE CRIED. 'NOT ALL THAT. YOU ARE GIVING HIM A FORTUNE.'"

queens it is different; they are raised in a guarded confinement of etiquette from which they cannot easily escape; and they usually turn to religion and the hope of a happier world, to console them for the stupid cares and gilded miseries that afflict them in this.

I was not religious, but fortunately I was not a queen, and when we returned to Madrid I began to assert my freedom as a married woman by getting clear of the formalities of Royalty. We did not return to the palace, but took a small house, with a garden; and there I felt less depressed, being occupied with domestic arrangements that were as strange and exciting to me as Robinson Crusoe's housekeeping—although much of it was in the hands of the *grand maître*, of course. I found that I had not the traditional Bourbon inaptitude for practical affairs, nor my mother's inability to understand the value of money. I was told a story of her that amused me very much. Once, to reward some service, she ordered one of her Ministers to pay a vast sum of money. "But, your Majesty," he protested, "it is a great deal." "Not at all," she said. "See that it is paid." So the Minister secretly sent out instructions that the sum should be brought to him in coin, and he stacked it on the Queen's writing-table in piles. She asked, "What is all this money for?" "That," he said, "is the money that your Majesty has ordered me to pay to So-and-so." She cried, "Good heavens! Not all that. You are giving him a fortune. Here; this is enough." And she took one of the piles and gave it to the Minister, and the rest was sent back.

As soon as we were settled I got rid of the constant company of the lady-in-waiting; I did not have her to live in the house; and this created a sensation. I was the first Princess of Spain who had ever demanded such liberty. I did not mind. I had the solitude of my little garden to myself, and I could walk and read there in a happiness that all the princesses would have envied if they could have known how pleasant it was. Some of my other attempts at informality were not so successful. One afternoon, while out walking with my husband without either carriage or escort, I felt so ill that I could not walk back. There was no vehicle to be had but a passing tramway-car, so we got into that. We were recognized. All the passengers rose and stared and became so excited that the driver—not knowing what accident had happened—stopped the car. It was some time before we could make our explanations, get the people seated, and get the car to go on; and the ride home was too uncomfortable to be even amusing. I was indignantly scolded for having been taken ill in such circumstances; and I never tried again to ride in a tramway-car in Madrid. Silly nonsense!

We were still attending Court functions and receptions, and going to dinners and luncheons at the palace; and on May 17th we were summoned there to hear the official announcement of the "Capitan General" that "the King of Spain" had been born. It was at first intended to name him Ferdinand, to avoid the unlucky XIII., but for the sake of his father's memory the name of Alfonso was demanded, and he was inscribed as "Alfonso XIII., Leon Fernando Mario Isidro Santiago Pascual y Anton." (My mother complained that the names were too few. She had been accustomed to give us at least a dozen each!) A month later the Queen-Regent presented the King in the chapel, and then offered him to the Blessed Virgin, in an extraordinary ceremony at the church of Atoche, with Te Deums and Salves, and a Royal parade.

It was now almost midsummer, and I was resolved to get away. I had hoped to return to Paris, but the Duc de Montpensier brought us word that the Orleans family might be expelled from France, in which case we should go to Switzerland for our summer. I was sorry for more than selfish reasons, for I had had visits from my new relatives, and found them charming. Late in June the good news came that, though the Comte de Paris had been expelled and his property confiscated, the Government would go no farther; and early in July my husband and I started with the Duc and my mother-in-law to go through Paris on our way to join the Comte and Comtesse de Paris in Tunbridge Wells.

I was leaving behind me many happy days, but many also that were so unendurably sad that I was eager to be gone from the scenes that recalled them to me. I was no longer a prisoner of State. I was still, if you wish, "a ticket-of-leave man." But no convict, released on good behaviour, ever went out with more relief, even though he was still to be subject to some State surveillance, and perhaps never to be wholly free of the instinctive timidities of the mind that has been guarded.

[The next instalment of these Memoirs is of very special interest. The Infanta describes her personal impressions of the different Sovereigns of Europe, and gives a life-like portrait of each.]

OH! JAMES!

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO PROVE THE GOODNESS OF THE WORLD.

By MAY EDGINTON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Being of a hopelessly hopeful temperament James Bright says: "Everybody in the world is good—but nobody knows it, except me."

James is a manufacturer and patentee of cooking utensils. At thirty-nine he is extremely wealthy, but—here is the thorn in his roses—while he is impressed by a rich man's duty of expenditure, his sound, bright, and sensible wife, Catharine, cannot overcome her habits of economy. They live in a little Hampstead house with two cheap maids, and employ a jobbing gardener. "This is not my duty," says James, as he looks around him; "my duty is to circulate money, to prosper trade, to beautify charming women" But Catharine won't be beautified; she won't be expensive. James gives her a blank (signed) cheque-book. Virtuously she refuses to use it. Gods! what a dilemma for a conscientious fellow!

No one sympathizes. When he talks to his worldly friend, Edmund Tonbridge, about the difficulty, Tonbridge laughs. James on beautifying women causes Tonbridge's tongue to cleave to his cheek. How James hates this ribald attitude of a ribald and suspicious world which is so good really, and will not believe it!

He has a great and good idea. Having just established new branches in Oxford, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, and Bombay, he taxes each branch by making it provide a luxurious home for some needy—and charming—woman, to whom James feels as an uncle. In the Glasgow home he installs Eva Hunter, the pretty daughter of a near neighbour at Hampstead, whom his incorrigibly economical wife had engaged as a cook at a low salary.

CHAPTER XI.

IT has not yet been explained what was the character of Mr. Edmund Tonbridge's business in the City. Not finding shipbroking pay him to the extent he desired, he had opened—in addition to his shipping business—a small private detective agency, employing some half-dozen men, and doing really efficient work. His *clientèle*, at first personal, increased and multiplied weekly. Mr. Edmund Tonbridge, no mean student of life, had found the work more than profitable—of absorbing interest. He was able to watch all his friends' private affairs, if not for monetary reward, then at least for personal excitement. It was to Mr. Tonbridge that there came, on an October morning, a new client in the person of Mrs. Hunter.

She sought him out at his shipbroking office in King William Street. She recalled to him the fact of their several meetings at the Brights', and said that on expressing her determination to employ a detective to search for her daughter, Mrs. Bright had asked: "Why not go to our friend Mr. Tonbridge? He will give you always the best advice, and, being a friend, he might charge nothing." Mrs. Hunter came, therefore, with a flattering confidence, for the best advice.

She told Mr. Tonbridge the full tale of Eva's flight.

Mr. Tonbridge, his whole bearing indicative of superhuman shrewdness, listened, and reported Mrs. Hunter in a notebook of appalling dimensions. She felt that the guilty secrets of England might be clasped within it.

"The law, in such a case," said Mr. Tonbridge, gently, "has little power, the young lady being over age, and apparently a free agent. We suppose, from her letters to you, that she followed her own wishes."

"She was led away by some scoundrel," replied Mrs. Hunter.

"She may have married?" Mr. Tonbridge suggested.

"There could be no reason to conceal marriage from me," said the lady. "She would know that I should be only too rejoiced to hear of it. I fear worse."

"I am sorry to have to tell you, my dear

Mrs. Hunter," said Mr. Tonbridge, "that even if I find out her whereabouts, the law cannot force her to return home. The law is, indeed, empowered to ask such searching questions as 'Did you by your conduct drive your daughter from home? Was her home made happy? Was she comfortable? Did she ever complain? Were you in her confidence?' And so on."

"She had all the happiness that I could give her," said Mrs. Hunter, pressing a handkerchief to her eyes.

"And how much could you give her?" Mr. Tonbridge asked.

Confronted by this poser, Mrs. Hunter continued, at a slight tangent:—

"Mrs. Bright advises me to rest content with her letters at present, and trust that she will return. Mr. Bright, one of the best and noblest men on earth, but too child-like, Mr. Tonbridge, in his trust and simplicity, insists that the girl is perfectly safe from harm. He has sent various messages to me through his wife to that effect. He says that all a young girl's instincts are pure and good, and that, after all, instinct is the great ruler. The theory is beautiful, Mr. Tonbridge, most beautiful—but you will understand that a woman of the world like myself can hardly be satisfied with it."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Tonbridge, gravely.

"The curious thing is that I did not know of her acquaintance with any doubtful character," said Mrs. Hunter. "She seldom went anywhere alone, save to the Stores, and I'm sure everyone you see there is highly respectable."

Tonbridge considered deeply, then asked:—

"You noticed no unusual correspondence?"

His client described the exterior of the typed letter.

"And she went out shortly after, never to return again?" said Mr. Tonbridge.

Mrs. Hunter bowed affirmation.

"You noticed," pursued Tonbridge, "no presents coming? Such as jewellery of any kind? She wore no ornament unfamiliar to you?"

"None," replied Mrs. Hunter. "I should at once have asked her how she obtained it, and sent it back to the giver, if a gentleman."

"Well, my dear lady," said Mr. Tonbridge, with a busy man's air of closing the interview, "I think we must leave it at that for the moment. Trust to me, and in a week or two at most I hope to be able to tell you something. *Good* day, and keep up your heart."

Mr. Edmund Tonbridge thought very carefully over these matters, and then rang up James's Gracechurch Street office. He learned that Mr. Bright would be back early next month. Nearly three weeks must still intervene before his arrival. Sighing very much over a lost client, Mr. Tonbridge penned the following letter to Mrs. Hunter:—

MY DEAR MRS. HUNTER,—I have thought very seriously over our conversation of this morning, and I now advise you, as a friend, rather than professionally, to *let the matter rest*. It is, indeed, one of those painful affairs which should be treated, with the utmost delicacy, only after Time has soothed the first agony.

I feel that I cannot conscientiously undertake the case for you.

Under the circumstances I could not think of charging a fee for this morning's consultation.

With my very deep sympathy, I am, dear Mrs. Hunter,

Yours sincerely,
EDMUND TONBRIDGE.

"James!" said Mr. Tonbridge, as he blotted this letter, "you cost me dear—hang you! I'm a good friend, I am!" and proceeded forthwith to investigate the case for his own private delectation.

Now, to advise a woman of Mrs. Hunter's strong character to let anything in the world alone is merely to incite her to dash herself upon it. She received the letter the next morning, read it with frowns, with gathering suspicion, ran round with it to Catharine—"These men," said Mrs. Hunter "hang together, don't they?"—put on her toque and coat; went to Slater's.

There she found the incorruptible, the unbiased. She returned to Hampstead triumphantly and, calling in at the Brights', shared Catharine's meagre lunch while she detailed her doings.

"I have engaged a detective," said Mrs. Hunter, while they ate a half-ration each of cold pie.

"My dear," said Catharine, "I thought you had decided to wait and see, according to Mr. Tonbridge's advice."

"My last decision," replied her guest, "was to engage a detective. Mr. Tonbridge's advice affected me not at all. These men my dear Mrs. Bright! They hang together. You don't suppose Mr. Tonbridge took me in!"

Catharine smiled tolerantly over men at large.

"I may be able to force the man to marry her," said Mrs. Hunter.

"If they are not already married," Catharine supplemented.

"You think that?" said Mrs. Hunter, doubtfully; and then: "But no! If she is married concealment would not be necessary,

"HE DREW HER DOWN UPON HIS KNEES."

as I said before to Mr. Tonbridge. I have no doubt that the worst has happened."

"Let us hope not," said Catharine, shaking her head and helping the rice-mould.

"In any case I shall make him pay," said Mrs. Hunter, vindictively.

"Certainly that," replied Catharine. "And when your daughter returns you must give her every chance to do better. Not a word need leak out in Hampstead, as far as we are concerned. James and I are as safe as the grave, my dear."

"I know it," said Mrs. Hunter.

Then they patted each other's hands with mutual esteem, and Catharine resumed :—

"My husband, as you know, is one of the purest-minded men in the world, and he will never convict on circumstantial evidence merely. He will not hear a word against your girl, not a word. And he would never believe anything to that Dormer's discredit."

"Ah!" said the guest. "That Dormer! She was a sly thing! You may depend upon it, Mrs. Bright, that *she* has feathered *her* nest somewhere."

"Probably," said Catharine, with a little housewifely sigh. "I shall never forget how she wasted good ham here."

"You remember," the other lady returned, "that it was I who warned you about her."

"I shall always be grateful to you," replied Catharine.

CHAPTER XII.

It was on a brisk, bright day in November that James came home. He had made a serious voyage, with the Bombay widow as the chief disturbing factor in his thoughts, although, as we have noticed, Catharine entered them, too, as a rather happy contrast. He found Catharine bright, pleasant, sound as ever, and with a wifely welcome for him. The Hampstead house was the epitome of neatness; old association smiled; it was not bad to return. When Catharine was sitting in the basket-chair in his dressing-room while he washed his hands James suddenly interrupted his tale of Indian business to cry :—

"My love, I have missed you! I wished a great many times that you had been with me."

Catharine bridled rather prettily, and said: "My old James, I missed *you*."

Here James took her hands, raised Catharine from the basket-chair, took the chair himself, and drew her down upon his knees. He was conscious that he wanted to make love to some woman, and that the safest woman was his wife.

"Did s'e miss him?" said James.

"S'e has 'fessed s'e did," said Catharine; "and he missed her?"

"*He* missed *her* d'efful," replied James.

"What did he bwing back for her?" inquired Catharine.

So unusual was this soft inquiry—con-

doning, as it did, unspecified extravagance—that for the moment James was delightfully staggered. Recovering himself very creditably, however, he replied (the liar!):—

"If s'e 'ooks in the g'eat big bag, s'e will find all sorts of fings. But s'e has to tiss him for them first."

Now, he had brought nothing for Catharine, only treasure for his five Rogues; but when she had paid the penalty asked rather charmingly, Catharine left James's knees, looked in the large bag, and found fans, trays, table-cloths, bracelets, and all manner of beautiful trifles.

"James!" she cried. "Are all these for me?"

"All for you," replied James.

The liar!

"Extravagance!" said Catharine, suddenly pausing and becoming reflective.

Old habit strong upon him again, James replied, hastily:—

"My love, one picks those little things up out there for a few shillings—a mere trifle. It would be the worst economy not to take the chance."

"True! true!" said Catharine, gratefully. "Well, they are just delicious. I must kiss my old James again for this."

So she kissed him, and James, aware once more of that feeling of relief at being with a woman with whom he could conscientiously let himself go, kissed Catharine again heartily.

So, Catharine carrying all her trifles—James remembered that he could buy most of them just as easily at the big store in Oxford Street as in Bombay—they went down to dinner arm-in-arm.

The reunion was celebrated by four courses—soup, joint, sweet, and savoury. Often James looked across the table at Catharine in her white silk blouse and second-best skirt, so sound, sweet, sensible, and handsome, and felt a sense of satisfaction. He felt that he

"'JAMES!' SHE CRIED. 'ARE ALL THESE FOR ME?'"

had it all round; he was doing his duty as a householder, to the kingdom; he was providing luxuriously for six women, and as luxuriously as she would permit for a seventh; he retained his virtue; he was a living proof of integrity; he could look Suspicion in the eye; he was married to an admirable wife; he was diverted when he needed diversion by six Rogues, all of whom he served by very real benefits. The scheme was ideal.

"It is not often," said James to himself during dinner, "that a man can take his pleasure and do his duty at the same time. I am highly fortunate."

He beamed on Catharine.

We need not suppose from this rapture for his wife that he did not anticipate, with a good deal of pleasure, the five Rogues within easy rail distance. Still, he could beam honourably upon Catharine.

It was a wholly enjoyable evening.

He said to Catharine the next morning, at table, that breakfast in England was really something of a novelty, and a very good novelty it was, too. This sensible woman did not reply, "You fool!" but merely smiled at him and said, indeed, she expected so, over the coffee-pot. James talked of the widening influence of travel, and its educative effect upon the judgment; of the charm of Anglo-Indian society; of the picturesque appeal of Bombay to a man tired of trammels. Still the sound woman replied not "Fool!" but remarked that, indeed, she expected so, over the coffee-pot.

She brushed his hat in the hall and saw her James off, pink and healthy, at the garden-gate. She went in, and it was only then that she smiled condescendingly to herself. No one saw the smile. Then she just said to herself: "My old fool!" and let the matter rest at that.

James went with the proud heart of a successful householder to Gracechurch Street.

All had gone well, Morton said, during his absence, but they were very pleased indeed to see him back. There were a good many private letters for him on his desk, which, according to his instructions, had not been forwarded to Hampstead.

They were, as the high beating of James's heart surmised, from the Rogues and their Dragons. The Rogues said, all, that they were having a scrumptious time, fank you, Uncle, but that he had been away a long time, and what had he bwought them from India? James smiled with a curious fatness over these.

The Dragons briefly reported, all, that conditions were excellent, and very little anxiety had been given by the Charges. James nodded, satisfied, over these.

He sat down, giving orders that he must not be disturbed; indited, with his own typewriter, answers to all these letters. To the Dragons he said: "Watch," and to the Rogues: "Eat and drink and be merry," and he was still engaged on this pleasant task when a knock, in spite of his orders to the contrary, fell upon his door. In the passion which could enshroud his mildness during business hours, James went to the door and jerked it open. An office-boy, too small to be kicked, trembled on the threshold with a note.

"Immejiat, please, sir, so Mr. Morton said."

James tore it open. It was from Tonbridge.

DEAR JAMES,—I heard you were coming back to-day, and I write, *as a friend*, to beg you to come round and see me without delay. It is a matter which, I fear, closely concerns your reputation and the happiness of your home (Hampstead).

Lunch with me at the Holborn, will you? But we had better have a quiet talk first at my office.

Your old friend, EDMUND TONBRIDGE.

James folded up the letter, and folded his lips tightly the one upon the other. Then he said to the smallest office-boy:—

"Tell the messenger to let Mr. Tonbridge know that I am coming."

The smallest office-boy went gratefully away, and James returned to his correspondence.

No heart went into it now, though. The sinister meaning of Tonbridge's letter breathed into James's ears. He scanned that which he had written, and marvelled at its irresponsible lightness. He rounded an unfinished period, then broke off abruptly with:—

I am overwhelmed with work this first day of my return, so you must forgive my brevity, dear child, and believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

JAMES BRIGHT.

He detached the top sheet and the four carbon copies from the machine, enclosed them, addressed the envelopes. Then he read Tonbridge's short note again. Tonbridge wrote to him "*as a friend.*" Tonbridge warned him *as a friend.* Some danger boded. With puckered brows and folded lips, James took his hat and coat from their peg and adjusted them—all with a calm nicety in face of this vague menace—and went to King William Street.

Tonbridge appeared large, corrupt, open-faced, and admirably mellow.

"Halloa, James!" he said, shaking hands,

" did you have a good time? Sit down and tell us all about it."

" My visit to India? " asked James.

" Tell us," said Tonbridge, with a mellow laugh, " just what you feel inclined."

" Thank you, Edmund," said James; " that is exactly what I propose to do."

And a long silence followed.

" Well? " asked Tonbridge.

" Well? " echoed James.

" You don't tell us anything," said Tonbridge.

" I am, according to your advice, Edmund, following my inclination," replied James.

" Well, well," said Tonbridge, " if you've anything to hide, of course——"

Another silence followed.

" Have a cigar? " said Tonbridge, reaching for a box.

" Thank you, Edmund," said James, and lighted one.

" Nothing induces confidence like a good smoke," said Tonbridge, looking astutely at James.

James replied: " My dear Edmund, I have no confidences to make, though if you are interested in my Bombay business, I shall be happy to tell you anything. I had ideas, as you know, of forming a Limited Company, and you may be wishing to have first information? "

" Come! come! " said Tonbridge.

" Where? " inquired James.

" To the point," said Tonbridge.

" What's the point? " inquired James.

" You know quite well, you old devil," said Mr. Tonbridge. " You're leading a very bad life, and you're in danger of being found out, and, as a friend, I'll help you if I can."

" That, Edmund," said James, slowly and sorrowfully, " is very good of you! But if only a friend could be found willing to help a man in good instead of iniquity! Your offer of help is based on the unfounded assumption that I am leading 'a bad life.' "

" *Unfounded!* " cried Tonbridge. " Oh, lor'!"

" You are very good," said James, " as long as you are dealing with iniquity. Most people are. It's virtue they're so hard on. They positively deny virtue. They're all like little children in the dark imagining bogies. They'll never grow up, and see that there are none. You, Tonbridge, man of business as you are, you are still among the infants."

" Come off it, James," said Mr. Tonbridge, with something akin to anger. " Break right away and begin."

James made an effort at genial humour, and asked: " How would you like it? "

" Nonsense! " said Mr. Tonbridge; " 'fess up."

" Like the immortal Topsy," said James, serenely, " I have nothing to confess."

" Look here, James," said Mr. Tonbridge, making a fresh beginning, " I have been losing money on you, and I can't afford it."

Shades of surprise and regret passed over James's face, not unnoted by his friend.

" Look here, James," he began again, " I refused work for you. Mrs. Hunter came here to ask me to find her daughter Eva."

" Dear me! " said James, very vexed.

" I refused," said Mr. Tonbridge, throwing out his hands, " refused point-blank. I advised her to let the matter rest until the young lady, of her own will, came forward. You have the thing in a nutshell."

" Really, Edmund," said James, with surprised approval, " you could have given her no better counsel. You were absolutely right. Absolutely. You need have no fears on that score."

" Come! come! " said Tonbridge, " the question is, what are you going to do? "

James was both surprised and indignant. " Really! " he exclaimed, " why should I do anything? "

" You are the coolest rascal that ever lived," said Tonbridge, after a baffled pause.

" The girl is radiantly happy," James continued.

" Ah! " Tonbridge cried, wheeling on him, " so you *do* know where she is! You *are* responsible! Aha! James. Aha! my friend. *That* "—he tapped his chest and struck a pose—" is how we detectives get at the matter. You were clumsy, James; clumsy."

" I gathered from your conversation," said James, coldly, " that you were acquainted with the perfectly innocuous situation—although you had put your own vile construction upon it. If you have merely sought to trap me, why, it was unworthy of a friend, and I will walk out of this office."

Taking up his hat and stick James rose with perfect dignity and looked Tonbridge in the eye.

" No, no," said that friend, earnestly, " you must let me have my joke. It was not a trap, though I must say I was gratified to get the confession from your own mouth. Tell you the truth, James; the matter lies thus: I refused this lady's request for my services purely out of friendship for you——"

" That is kind of you, Edmund, mistaken though your zeal is," replied James, frigidly.

" —but," said Tonbridge, continuing as if this interruption had not taken place, " I investigated privately on my own account, simply to see how far my guess was right; simply, my boy, to be able to guard your interest at the expense of my veracity, should the crisis arrive, and I was astonished—staggered—struck dumb by the deep and hopeless manner in which you have implicated yourself."

" Dumb, Edmund? " said James, pensively; " I wish you were."

Again continuing as if this interruption had not happened, Tonbridge addressed himself seriously to the subject.

" There is not only Glasgow; but, I was staggered to learn, serious intrigues at Oxford, Birmingham, Bristol, and Manchester. You have just returned from Bombay. Perhaps even there, too——"

James became icier as to Bombay.

" Come, come, man! " cried Tonbridge, " some effort must be made."

" Not by me," said James.

Tonbridge seated himself again, snatched up a ruler, beat his desk, took the matter yet more seriously, and said :—

" I am not a good man myself; far from it. I own this and deplore it, and owning and deploring it, may be excused. As far as human power can, I rectify my faults—when not of too grave a nature. I think I may say I am a compassionate man, and compassion covers a deal. In spite of this I am worldly; I am hard; I am cynical; I have grown accustomed to the sight and sound of evil."

Tonbridge beat his desk vehemently and struck into the new air.

" But worldly, cynical, hard, accustomed to evil as I am, I have never in my life met any man who, for devilish cunning, abominable vice, cruelty, and remorselessness could beat you, James. That is the statement I make. I do not repudiate your friendship, but I swear by that statement. Needless to say, I shall not expose you. Continue, you Bay-tree, continue. Time will expose you, or your victims—and if it be time, then I prophesy that it will be a very short time."

" Edmund," said James, " again I repeat that there is nothing criminal to expose."

" Pshaw! " replied Tonbridge, violently.

" Very well," said James, again possessing himself of his hat and stick.

" Wait," said Tonbridge, rising, " wait. When your day comes, old friend, remember me. Come to me. I'll stand by you. I'll take you out somewhere and fill you up, and make you forget the trouble at home. More I cannot say, I think."

From the door, to which he had progressed slowly during this assertion of fidelity, James cried with passion :—

" Tonbridge, *why can no one believe?* "

Tonbridge asked, " Believe what? "

" In the goodness of the world," cried James, and dashed his hat and stick upon the floor.

Tonbridge replied: " Believe my grandmother! "

" Certainly," said James, turning idiomatic ridicule into sense, " I would believe your grandmother, I would believe anyone who came to me with a plain and virtuous tale, unless I had irrefragable proof to the contrary."

" Produce the plain and virtuous tale," replied Tonbridge.

" I have done so," said James, more passionately yet.

" You have done nothing of the kind," said Tonbridge, mellowing again as if his vile amusement, like an incorrigible demon, would come uppermost in him. " I accuse you of keeping up five unsanctified homes, in which you have placed five young women. You, in effect, have admitted it. Your lawful wife, poor deluded lady! lives meagrely at Hampstead, while your other loves flaunt in splendour. So much for your plain and virtuous tale. As plain and virtuous as the occupants of the five homes! Pshaw! "

" Edmund," said James, " take that back! " and he clenched his large, pink fists and advanced quickly upon the desk and Tonbridge standing behind it.

" Take that back! " said James, much moved; " for my dear girls' sakes you shall take it back! "

" Very well," replied Tonbridge, mellowing in sorrow. " You are the finest liar and the best *poseur* I have ever met, and in respect to your capacities and for your dear girls' sakes I will take it back."

" There is no shadow of harm in what I am doing," James protested.

Tonbridge inclined his head.

" I am living," said James, " an ideal life. I am living like a god. I am creating happiness."

Tonbridge inclined his head.

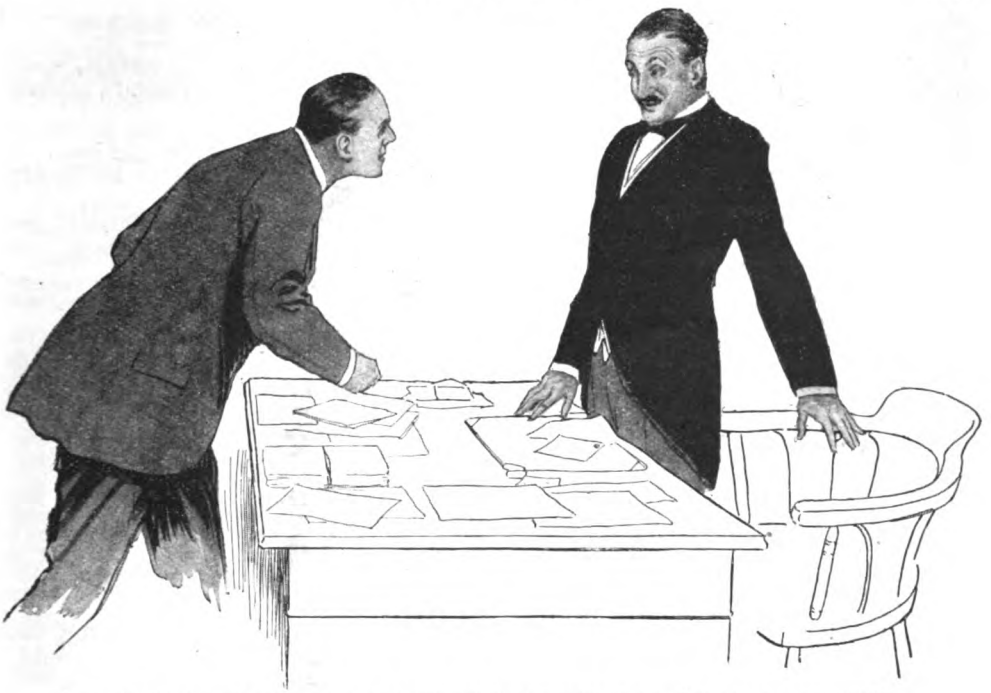
" Very naïve," said he, mellowly; " very."

" I have not told Catharine," said James, " because——"

A pause followed, during which he picked up his hat and stick.

" Because——? " said Tonbridge.

" I have always found it very difficult,"



"'THERE IS NO SHADOW OF HARM IN WHAT I AM DOING,' JAMES PROTESTED."

James replied, "to convince people of the entire seriousness of my views. Catharine is no exception, magnificent as she is. I had a sort of idea, unexpressed to myself, until this moment, that if I were to tell her, to ask her sympathy, she would be against it all. I foresaw that she might be even upset."

"She would," Mr. Tonbridge agreed.

"You think so?" James asked, anxiously.

Tonbridge gave an admirable harsh laugh.

"You know that my wife was always averse to expenditure," said James, "and it was my duty to spend. These young ladies are helping me. Also I like to see girls happy. I like everyone to be happy, but especially girls."

Tonbridge gave another harsh laugh, even better than the first.

"But since you, too, think this about Catharine," said James, and began musing.

"Poor woman!" Tonbridge murmured to himself.

James mused on obliviously.

"Poor woman!" said Tonbridge, a little louder.

The puckers on James's brow had deepened, his eyes looked far away.

"*Poor woman!*" cried Tonbridge, bitterly.

"Who?" asked James, awakening.

"Who?" repeated Tonbridge. "Your wife!"

"I was just thinking of her," said James, rebukingly; "just planning how best to spare her. For to spare her I am more than ever determined. You agree with me that she would not understand, and, as I said, I had even from the first a sort of feeling that she might be a little upset. She must not know."

"Indeed?" replied Tonbridge, with deep irony.

"I do not see," James mused, "how she could possibly hear of it. You have refused to help Mrs. Hunter find her daughter——"

"I am not the only detective agency in London," said Tonbridge, darkly.

James started.

"True!" he said; "true! But there would be the expense. She is a very close woman. I do lament the closeness of women, Edmund. The trait is utterly out of keeping with the traditional kindness of their natures."

"I only hope," said Tonbridge, "that if ever I marry—which God forbid!—I shall marry one of your close women. They are invaluable as wives."

"You'll marry, Edmund," said James, with the Benedict's air of unutterable wisdom; "you'll marry all right. Believe me, there's nothing like married life to make a man really sound. If I hadn't married there's no telling—I might not have kept so straight."

"James," said Mr. Tonbridge, in a genial manner, "I am sick of your hypocrisy."

"Very well," James replied; "I will go."

Yet still he lingered, to burst out with:—

"Tonbridge, it was a very kindly action to refuse Mrs. Hunter, and I appreciate it—a very friendly action indeed. You have saved me from incalculable worry. Shake hands."

They shook hands warmly.

"I take it," said James, lingering still, "that you do not intend to spread your information? I can rely on you to see that matters go no farther?"

"You know that you can rely on me," replied Tonbridge.

James went smiling back to the door. Through his admonitions Tonbridge kept the air of half-reluctant admiration for a man who could go so far, mingled with a repressed pride that he, Edmund Tonbridge, called such a master of corruption friend.

CHAPTER XIII.

As Christmas approached we can well imagine that the selection of Christmas presents for six Rogues (he included, roughly, the Indian widow with the five girls) presented itself as no small problem to James. Catharine, he knew, always preferred to choose her own at the Stores, thereby obtaining something she really needed. She always said to him, a fortnight or so before the festal day: "My old James hasn't forgotten that Christmas is coming? What is he going to spend on me? No, no! That is far too much. I'll run to half, shall I? And I'll get it at the Stores." Then, when she bought James's present for her, she bought hers for James. Usually, by her choice, they gave each other something for the house. Catharine, therefore, gave no trouble.

To return to the fact that the Rogues' Christmas presents weighed upon James's spirits, we find him at his office on the 20th of December with nothing chosen, and no clue to follow save six letters on his desk, the last six received. James pored over these letters.

For a day or two he had considered the possibility of letting the office devolve upon the Dragons; of saying that it came within their province, that the salary embraced all such responsibilities, and so putting the matter away from him. But the fact that the five young men had, according to contract, no acquaintance with their charges, and had therefore not the slightest basis on which to estimate their tastes, changed his mind.

"I must choose their presents myself," he said, and rang up Tonbridge to call on him if possible before lunch.

Tonbridge came, staunch, corrupt, open-faced and mellow as ever, and found a harassed James typing.

"Well, James?" he asked.

"Wait till I've finished," said James, and clicked feverishly on.

Tonbridge looked over his shoulder and read, as the page passed through the machine:—

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED FULLY ON THIS FORM.

1. When did you last see Miss ?
   (State day and hour.)
2. What was she doing?
3. Was she alone?
4. If not, who was with her?
5. If accompanied, was it by male or female?
6. If male, state briefly known reputation.
7. Did Miss look well? Happy?
8. How many times during the last week have you seen Miss ?

I hereby assert and affirm that my answers to the above questions are, to the best of my belief, the truth and nothing but the truth.

(*Signed*)

Having finished the form, one top and four carbon copies, James inserted "Raymond," "Fields," "Patrick," "Dormer," "Hunter" in the blanks left for the lady's name, and turned up to Tonbridge—who was regarding him with the usual stunned look he seemed now to keep for this incredible man—a face expressive of relief at one more job done.

"They keep me awful busy," he said.

"What are these?" asked Tonbridge, indicating the typed sheets.

James explained the institution of the Dragons and the manner of the contracts; and that this was a new and happy idea of eliciting information tersely and regularly once a week, and of testing the young men's vigilance.

"The beggars will write long letters that tell me nothing," James explained.

"Grown methodical in crime," Tonbridge murmured, regarding James curiously—"positively methodical!"

James ignored this with perfect calm. He was accustomed to the disease of Suspicion—in an acute form—in Tonbridge, and he felt only ineffable pity. He was going to treat Tonbridge delicately, tactfully, and cheerfully, ignoring the disease, brightening the sufferer, and preventing his mind from dwelling upon it. He did not want Tonbridge to look upon his simple malady as phenomenal; medically, James knew, that was fatal. So, appearing to ignore the sinister murmur, he came to the point at issue.

"What should I give 'em for Christmas?"

"The girls?" asked Tonbridge, "and the young men?"

A shade crossed James's face.

"I'd forgotten the fellows," he said; "I meant the girls."

"Give all the men blotters," suggested Tonbridge.

"Certainly," said James, "they shall all have blotters. Very sensible."

Tonbridge assumed an expression of the utmost seriousness.

"The affair of the young men being settled—and, really, it was not of them I was thinking"—said James, "we come to the girls."

Tonbridge remained serious.

"James," he murmured, and paused.

"Yes?" said James, interrogatively.

"I have looked on at your downfall," said Tonbridge, more serious yet, if possible, "and marvelled. At first, I own, I took the affair lightly. I took you lightly. I knew you were—what shall we say?—something of a Lothario, perhaps. I gathered that you must be a first-class hypocrite, and a liar of no mean order. I was aware that you had become, to some degree, a victimizer of women. Well, all men are, to some degree, victimizers of women; also I have met no man yet who was not either a hypocrite or a liar, or both. Therefore I made allowances. I did not foresee the ultimate gravity of the situation; I could not guess your possibilities of wickedness. I did not credit you with the imagination you have shown and with the stupendous audacity. I hold myself, therefore, blameless on your account. True, I took you lightly at first. I may have seemed, jestingly, to applaud you. But I repeat that I could not guess the lengths to which you would go, and I hold myself blameless."

James had ceased to be amazed at these reiterations.

"Edmund," he said, very placidly, "you are like all the rest of the world, a colossal fool. You are overwrought with Suspicion. There is nothing I can do or say to help you."

"Pshaw!" cried Tonbridge.

"If I could help you, I would," James affirmed.

Tonbridge shook his head, and remained silent.

"As it is, I can offer you and the rest of the world nothing except my compassion," said James.

"I will accept nothing from you," said Tonbridge, with real nobility, "not even your compassion. As a friend of that deluded lady, your wife, I turn from you. I am sorry to have treated the affair, formerly, with levity."

"I am sorry for it, Edmund," said James.

"I can do nothing more," Tonbridge added. "I have taxed you with your guilt, I have endeavoured to persuade you. My conscience only reproaches me with the promise of silence that I gave you."

"A promise is a promise," replied James.

"I am aware of it," rejoined Tonbridge.

James felt a keen sense of hurt and unmerited wrong, but was sustained by the affirmation of purity.

"You will help me choose the girls' gifts, Edmund?" he asked.

"I do not know at all," said Tonbridge, sternly.

"I should really be very grateful to you," said James.

"I dare say," replied Tonbridge, unmollified, "and I dare say, too, that if you would be more open with me, James, you would find me more willing to help."

"I have been perfectly open," said James.

"You have told me nothing," replied Tonbridge.

"There is nothing more to tell," said James. "I have explained to you my motives, my intentions, and the absolute virtue of these six women."

"In none of which," replied Tonbridge, deliberately, "do I believe."

James took up his hat slowly. Tonbridge leaned forward, eagerly, and cried:—

"No, no! Don't go! Tell me about the affairs, and, as I say, I'll be more willing to help. Tell me a little about 'em, friend to friend, man to man. Come, James."

Now James looked at Tonbridge's great, open, corrupt, mellow face, and it seemed to him the face of the World, and he said, very sorrowfully:—

"Edmund, if you are looking forward to hearing any tale of sin, of bestiality, of ugliness, I have no such tale for you. I am a perfectly innocent man, living an ideal life—the life of a god."

"Very well," said Tonbridge, with an air of resuming his interrupted business, "persist. Persist. Your secrets are, as you know, safe with me, but, in case they should ever leak out, I repeat that I highly disapprove of the life you are leading. I should wish it to be known that I always disapproved."

James went to the door, asking:—

"You will not help me choose the gifts for these girls?"

"In consideration of Mrs. Bright," replied Tonbridge, "certainly not."

James left him, drove to Regent Street, and selected a shop which seemed capable of supplying any want. This building he entered, and just within the doors received an offer of assistance from a shop-walker. James looked at the shop-walker, and—

"I don't know what I want," he explained.

"Many people, sir, are in the same predicament at this time of year," replied the shop-walker.

"You find that so?" said James, rather interested.

"Certainly, sir," replied the shop-walker.

"I wonder," James mused, "which department?"

"Are the gifts, sir, for ladies, gentlemen, or children?" the shop-walker asked.

"Ladies," said James.

"For young ladies?" the shop-walker particularized.

"Quite young, and all pretty," said James.

The shop-walker looked at him.

"Your wife, sir? Relatives?" he hinted. "You will pardon my asking, but sometimes the relationship affects the price of the gifts."

"DOUBLE HEEL AND TOE."

"The ladies," James explained, "are not relations."

"Of course," said the shop-walker, looking about him, "degrees of friendship make such a difference, and it is difficult to help a customer to a wise choice. Let me cite an example, sir: if you are merely on formal terms with a lady, and wish to make her a Christmas gift, you had better give her a copy of Omar Khayyám, nicely bound; but if you are on more intimate terms——"

"Our terms are quite intimate," said James, most interested.

"—you would probably find something there," the shop-walker continued, and motioned to a counter entirely given up to the display of silk stockings.

"I call your attention to these stockings," he resumed, "because silk is the universal wear for well-dressed ladies nowadays, and they find it a very expensive item indeed."

James gazed entranced.

"You think," he said, turning to his kind helper, "that all well-dressed ladies wear them every day?"

"Certainly, sir," said the shop-walker.

James mused. He was thinking of the one pair in her possession which Catharine always wore to Gatti's.

"You are quite sure?" he said.

"Abso-lutely certain," replied the shop-walker, adding, for the benefit of his firm, "half-a-dozen pairs would make a most acceptable gift to a lady, and you could fill a stocking with trinkets and sweets, and what not. It would be rather a pretty thought."

"It is a pretty thought," said James. "Thank you."

While he was buying thirty-six pairs of silk stockings—the widow's gift would have

to be late, but he had, in a letter, apprised her of its coming—of varying shades at eight-and-six the pair, there approached the counter, on her passage to the house-linen department, which was holding one of those record sales that occur bi-weekly, a tall, plainly attired, sensible and admirable woman. It was Catharine!

A very pretty minx, assuming a vivid absorption in the task, was assisting James to choose the stockings. She bent towards him, and he bent towards her. Held between them was a stocking at which both were looking earnestly. "Double heel and toe," the minx was really saying, but from her smile it might have been anything. It is more than probable that Catharine judged it to be anything. Besides observing James and the minx, she noticed also the pile of chosen hose on the counter beside him. Even while she looked, they added the pair under inspection to the pile. It was a heap of grave proportions already, and still James continued with his selections. A card hanging above the counter proclaimed, "Per Pair, 8s. 6d." For a moment the surmise that her old James indulged in this extravagance on her behalf flashed into Catharine's mind, only to be dispelled.

The stockings were of such assorted colours as to be unsuitable for any dress of hers.

The matter was clear.

Knowing Catharine as we do, we may possibly not be surprised to note that she walked on calmly, unobserved though observing, to the house-linen department, and bought the kitchen towelling at two-three for which she had come from Hampstead this morning.

Before she passed again on her way back, James had gone, with the thirty-six pairs of stockings under his arm—having begged the minx to accept half-a-dozen for herself for her trouble—to the trinket and sweetmeat departments. So busy was he that he found it expeditious to lunch in the place, the better to continue his shopping afterwards. He took a taxicab back to his office about three o'clock, and, walking through the outer rooms, with full arms—

"See that I am not disturbed," he said to Morton; "I shall be exceedingly busy this afternoon."

His crinkled smile appeared to absorb his face. He passed through into peace with his packages.

There was more tender and beautiful sentiment in the packing of the presents, in the writing of the accompanying letters—no carbon copies on such an occasion—than James had imagined was left on earth for a married man. First he allotted the stockings. Next he filled six—one apiece for the Rogues—with silver toilet trinkets, and trinkets to wear, and strange, rich sweets in all shapes. Next he packed each gift in a special Christmas cardboard box with a floral design. Next he wrote the letters. He smiled a great deal.

Next he remembered that he had forgotten the five blotters for the five Dragons.

"Morton," he said, pulling open his door, "send someone out for five silver blotters, half a guinea apiece, and have 'em packed up separately and brought in here."

That was all the sentiment he wasted on the five young men. Morton sent out for the blotters.

At five o'clock, everything ended, James heaved a sigh. There was more regret than relief in it.

"Christmas," he mused, "is a *very* pleasant time. Most pleasant. Curious how that never strikes a man till"—he looked long at the boxes on his desk, and heaved a sigh or two, and smoothed his parting—"a woman," he said, "or rather women—women do it all. Bless them for my happy Christmas!"

He did not think once of Catharine while showing himself this amazing fact.

An office-boy brought in the five o'clock post—one private letter, a letter from India. James looked at it with a slight pang, the pang that the engaging widow was beginning to cause him, of more than uneasiness, almost a fear. He did not instantly tear open the letter and devour its contents, wreathed in smiles, as he would have done had it been written by Gwen, Maggie, Nora, Dorothy, or Eva, but placed it in his pocket for future consumption, and—

"Poor woman!" he said, pursing his lips. "Poor creature!"

He looked very grave over the case of the widow.

"Playing with fire!" he thought, "playing with fire! I fear for that poor creature!" And: "Women are so affectionate!" And: "Women are terribly sensitive!" And: "I fear I shall hurt her."

It is not to be denied that here he pulled down his waistcoat, settled his tie, and smoothed his parting, but, as has been remarked on a former occasion, these actions are but tribal.

Having recalled the office-boy and crammed his young arms with five parcels containing blotters, for post, James put on his overcoat

and hat, took his more precious packages in his own arms and posted them himself, registering them carefully.

Charmed with the world, he then went home.

As ever, his metropolitan nest was feathered for his coming. Its atmosphere of order and attention impregnated it. From the hall one could faintly smell dinner cooking, and the housemaid whisked upstairs with his hot-water can. James ascended in her wake.

His hand was in his coat-pocket, feeling for the pathetic letter from the Bombay widow. The housemaid lighted his gas, swaddled his hot-water can in his bath-towel, and rushed away to her parlour duties below. He was, thankfully, alone.

He pursed his lips, sighed, not without impending pleasure, and opened the envelope lingeringly, to read that he was Mrs. Delaine's dearest James. The lady proceeded :—

Christmas is upon us, and I think of you, in snow-covered England, the holly berries glowing so redly, and all things as they used to be At Home.

At Home! How I long to return! How I long for the letter that I know you will send me one day, calling me, or better still, saying, "I am starting to fetch you——"

What are you doing, James, dearest? I wonder. Shall you spend Christmas alone, or with friends, as desirable bachelors generally do? Shall I imagine you the centre of life in some gay English house-party, or in chambers in London? Or are you running over to the Continent? Tell me. Tell me *everything* when you next write, for your letters are all too short.

I think I have told you—or intimated, for the subject is still painful—that my former married life was far from happy. If ever man could inspire woman with distrust for his sex, that man was Mr. Delaine. And yet——

And yet, somehow, I do not feel afraid. The future with you has no terrors for me. It is bright—bright!

I am mailing you a small gift, dear James, made by myself. Just one of those hackneyed little gifts a woman works for the man she loves—a hand-hemstitched, initialled handkerchief. I hope you will like it.

With all my love, dear James, I am your

MARGERY DELAINE.

"Dear me!" said James. "Dear me! Dear me!" He folded up the letter. "Dear me!" he said, "it's very sad—worse than I thought. I have been incautious. I am very blameable. I have forgotten that women have hearts, and tender ones. It is a charming letter—very charming—but terribly outspoken. It must be burned."

He placed it for safety in his inner breast-pocket.

"To inspire love," he said, "in a beautiful woman like that!"

He looked at himself long and earnestly in the glass.

"Poor thing!" he said. "Poor, poor thing! She must be told that I am married. I will cable it to-morrow. Merciless, but—why defer the knife, when the knife *must* be used?"

A crisp knock on his door heralded Catharine. James leapt at his wash-stand with an involuntary agility that surprised himself—knowing, as he did, that the pure motive has no need of deception—and appeared to the wifely eye rolling up his shirt-sleeves and pouring out hot water.

Catharine entered in her white silk blouse, with her gold chain about her neck. She wore cashmere stockings

"Well, love!" cried James, washing.

"Well, James?" said Catharine.

James looked round benevolently.

"And what has *she* been doing all day?" he inquired.

Catharine sat down in his basket-chair and replied, slowly :—

"She has been, as usual, busy with her household duties. Also she went into town to do a little shopping."

"Dear, dear!" replied James. "Why did you not come to the office, or telephone me, love? I would have taken you out to lunch."

"I did not want to bother you," said Catharine.

"It would have been a pleasure, love," replied James, sincerely.

"I dare say," said Catharine, resigned, "that you had a good deal of other business on your hands."

"I would have put it aside for you, my dear," said James.

"Would you?" replied Catharine, more resigned yet.

"What did she buy?" James asked, his face emerging pinkly from his towel.

"Among other things," replied Catharine, after deliberation, "a present at the Stores for her old James."

"My dear," said James, with annual surprise, "that is *very* good of you, *very* good. May I ask what it is?"

"I got six vests," replied Catharine. "I really do not think I can darn yours any more."

"Love," said James, "you are *very* good. And I am sorry you have had to darn my vests so much. Why did you not let me buy new ones?"

"I thought they could run on till Christmas," answered Catharine.

"I am very much obliged, dear," said James. "You are thoughtfulness itself."

"I hope," said Catharine, "that I should not neglect my duties, except"—she paused

long—" in very special circumstances which might exempt me."

James missed this, and only commented on the imminence of Christmas with a kind of shocked surprise.

" I have not yet bought you anything, love," he added, attending carefully to his parting, " but, as I know, you like to choose it yourself at the Stores."

And she : " We might consider those quite good enough for me."

His hair was a miracle of correctness. James clapped his brushes together.

Catharine said : " I shall order your bed to be made up in here to-night, James."

James evinced natural surprise, but—

" This bed," said Catharine, indicating the narrow couch which had, for thirteen years,

"'WHAT DID SHE BUY?' JAMES ASKED, HIS FACE EMERGING FROM HIS TOWEL."

" That saves you trouble," said Catharine, terribly resigned.

James, intent on his parting : " What shall you choose this year, love ? "

Catharine, clasping the arms of the basket-chair : " I thought of stockings."

And he : " The ordinary ribbed cashmere you usually wear in the winter, love, I suppose ? "

remained empty in the dressing-room, " should be kept aired. I have had it done with hot-water bottles till now, but it gives trouble that way."

" As you like, my dear," replied James, " but——"

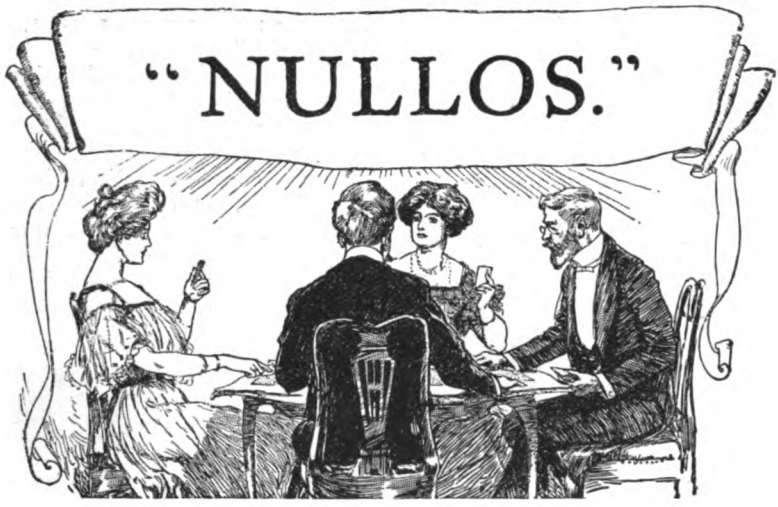
" I particularly want you to sleep here," said Catharine, rising, " for a night or two."

" Certainly," replied James, " but——"

" Dinner is quite ready, my dear," Catharine added.

They went downstairs side by side. Observe the strength and silence of this most admirable of women.

(*To be continued.*)



The New Call at Royal Auction Bridge.

By FLORENCE IRWIN.

"Nullos," an innovation in Auction Bridge, which was introduced a few months ago in America, has been received there with such enthusiasm that it is now practically universally played. There is no doubt in the mind of any player who has tried this call that it brings the game of Royal Auction Bridge to perfection. With the object of introducing "Nullos" to players in this country to whom it is still practically unknown, we have asked the writer of this article, who is admitted to be the greatest expert on the subject in America, to explain how the call is made and played.

IT has long been admitted that the only blot on Auction was the fact that its luck percentage was too high. The man with all the high cards could take the stakes whether he played well or poorly; he could defeat superior players because he held the good cards against them. This was hard on the superior players; also it was the flattest kind of victory for the victor. No good sportsman wants to win on *cards* alone.

Of course, expert players could make more on good hands and lose less on bad ones than inferior players. But not even experts could beat luck.

Chess is a perfect game because it is 100 per cent. skill and no per cent. luck—it depends on no throw of dice nor fall of cards; the fate of the chess-player lies in his own hands.

I have heard the luck and skill percentage of Auction variously placed, from twenty per cent. skill (and eighty per cent. luck) to fifty per cent. for each. Personally, I should place it at forty for skill and sixty for luck. Whatever it is, the luck percentage is admitted to be discouragingly high. Any movement which would lower it would be a boon to Auction; it would dignify the game, raise it to the chess level, and wipe out its only discouraging feature.

"Pianola" hands (hands that play themselves) are not inspiring. With a long run of such hands on your own side your victory loses its savour—your winnings are a *gift*, and not an *achievement*; with a long run of such hands against you there is small pleasure in the game—all your efforts go for nothing, and the only thing you can do is to put up as good a fight as possible against the steam-roller in the adversaries' hands. In spite of all your pluck, you are flattened to a pancake.

But when the game is neck-and-neck, when the play of every card is vital, then you get Auction in its perfect form.

Take two men of equal strength and mentality; arm and equip one of them and leave the other defenceless, and what chance has he? Up to the present time, the arms and equipments of Auction have been the high cards—the honour cards. If one pair of partners could capture all, or nearly all, of these weapons, the other pair was left defenceless.

But suppose you turn every card in the pack into a weapon! Suppose you have fifty-two such weapons instead of twelve or fourteen! Not all of these weapons shall be equally dangerous—not all of them are to be handled in the same way—but each and every one is

in some sort an implement of attack and defence. You can easily see what an improvement there will be in the equipment of your armoury. As each pair of partners is allowed but twenty-six of the fifty-two implements provided, it follows that the other pair will get the remaining twenty-six. Instead of one strong force attacking and demolishing an opposing force that is unarmed, you will have two perfectly-equipped (though differently-equipped) forces facing each other in fair battle.

To make low cards valuable, and to leave high cards equally so, is to perfect Auction.

Low cards cannot beat high ones in *taking* tricks; therefore the only way to make low cards valuable is to play to *lose* tricks—to introduce a negative bid. Many card games are played to lose tricks; all card games are played either to take or to lose cards; and the game that combines both of these possibilities is the broadest game.

The new suit of *Nullos* has therefore been introduced to equalize luck, to give every player a chance, to force each contract to its full extent, to save rubbers in the face of disadvantageous circumstances, to arm the defenceless, and to offer the well equipped the chance of a fight that is worthy of their mettle.

Nullos are negative No Trumpers; the cards rank in their present order; and the effort of everyone is to *lose* tricks, and not to take them.

They are the most fascinating variant of the best card game in the world. While their primary object was to equalize luck (and they do it most beautifully), they have other delightful attributes. They introduce an exhilarating variety into the game, and they call for the most concentrated play that I have ever known outside of duplicate whist. The play of every card, the probable placing of the low cards (which have not been announced in the bidding, as have the high ones), the judgment required as to when to take tricks and when to lose them, and, above all, the discard, call for infinite care and attention.

I do *not* consider Nullos too difficult for average use; *experienced* use, rather than *expert* use, is what they demand. The Nullo novice is nearly sure to handle the new suit clumsily; he will be very apt to condemn it, because he does not realize the difference between its use and its abuse. But wait, just wait, till he is experienced, and you will find him an enthusiast; nothing could induce him to give up Nullos. To those who have become accustomed to Nullos, Auction without them is incredibly flat and insipid.

I have seen acknowledged experts handle Nullos with extreme awkwardness, because they were not used to them. And I have seen many average players use Nullos with the greatest cleverness—after they learned how.

Never condemn Nullos till you understand them; then you won't want to.

The proper value for Nullos was reached only after long and exhaustive experimenting.

The Nullo value has been fixed at eight a trick, the same as Hearts, but yielding precedence to Hearts bidding. "One Nullo" will beat "One Diamond," but "One Heart" will beat "One Nullo"; and it takes "Two Nullos" to beat "One Heart." Yet, when you score them, "One Nullo" counts eight, "Two Nullos" count sixteen, and "Three Nullos" count twenty-four, just as would the same number of Hearts.

Nullos at eight make perfect forcers. Suppose you are bidding Nullos against the adversaries' No Trumps; "Two Nullos" beat "One No Trump," "Three Nullos" beat "Two No Trumps," "Four Nullos" beat "Three No Trumps," and "Five Nullos" beat "Four No Trumps." It is not until you get far up the line that the jump occurs, and it takes "Seven Nullos" to beat "Five No Trumps." But when you have forced a man to "Five No Trumps" you have done pretty well, and his work is cut out for him—particularly if your Nullo hand holds some well-guarded court-cards (as it should, to be ideal).

The eight value for Nullos is therefore perfect. It yields precedence to the three major suits; it is high enough for good forcing; it permits a frequent "game in the hand" (four-odd); it possesses not one flaw.

Those who advise Nullos at ten are simply yielding to the apparently obvious. You can see for yourself that eight is the only correct count.

I have been asked if I did not "think high cards should win." I think they should—but not too easily. There is no credit in getting the bid at two-odd when your hand is worth six-odd on its face value. High cards *will* win, if they are high enough and if they are managed well enough, because the three high suits are still above Nullos. That is another reason for placing Nullos immediately under Hearts.

The next point of controversy was the honours. Some players insisted that there could be no Nullo honours. Of course, there must be honours! Who ever heard of a suit without honours? That would be a cripple, an armless child. To deny honours to Nullos is to beg the question because of its apparent difficulty.

The honours must certainly be the aces, because aces are the only possible honours in a hand without a trump. But if tricks count when you *don't* take them, honours must count when you *don't* hold them. The aces must count inversely—*i.e.*, for the side that does *not* hold them. Positive aces for a positive No Trumper; negative aces for a negative No Trumper; and there you are! If one side holds thirty aces, the other side scores thirty honours; if one side holds forty aces, the other side scores forty honours; and if one side holds a hundred aces, the other side scores a hundred honours. Easy aces cancel, as in No Trump.

Some players suggested scoring aces as they were held, just as in No Trump. But that would not do; a combination of negative tricks and actual honours would be an illogical hodge-podge!

Therefore:—

A negative bid is necessary to well-balanced bidding. Nullos provide this desirable balance. Their proper value is eight a trick—just under Hearts—and their proper honours are inverse aces.

The player who gets the bid at "One Nullo" is safe if he takes but six tricks. He scores eight for the odd that he *failed* to take, and an extra eight for every trick *under* six (not *over*, remember, but *under*). The person who bids "Two Nullos" may take five safe tricks; by so doing he scores sixteen, and an extra eight for every trick under five. The bidder of "Three Nullos" may safely take but four tricks; by so doing he scores twenty-four, and an extra eight for every trick under four. And so on.

It is the exact opposite of the positive suits. If you bid "One No Trump," for instance, you are safe if you take *seven tricks or more*; if you bid "One Nullo" you are safe if you take *six tricks or less*.

Subtract your bid from seven, and it will show you how many tricks you can safely take. You bid "One Nullo"; "one from seven leaves six"—you may take six tricks without suffering defeat. You bid "Four Nullos"; "four from seven leaves three"; three tricks are all that you may take. In other words, *you undertake to make the adversaries take as many odd as you bid!*

The adversaries score fifty a trick (undoubled), or a hundred a trick (doubled) for everything they force you to take *in excess of your contract.*

The declarant should close his book when he has

taken as many tricks as his contract permits—whether it be six, five, four, or three. Anything outside his book counts for the adversaries.

A Nullo Grand Slam is no trick at all. It counts forty honours.

A Nullo Small Slam is one trick. It counts twenty honours.

Very high Nullo bids can be entirely successful—but only when the hands fit. Nullo failures are apt to be the most overwhelming of all failures. I have therefore worked out an entire system of bid, raise, pass, over-call, lead, and inter-play for Nullo hands. This system I shall attempt to explain to you.

I shall designate as "low" cards all deuces, trays, fours, and fives; as "intermediate" cards all sixes, sevens, eights, nines, and tens; and as "high" cards all aces and picture cards.

Don't think all poor hands are Nullos, or that Nullos are always poor hands. They are not. Many poor hands are Spade hands, and many Nullo hands look like first cousins to No Trumpers. The line between a Spade hand and a Nullo hand is always very distinct. The line between a No Trumper and a Nullo is often exceedingly vague.

The dealer should differentiate sharply between a "Spade" and a "Nullo." Holding many intermediate cards, he must always declare a "Spade." Holding high cards *well guarded with low ones*, and a preponderance of low cards, he should declare a "Nullo." A Spade hand is made up from the middle of the pack; a Nullo hand from its two extremes.

This would be a typical Spade hand:—

Hearts—10, 8, 7.
Clubs—Knave, 9, 6, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 8, 5, 3.
Spades—10, 9.

This, although it holds some higher cards, would be an excellent Nullo hand:—

Hearts—Ace, 5, 4, 2.
Clubs—King, 8, 6, 5, 3.
Diamonds—King, 7, 5, 2.
Spades—

Don't think you must hold all low cards in order to bid Nullos. There are but sixteen "low" cards in the pack. If you hold thirteen of them your partner certainly cannot have many. He would therefore get in your way, and would prove a very embarrassing Nullo dummy. Whereas, if you bid Nullos on a *mixed* hand (that is, high cards well guarded with low ones), your partner may also have a mixed hand, and may easily assist you. What has been aptly called a "No Trump Nullo hand" is the best possible combination for Nullo bidding.

Again, if you bid Nullos on an all-low hand, you have nothing with which to force an adverse No Trumper, or to defeat that No Trumper if it stands. Whereas, if you bid on a mixed hand, your well-guarded high cards need never take if Nullos are played—they will be thrown in discard; and if No Trumps are played against you, those well-guarded high cards of yours *will* take tricks, and will often defeat the bid.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that sevens and eights are "low" cards. All cards over fives are "intermediate" cards, and are dangerous, for the reason that they *look* low and yet are not. A seven or an eight needs to be guarded just as well as an ace or a king; otherwise it is an almost sure taker.

Don't be too much afraid of aces and kings and too little afraid of sixes, sevens, eights, nines, and tens. And don't regard every ace as a necessary taker. If well guarded, it need never take. You can throw low cards on the first two or three rounds of the suit; after that it is improbable that anyone can lead it to you (particularly if you yourself are very long in it). And, of course, you need not lead it.

It follows from this that very long suits containing a number of low cards are ideal Nullo holdings. The deuce in Nullos is equivalent to the ace in No Trumps. One is the only sure loser, the other is the only sure taker. If you hold the ace of the adversary's suit in No Trumps you "command" his suit; *don't give up that command too early in the game. If you hold the deuce of the adversary's suit in Nullos, you equally command his suit; again, don't give up that command too early in the game.* Deuces and trays grow more valuable to both sides as the hand progresses. Towards the end they are marvellous assets.

As the Nullo deuce corresponds to the No Trump ace, so the Nullo tray corresponds to the No Trump king. A long Nullo suit that runs to the deuce is equivalent to a long No Trump suit that runs to the ace. In other words, it is safe. And a long Nullo suit that runs to the tray is equivalent to a long No Trump suit that runs to the king—in other words, it is not so safe. This distinction makes less difference in the hand that is held up than in the hand that is exposed.

Uneven suit distribution is an excellent thing in Nullos. I don't care for a Nullo hand that is portioned out in parcels of three and four; it doesn't look promising for discards, and discards are the backbone of Nullos. A missing suit is the best possible thing in Nullos, just as it is the worst possible thing in No Trump; and a singleton is the next best thing in Nullos, as it is the next worst thing in No Trump.

It requires a better Nullo holding to *raise* Nullos than to *bid* them; for the reason that the raising hand is exposed on the board, and at the mercy of the adversaries.

The Nullo bidder may permit himself *one* suit unguarded by low cards, but not two (just as you cannot bid No Trump with two unguarded suits). Only in the case of a singleton can this rule be broken; it is possible to bid Nullos with two unguarded suits, provided one of them is a singleton. For instance, a player may open with a "Nullo" on this hand:—

Hearts—Knave, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen.
Diamonds—8, 4, 2.
Spades—3.

He holds one unguarded suit—clubs—but the rest of his hand is ideal for Nullos. The clubs mean but three tricks, and he can safely take six. Or, again, he may open with a "Nullo" on this:—

Hearts—Knave, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs—Ace, queen.
Diamonds—King.
Spades—10, 6, 5, 3.

That hand holds two unguarded suits, but one of them is a singleton.

The Nullo raiser, on the contrary, may hold *no* unguarded suit, except in the case of a singleton. He may hold high cards, but they *must* be guarded with low ones. If he permits himself an unguarded suit, and his partner has another such suit, it will probably spell trouble.

The difference between "Two Nullos" and "Three Nullos" is as the difference between light and darkness. No one should bid "Three Nullos" on his own hand alone. A player may bid Two unassisted; he should never bid Three, but should put it up to his partner. If that partner passes, in place of raising, the Nullo bidder is well out of his bargain. If the partner raises, the Nullo bidder may go as high as his hand warrants.

If, however, the partner raises from "One" to

"Two," the original bidder may himself bid "Three"—and as much more as he chooses.

Nullos are played with twenty-six cards, and not with thirteen; a player should know something about those other thirteen cards that his partner holds before he bids Nullos very high. His partner's hand may kill him. Again, Nullos are assailed by twenty-six cards, and not by thirteen; a player should be very wary of doubling Nullos on his own hand alone. His partner's hand may take every trick.

A player who has once been called off from Nullos by his partner should never return to them. A player whose partner continually passes should regard that "Pass" as a danger-signal, just as much as a call off. He should positively *never bid three on his own hand alone.*

If the dealer opens with any legitimate bid (anything other than a "Spade"), his partner (third hand) is at liberty to bid Nullos, whether the intervening adversary has bid or not. For instance, the dealer may open with a "Heart" on this hand:—

Hearts—Ace, king, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 6, 5, 3.
Diamonds—3.
Spades—2.

That is a very fair Heart hand, but it is also an excellent Nullo hand. If third hand over-calls with "Two Nullos," the dealer can switch to Nullos with pleasure; and Nullos are worth as much as Hearts.

Or the dealer may open with a "Heart" on this hand:—

Hearts—Ace, king, knave, 8, 7, 3.
Clubs—King.
Diamonds—King, queen, 10, 8.
Spades—Ace, 4.

He certainly does *not* want to play Nullos with that hand. But if third hand over-calls with "Two Nullos" the dealer is not inconvenienced, *because he has a legitimate bid to which he can return.* He will bid "Two Hearts" over his partner's Nullos, and then the Nullo bidder must subside. He has tried the ice, and it is not safe.

The same is true of all the other suits. A No Trump hand *may* be a Nullo hand; if it is not, it has its No Trumps to which it can return. A Royal hand *may* be a Nullo hand; if it isn't, it has its Royals to which it can return. A Heart hand *may* be a Nullo hand; if it isn't, it can return to its Hearts. And so with Diamond hands and Club hands. *But a Spade hand cannot be a Nullo hand, and cannot return to its Spades; therefore:—*

The partner of the player who has opened with a "Spade" is the only person at the table who is debarred from a Nullo bid!

What did that opening Spade bid mean? It meant, first, a hand that held no better bid. It meant, second, a hand that could not bid Nullos—for who would bid Spades at two a trick if he could bid Nullos at eight a trick? That would be like preferring Spades to Hearts. I have already shown you the sharp distinction between a Spade hand and a Nullo hand; a Spade bid to-day means a handful of intermediate cards that cannot bid Nullos, and *that would therefore make a deadly Nullo dummy.* And lastly, that Spade bid showed a hand that contained no legitimate bid with which to pull a partner out of an unwelcome Nullo.

Remember, then, *never bid Nullos when your partner has opened with a Spade.* If you break this rule you will get into trouble nine times out of ten. The only persons I have ever met who considered Nullos "dangerous" were the ones who persisted in breaking this rule and others which have arisen from long Nullo experience.

The Nullo novice is sure to play out all his low cards first, just as the No Trump novice is sure to play out all his aces and kings first. Don't you know how the Bridge beginner skims off all his high cards when playing No Trumps? How he fears to lose a single trick? And how he learns, with experience, that it is generally well to do his losing early in the hand and to hold back his high cards for later use? Just so the Nullo novice skims off all his low cards early in the hand; he fears to take a single trick; and he learns, with longer experience, that it is generally well to take some tricks early in the hand, in order to lose more later.

"Get-outry" is just as necessary in Nullos as is "re-entry" in No Trumps. The declarant must keep plenty of "exit cards" in both hands—but particularly in dummy; dummy is visible, and if the declarant uses up all of dummy's low cards early in the hand, the adversaries can throw dummy in somewhat later, and force him to take every remaining trick. From this fact arises the important rule—*Keep all of dummy's suits guarded as long as possible.*

The immense advantage of a missing suit, or a singleton, in either hand will be apparent when you stop to remember that *you must lose a trick in both hands to lose it at all.* When you are playing a positive declaration and trying to win tricks, a trick is yours if you win it in *one* hand, no matter what you play from the other. You are never required to win a trick in both hands. Therefore, only one card in two is vital. But when you play to *lose* tricks, you are forced to lose them in both hands. Two cards in every two are vital; your difficulties are exactly doubled. In the case of missing suits you will be forced to lose your trick *in one hand only,* and you will be able to get a valuable discard in the other hand.

Let me illustrate the foregoing principles with a few hands, all of which arose in actual play. I do not care for made hands; they can be twisted to prove anything. But to take hands as they run is to come as near as possible to averaging chances.

Hearts—King, 6, 5, 4, 2.
Clubs—King, 6, 4, 2.
Diamonds—2.
Spades—7, 4, 2.

Hearts—Knave, 10.
Clubs—Ace, 10, 9, 5, 3.
Diamonds—King, 8, 7.
Spades—Ace, knave, 9.

Y
A B
(dealer)
Z

Hearts—9, 8, 7, 3.
Clubs—Queen, 8, 7.
Diamonds—Ace, queen, 9.
Spades—King, queen, 8.

Hearts—Ace, queen.
Clubs—Knave.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 6, 5, 4, 3.
Spades—10, 6, 5, 3.

Z opened with a "Nullo." He had two unguarded suits (hearts and clubs), but the club was a singleton. A said a "No Trump," and Y said "Two Nullos" on an ideal raising hand; every suit is two or three times protected, and one holds a singleton. B raised the No Trumps, and the bidding was spirited. Z-Y finally played the hand at Nullos and made five odd (forty), with thirty minus aces.

Against any lead, or any defence, Z-Y can make five-odd Nullos, in spite of the fact that their combined hands contain one ace, two kings, a queen, and two knaves. They hold, you see, nearly all the deuces, trays, fours, and fives in the pack.

Also, Z-Y could defeat any adverse bid that exceeded Five Nullos. If A-B bid "Five No Trumps" they would be defeated; Z-Y would take three heart rounds and a club round. "Five Hearts," "Five Royals," "Six Diamonds," or "Seven Clubs" could also be defeated by Z-Y.

A made the correct lead of the ten of clubs. It is impossible, in an article of this length, to explain the entire system of Nullo leads and Nullo inter-play which

I have worked out. I hope to do that at some future time. For the present, accept my assurance that the best possible lead is a singleton, because of future discards; A holds no singleton. The two next best leads are a low card from a series of low cards (retaining always a lower card than the one led), or an intermediate card from a long mixed suit. This lead is good because it retains low cards for later deadly use, and because your partner may be short where you are long. Then *he* will get discards.

A led the ten of clubs; Z took with dummy's king and threw his own knave. He led dummy's king of hearts, throwing his own queen (in order to keep the lead in dummy's hand); he then led a small club, discarded his own ace of hearts, and never took a trick after the first two rounds.

Suppose you were playing a rubber and the score was twenty-eight all on the rubber game. Suppose you and your partner held Z-Y's cards, and the adversaries held A-B's. Would you be glad of Nullos or not? Failing Nullos, what could you possibly do to save rubber?

Here is another hand in which Z-Y's sole opportunity lies in Nullos. Without Nullos they haven't the ghost of a show; with Nullos they have one of the most wonderful chances for forcing, or for scoring, that I have ever seen :—

Hearts—Queen, 6, 4, 2.
Clubs—Queen, 10, 7, 6, 4, 3.
Diamonds—King, 7, 5.
Spades—

Hearts—Ace, king.
Clubs—8, 5.
Diamonds—Queen, 10, 9, 3.
Spades—Ace, king, queen, 9, 5.

Y
A B
(dealer)
Z

Hearts—Knave, 10, 9, 8, 7.
Clubs—Ace, king, knave, 9.
Diamonds—Knave, 8.
Spades—8, 6.

Hearts—5, 3.
Clubs—2.
Diamonds—Ace, 6, 4, 2.
Spades—Knave, 10, 7, 4, 3, 2.

In the following hand the score was twenty—nil on the rubber game, in A-B's favour. Z dealt and opened the bidding with "One Nullo" :—

Hearts—Queen, 8, 4, 2.
Clubs—6.
Diamonds—8, 7, 2.
Spades—King, queen, knave, 10, 5.

Hearts—King, 7.
Clubs—Ace, king, 5, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, knave, 10, 9, 6.
Spades—Ace, 8.

Y
A B
(dealer)
Z

Hearts—Knave, 9, 5.
Clubs—Knave, 10, 9.
Diamonds—Ace, king, 5, 4.
Spades—9, 7, 6.

Hearts—Ace, 10, 6, 3.
Clubs—Queen, 8, 7, 3, 2.
Diamonds—3.
Spades—4, 3, 2.

Y bid his Royals once, on account of the seventy-two honours. Later he switched to his partner's suit (Nullos), because of his poor side-hand. In Royals Z-Y would just have missed rubber, though they would have their seventy-two honours. In Nullos they took rubber, with its attendant two hundred and fifty honours, and thirty more for minus aces.

The other evening I dealt myself the following hand :—

Hearts—King, knave, 9, 5, 4, 3.
Clubs—3.
Diamonds—
Spades—King, queen, knave, 5, 3, 2.

That is a wonderful hand for Royals, Hearts, or Nullos. In accordance with the "process of elimination," I started with my best suit, and said: "One Royal."

Second hand said "Two Clubs," and my partner passed. Evidently Royals didn't suit him.

Fourth hand bid "Two Diamonds," I bid "Two Hearts," second hand raised the Diamonds to Three, and again my partner passed. He didn't like Hearts any better than Royals.

I bid "Three Nullos," and at last I had struck his suit. He raised me to "Seven Nullos" and we made them. This was the hand :—

Hearts—2.
Clubs—Queen, 10, 5, 4, 2.
Diamonds—8, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Spades—4.

Hearts—8, 7, 6.
Clubs—Ace, king, knave, 9, 8.
Diamonds—Queen, 6.
Spades—Ace, 7, 6.

Y
A B
(dealer)
Z

Hearts—Ace, queen, 9.
Clubs—7, 6.
Diamonds—Ace, king, knave, 10, 9.
Spades—10, 9, 8.

Hearts—King, knave, 9, 5, 4, 3.
Clubs—3.
Diamonds—
Spades—King, queen, knave, 5, 3, 2.

My partner could have called "Two Nullos" on the first round, but he liked the Clubs. Again, he liked the Diamonds. But more than all he liked the Nullos.

One of my adversaries stopped one of my suits, and the other stopped my other suit. And neither could see the other's hand. This held them off from No Trumps at first; but they made the plunge later, when we ran the Nullos too high for their Diamonds. Nevertheless, our Nullos won.

I wish space permitted me to continue to show you fascinating Nullo hands; I hope to have that privilege later. And, meantime, accept my assurance that when you have once learned to handle the new suit properly nothing on earth will induce you to give it up. It is the fairest, the most fascinating addition that Bridge has ever had.

Women as Wits

by

JOSEPH HEIGHTON

TO whom does the distinction of being the wittiest of women really belong? This is a question we shall not attempt to answer.

There is, however, one indisputable fact, viz., that the plainest women, if witty, attract and fascinate men. George Sand, the woman of many lovers; Mme. de Staël, that "whirlwind in petticoats" and "sultana of mind," as Heine once described her; Fanny Burney, so demure and so pious; Mrs. Proctor, wife of Barry Cornwall; Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle; and Mrs. Keeley, who acquired such celebrity in adaptations from Dickens, to mention but a few, were women whose physical attractions can scarcely be said to have aroused the envy of their sex. Yet no women had more male admirers of their tongue and pen. Again, there was no more popular figure in early Victorian society than Lord North's daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, whose ready wit made her friends forget that plainness of face and figure she herself so often joked about.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK.

It was Lady Lindsay who once set London laughing with one of her excuses. Arriving late for dinner at Holland House, she apologized to her hostess, saying:—

"I am exceedingly sorry, but, really, the roads are so macadamnable."

The manner, too, in which she once ended a discussion as to what word would be most useful if any lady could command no more was almost equally amusing, if somewhat enigmatical. Some were of opinion it should be "Yes," while others were for "No." Appealed to for her opinion, Lady Lindsay remarked that she should give the preference to "No," because, though "Yes" often meant "No," a lady's "No" never meant "Yes."

The fact that Lady Lindsay often amused her intimate friends with droll accounts of little incidents arising from her physical shortcomings calls to mind a story of the late portly Duchess of Teck, who could never resist a joke about her *embonpoint*. Her Royal Highness was once seated at dinner between Canon Teignmouth Shore and another canon, when the former said that she

"'WELL,' REPLIED THE DUCHESS, 'THIS IS THE VERY FIRST TIME I HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE "LIGHT" BRIGADE.'"

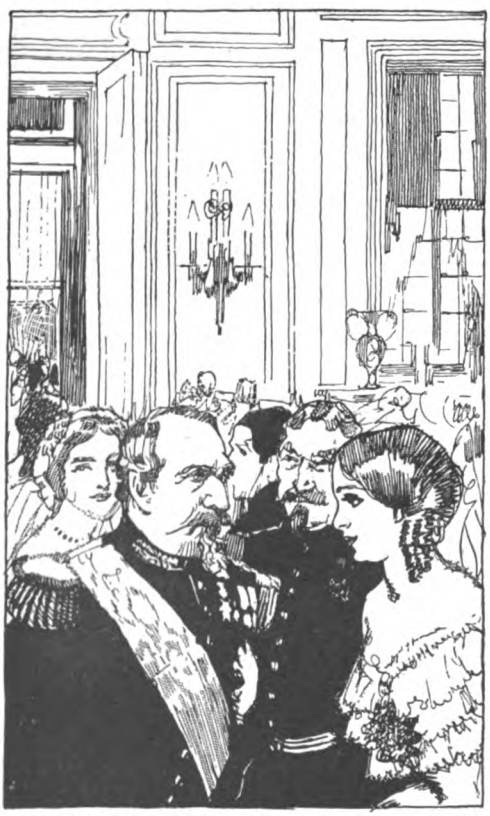
must find herself in rather an alarming position :—

"Canon to right of you,
Canon to left of you,
Volleys and thunders."

"Well," replied the Duchess, "this is the very first time I have been connected with the *Light* Brigade."

In the early Victorian days women wits seem to have scintillated in society more than in recent years, and among the most brilliant must certainly be placed "the gorgeous Lady Blessington," whose charm of mind and person made her house at Kensington Gore the constant resort of distinguished men of every country. To her must be credited one of the best repartees ever made, because the briefest and justest. When Prince Louis Napoleon was living in impecunious exile in London, he had been a constant guest at Lady Blessington's hospitable and brilliant but Bohemian house. And she, when visiting Paris after the *coup d'état*, naturally expected to receive at the Tuileries some return for the unbounded hospitalities of Gore House.

LADY BLESSINGTON.



"AH, MILADI BLESSINGTON! ARE YOU STAYING LONG IN PARIS?" "ARE YOU, SIR?"

Weeks passed, no invitation arrived, and the Imperial Court took no notice of Lady Blessington's presence. At length she encountered the Emperor at a great reception. As he passed through the bowing and curtsying crowd, the Emperor caught sight of his former hostess.

"Ah, Miladi Blessington! Are you staying long in Paris?"

"Are you, sir?"

Which reminds one of the retort made by the celebrated Lady Clanricarde, daughter of George Canning, when talking during the Franco-German War of 1870 to the French Ambassador. He complained bitterly that England had not intervened on behalf of France.

"But, after all," he said, "it was only what we might have expected. We always believed that you were a nation of shopkeepers, and now we know you are."

"And we," replied Lady Clanricarde, "always believed that you were a nation of soldiers, and now we know you are not."

Among other witty beauties of those days mention must be made of the Duchess of Somerset, born Sheridan, famous as the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament of 1839, who was pre-eminent in the agreeable art of swift response. One day she called at a shop for some article which she had purchased the day before, and which had not been sent home. The order could not be traced. The proprietor of the establishment inquired, with great concern :—

"May I ask who took your Grace's order? Was it a young gentleman with fair hair?"

"No; it was an elderly nobleman with a bald head."

Then there was Frances Countess Waldegrave, who had previously been married three times, and took as her fourth husband an Irishman, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, who was shortly afterwards made Chief Secretary. The first night that Lady Waldegrave and Mr. Fortescue appeared at the theatre in Dublin, a wag in the gallery called out :—

"Which of the four do you like best, my lady?"

LADY CLANRICARDE. GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF SOMERSET. FRANCES COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE. ROSINA WHEELER.

Instantaneously from the Chief Secretary's box came the adroit reply :—

"Why, the Irishman, of course!"

The unfortunate Rosina Wheeler, who married Edward Bulwer, first Lord Lytton—the scandals of whose married life have once again been revived by the recently-published biography of his grandfather written by the present Earl of Lytton—was not only a very beautiful woman, but exceedingly intelligent, bright and sparkling in conversation, and a witty correspondent. One of her favourite stories was that concerning Mrs. Disraeli, who, as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, once sat near her at dinner when the conversation turned on Dean Swift.

When the ladies retired, Mrs. Lewis said :—

"Who is this Dean Swift, Rosina, they have been talking about? Can I ask him to my parties?"

"Hardly so."

"Why not?"

"Because he did a thing some years since which effectually prevented his ever appearing again in society."

"What was that?"

"Why, he only died about a hundred years ago."

Mrs. Disraeli was a particularly talkative and vivacious woman, and she used to tell a story of her encounter with a photographer with great delight. The latter suggested a pose for "dear Dizzy," as his wife always called him, and actually wanted him to be taken leaning on a chair. "I soon settled that," said Mrs. Disraeli, "for I said, 'Dizzy has always stood alone, and he shall continue to do so!'"

Very sarcastic in regard to society foibles—and the story has a moral applicable to the habits of to-day—was a certain Duchess of Bedford, who, in her eighty-fifth year, paid a visit to Buxton! It was the medical fad of the day for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into "a shock of the nervous system." Her Grace, after inquiring of many of her friends in the rooms what brought them there, and being generally answered, "A nervous complaint," was asked, in her turn, what brought her to Buxton.

"I came only for pleasure," answered the healthy Duchess; "for, thank God, I was born before nerves came into fashion."

Turning for a moment to French women wits, it must be confessed that the witticisms of women like George Sand and Mme. de Staël are chiefly buried in their books, the most appreciated of the latter's remarks perhaps being, "Love is the history of a woman's life, but it is an episode in a man's." The best examples of the repartee of French women, however, are associated with stage "stars."

Sophie Arnould, one of the best interpreters of Rameau and Gluck at the Paris Opéra, attracted painters and writers, Court and populace, by her beauty and her wit. She had not, however, much patience with her colleagues, who were jealous of her double kingdom of beauty and wit. One of them, as foolish as she was pretty, was complaining that she was tormented by a crowd of adorers.

"My dear," said Sophie Arnould, "it will be quite easy to get rid of them. You have only to speak."

Very sharp of tongue, too, was Marie Dorval, the great tragedienne, who, on one occasion, was collecting for the poor at some charity function. She held out her collecting-box to a rich manufacturer, who quickly replied :—

"I have nothing to give."

"Take something, then; the collection is for poor people."

Mme. Allan, *doyen* of the Comédie Française, however, once received somewhat severe

MRS. DISRAELI. MME. DE STAËL. SOPHIE ARNOULD. MRS. ABINGTON.

payment for the unkind things she had said about her *confrère*, Augustine Brohan. Passing down a corridor the latter heard two of her fellow-artistes discussing some point freely.

"What are you arguing about?" she asked.

"The Creation," answered one.

"Well," replied Augustine Brohan, laughing, "I know nothing about that, for I wasn't there, but you might ask Mme. Allan."

MARIE DORVAL.

Another witty gem once emanated from the *salon* of Mme. Ancelot, which, up till 1865, was the meeting-place of a select group of writers, politicians, and literary men. Here one evening Duprez was singing, when the Princess of Belgiojoso entered. She was in mourning for her mother, and was pale, silent, and emotionless. She was more like a marble statue than a living woman.

"Isn't she beautiful?" exclaimed the hostess to one of her neighbours.

"The Princess? She must have been when she was alive."

It is scarcely necessary, however, to go to the French stage or *salon* for the best examples of women's wit, for the sayings of famous actresses, past and present, in England provide a feast of humour in themselves.

Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle, to whom reference has already been made, who was for so long associated with Garrick, was renowned for her wit, and perhaps the following incident furnishes one of the best examples of her powers in this direction. Stopping at an inn on the Chester Road on one occasion, she found that someone had scratched the sentimental words, "Lord M—— has the softest lips in the universe.—PHILLIS," on one of the walls. At once the actress scratched beneath them:—

"Then as like as two chips
Are his head and his lips.—AMARILLIS."

Mrs. Siddons, too, very wittily appeased the wrath of her father, Roger Kemble, who had forbidden her to marry an actor, when he

"TAKE SOMETHING, THEN; THE COLLECTION IS FOR POOR PEOPLE."

"'ISN'T SHE BEAUTIFUL?' EXCLAIMED THE HOSTESS." "THE PRINCESS? SHE MUST HAVE BEEN WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE."

MME. ANCELOT.

discovered that she had secretly wedded Siddons, an actor in his own company.

"Have I not," thundered Kemble, "dared you to marry an actor?"

The daughter replied that she had not disobeyed.

"What, madam, have you not allied yourself to the worst performer in my company?"

"Exactly," she answered; "nobody can call *him* an actor."

Query: What did Siddons himself say?

Biting wit characterized Julia Glover, the daughter of Betterton, whose spontaneous humour made her without a rival in parts like Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Candour, and Mrs. Simpson in Poole's farce of "Simpson and Co." When the marriage of Mme. Vestris and Charles Matthews was announced, Mrs. Humby, a contemporary actress, remarked, with an air of assumed simplicity:—

JULIA GLOVER.

"They say that before accepting him Vestris made a full confession to him of all her lovers. What touching confidence!" she added, archly.

"What needless trouble!" said another actress present.

"What a wonderful memory!" wound up Mrs. Glover.

Among witty women of the modern stage, pride of place should really be given to Mrs. Kendal, and it was a delighted audience which once listened to some of the aphorisms contained in a lecture which she delivered some time ago, entitled "Rambling Roses."

"We hear a lot about kisses," she said. "To steal a kiss is natural. To buy one is stupid. To kiss a sister is proper. To kiss one's wife is obligation. To kiss an ugly woman is gallantry. To kiss an old, faded woman is devotion. To kiss a young, blushing girl is—quite a different thing. To kiss one's rich aunt is hypocrisy. Kissing three girls on the same day is extravagance. To kiss one's mother-in-law is a holy sacrifice."

But other subjects as well as kissing enabled Mrs. Kendal to display her witticisms, the following being further gems from her lecture:—

"If you want to know how much a thing is worth, ask the people who haven't got it."

"Men never propose to a sensible woman, because they know they will be accepted."

It was Mrs. Kendal, by the way, who, talking of the stage as a profession for women, declared, in her frank way, that to succeed on the stage a woman must have "the epidermis of a rhinoceros, the strength of a man, and the feelings of a graven image." While it was when appearing as honorary examiner at a scholarship examination at the Shakespeare Schools in London that she remarked to one competitor who did the sleep-walking scene of

MRS. SIDDONS.

MRS. KENDAL. MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. LADY DE BATHE. MISS ELLEN TERRY.

"Macbeth": "You are rather modern. Instead of saying, 'Out, dam-ned spot!' you said, 'Out, damned spot!' You can only say 'damn' when you are very cross with your husband."

Women's rights have given rise to one or two very witty remarks on the part of well-known women of to-day. "If," remarked that wonderfully clever poetess, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, when talking of women's suffrage, "the old man had never violated any of his obligations towards women, the new woman would never have existed."

Lady de Bathe once made the piquant remark that she was "a foe to dissipation or anything of that kind, and I would urge every girl to say 'No' to the dissipated man who would marry her. The man a girl is obliged to stand up for before marriage, she will have to sit up for afterwards."

The written retort courteous was never better set down than by Ellen Terry in replying to the poet Calmour. Alfred Calmour and she had had some slight tiff during the rehearsals of "The Amber Heart," which the former wrote for the Lyceum. The author, having occasion to write to the lady of infinite charm, began his letter:—

"Dear Miss Terry; the 'dear' is purely conventional."

He had to wait only two posts to receive a reply which began:—

"Dear Mr. Calmour; the 'dear' is purely theatrical."

It is Mr. Seymour Hicks who relates an incident about that charming lady and witty writer, "Frank Danby" (Mrs. Frankau), who first won the affections of the literary public with "Pigs in Clover." Mr. Hicks was coming out of a theatre not a hundred miles from Drury Lane on a first night, when he met the novelist. Not having been present at the play, he inquired of her what she thought of it.

"Oh," she said, smilingly, "there were two good lines in it, but I don't think they were good enough to run an engine on."

It has been suggested that women wits in bygone days were more prominent than they are to-day. One must not forget, however, that among the ladies of society to-day are several whose wit is as much admired as their personal charm and beauty. And I do not think many readers will cavil if I place the mother of Mr. Winston Churchill among the prominent women wits of to-day, although it must be confessed that her first husband, Lord Randolph Churchill, did not always appreciate his wife's ready response.

After he had made his famous speech at Sheffield, in which he asked Lord Hartington to abandon Gladstone and Home Rule and "come over and help us," Lady Randolph met Lord Hartington at dinner, while he was still making up his mind as to whether he would join the Liberal Unionists or not, and asked him whether he intended responding to her husband's invitation. "I have not yet decided; but when I do I suppose I shall be thought either a man or a mouse."

"Or a rat," said Lady Randolph.

Lord Hartington laughed, and Lady Randolph, proud of her *bon mot*, repeated it to Lord Randolph, who, to her surprise, gave her a lecture on the iniquity of ill-timed jests. "Those are the sort of remarks which upset a coach," he said.

On another occasion she had an amusing passage-at-arms with Sir William Harcourt, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Chamberlain. Her three Radical friends, having been told of her artistic efforts, implored her to hand them down to posterity by painting their portraits.

"Why refuse to paint us? Where can you find more attractive or noble models? Come, here is a chance to immortalize yourself and us."

"FRANK DANBY" (MRS. FRANKAU). LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. LADY CREWE. THE HON. MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL.

"Impossible!" cried Lady Randolph. "I should fail; I could never paint you black enough."

And George Bernard Shaw got more than he bargained for when he ventured to telegraph this reply to Lady Randolph's invitation to lunch:—

"Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?"

To which her ladyship promptly replied:—

"Know nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners."

Another illustration of Lady Randolph Churchill's wit is provided by an incident which occurred one night at dinner, when an English nobleman, who had been most attentive to her, gently touched one of Lady Randolph's hands, which were very beautiful, and, deeming to pay a compliment, quoted:—

"Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed."

Their owner's sly retort was the completion of the couplet:—

"Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Lady Randolph Churchill's "Reminiscences," however, to which I am indebted for these stories, teems with witty remarks.

Among political hostesses, Lady Crewe, of course, ranks as one of the cleverest, most tactful, and wittiest of women. It was she who, on one occasion at dinner, noticing her father seated between Mrs. Asquith and the late Duchess of Cleveland, remarked:—

"Look at papa, sitting between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."

It has been remarked with truth that Mrs. George Keppel has no equal, in the circle in which she moves, as a raconteur. She is the life and soul of any party. This was well illustrated by an incident which took place one summer, when Mrs. Keppel was one of a number of guests at Windsor. One afternoon a boating party took place on Virginia Water. Presently three well-known courtiers, all past their prime, came by in a boat.

"Ah," said King Edward, "here come the 'three men in a boat.'"

"They look more like the 'Cruise of the Ancient Lights,'" instantly retorted Mrs. Keppel, to the entertainment of those around her.

To Lady Cardigan, by the way, is attributed the following somewhat pert comment, when a very ignorant person was complimented on his good sense in her presence.

"I don't wonder," she said, "at his possessing a large stock of good sense. He never spends any."

LADY CARDIGAN.

Her ladyship, too, has retailed the following comment she once overheard.

"No woman is worth looking at after thirty," said Mrs. A——, a bride, with all the youthful arrogance of twenty-one summers.

"Quite true, my dear," answered Lady D——, a very pretty woman some ten or fifteen years older; "and she is not worth listening to before."

The late Duchess of Teck, photo. by Stuart, Richmond. Mrs. Kendal, photo. by Ellis & Walery. Mrs. Wilcox, photo. by Hana. Lady de Bathe, photo. by W. & D. Downey. Miss Terry, photo. by Histed. Mrs. Frankau, photo. by G. C. Beresford. Lady R. Churchill, photo. by Langfier, Ltd. Lady Crewe, photo. by Lallie Charles. Mrs. G. Keppel, photo. by Bullingham. Lady Cardigan, photo. by Russell & Sons.

A Novel Competition.

The following nine pictures are supposed to illustrate the principal incidents in a story. We invite our readers to write a story, of a length between two thousand and three thousand words, bringing in, in their due order, all the events depicted in these pictures. Any stories found suitable to be published will be paid for. All attempts should be sent in on or before the 31st March, 1914, addressed to the Editor, "The Strand Magazine," 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., and all envelopes should be clearly marked in the top left-hand corner, "Picture Story Competition."

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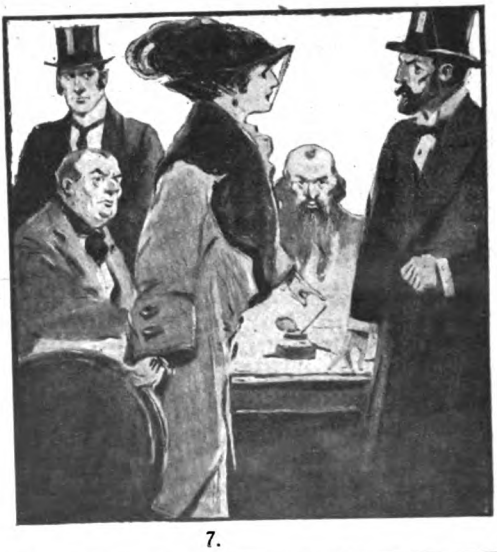

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THE BOYAR'S BRIDE

A RUSSIAN FOLK STORY

Retold by
BARONESS E. BILA.

Illustrated by A. E. Jackson.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Russia two brothers. They were peasants; the one was rich and overbearing, the other poor and comparatively refined. The wife of the latter died, leaving a pretty seven-year-old daughter. She was a great favourite with everybody. "Baby" was her pet name, and it clung to her even when she grew up into womanhood.

One day, when Baby was just seventeen, the rich brother came to see them, and made her father a present of a thin, starved-looking cow.

Baby nursed the poor thing, and soon it grew quite strong and healthy again. Eventually it gave them a dear little calf.

When the rich brother heard of this he came again to see them and wanted to take the calf away.

"I gave you the cow, but not its calf," said he.

"If the cow is ours, the calf is ours also," said the poor brother.

What was to be done? They went to the Boyar * and asked him to give judgment.

The Boyar was young, but already the fame of his wisdom had spread far and wide. He listened gravely to them as each stated his case.

"I will give you three riddles," he said. "The calf shall belong to him who answers them correctly."

The brothers had no choice but to agree.

"First, guess what is the swiftest thing in all the earth."

The two peasants went home.

Baby's father looked quite downhearted, but he had learnt to rely upon his daughter in most things, and so he asked her whether she could think of the right answer.

"Go to bed and sleep, dear father. Night gives sweet repose, and wisdom comes with the morning light."

The poor man fell asleep. In the morning Baby woke him and said:—

"Tell the kind Boyar that Thought is the swiftest thing in all the earth."

* A provincial ruler in ancient times.

The peasant went to the Boyar's palace, where he met his rich brother.

"Well," said the Boyar, "have you discovered what is the swiftest thing in all the earth?"

The rich man said, "I have a horse which gallops faster than the wind. Nothing can be swifter in all the earth."

The Boyar laughed.

The poor man said, "Thought is the swiftest thing in all the earth."

"Who told you this?" asked the Boyar.

"My daughter, Baby."

"All right," said the Boyar. "Now guess what is the fattest thing in all creation."

The peasants went home.

"Well, Baby, what shall I answer this time?"

"Go to bed and sleep, dear father. Night gives sweet repose, and wisdom comes with the morning light."

The poor man fell asleep. In the morning Baby woke him and said, "Tell the kind Boyar that the Earth itself is the fattest thing in all creation. It nourishes all, and never grows any thinner."

The peasants came to the Boyar's palace. He came out to meet them, and asked, "Well, what is the fattest thing in all creation?"

The rich brother stepped forward and said, "I have an ox which is so fat that nothing can possibly be fatter in all creation."

The Boyar laughed heartily.

The poor brother said, "The Earth itself is surely the fattest thing in all creation. It nourishes all and never grows any thinner."

The Boyar was astonished and asked, "Who told you this?"

"My daughter, Baby."

The Boyar then gave the third riddle, "What is the dearest thing in life?"

The peasants went home.

"Well, Baby, what shall I answer this time? This one is harder than the other two."

"Go to bed and sleep, dear father. Night gives sweet repose, and wisdom comes with the morning light."

The peasant fell asleep.

In the morning Baby woke him up and said, "Tell the kind Boyar that Sleep is the dearest thing in life. In sleep all our sorrows are forgotten."

The peasant arose and went to the Boyar. The rich brother was already at the palace.

The Boyar asked, "Well, what is the dearest thing in life?"

The rich man stepped forward and said, "The dearest thing in life is a wife."

The Boyar laughed long and merrily.

The poor man said, "The dearest thing in life is Sleep. In sleep all our sorrows are forgotten."

"Who told you this?" asked the Boyar.

"My daughter, Baby."

"She is a very clever girl," said the Boyar.

He gave the calf to the poor brother and decided there and then that Baby would make him a suitable wife. But he thought he would like to test her wisdom still further before seeing her.

So he took a sieve, put seven eggs in it, and gave it to the peasant, saying:—

"Take this to your daughter. Tell her she must return me the sieve to-morrow with seven chickens hatched from these eggs."

Scarcely had an hour passed when the peasant returned carrying a sackful of seeds.

"There," said the peasant, casting down his burden. "My daughter sends you these seeds. She says you are to send her to-morrow at daybreak some wheat grown from them for the little chickens to eat—otherwise they will not be able to live for a single hour."

The Boyar laughed heartily.

"All right," said he. "Take this spinning-wheel to her. Tell her to weave me some linen out of it, and from the linen make me a shirt for to-morrow."

Scarcely had an hour passed when the peasant returned carrying another sack.

"There," said he, casting down his burden. "My daughter sends you this bagful of flax-seed. She bids you sow it without delay, and she promises that if you send her the new flax grown from it in two hours, you shall have your shirt by to-morrow morning."

"What a sharp little minx your daughter must be!" said the Boyar, highly amused. "Now let her come herself to me, but neither on foot nor on horseback, not in a sledge, and not in a cart or carriage. She must be neither dressed nor undressed, and she must neither bring me a present nor come empty-handed."

The peasant went home.

"Go to bed and sleep, dear father. Night gives sweet repose, and wisdom comes with the morning light."

Next morning Baby rose and wrapped herself heavily in a closely-woven fishing-net. She put on a pair of snow-shoes, and taking a dove in her hand went forth to meet the Boyar.

In spite of herself she could not help feeling rather nervous as she approached the palace walls. "I have come to you, kind Boyar, neither dressed nor undressed, neither on foot

nor on horseback, neither on a sledge nor on a cart—here I bring you my present."

She held out the dove to the Boyar, but even as he stretched forth his hand to take it, it flapped its wings and flew away. So the Boyar received no present, although Baby had not come with empty hands.

The Boyar was delighted with her cleverness, and straightway promised to marry her. But he said :—

"Listen to me, Baby. While I am Boyar I am going to be master, and in spite of all your wisdom and cleverness you must never interfere in my official affairs. Remember that I, the husband, am the head, and that you are my heart and wife. If you break

"SHE HELD OUT THE DOVE TO THE BOYAR, BUT EVEN AS HE STRETCHED FORTH HIS HAND TO TAKE IT, IT FLAPPED ITS WINGS AND FLEW AWAY."

"SHE CONTRIVED TO POUR A SLEEPING-DRAUGHT INTO THE BOYAR'S WINE-CUP."

this bargain then you are no longer my wife. I shall send you back to your father, and shall allow you to take away with you only that which is dearest to your heart."

Baby agreed, saying the conditions were quite reasonable.

They were married with great pomp and ceremony, and they lived very happily together.

But once it happened that the Boyar gave what, in Baby's opinion, was an unduly severe sentence. Her heart went out in sympathy to the condemned man. She went into the court and pleaded so eloquently on his behalf, before all the assembled people, that the Boyar reduced the sentence, erring, if anything, on the side of leniency.

But in the evening he came to Baby and said, "Listen, my dear wife. I love you more than I can tell, but, alas, I cannot allow the bargain we made to be broken. I shall suffer very sorely in parting from you. But you must return to your father to-night."

Baby was silent. She felt that she had acted rightly, but she loved the kind Boyar very dearly, and the thought of leaving him almost broke her heart. Her mind, however, was very resourceful. She thought hard for a few minutes, and then a brilliant idea struck her.

They were dining together alone for the last time. Baby contrived to pour a sleeping-draught into the Boyar's wine-cup. When he fell asleep she ordered her servants to carry him to her father's house, and went there herself.

The Boyar at length awoke and rubbed his eyes in amazement.

"Where on earth am I?" he asked.

Baby was by his side in a moment.

"In my father's house, my prince," she said. "According to our bargain I was to be allowed to take away with me that which was dearest to my heart. So I took you."

The Boyar arose, and, taking her soft hands in his own, said, "My child, you have conquered me. I cannot live without you."

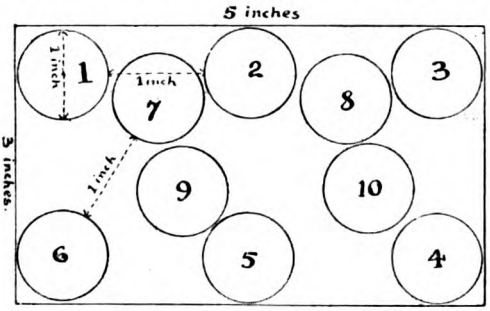
And they went home again to the palace.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

183.—PLACING HALFPENNIES.

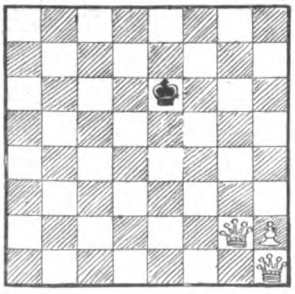
HERE is an interesting little puzzle that has been suggested to me by an old correspondent. Mark off on a sheet of paper a rectangular space five inches by three inches, and then find the greatest number of halfpennies that can be placed within the enclosure



under the following conditions. A halfpenny is exactly an inch in diameter. Place your first halfpenny where you like, then place your second coin at exactly the distance of an inch from the first, the third an inch distance from the second, and so on. No halfpenny may touch another halfpenny or cross the boundary. Our illustration will make the matter perfectly clear. No. 2 coin is an inch from No. 1; No. 3 an inch from No. 2; No. 4 an inch from No. 3; but after No. 10 is placed we can go no farther in this attempt. Yet several more halfpennies might have been got in. How many can the reader place?

184.—A TEASING CHESS PUZZLE.

THIS is one of the most ingenious and tantalizing chess puzzles ever devised. It is the work of Mr. W. Shinkman, a most original American inventor of such things. The puzzle is to checkmate the Black king without moving either queen off the long diagonal on which they at present stand and without ever moving the pawn—which can, of course, be taken by Black, if he gets the chance. There is no White king in the puzzle. We can promise the reader plenty of sport in moving those two queens up and down the diagonal in his vain attempts to run the king to earth, and will say at once that without the pawn it would not be possible, though what precise purpose that little pawn fulfils will not be immediately obvious.



185.—THE TWO AEROPLANES.

A MAN recently bought two aeroplanes, but afterwards found they would not answer the purpose for which he wanted them. So he sold them for £600 each, making a loss of twenty per cent. on one machine and a profit of twenty per cent. on the other. Did he make a profit on the whole transaction, or a loss? And how much?

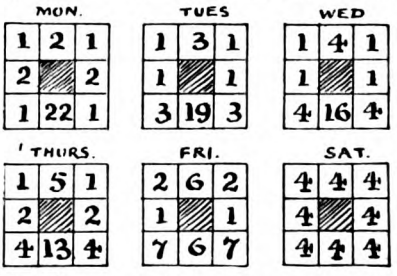
186.—AN ENIGMA.

IT is a welcome gift to man—but stay!
'Tis yet a stumbling block in some men's way.
Behead, and many a person to it flies
To gain a glow of health from exercise.
Behead again, the secret's out, I vow,
For every reader's looking at it now.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

178.—A DORMITORY PUZZLE.

ARRANGE the nuns from day to day as shown in the six diagrams. The smallest possible number of nuns



would be thirty-two, and the arrangements on the last three days admit of variation.

179.—STEALING THE BELL-ROPES.

DIVIDE the square of 48in. (4 feet) by twice 3 and add half of 3 inches, and you get the correct answer—32ft. 1½in. for the length of the rope from floor to ceiling.

180.—THE TEN CARDS.

THE first player can always win. He must turn down the third card from one of the ends, leaving them thus: oo.oooooooo. Now, whatever the second player does, the first can always leave either ooo.ooo or o.oo.ooo (order of groups does not matter). In the first case, whatever the second player does in one triplet the other repeats in the other triplet, until he gets the last card. In the second case, whatever the second player does, the first can always leave either o.o, or o.o.o.o, or oo.oo, and again get an obvious win.

181.—POCKET MONEY.

THE largest sum is 15s. 9d., composed of a crown and a half-crown (or three half-crowns), four florins, and a threepenny piece.

182.—A WORD SQUARE.

C L E A R
L E A V E
E A V E S
A V E R T
R E S T S

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

NO SUNSTROKE FOR THIS HORSE.

A SHADE that extends clear over the body of the horse has been devised with the idea of giving the maximum comfort to the animal during the hot weather, and the owner claims that it results in maximum efficiency as well. While the sunbonnet is a common protection for the horse's head during the dog days, this complete shade for the body is a decided novelty. It is made with a light metal frame and oilcloth or imitation leather cover, with a light fringe as a "shoo fly." It is easily attached to the shafts, and can be removed readily when the hot weather is over.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

TRAINED FISH.

THIS unusual photograph comes to us from Port Townsend, State of Washington, U.S.A. Six years ago Mr. Charles Lange, a prominent old-time business man of that city, secured from the United States Fish Commission some two hundred and fifty young trout, and placed them in the pool of the public city fountain. Mr. Lange has, during these six years, considered it his pleasure and duty to see that these fish were regularly looked after and properly fed, in their circumscribed quarters. Only nine of the fish have survived their six years' imprisonment, but they are beauties, ranging from three to seven pounds each. They pay no attention to strangers, but the moment Mr. Lange appears they are very much alive. He has trained them to many tricks. In the photograph one is shown jumping through a hoop, held by Mr. Lange, after its food.

THE FIRST "FUTURIST" HOUSE.

A WELL-TO-DO resident of Chester, Pennsylvania, is the creator of the "Futurist" garden and house. Being a wealthy contractor, he conceived the idea of departing from all building traditions and fashioning a house and garden that would defy precedent both in material and architecture. The thousands who come from all over the country to view the creation agree that the originator has surpassed even his wildest dreams of originality. Having at his disposal the remains of various structures torn down during his building operations, the Chester "Futurist," Mr. Edward Dickerson, was able to draw upon the ample supplies of miscellaneous rubbish in his yards for the material for his house and grounds. As a result he has a "Futurist" residence in the supports and walls of which can be seen such original building material as paving-stones, old bottles, discarded drain-pipes, second-hand bricks, cobblestones, doorsteps, and even the remains of an old plough that happened to be lying around. The result is so grotesque that visitors are amazed and bewildered. Mr. Dickerson is very proud of his effort, and values his odd place at several thousand dollars more than a building and estate of the size would fetch under ordinary conditions.—Photo. by Mr. H. D. Jones, 908, Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. Supplied by Topical Press Agency.

H.M. SLOOP *DIAMOND ROCK.*

TO the south-west of the island of Martinique, at a distance of fifteen hundred yards from the shore, lies an islet known by the name of "Diamond Rock." It is one of the most remarkable islets in England's naval history, for it was actually commissioned as a sloop of war and provided with a crew of one hundred and seven officers and men during our struggles with the French for possession of the West Indies. Commander James Maurice captured this remarkable "sloop of war" in January, 1804, and armed it with seven guns, three of which were hauled up to the top by means of hawsers from a ship, the position being otherwise inaccessible except by means of a rope ladder. On May 14th, 1805—*i.e.*, some five months before losing Trafalgar—Villeneuve, when tempting Nelson across the Atlantic, was briskly cannonaded as each of his ships passed Diamond Rock on their way into Fort Royal (then called Fort de France), so a fortnight later he sent a squadron of five French ships, mounting two hundred guns, besides eleven gunboats and three hundred and fifty troops, to attack the rock. Against such a force the four lower guns were indefensible, so Maurice, retreating to the top, defended himself with the three guns left him throughout a bombardment of two hundred guns lasting from 8 a.m. on May 31st until 4.30 p.m. on June 2nd, when, his ammunition being all but exhausted, he made advantageous terms with the enemy and surrendered; but the French lost seventy men in this affair, besides three gunboats, whereas the English lost only two killed and one wounded. Such is the story of H.M.S. *Diamond Rock*, the only sloop in His Majesty's Fleet which never floated, dropped anchor, or set a sail.—Mr. H. W. Dowding, 101, Ebury Street, S.W.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

THE answer to the puzzle published last month under the above title is—Seven.

SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S ANAGRAM LETTER.

MY dear *Grandfather,—Anagram* is my *safeguard* here; *otherwise* our *relative*, the *misogynist*, might see this *epistle*, and be *angered*, and the usual *outburst* would follow. His *antipathy* to *womankind*, and to me in *particular* (though I'm not a *Suffragist*), is *extraordinary*, and must be the result of *disappointment* in youth. He thinks he is the *wiseacre* of *wiseacres*, which causes both *cachination* and *annoyance*; that is *pardonable*, you'll admit. *Busybodies!* How I hate them! They are *reprehensible*, stupid *mortals*, with no more feeling than a *toothbrush!* But you, my dear *octogenarian*, are *sympathetic*, and I revel in giving you any *information* about my *fiancé*. He is quite *wonderful!* You should see his clever *manipulation* of his *aeroplane*. I was his *passenger* once, you know. He seems *adapted* for *flying*, and his *machine* is the best *obtainable*. We are to be *united* in *February*, and shall always feel *gratitude* for your *generosity* and *magnanimity*. We shall have to be *economical* in *everything*.—Your loving *granddaughter*, *Gwendolen*.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

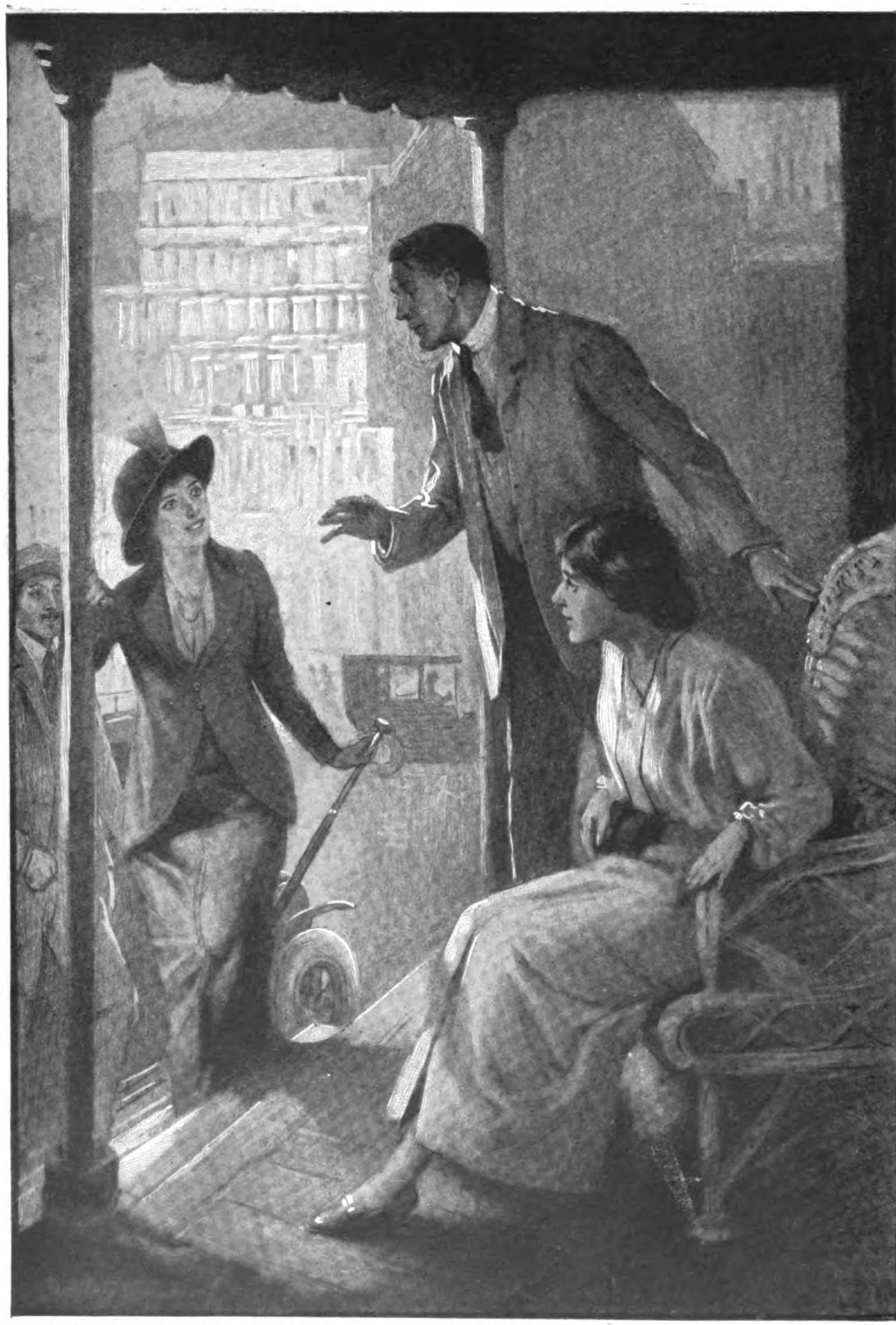
We have much pleasure in announcing that

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

is now working on a new

"Sherlock Holmes" Serial

which will run through this magazine in due course and, we believe, will provide as much thrilling incident and excitement as the previous Sherlock Holmes serial, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," which is still so vividly alive in the minds of our readers.



"A TAXI-CAB WITH A TRUNK IN FRONT WHIRLED INTO THE STREET, KICKED ITSELF TO A STOP, AND THE HEAD CLERK AND MILLIE SPILLED OUT UPON THE PAVEMENT."

(*See page* 368.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xlvii. APRIL, 1914. No. 280.

The BOY SCOUT

By Richard Harding Davis

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

A RULE of the Boy Scouts is every day to do someone a good turn. Not because the copy-books tell you it deserves another, but in spite of that pleasing possibility. If you are a true Scout, until you have performed your act of kindness your day is dark. You are as unhappy as is the grown-up who has begun his day without shaving or reading the morning paper. But as soon as you have proved yourself you may, with a clear conscience, look the world in the face and untie the knot in your kerchief.

Jimmy Reeder untied the accusing knot in his scarf at just ten minutes past eight on a hot August morning after he had given ten cents to his sister Sadie. With that she could either witness the films at the Palace or, by dividing her fortune, patronize two of the cheaper shows on Lennox Avenue. The choice Jimmy left to her. He was setting out for the annual encampment of the Boy Scouts at Hunter's Island, and in the excitement of that adventure even the pictures ceased to thrill. But Sadie also could be unselfish. With the heroism of a Camp Fire Maiden, she made a gesture which might have been interpreted to mean she was returning the money.

"I can't, Jimmy!" she gasped. "I can't take it of you. You saved it, and you ought to get the fun of it."

"I haven't saved it yet," said Jimmy. "I'm going to cut it out of the railroad fare. I'm going to get off at City Island instead of at Pelham Manor and walk the difference. That's ten cents cheaper."

Sadie exclaimed, with admiration:—

"An' you carryin' that heavy bag!"

"Oh, that's nothin'," said the man of the family. "Good-bye, mother! So long, Sadie!"

To ward off further expressions of gratitude, he hurriedly advised Sadie to take in "The Curse of Cain" rather than "The Mohawk's Last Stand," and fled down the front steps.

He wore his khaki uniform. On his shoulders was his knapsack, from his hands swung his suit-case, and between his heavy stockings and his "shorts" his knee-caps,

unkissed by the sun, as yet unscathed by blackberry vines, showed as white and fragile as the wrists of a girl. As he moved towards the station at the corner Sadie and his mother waved to him; in the street, boys too small to be Scouts hailed him enviously; even the policeman glancing over the newspapers on the news-stand nodded approval.

"You a Scout, Jimmy?" he asked.

"No," retorted Jimmy, for was not he also in uniform? "I'm Santa Claus out filling Christmas stockings."

The policeman also possessed a ready wit.

"Then get yourself a pair," he advised. "If a dog was to see your legs——"

Jimmy escaped the insult by fleeing up the steps to the station.

An hour later, with his valise in one hand and staff in the other, he was tramping up the Boston post-road and breathing heavily. The day was cruelly hot. Before his eyes, over an interminable stretch of asphalt, the heat-waves danced and flickered. Already the knapsack on his shoulders pressed upon him like an Old Man of the Sea, the linen in the valise had turned to pig-iron, his pipe-stem legs were wabbling, his eyes smarted with salt sweat, and the fingers supporting the valise belonged to some other boy, and were giving that boy much pain. But as the motor-cars flashed past with raucous warnings, or, that those who rode might better see the boy with bare knees, passed at "half-speed," Jimmy stiffened his shoulders and stepped jauntily forward. Even when the joy-riders mocked with, "Oh, you Scout!" he smiled at them. He was willing to admit to those who rode that the laugh was against the one who walked. And he regretted—oh, so bitterly—having left the train. He was indignant that for his "one good turn a day" he had not selected one less strenuous. That, for instance, he had not assisted a frightened old lady through the traffic. To refuse the money she might have offered, as all true Scouts refuse all tips, would have been easier than to earn it by walking five miles, with the sun at ninety-nine degrees, and carrying excess baggage. Twenty times James shifted the valise to the other hand; twenty times he let it drop and sat upon it.

And then, as again he took up his burden, the Good Samaritan drew near. He drew near in a low grey racing car at the rate of forty miles an hour, and within a hundred feet of Jimmy suddenly stopped, and backed towards him. The Good Samaritan was a young man with white hair. He wore a suit of blue, a golf cap, the hands that held the wheel were disguised in large yellow gloves. He brought the car to a halt, and surveyed the dripping figure in the road with tired and incurious eyes.

"You a Boy Scout?" he asked.

With alacrity, for the twenty-first time, Jimmy dropped the valise, forced his cramped fingers into straight lines, and saluted.

The young man in the car nodded towards the seat beside him.

"Get in," he commanded.

When James sat panting happily at his elbow, the old young man, to Jimmy's disappointment, did not continue to shatter the speed-limit. Instead he seemed inclined for conversation, and the car, growling indignantly, crawled.

"I never saw a Boy Scout before," announced the old young man. "Tell me about it. First, tell me what you do when you're not scouting."

Jimmy explained volubly. When not in uniform he was an office boy, and from pedlars and beggars guarded the gates of Carroll and Hastings, stockbrokers. He spoke the names of his employers with awe. It was a firm distinguished, conservative, and long established. The white-haired young man seemed to nod in assent.

"Do you know them?" demanded Jimmy, suspiciously. "Are you a customer of ours?"

"I know them," said the young man. "They are customers of mine."

Jimmy wondered in what way Carroll and Hastings were customers of the white-haired young man. Judging him by his outer garments, Jimmy guessed he was a tailor. He might be even a haberdasher. Jimmy continued: He lived, he explained, with his mother. Sadie, his sister, attended the public school. He helped support them both, and he now was about to enjoy a well-earned vacation camping out on Hunter's Island, where he would cook his own meals and, if the mosquitoes permitted, sleep in a tent.

"And you like that?" demanded the young man. "You call that fun?"

"Sure!" protested Jimmy. "Don't *you* go camping out?"

"I go camping out," said the Good Samaritan, "whenever I leave New York."

Jimmy had not for three years lived in Wall Street not to understand that the young man spoke in metaphor.

"You don't look," objected the young man, critically, "as though you were built for the strenuous life."

Jimmy glanced guiltily at his white knees.

"You ought ter see me two weeks from

now," he protested. "I get all sunburned and hard—hard as anything!"

The young man was incredulous.

"You were near getting sunstroke when I picked you up," he laughed. "If you're going to Hunter's Island why didn't you take the train to Pelham Manor?"

"That's right!" assented Jimmy, eagerly. "But I wanted to save the fare so's to send Sadie to the pictures. So I walked."

The young man looked his embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured.

But Jimmy did not hear him. From the back of the car he was dragging excitedly at the hated suit-case.

"Stop!" he commanded. "I got ter get out. I got ter *walk*."

The young man showed his surprise.

"Walk!" he exclaimed. "What is it—a bet?"

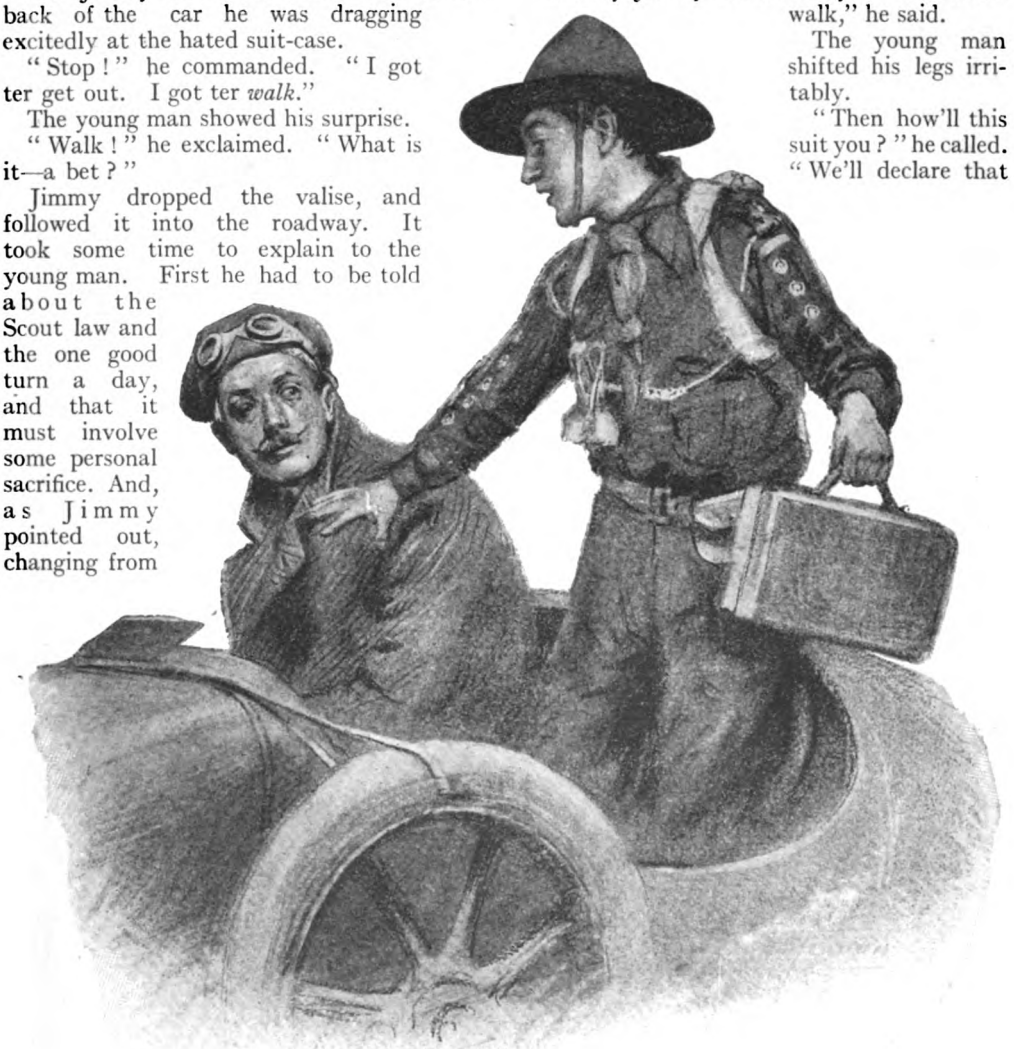
Jimmy dropped the valise, and followed it into the roadway. It took some time to explain to the young man. First he had to be told about the Scout law and the one good turn a day, and that it must involve some personal sacrifice. And, as Jimmy pointed out, changing from a slow suburban train to a racing-car could not be listed as a sacrifice. He had not earned the money, Jimmy argued; he had only avoided paying it to the railroad. If he did not walk he would be obtaining the gratitude of Sadie by a falsehood. Therefore he must walk.

"Not at all," protested the young man. "You've got it wrong. What good will it do your sister to have you sun-struck? I think you *are* sun-struck. You're crazy with the heat. You get in here; and we'll talk it over as we go along."

Hastily Jimmy backed away. "I'd rather walk," he said.

The young man shifted his legs irritably.

"Then how'll this suit you?" he called. "We'll declare that



"'STOP!' HE COMMANDED. 'I GOT TER GET OUT. I GOT TER WALK.'"

first 'one good turn' a failure, and start fresh. Do *me* a good turn."

Jimmy halted in his tracks, and looked back suspiciously.

"I'm going to Hunter's Island Inn," called the young man, "and I've lost my way. You get in here and guide me. That'll be doing me a good turn."

On either side of the road, blotting out the landscape, giant hands, picked out in electric-light bulbs, pointed the way to Hunter's Island Inn. Jimmy nodded towards them.

"Much obliged," he called, "I got ter walk." Turning his back upon temptation he wobbled forward into the flickering heat-waves.

The young man did not attempt to pursue. At the side of the road, under the shade of a giant elm, he had brought the car to a halt and, with his arms crossed upon the wheel, sat motionless, following, with frowning eyes, the retreating figure of Jimmy. But the narrow-chested and knock-kneed boy staggering over the sun-baked asphalt no longer concerned him. It was not Jimmy, but the code preached by Jimmy—and not only preached, but, before his eyes, put into practice, that interested him. The young man with white hair had been running away from temptation. At forty miles an hour he had been running away from the temptation to do a fellow-mortal "a good turn." That morning, to the appeal of a drowning Cæsar to "Help me, Cassius, or I sink," he had answered, "Sink!" That answer he had no wish to reconsider. That he might not reconsider it he had sought to escape. It was his experience that a sixty-horse-power racing machine is a jealous mistress. For retrospective, sentimental, for philanthropic thoughts she grants no leave of absence. But he had not escaped. Jimmy had halted him, tripped him by the heels, and set him again to thinking. Within the half-hour that followed those that rolled past saw at the side of the road a car with her engine running, and leaning upon the wheel, as unconscious of his surroundings as though he sat at his own fireplace, a young man who frowned and stared at nothing. The half-hour passed, and the young man swung his car back towards the city. But at the first house that showed a telephone sign he left it, and into the iron box at the end of the bar dropped a coin. He wished to communicate with Mr. Carroll, of Carroll and Hastings; and when he learned Mr. Carroll had just issued orders that he must not be disturbed, the young man gave his name.

The effect upon the bar-keeper was instantaneous. With the aggrieved air of one who feels he is the victim of a jest he laughed scornfully.

"What are you driving at?" he demanded.

The young man smiled, reassuringly. He had begun to speak, and, though apparently engaged with the beer-glass he was polishing, the bar-keeper listened.

Down in Wall Street the senior member of Carroll and Hastings also listened. He was alone in the most private of all his private offices; and when interrupted had been engaged in what, of all undertakings, is the most momentous. On the desk before him lay a letter to his lawyer, to the coroner, to his wife; and hidden by a mass of papers, but within reach of his hand, an automatic pistol. The promise it offered of swift release had made the writing of the letters simple, had given him a feeling of complete detachment, had released him, at least in thought, from all responsibilities. And when at his elbow the telephone coughed discreetly, it was as though someone had called him from a world from which already he had made his exit.

Mechanically, through mere habit, he lifted the receiver.

The voice over the telephone came in brisk, staccato sentences:—

"That letter I sent this morning? Forget it. Tear it up. I've been thinking, and I'm going to take a chance. I've decided to back you boys; and I know you'll make good. I'm speaking from a call-office, going straight from there to the bank. So you can begin to draw against us within an hour. And—halloa—will fifty thousand see you through?"

From Wall Street there came no answer, but from the hands of the bar-keeper a glass crashed to the floor.

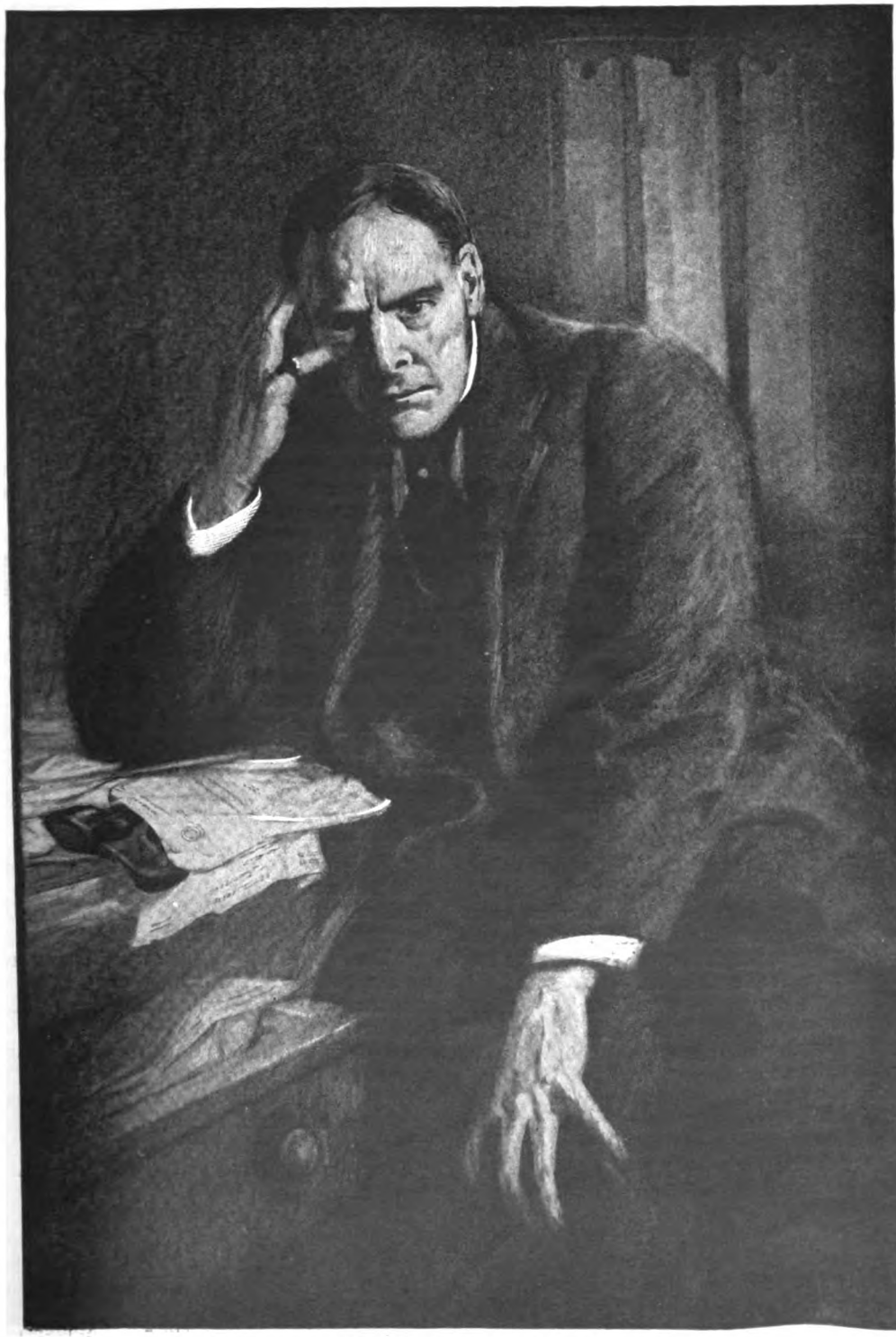
The young man regarded the bar-keeper with puzzled eyes.

"He doesn't answer," he explained. "He must have hung up."

"He must have fainted!" said the bar-keeper.

The white-haired one pushed a coin across the counter. "To pay for breakage," he said, and disappeared down Pelham Parkway.

Mr. Carroll had not "hung up," but when in the bar the beer-glass crashed, in Wall Street the receiver slipped from the hand of the man who held it, and the man himself had fallen forward. His desk hit him in the face and woke him—woke him to the wonderful fact that he still lived, that at forty he had been born again, that before him stretched many more years in which, as the young man



"ON THE DESK BEFORE HIM LAY AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL."

with the white hair had pointed out, he still could make good.

The afternoon was far advanced when the staff of Carroll and Hastings were allowed to depart, and even late as was the hour, two of them were asked to remain. Into the most private of the private offices Carroll invited Gaskell, the head clerk; in the main office Hastings had asked young Thorne, the bond clerk, to be seated.

Until the senior partner had finished with Gaskell, young Thorne must remain seated.

"Gaskell," said Mr. Carroll, "if we had listened to you, if we'd run this place as it was when father was alive, this never would have happened. It *hasn't* happened, but we've had our lesson. And after this we're going slow and going straight. And we don't need you to tell us how to do that. We want you to go away on a month's vacation. When I thought we were going under I planned to send the children on a sea voyage with the governess, so that they wouldn't see the newspapers. But now that I can look them in the eye again, I need them; I can't let them go. So if you like to take your wife on an ocean trip to Nova Scotia and Quebec, here are the cabins I reserved for the kids. They call it the 'royal suite,' whatever that is, and the trip lasts a month. The boat sails to-morrow morning. Don't sleep too late, or you may miss her."

The head clerk was secreting the tickets in the inside pocket of his waistcoat. His fingers trembled, and when he laughed his voice trembled.

"Miss the boat!" the head clerk exclaimed. "If she gets away from Millie and me she's got to start now. We'll go on board to-night."

A half-hour later Millie was on her knees packing her trunk and her husband was telephoning to the drug-store for a sponge bag and a cure for seasickness.

Owing to the joy in her heart and to the fact that she was on her knees, Millie was alternately weeping into the trunk-tray and offering up incoherent prayers of thanksgiving. Suddenly she sank back upon the floor.

"John," she cried, "doesn't it seem sinful to sail away in a royal suite and leave this beautiful flat empty?"

Over the telephone John was having trouble with the clerk at the stores.

"No," he explained, "I'm not seasick *now*. The medicine I want is to be taken later. I *know* I'm speaking from the Pavonia; but the Pavonia isn't a ship, it's an apartment-house."

He turned to Millie.

"We can't be in two places at the same time," he suggested.

"But think," insisted Millie, "of all the poor people stifling to-night in this heat, trying to sleep on the roofs and fire-escapes, and our flat so cool and big and pretty, and no one in it."

John nodded his head proudly.

"I know it's big," he said, "but it isn't big enough to hold all the people who are sleeping to-night on the roofs and in the parks."

"I was thinking of your brother—and Grace," said Millie. "They've been married only two weeks now, and they're in a stuffy bedroom, and eating with all the other boarders. Think what our flat would mean to them—to be by themselves, with eight rooms and their own kitchen and bath, and our new refrigerator and the gramophone. It would be heaven! It would be a real honeymoon!"

Abandoning the store clerk, John lifted Millie in his arms and kissed her, for, next to his wife, nearest his heart was the younger brother.

The younger brother and Grace were sitting on the veranda of the boarding-house. On the upper steps, in their shirt-sleeves, were the other boarders, so the bride and bridegroom spoke in whispers. The air of the cross street was stale and stagnant. From it rose exhalations of rotting fruit, the gases of an open subway, the smoke of passing taxi-cabs. But between the street and their bedroom, with its odours of a gas-stove and a kitchen, the choice was difficult.

"We've got to cool off somehow," the young husband was saying, "or you won't sleep. Shall we treat ourselves to ice-cream sodas, or a trip on the Weehawken ferry-boat?"

"The ferry-boat," begged the girl, "where we can get away from all these people."

A taxi-cab with a trunk in front whirled into the street, kicked itself to a stop, and the head clerk and Millie spilled out upon the pavement. They talked so fast, and the younger brother and Grace talked so fast, that the boarders, although they listened intently, could make nothing of it.

They distinguished only the concluding sentences.

"Why don't you drive down to the wharf with us," they heard the elder brother ask, "and see our royal suite?"

But the younger brother laughed him to scorn.

"What's your royal suite," he mocked, "to our royal palace?"

An hour later, had the boarders listened outside the flat of the head clerk, they would have heard issuing from his bathroom the cooling murmur of running water, and from his gramophone the jubilant notes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

When in his private office Carroll was making a present of the royal suite to the head clerk, in the main office Hastings, the junior partner, was addressing "Champ" Thorne, the bond clerk. He addressed him familiarly and affectionately as "Champ." This was due partly to the fact that twenty-six years before Thorne had been christened Champneys, and to the coincidence that he had captained his football eleven to the championship.

"Champ," said Mr. Hastings, "last month when you asked me to raise your salary, the reason I didn't do it was not because you didn't deserve it, but because I believed if we gave you a rise you'd immediately get married."

The shoulders of the ex-football captain rose aggressively; he snorted with indignation.

"And why should I *not* get married?" he demanded. "You're a fine one to talk. You're the most offensively happy married man I ever met."

"Perhaps I know I am happy better than you do," reproved the junior partner; "but I know also that it takes money to support a wife."

"You give me that rise," urged Champ, "and I'll make it support a wife, whether it supports me or not."

"A month ago," continued Hastings, "we could have *promised* it to you, but we didn't know how long we could pay it. We didn't want you to rush off and marry some fine girl——"

"Some fine girl!" muttered Mr. Thorne. "The finest girl!"

"The finer the girl," Hastings pointed out, "the harder it would have been for you if we had failed and you had lost your job."

The eyes of the young man opened with sympathy and concern.

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "I didn't know. Is it as bad as that?"

Hastings sighed happily.

"It *was*," he said, "but this morning the Young Man of Wall Street did us a good turn; saved us—saved our creditors, saved our homes, saved our honour. We're going to start fresh and pay our debts; and we agreed the first debt we paid would be the small one we owe you. You've brought us more than we've given; and if you'll stay with us we're going to give you what you want. What do you say?"

Young Mr. Thorne leaped to his feet. What he said was, "Where's my hat?"

But by the time he had found the hat and the door he mended his manners.

"I say 'Thank you a thousand times,'" he shouted over his shoulder. "Excuse me, but I've got to go. I've got to break the news to——"

He did not explain to whom he was going to break the news; but Hastings must have guessed, for again he sighed happily, and then, a little hysterically, laughed aloud. Several months had passed since he had laughed aloud.

Senator Barnes and his entire family, which was his daughter Barbara, were at the Ritz-Carlton. They were in town in August because there was a meeting of the directors of the Brazil and Accra Rubber Company, of which company Senator Barnes was president. It was a secret meeting. Those directors who were keeping cool at the edge of the ocean had been summoned by telegraph, those who were steaming across the ocean, by wireless. Up from the Equator had drifted the threat of a scandal, sickening, grim, terrible. As yet it burned beneath the surface, giving out only an odour, but an odour as rank as burning rubber itself. At any moment it might break into flame. For the directors, was it the better wisdom to let the scandal smoulder and take a chance, or to be the first to give the alarm, the first to lead the way to the horror and stamp it out?

It was to decide this that, in the heat of August, the directors and the president had foregathered.

Champ Thorne knew nothing of this; he knew only that by a miracle Barbara Barnes was in town, that at last he was in a position to ask her to marry him, that she would certainly say she would. That was all he cared to know.

A year before he had issued his declaration of independence. Before he could marry, he told her, he must be able to support a wife on what he earned, without her having to accept money from her father; and until he could do this they must wait.

"What is the matter with my father's money?" Barbara had demanded.

Thorne had evaded the direct question.

"There is too much of it," he said.

"Do you object to the way he makes it?" insisted Barbara. "Because rubber is most useful. You put it in golf-balls and motor

tyres and goloshes. There is nothing so perfectly respectable as goloshes. And what is there 'tainted' about a rain-coat?"

"It's not the finished product to which I refer," he stammered; "it's the way they get the raw material."

"They get it out of trees," said Barbara. Then she exclaimed with enlightenment, "Oh!" she cried, "you are thinking of the Congo. There, it is terrible! *That* is slavery. But there are no slaves on the Amazon. The natives are free, and the work is easy. Father has told me about it often."

Thorne had made no comment. He could abuse a friend, if the friend were among those present; but denouncing anyone he disliked as heartily as he disliked Senator Barnes was a public service he preferred to leave to others. And he knew, besides, that if the father she loved and the man she loved distrusted each other, Barbara would not rest until she learned the reason why.

One day, in a newspaper, Barbara read of the Putumayo atrocities, of the Indian slaves in the jungles and back-waters of the Amazon who are offered up as sacrifices to "red rubber." She carried the paper to her father. What it said, her father told her, was untrue, and if it were true, it was the first he had heard of it.

Senator Barnes loved the good things of life, but the thing he loved most was his daughter, the thing he valued the highest was her good opinion. So when, for the first time, she looked at him in doubt, he assured her he at once would order an investigation.

"But, of course," he added, "it will be many months before our agents can report. On the Amazon news travels very slowly."

In the eyes of his daughter the doubt still lingered.

"I am afraid," she said, "that that is true."

That was six months before the directors of the Brazil and Accra Rubber Company were summoned to meet their president at his rooms in the Ritz-Carlton. They were due to arrive in half an hour, and while Senator Barnes awaited their coming Barbara came to him. In her eyes was a light that helped to tell the great news. It gave him a sharp, jealous pang. He wanted at once to play a part in her happiness, to make her grateful to him; not alone to this stranger who was taking her away. So fearful was he that she would shut him out of her life, that had she asked for half his kingdom he would have parted with it.

"And besides giving my consent," said the Rubber King, "for which no one seems to have asked, what can I give my little girl to make her remember her old father? Some diamonds to put on her head, or pearls to hang around her neck, or a house in Fifth Avenue?"

The lovely hands of Barbara rested upon his shoulders, her lovely face was raised to his; her lovely eyes were appealing, and a little frightened.

"What would one of those things cost?" asked Barbara.

The question was eminently practical. It came within the scope of the Senator's understanding. After all, he was not to be cast into outer darkness. His smile was complacent. He answered airily.

"Anything you like," he said; "a million dollars?"

"Then, for my wedding present," said the girl, "I want you to take that million dollars and send an expedition to the Amazon. And I will choose the men. Men unafraid; men not afraid of fever or sudden death, not afraid to tell the truth—even to *you*. And all the world will know. And they—I mean *you*—will set those people free!"

Senator Barnes received the directors with an embarrassment which he concealed under a manner of just indignation.

"My mind is made up," he told them. "Existing conditions cannot continue. And to that end, at my own expense, I am sending an expedition across South America. It will investigate, punish, and establish reforms. I suggest, on account of this confounded heat, we do now adjourn."

That night over on Long Island, Carroll told his wife all, or nearly all; he did not tell her about the automatic pistol. And together on tip-toe they crept to the nursery and looked down at their sleeping children. When she rose from her knees, the mother said, "But how can I thank him?"

By "him" she meant the Young Man of Wall Street.

"You never can thank him," said Carroll, "that's the worst of it."

But, after a long silence, the mother said, "I will send him a photograph of the children. Do you think he will understand?"

Down at Seabright, Hastings and his wife walked in the sunken garden. The moon was so bright that the roses still held their colour.

"I should like to thank him," said the young wife. She meant the Young Man of Wall Street. "But for him we should have lost *this*."

Her eyes caressed the garden, the fruit trees, the house with wide, hospitable verandas. "To-morrow I will send him some of these roses," said the young wife. "Will he understand that they mean our home?"

At a scandalously late hour, in a scandalous spirit of independence, Champ Thorne and Barbara were driving around Central Park in a taxicab.

"Strangely moves the Lord, His wonders to perform," misquoted Barbara. "Had not the Young Man of Wall Street saved Mr. Hastings, Mr. Hastings could not have raised your salary, you would not have asked me to marry you; and had you not asked me to marry you, father would not have given me a wedding present, and ——"

"THE LOVELY HANDS OF BARBARA RESTED UPON HIS SHOULDERS."

"And," said Champ, taking up the tale, "thousands of slaves would still be buried in the jungles, hidden away from their wives and children, and the light of the sun, and their fellow-men. They still would be dying of fever, starvation, tortures."

He took her hand in both of his, and held her finger-tips against his lips.

"And they will never know," he whispered, "when their freedom comes, that they owe it all to *you*."

On Hunter's Island, Jimmy Reeder and his "bunkie," Sam Sturges, each on his canvas cot, tossed and twisted. The heat, the moonlight, and the mosquitoes would not let them even think of sleep.

"That was fine," said Jimmy, "what you did to-day about saving that dog. If it hadn't been for you, he'd ha' drownded."

"He would *not!*" said Sammy, with punctilious regard for the truth; "it wasn't deep enough."

"Well, the Scoutmaster ought to know," argued Jimmy; "he said it was the best 'one good turn' of the day!"

Modestly Sam shifted the limelight so that it fell upon his "bunkie."

"I'll bet," he declared, loyally, "*your* 'one good turn' was a better one."

Jimmy yawned, and then laughed, scornfully.

"Me!" he scoffed; "I didn't do nothing. I sent my sister to the pictures."

THE MEMOIRS OF
A PRINCESS OF
THE BLOOD ROYAL

Personal Impressions
of the
SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

By

H. R. H.
THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN.

The following instalment of the Infanta's Memoirs, with its perfectly candid and outspoken criticisms of the Sovereigns of Europe, is certainly, considering the position of the Author, one of the most interesting articles of its kind ever written.

VI.

ND now there began for me an interesting experience. I had started out to travel and see the sights of Europe, a bride of twenty-two, with a mind in some ways older than my age, as inquisitive as youth but perhaps not so subject to youth's self-deception, as interested as youth in my own observations (rather than in any general view or philosophical explanation of society), but sceptical, and with no youthful tendency to illusions, either romantic or Royal. The European travels of such a young lady could not have much interest ordinarily. But for ten years and more I went from Court to Court, rather than from country to country, in that huge family of Royalty whose members have been intermarrying for so many generations that all the thrones of Europe have become cousins, and a princess can visit from palace to palace as if from house to house among relatives in a country-side. And it was an interesting experience, I say, because Royalty is not simply a family, not only a ruling class, but a sort of semi-sacred caste that in one country will be accepted as quite holy and God-given, and in another will be merely allowed to live pensioned—like vergers in some fine old cathedral after its worship has been abolished and its altars removed—and in yet others will be existing in all the intermediate stages between these two extremes; honoured by this faction and attacked by that, reformed and reconstructed and embellished and defaced.

It was interesting, as it has been in Spain, to discover the anomalies and false appearances and thin lava-crusts on which we seemed to live so securely. Being well aware of how I saw myself in my own mind, it was interesting to study what was in the minds of other Royal personages—to see how they regarded themselves and how they thought they were regarded—and to learn what real credit we had and what actual appearance we made in the minds of the people who saluted us with such varying degrees of curiosity and respect.

In Paris, where we went first, Royalty has no problems. Being for ever dispossessed of its claims in France, it is accepted there without awe and without enmity. It flees to Paris from the dullness of its official life

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in every monarchy of Europe; and at times it seems that more Royalties are there than in all the other capitals of the Continent together. Paris has become a holiday rendezvous for them, and it heeds them as little as it does its tourists. They can meet and dine and gossip, unobserved even by the Press. They can find circles of aristocracy in which they will be received as formally as they would be in their Courts. Or they may enjoy, if they can, on terms of some human naturalness, the life of *salons* and studios. And if they desire the crowded solitude of the streets, they will rarely find anyone to stare. Paris is freedom, even for princesses. It was for me, on that first return, an old home of childhood that I was revisiting; and I went to the convent to see the nuns who had taught me, and hunted up some of my playmates to recall myself to them after the nine years that seemed a lifetime that had passed. Then, in a week, we set out for England; and there we were Royalty again.

It was now I first saw Queen Victoria, and I shall not easily describe what a surprise it was. She had been for a long time the great Queen in my thoughts, on the throne of an empire beyond imagination in wealth and power, and ruling so many millions of the most civilized people devoted in their loyalty. I had formed a mental picture of I do not know what majesty and grandeur for her.

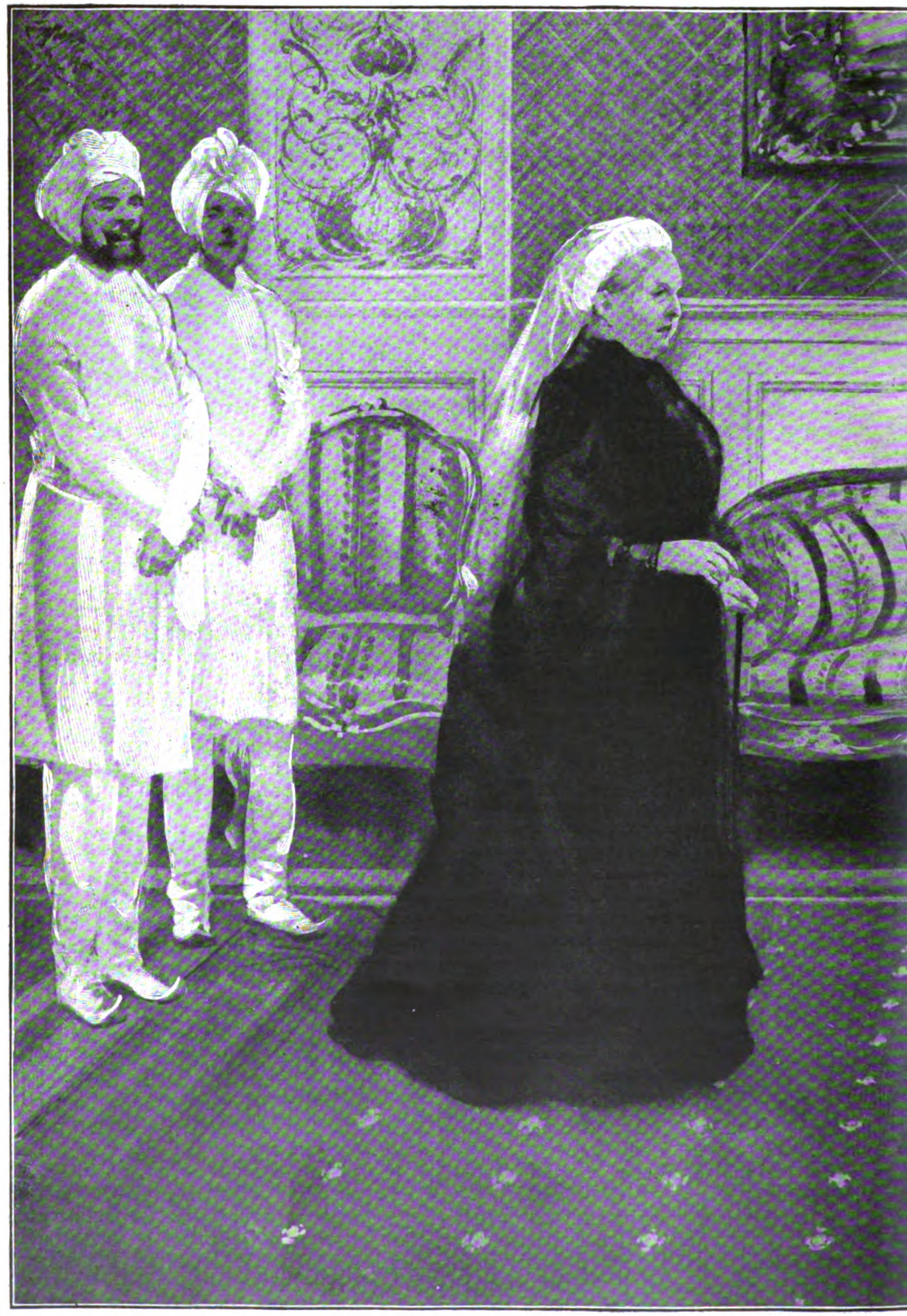
We came to her from the City of London (so impressive after Paris) to have luncheon with her in Windsor Castle, that is so noble a seat of sovereignty; and when I entered the room in which she waited to receive us I had a shock of pity and dismay. She was so small that I thought at first she must be sitting down. And she was not only feeble with age, but evidently ill. Her merely human aspect of infirmity was increased by the black dress of mourning and widow's cap that she wore; and, standing with her two Indian servants behind her, leaning on her short cane, in that magnificent apartment that would have dwarfed a giant, holding out a tired hand to you vaguely, as if she did not clearly see you—it brought a lump to the throat. Here was Royalty, then! The greatest and most famous of us all! Queen Victoria!

My father-in-law and she had known each other many years, and at the luncheon-table he sat beside her and kept up a conversation with her. She said very little, and with her eyes most often on her plate, like a person who is polite but distracted by illness, and incapable of rousing the mind. The English Royal Family has the sensible habit of dining without the ladies-in-waiting, who take their meals in another room; so we were *en famille*, and the conversation was that of intimate domestic interests and the little social happenings of the day. One could hardly find a family more charming, more serene, more simply happy.

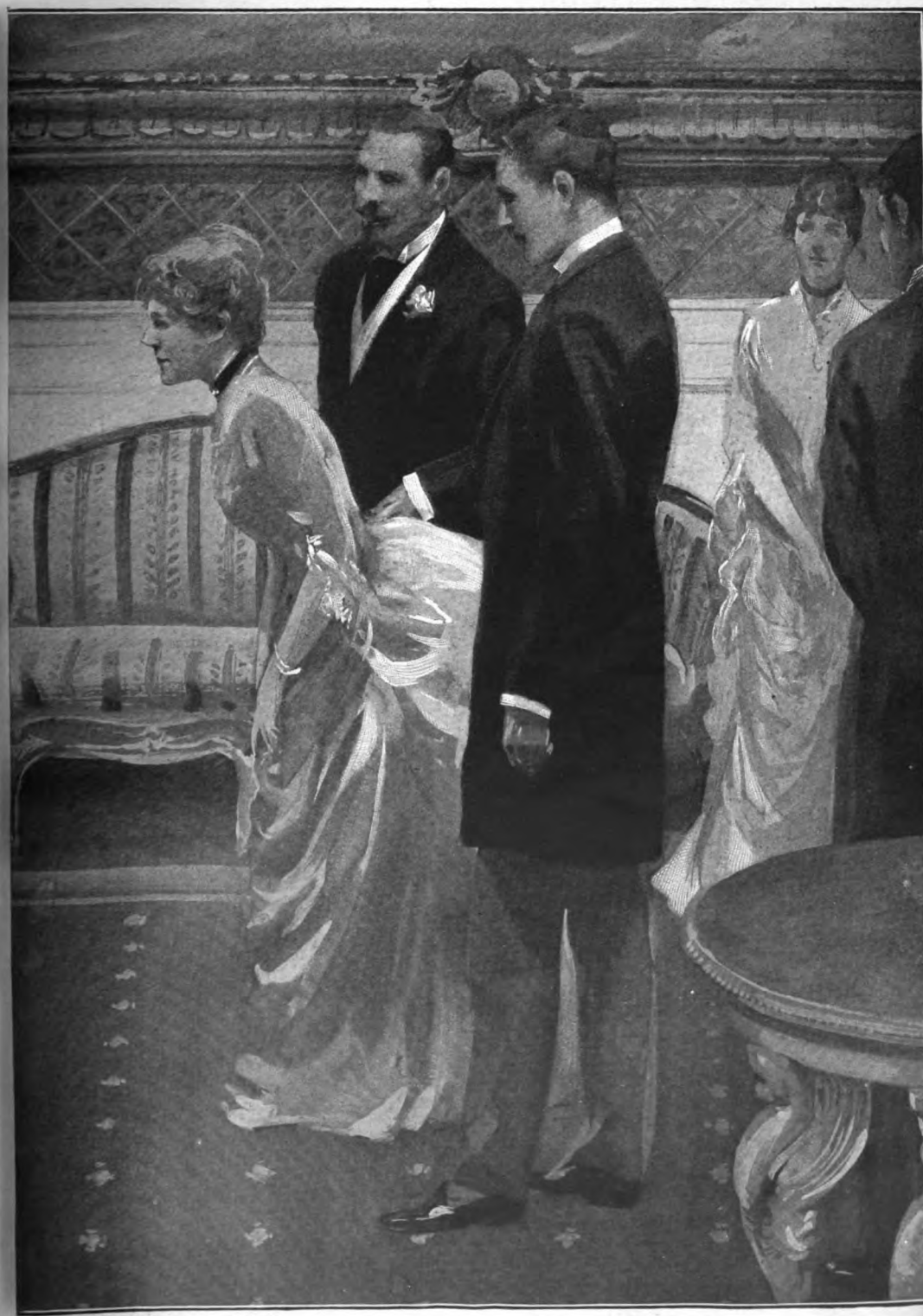
And the explanation of this air of the English Court is easily found. England is a country of accepted classes, of which each class makes no infringement on the rights of the class above it and fears none from the class below. There are even upper and lower servants in a household. And each class receives servility from the class below it to reimburse it for the servility that it pays to the class above. Royalty is just a final upper class, neither envied by an aristocracy which cannot aspire to it nor feared by the lower classes, over which it has no authority. It is a social ornament of Government, a symbol of national majesty.

The aristocracy is almost equally ornamental, with certain appearances of power that are allowed it by the sufferance of the rest. The real Government is the commerce and industry of the nation. It is a commercial empire, ruled by considerations of trade, but disguising itself, even to itself, by forms of administration that are aristocratic, with an established Church in a nation largely Nonconformist, a military Power that engages only in wars for the extension or protection of commercial conquest, and an ideal of empire for humanitarian ends that disguises the profits even while it pockets them. You will always hear, for example, of the devoted self-sacrifice of the British rule in India, which carries the peaceful blessings of civilization to natives incapable of self-government; but if India were being held at a continual loss to the British taxpayer—if he had to pay out of his own purse, without return, to protect the natives from their own incapacity—no one, even in England, supposes that the British Empire in India would last a year. It is this faculty of almost honest self-deception that makes the Englishman so insoluble a puzzle to the foreigner.

It makes the English Royal Family the most popularly revered in Europe, even though it has, of all the Royal families, the least governmental power to compel awe, and has no English blood in it to endear it to the nation, and is allowed not even a pretence of leadership in peace or war to make it



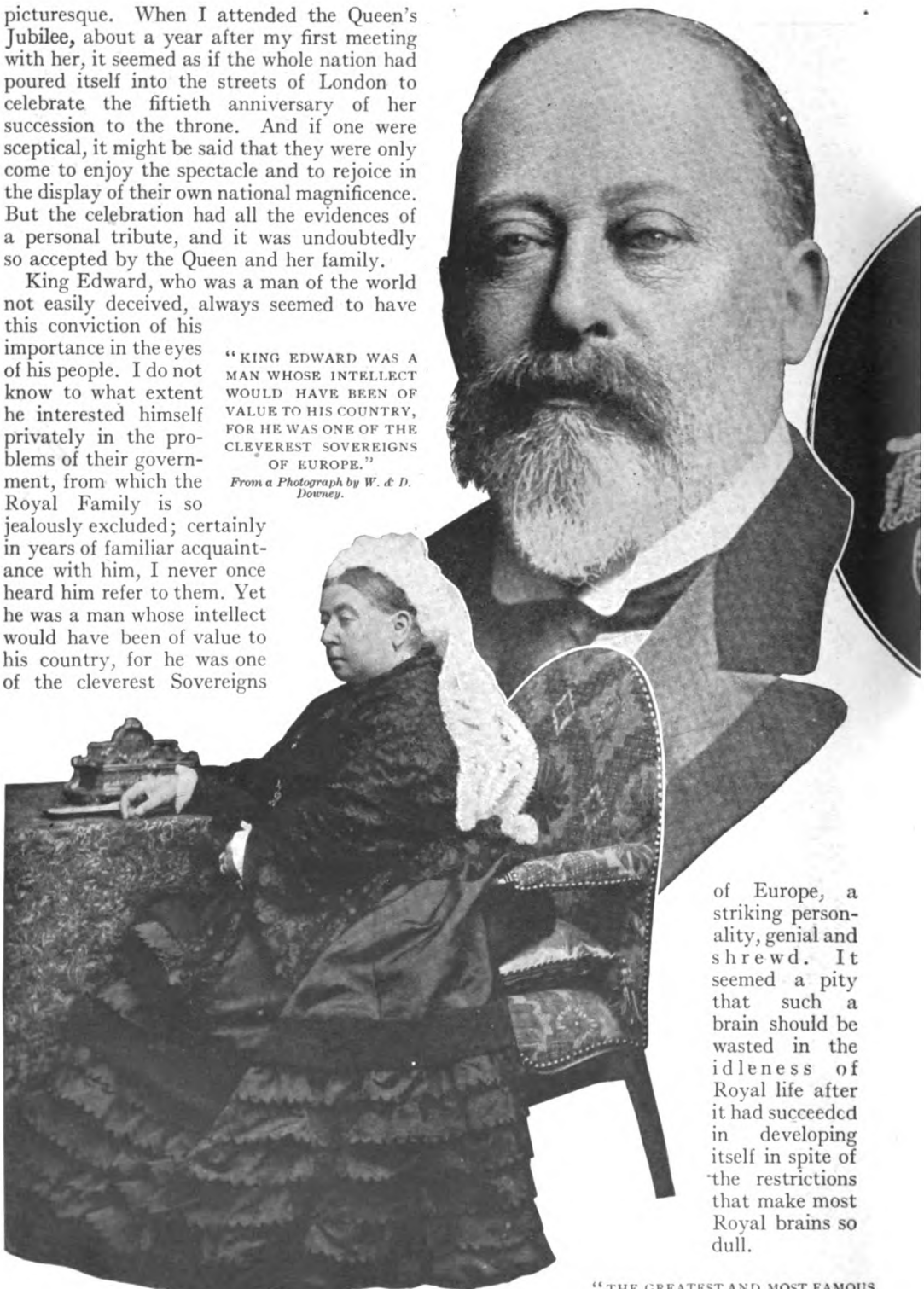
"IT WAS NOW I FIRST



SAW QUEEN VICTORIA."

picturesque. When I attended the Queen's Jubilee, about a year after my first meeting with her, it seemed as if the whole nation had poured itself into the streets of London to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her succession to the throne. And if one were sceptical, it might be said that they were only come to enjoy the spectacle and to rejoice in the display of their own national magnificence. But the celebration had all the evidences of a personal tribute, and it was undoubtedly so accepted by the Queen and her family.

King Edward, who was a man of the world not easily deceived, always seemed to have this conviction of his importance in the eyes of his people. I do not know to what extent he interested himself privately in the problems of their government, from which the Royal Family is so jealously excluded; certainly in years of familiar acquaintance with him, I never once heard him refer to them. Yet he was a man whose intellect would have been of value to his country, for he was one of the cleverest Sovereigns of Europe, a striking personality, genial and shrewd. It seemed a pity that such a brain should be wasted in the idleness of Royal life after it had succeeded in developing itself in spite of the restrictions that make most Royal brains so dull.



"KING EDWARD WAS A MAN WHOSE INTELLECT WOULD HAVE BEEN OF VALUE TO HIS COUNTRY, FOR HE WAS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE."
From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.

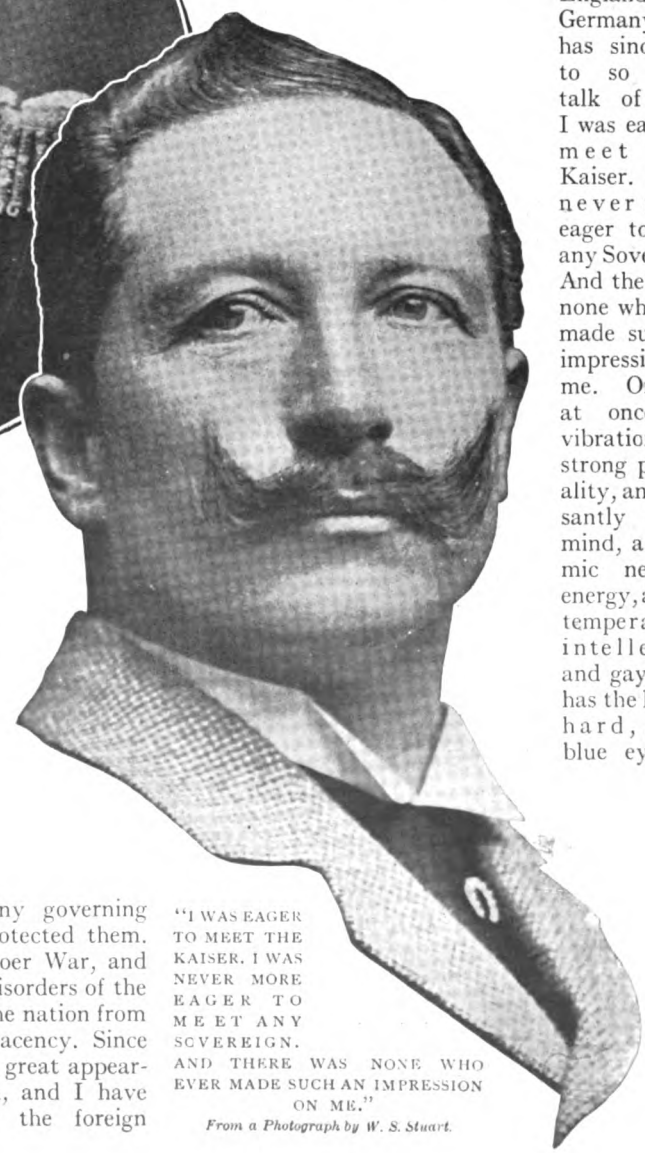
From a Photograph by Bassano.

"THE GREATEST AND MOST FAMOUS OF US ALL! QUEEN VICTORIA!"

Coming first to England from the animations of the South, I thought the people looked as stupefied as if they were all just recovering from a fit; and I felt the same general blank of reserved dullness among the aristocratic and official circles that surrounded the Court. It seemed a country that was not ruled by intelligence, but by property. Property is a blind master, and great masses of the people were already rotted out by a poverty and industrial oppression from which any governing intelligence would have protected them. It took the fiasco of the Boer War, and the strikes and internal disorders of the last few years, to awaken the nation from its stupor of imperial complacency. Since that time there has been a great appearance of revolt and reform, and I have been interested to hear the foreign speculation on the probable fate of the Throne in the final issue of the upheaval. I should like to know what power the British Throne still has of which the country could deprive it, or what liberty the people could acquire by its abolition! They would gain as little as if, by a popular uprising, the citizens of London killed the lions in their Zoo. There may have been a time when lions were dangerous in England, but the sight of them in their cages now can only give a pleasurable holiday shudder of awe—of which, I think, the nation will not willingly deprive itself.

There was then beginning the great industrial and commercial rivalry between England and Germany that has since led to so much talk of war. I was eager to meet the Kaiser. I was never more eager to meet any Sovereign. And there was none who ever made such an impression on me. One felt at once the vibration of a strong personality, an incessantly active mind, a dynamic nervous energy, a Latin temperament intellectual and gay. He has the kind of hard, grey-blue eye that

"THE CZAR HAS MORE HUMAN TENDERNESS THAN I EVER SAW IN ANY OTHER MAN. HE IS EAGER TO HELP HIS PEOPLE."
From a Photograph by Boissonnas & Eggler.



"I WAS EAGER TO MEET THE KAISER. I WAS NEVER MORE EAGER TO MEET ANY SOVEREIGN. AND THERE WAS NONE WHO EVER MADE SUCH AN IMPRESSION ON ME."
From a Photograph by W. S. Stuart.

is usually called piercing. And he uses it, I think, with some knowledge of its effect when he wishes to be disconcerting. But its wrinkles come from smiling, not from scowls; and in his private life he is altogether charming and unaffected and delightful.

When I first visited at the Schloss, in Berlin, I was struck by the perfect household management; I was told that the Kaiser personally supervised all the details of the establishment. The next time I was there I found on my arrival a little library of my favourite authors waiting in the apartment that had been prepared for me; and I discovered that the Kaiser had selected and provided them. The charming thoughtfulness of the attention is as characteristic of him as the thoroughness of the superintendence. He seems to be as thorough in all he does. His activities are, of course, enormous. His mind appears untiring. He accomplishes an incredible amount of routine labour, and comes to his recreation eager, and not fagged.

The quality that makes him most misunderstood, both in Germany and abroad, is his religiosity. He has an intimate sense of the constant direction of a personal God—how intimate no one will believe who has not seen the expression of his face when he is silently praying. Since he believes that God directs every incident of the life of the world, he believes that he has been divinely appointed to rule over Germany, as everyone else has been divinely appointed to the station he occupies and the work he has to do. He rules, therefore, under God, responsible only to God, and going chiefly to prayer for direction. This conviction is so profound and moving in him that I believe if he had not been born a king he would have become a religious leader whose energy would have made him as compelling as one of the old prophets. And it is a conviction that governs him in the most unexpected ways. For example, he has often spoken publicly of the responsibility of the ruler who involves his people in a war in which so many men may be killed, when he cannot be sure that their consciences will be in a state to meet death. He is, truly, no lover of war—as the peacefulness of his reign has shown—though he neglects none of those preparations for war that ensure peace. He would have made an ideal Czar for Russia.

The intelligence of his rule has been beyond all question. The immense industrial expansion of the country has not been made at the expense of the lower classes. During the Boer War an appreciable percentage of the recruits in England had to be rejected as physically unfit for service; the recruits for the German army are healthier than ever. The foundations of the nation have not been rotted away by poverty and exploitation. It has not been wealth that has ruled here, but intelligence. A nation organized for war has been directed to achieve the victories of peace; and its achievements have been colossal.

I do not know what loss of popular initiative has been entailed in this success of paternalism. And I do not know how superficial may be the apparent respect for Royalty which takes off the hats of school-children to every carriage whose coachman wears the Royal livery. But the German Royal Family is of the blood of the nation; it has the picturesque qualities of military leadership, and it represents, even more than in England, the magnificence of national success and the new unity of German patriotism. Although the growth of the Socialist party goes on surely, inside these very evident aspects of loyalty, it would seem that as long as Germany has to be organized on a war basis it will accept a dictatorship that is intelligent. The moment that the Throne becomes stupid the trouble will begin.

Meanwhile the German Emperor is the boast and the model of modern Royalty. Many of the young kings who should be attending to the arts of peace—as the Kaiser has—are imagining themselves little "War Lords," and strutting about in uniforms that make them ridiculous. The lesser Royalties see themselves as divinely ordained to their conspicuous idleness as he to his work. Those qualities in the Kaiser which King Edward objected to—because they appeared mediæval to a man of his type of mind—are parodied in imitation by princelings who have not the Kaiser's brains and have lost their sense of proportion. I once had such a Sovereign send an aide to order me to put down my parasol in a Royal procession, for no reason except to exercise a petty authority, and I started a warm enmity by sending back word, through the aide, that the control of my parasol was not within the power of the Crown. I think it was these imitations of the Kaiser that irritated King Edward more than their original. The King practised all the diplomacies of silence; the Kaiser has an impulsiveness in private and public utterance that is the despair of his Ministers.

In the present Czar Nicholas II. of Russia one finds a type of Sovereign not only different

from either of these two men, but, in my experience, unique. Sovereigns may have moments of an affectionate emotion; they rarely have consistent tenderness. In their most intimate relations of family life they are apt to resume suddenly the frigid tones of Royalty; and I have seen a king, talking even with his mother, get himself unexpectedly into his Royal manner and speak as stiffly as if he were giving his mind to some lower breed of human being. Many a person, chatting *tête-à-tête* with a Sovereign alone, has been charmed by the simple naturalness of his manner, and meeting him an hour later before others has wondered if it could be the same man. Not so the Czar. He has more human tenderness than I ever saw in any other man. He enters a crowded audience-room with the same charming kindliness and unconsciousness of self that he has in the privacy of family life. His eyes have always the one clear gaze of a clear soul.

He is not, at first, impressive, simply because he is incapable of playing a part, even a Royal one. But the more you see of him the more he grows on you. He has no love of display, of uniforms, of the parade of Royal power. He is wise with the wisdom of sympathy, and eager to help his people, and benevolent in his thought of them to a degree for which I know no parallel. I think it must be due to the unmistakable irradiations of this kindliness of heart that no attempts have been made upon his life, even during the bitterest frenzies of revolutionary hate.

In the menace with which the existence of Royalty in Russia is surrounded one would expect to find the Imperial family living amid all the oppressions of constant fear. On the contrary, I thought them the happiest Royal family I have ever seen. They were so naturally affectionate and happy that it was even possible to forget that they were Royal. They had apparently accepted the dangers of their life as soldiers do—as we all accept the lesser dangers of our ordinary day—and were unaffected by them. What they thought of the problems of their rule I do not know, and I do not know enough of their people to understand what those problems really are. But surely no power could be more beneficently exercised than this man's must be; and if his spirit could only animate the instruments of his authority and the innumerable officials who are necessary to adminster it, the mad asperities of recrimination in Russia would be as impossible to the Administration and its opponents as they are to the Czar himself.

He is a Dane, through his mother, and his qualities are those that make the Royal families of Denmark and Sweden so charming. But these are the constitutional monarchies of a kindly and contented people, who have no cause to rebel against a government that is their own creation, and who show no awe of a ruling family as unassuming as themselves. I think, if one must be born Royal, it would be wise to be born to a Scandinavian crown.

In Austria there is too much Clericalism and too much Court stupidity. Tradition is very powerful. Royalty seems to be reverenced chiefly as a public monument. And there is so much Royalty that half the Austrian army seems to be doing sentry duty around the palaces of archdukes. I should think that the Court life there must be one degree duller than in Spain. In Italy the people are more clever; the country is alive and prospering; and the King is sufficiently socialistic in his leanings to be in sympathy with the progress and the ambition which he helps to direct. Unfortunately, on our visit to Rome, we had arranged, through our Ambassador, to be presented both to the Vatican and to the Court; and at the eleventh hour, before going to the Vatican, we were notified by letter that the Pope would only receive us on condition that neither before nor after seeing him should we call on the King. This stipulation had been withheld from our Ambassador, with characteristic cleverness, until it could put us in a position of insulting the Throne by failing to keep an appointment that we had solicited. We were saved from the awkward situation by a telegram that called us back to Spain with the news that my mother-in-law was seriously ill. But that is one of the things that can make the travels of Royalty not altogether comfortable.

The princes of the House of Orleans have almost all been very clever. They are good financiers, shrewd politicians, witty, and easy in their address. The late King Leopold of Belgium had these qualities in a high degree, together with the cynicism that often accompanies them. He was less like a king in his palace than like a banker in his counting-house; and he left Belgium established in wealth. When his nephew, the present King Albert, succeeded to the throne, it was the problems of wealth that confronted him, and the dissatisfaction of the working classes. He is one of the few Sovereigns in Europe who have clearly seen the power and virtue of the modern Socialist movement; and he seems to me to be alone in his ability to lead it.

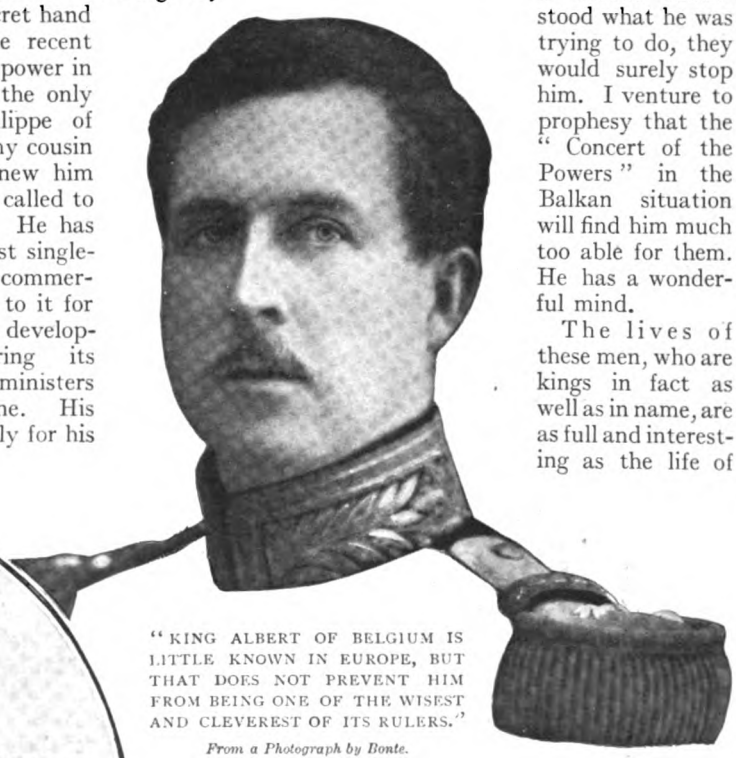
beneficently for itself and its opponents. He has made it an effective engine of social reform instead of a disruptive force of revolution. He is a man of such quiet tact and modesty that he is little known in Europe, but that does not prevent him from being one of the wisest and cleverest of its rulers. His country has an importance far beyond its size—if only because it is a buffer State between France and Germany. His ability is a factor to be reckoned with in world politics; and his success in the internal affairs of his kingdom could give lessons to half the Governments of Europe. If I do not go at

"KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III., OF ITALY, IS SUFFICIENTLY SOCIALISTIC IN HIS LEANINGS TO BE IN SYMPATHY WITH THE PROGRESS AND THE AMBITION WHICH HE HELPS TO DIRECT."
From a Photograph by Guigoni & Bossi.

"KING FERDINAND'S CLEVERNESS IN USING RIGHTLY FOR HIS OWN ENDS CIRCUMSTANCES THAT WOULD PASS UNPERCEIVED BY ANYONE LESS ASTUTE HAS MADE HIM ALREADY ONE OF THE MARKED MEN OF EUROPE."
From a Photograph by G. Woltz.

least twice a year to see for myself what he has been doing, I feel that I am neglecting my best opportunity of education. There are few kings for whom one can feel that!

Another Sovereign of the Orleans family, little known as yet but certain to become important, is King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the strength of whose secret hand has been shown in the recent downfall of the Turkish power in Europe. He is a son of the only daughter of Louis Philippe of France, and therefore my cousin by marriage; and I knew him intimately before he was called to the throne of Bulgaria. He has made that country almost single-handed, building it up commercially, attracting money to it for railroads and industrial development, and administering its finances as ably as he administers his own private fortune. His cleverness in using rightly for his own ends circumstances that would pass unperceived by anyone less astute has made him already one of the marked men of Europe. He used to flatter me that I was the only person who understood him; and I could reply that it was lucky for him, since, if others understood what he was trying to do, they would surely stop him. I venture to prophesy that the "Concert of the Powers" in the Balkan situation will find him much too able for them. He has a wonderful mind.



"KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM IS LITTLE KNOWN IN EUROPE, BUT THAT DOES NOT PREVENT HIM FROM BEING ONE OF THE WISEST AND CLEVEREST OF ITS RULERS."

From a Photograph by Bonte.

The lives of these men, who are kings in fact as well as in name, are as full and interesting as the life of anyone who has work to do and power to do it. They have something to compensate them for the restrictions of grandeur and the cramping stiffnesses of pomp. Their dignity has cause. Their isolation is inevitable. But for every one of these there are hundreds of little princes and princesses, grand dukes and archdukes, and such minor personages of Royal blood, who are less free in their lives than kings are and have nothing to occupy their mental idleness. It astonished me to find them supported by a consciousness of self-importance that seemed to me pathetic. I could name a score of such persons, quite unknown, who would never believe that their existence is not a matter of eager public interest to the whole world. They apply themselves to the observances of Royal etiquette devotedly. They patronize and condescend to the lesser orders of mankind with a touching sense of their own supremacy. They defend themselves jealously in their degrees of Royal blood and precedence, and see themselves as conspicuously exalted as if they had high seats

"KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM WAS LESS LIKE A KING IN HIS PALACE THAN LIKE A BANKER IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE; AND HE LEFT BELGIUM ESTABLISHED IN WEALTH."

From a Photograph by Numa Blant.

in some hierarchy of heaven just below the eternal throne.

After a little experience, one can recognize these lesser Royalties at a glance and pick them out in a crowded drawing-room. They all have the same high-shouldered carriage, stiff-backed, with a stretched neck to carry a raised chin. Their lips smile very easily, but their eyes almost never. They are accustomed to being stared at; indeed, they would be disappointed if they did not attract stares; and they seem to present their faces, even to a private company, not nervously or quite self-consciously, but with an expression of friendly and impenetrable self-complacency that becomes recognizable as the Royal mask. They are usually, because of their training, rather stupid, but their dignity makes them look wise. They are always concerned with their own popularity, and are gracious by policy, and try to leave each individual with the impression that he has been personally distinguished by their notice. They are not only playing a part, but they believe that they are really the part they play; so that any true conversation with them is largely impossible. Their minds, like their faces, are always making a public appearance and considering effect.

When they are alone with their own kind they are free to talk of the matters that really interest them, and it is a conversation as typical as the little gossip of a group of nuns. They have no opinions to express on the problems of government; "it is a duty that they owe the Crown" to express none, and consequently they rarely acquire any. They know little of the world around them, and say less. To arrive at any speaking acquaintance with matters of literature and music and art one must make a mental effort in study, to which the Court life of busy empty-mindedness is not conducive. They converse, therefore, about Royalty only—the latest marriage, the most recent engagement, the death of this prince, the illness of that, a birth in Spain, an archduke's affair with a mistress in Austria—family happenings considered only in their family aspect, as idle as gossip, largely innocent, wholly uninteresting.

I can understand the respect paid to power; and Royalty with power is far from ridiculous, even when it is unintelligent; but Royalty without power is as great a bore as an aristocracy without the estate to support its pride. We are no longer in the feudal ages. Money has now the rule that used to belong to rank. And the chief use of the lesser Royalties seems to be to dignify wealth by associating with it. Hence the court that the rich pay to them—the eagerness to entertain them, to take them on private yachts, to amuse them with automobile trips, to promote their fortunes on the Stock Exchange, and even to give them money if they will take it. They are usually too proud, of course; and the money is made by canny aristocrats who charge wealthy "climbers" for introductions to Court circles. The unfortunate Royalties stifle in stuffy drawing-rooms, smiling on the compliments of aspiring riches, without even receiving a little "tip" for their complaisance. Life in Court was little to my taste; I had found it no place for anyone with an instinct for independence. But the accepted life of Royalty outside of Court seemed to me worse. It was a life for gulls.

When my father was on his death-bed, at the age of eighty, my mother asked him, as she was leaving the sick-room: "When do you want me to come back to see you?" He replied: "No more. No one. Let me, at last, have my desire for solitude. Let me die alone." And he did.

Before these years of travel were over I had come to the same conclusion about myself. Since there was no life that I thought worth living in Courts, and no social life for Royalty outside the Courts, I would have solitude. But it is easier to find solitude to die in than solitude to live in. By this time I had two sons growing up whose careers had to be considered; I could not cut them off from the opportunities of advancement that would come from powerful friends and Court influence. I was very happy with them, in a companionship that had none of the lack of intimate parental affection so often denied to Royalty; and I began to live for them, contentedly, as mothers do.

After all, that is the real life — the natural life—and the best of life while it lasts.

(To be continued.)

The Kidnapper

By Armiger Barclay

Illustrated by A. Gilbert

TURNING westward at the corner of the Embankment, Bastaple unexpectedly found himself in a crowd. It held the roadway from Westminster Bridge as far as the trees opposite the Sanctuary. It extended right across Parliament Square and up Whitehall.

Bastaple hated crowds. This one consisted principally of women—angry women, distraught women, vituperative women. They surged this way and that, hot and dishevelled, elemental passion and hysteria on every face, elderly, young, seldom comely. A jeering populace lined the pavements. Every now and then a long line of policemen advanced against the mass, breaking through it, endeavouring to turn and scatter it.

"Suffragettes, by Jove!" exclaimed Bastaple, in dismay.

He wanted to get across to Victoria Street. Being in a hurry, he made the attempt. He began gently, considerate of the weaker sex. But tact was lost on the silly mob. They did not discriminate between him and the police. They charged into him, trampled on his toes, pinched and scratched him. Presently he was using his elbows freely in self-defence.

How it happened he did not know, but a young woman, presumably a nursemaid, made a dash at him and thrust a baby into his arms.

"Get her out of the crowd for me, and I'll follow," she panted.

Bastaple had never held a baby before. The situation appalled him. He was hot and in a bad temper.

"Hang it all!" he began. "I can't. I shall drop it. You'll have to——"

But the nursemaid was gone, swallowed up in the turmoil. A serried rank of perspiring constables shouldered him aside. And there stood Bastaple, a personable gentleman of middle age, with his silk hat over one ear, his neat boots defaced by mud, awkwardly holding a baby and staring about him in dismay.

It seemed to him that a thousand eyes—ironical eyes—were upon him—that he was an object of ridicule. Any self-respecting bachelor in the circumstances would have felt uncomfortable. Bastaple felt more than uncomfortable. He was positively unnerved. He knew nothing about babies. They were a detail of domesticity that he had never considered, except to avoid. The one in his arms had a paralytical effect on him.

Suppose it should howl? Suppose it should hail him as "Dad-dad"? Even Bastaple knew that babies had the detestable habit of doing one or the other—sometimes both. If it howled he felt he should drop it. If it verbally claimed him as a parent everybody within hearing would believe that it really belonged to him.

The dominant thought within him was to get rid of it. But how? If he placed it on a

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"A PERSONABLE GENTLEMAN OF MIDDLE AGE, WITH HIS SILK HAT OVER ONE EAR, AWKWARDLY HOLDING A BABY AND STARING ABOUT HIM IN DISMAY."

doorstep and walked on, some interfering person would be sure to frustrate the expedient. Besides, he was too much of a humanitarian to abandon any small child so callously as that. The only other course he could think of was to thrust it on to the first

woman he came across, just as it had been thrust on him.

He did make an attempt to do so, but the first female he encountered looked at him so oddly that his courage failed. The fact is, she regarded him—the rake of his hat and his muddied boots—with such an accusing glance and so hastily moved out of his way that it suddenly dawned on him she was under the impression he was not sober. At that Bastaple's heart sank. He fled. At the bottom of Whitehall he came upon a statuesque policeman holding up the traffic. Him he approached and took into his confidence.

"THE BABY ANNOUNCED, IN PERFECTLY ARTICULATE ENGLISH: 'DA-DA! MY DA-DA!'"

"Constable," he said, "this—this child isn't mine."

The minion of the law surveyed him mistrustfully.

"Not yours, sir?" he replied. "Then whose is it?"

"I don't know. It was foisted on me by a young woman in the crowd. She's disappeared, and I don't know what to do with it. C-can't you take it?"

The policeman's face was not sympathetic. The drivers of the massed vehicles behind him showed impatience to get on. A small and curious crowd began to assemble. All this while the baby had been quiescent. But now it waved a chubby arm, grabbed Bastaple by the moustache, and announced in perfectly articulate English:—

"Da-da! My da-da!"

"Move along, please," was the policeman's sole and censorious comment.

Bastaple moved on. He was glad to get away from accusing eyes. His confidence was gone. He began to have the conviction that he would not be able to rid himself of the incubus in his arms without great difficulty. The idea of parading the streets with it made him hot. Besides, it was amazingly heavy. His arms ached. He took refuge in a taxi and told the man to drive on—anywhere. Then he tried to think.

The conventional course would, he knew, be to take the baby to a police-station. But would they accept it there? His appeal to the policeman in Whitehall had utterly failed. Then there might be publicity—something in the papers—perhaps a snapshot of himself and the baby! It was "Dad-daing" now and blowing bubbles in a most extraordinary fashion as it lay in the corner of the seat.

The taxi was going at a crawl across Piccadilly. A block in the traffic brought it to a standstill. Suddenly Bastaple caught sight of somebody he knew—a lady. She stood on the kerb waiting to cross the street. "Divinely tall and

most divinely fair," she appeared to him at that moment as a veritable angel of light. She was the one person in London most likely to sympathize with and perhaps help him. That rare thing where a man and woman are concerned, a truly platonic friendship, existed between them.

He sprang out of the cab, seized her by the arm, and without ceremony dragged her towards it. His precipitancy took her breath away and rather astonished her, but she resigned herself to it. People often brought their troubles to Miss Giolma. Mr. Bastaple was in trouble. She could see it by his face.

"HELEN GIOLMA SEIZED THE BABY AND KISSED IT RAPTUROUSLY."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Helen, it's perfectly providential I saw you."

"You're not hurt?" she asked, glancing from his boots to his hat.

"No, no! Tell me, what would you do if you had a baby?"

Miss Giolma did not blush. She dimpled.

"Keep it, of course. Why, have you got one?"

"Yes, in here. For Heaven's sake, get in, and I'll tell you all about it."

They got in. Helen Giolma seized the baby and kissed it rapturously.

"Oh, what a darling!" she cried. "Why, she's simply lovely!"

Bastaple looked on in astonishment. That the baby should have sex or any definite appearance was news to him. He had only thought of it as an unpleasantly animate bundle. For several minutes Helen hugged and kissed it. Then she said:—

"However did you manage to get her?"

"I didn't manage it at all. I don't know to whom it belongs. It's a—a stray."

"Oh, the sweet darling! He talks as if you were a mangy little kitty-puss!" she protested, and buried her face under the baby's chin.

"I've been driving about with it some time," he said, weakly.

"But don't you know where you're going?"

"I hadn't thought. I didn't know. I was wondering what to do when I saw you. Fact is, I got into a crowd, and a woman made me take it, and——"

Mopping his heated brow, he detailed his adventure among the Suffragettes. If Miss Giolma had not known him well she would not have credited the story.

"So the only place I can think of is the Foundling Hospital," he finished, desperately.

"Give the driver my address," she said, indignantly.

"But, hang it all—a baby! What are you going to do with it?"

"Have the time of my life with her. I shall kiss her and bath her and dress and undress her and feed her and love her and pray nobody ever claims her."

"But what about your work and—and your reputation?"

Although possessing means of her own, Helen dabbled in story-writing, which she always referred to as "her work."

"My work can go," she answered, with a fine defiance, "and nobody would dare to say a word about my reputation. I would defy *anyone* to say anything with a darling like this!"

The mother instinct, latent in every woman, obsessed her. She wouldn't be denied. Not that Bastaple put further difficulties in her way. She had got him out of his, and he was thankful.

"Why, she's a baby in a thousand! Aren't you, my precious?" Helen exulted, and when the cab stopped bore her new charge off in triumph to her flat.

Bastaple went on to his club. He wanted to go back to his everyday environment. Also he wanted a cool drink to calm his nerves. He had got rid of his incubus by foisting it on to a nice girl, and he was not quite sure that he had acted rightly. But Helen was so impulsive, and he had been so desperate.

But for once in a way he found his club anything but a haven of refuge. An air of excitement reigned in it.

"Heard the news?" he was asked.

"No. What?" he answered, wearily.

"Suffragette row in Whitehall."

"Oh, that! I was in it," he returned. "Had an awful time of it."

"That's not all. Edgworth's baby has been kidnapped."

"*What?*"

Rupert Edgworth was a member of the Cabinet, and of the club as well.

"Fact. Most extraordinary affair. Kid's nurse turned out to be a merry Suffragette in disguise. She took it into the Whitehall scrum, and it's lost—vamoosed. Edgworth's off his nut with anxiety."

Bastaple sat up. "What sort of a baby was it?" he faltered.

"Same as usual. Girl, I think," volunteered one of the men.

"W-was it a large one?"

"Er—average size, I suppose."

"Covered in frills?"

"Can't say. I'm not a bally baby specialist. All we know is what Edgworth told us. It was short—short-skirted or coated or something of the sort. Oh, by the way, he said it was threaded through with blue ribbon."

"Then I had it!" shouted Bastaple, leaping from his chair.

To the general astonishment he rushed out of the club and made for Downing Street, eager to exculpate himself and explain away his share in the baby's disappearance.

He sent in his card and was admitted. Edgworth, for a Minister of the Crown, was a young man. He was a widower. Just now he looked dreadfully worried. He was answering the rapid questions of a couple of Scotland Yard men, who had been summoned to his assistance. The moment Bastaple found himself in the presence of the police he regretted his impetuosity. What he had to say he determined should be said privately. So he waited, listening to details of the baby's appearance and dress, which convinced him that he himself was the very clue the detectives were in search of.

Not until they had retired and the door was shut did he venture a word. Then, in answer to Edgworth's inquiry, he stammered:—

"I'm—I'm Bastaple, you know. Member of the Omnium."

"Yes, I know," said Edgworth. "But I'm awfully busy, and——"

"So am I. At least, I mean I have been. It's—it's about your baby."

Edgworth shot out of his chair.

"You mean you know where she is? You've got her?" he cried.

"No; but I believe I *had* her. I was in that Whitehall crowd, you know, and somebody—an infernal Suffragette, I suppose it was—put her in my arms and then cleared out. It took me two solid hours before I could get rid of her."

Edgworth stopped him with an excitable gesture. "You got rid of her! Great heavens, man! What do you mean?"

"I gave it—her, I mean—away. That is, I *lent* it," floundered Bastaple. "You see——"

"Out with it, quick!" Edgworth took him by the shoulders. "Where—who's got her?"

"A girl—an awfully nice girl. Miss Giolma. I'll take you to her, shall I?"

Edgworth snatched up his hat, and in his effort to get out quickly nearly rushed Bastaple off his feet. In ten minutes they were knocking at the door of Miss Giolma's flat. She opened it herself. When she saw Bastaple she put her finger to her lip.

"Hush!" she enjoined, without asking her visitors in. "I've just put the baby to sleep."

"Er—the fact is," Bastaple whispered, "we've come about the baby. This is Mr. Edgworth. His baby has been kidnapped by Suffragettes, and we think it's the one you've got."

"But—but why didn't you tell me that when you——"

"How could I? It wasn't labelled. I only found out about it by accident at the club."

"May I see her?" asked Edgworth, bursting with impatience. "One glance will satisfy me, Miss Giolma."

After a moment's hesitation Helen admitted them into her little drawing-room.

"She's in the spare room fast asleep," she said to Edgworth, "so if you don't mind describing her first——"

"I can't! I positively can't!" he almost wailed. "I'm so seldom at home. A Minister, you know, in office and out of the nursery. I know her when I see her, but I can't put her into words. She's rather plump—large, that is for her size—and—er—she dribbles."

Bastaple, least fluent of men, gazed open-mouthed at the Minister whose concise and lucid speeches were the pride of his party. Helen was more tolerant. She understood that the poor man's anxiety robbed him of all gift of expression.

"As a description it doesn't sound very convincing," she smiled. "But why didn't her mother come?"

"Mr. Edgworth is a widower," mumbled Bastaple.

"Forgive me," said Helen, with quick sympathy.

"I implore you to let me see the child," pleaded Edgworth. "If you'll wake her up and she recognizes me, surely that will be proof enough——"

"I'm not so sure," debated Bastaple. "She called *me* her 'da-da.'"

Edgworth glared at him.

"I appeal to your common sense, to all your best feelings, Miss Giolma. Is it likely that I, harassed as I am by affairs of State—that *any* man would claim a child other than his own?"

"I suppose you are right," Helen admitted. "Very well, you shall see her. Don't wake her up if she isn't yours. You stay here, Mr. Bastaple.

Helen conducted Edgworth into the room where the baby lay asleep. They tiptoed to the side of the bed. Edgworth bent over it. Immense relief came into his face. He looked up and nodded an affirmative to the question in Miss Giolma's eyes.

"Thank Heaven!" he whispered, and surveyed his small daughter with emotion he found it difficult to control. Helen turned away rather disconsolately.

"Do you want to take her away now?" she asked, softly. "Isn't it—rather a pity to disturb her?"

Now that his anxiety was allayed, Edgworth was inclined to agree. It was plain to him that Miss Giolma was attracted to the baby. He took a long look at her, and had to admit that she was charming. He had been too worried to notice that before. She was of a reasonable age, too—twenty-seven, perhaps. The maternal instinct was evidently strong in her. And now the child had no nurse at home. Policy and inclination, often so divergent in political life, began to pull Edgworth the same way.

"You really wouldn't mind keeping her for to-night?" he suggested, eagerly.

"Mind? I should love it!" Helen's face was alight. "I've never had a baby all to myself before. This one's simply glorious."

"She is rather," agreed Edgworth, modestly. "She's got some ripping ways when you know 'em. Talks so distinctly, too. Now and then I can understand what she says. She's not two yet."

In his enthusiasm he raised his voice, and the baby opened her eyes. Unlike most children suddenly aroused, she bore the universe no grudge. She struggled up.

"Da-da! Baby's dear da-da!" she crowed, this time hailing her rightful parent.

In an access of gladness Edgworth hugged her rather harder than a baby should be hugged, so that she cried and had to go to Helen to be comforted and kissed.

In the other room Bastaple looked at the clock. He had been waiting twenty minutes. Another quarter of an hour passed. He grew impatient.

"I say, I'm tired of waiting," he grumbled aloud.

Apparently no one heard. The baby was emitting rapturous shrieks. Presently Bastaple arose and strolled to the door. It was ajar.

The glimpse he caught of Edgworth shattered all his preconceived notions of the staid Cabinet Minister. He was in an attitude common on to four-footed animals—on all fours—and Helen was helping Miss Edgworth to mount the fiery steed.

"H'm! Excuse me," he called, opening the door. "Hadn't we better be going? The House is sitting."

Helen blushed and picked up the baby. Edgworth rose and dusted his knees.

"Good gracious, yes! I'd clean forgotten!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'm ready."

"Aren't you going to take the baby?" inquired Bastaple.

"No. Miss Giolma has very kindly offered to keep her for the night. Seemed a pity to—er—disturb her while she was sleeping," was the inconsequent answer.

"I'm going to look after her till Mr. Edgworth has found a new nurse," put in Helen. "I've promised to write to a reliable woman I know of. Say good-night, baby. Kiss daddy."

Bastaple looked at her queerly. From her he looked still more queerly at Edgworth. Vaguely he felt there was something he didn't understand—a trinity of things indeed: women, Cabinet Ministers, and babies. He followed Edgworth out in a puzzled frame of mind. They walked along in silence for a few minutes. Then Edgworth suddenly exclaimed: "That's all right!"

Bastaple nodded. He was thinking of his luck in having avoided publicity—and the baby.

"Nice girl, Miss Giolma. Awfully nice girl. Known her long?"

"Ever so long," said Bastaple. "Friend of her people's. Keep an eye on her when she's in town. Sort of *in loco parentis*."

"Taken to the kid, hasn't she?"

"Most extraordinary. Luckily, I mean."

Edgworth took Bastaple's arm in friendly fashion.

"As one man to another, and fellow-members of the same club, should I be poaching?" he asked, guardedly.

The abruptness of the question made Bastaple get out of step. He wasn't a politician, but it made him think of a "snap" division

"Not at all," he stammered.

"Thanks very much." Edgworth pressed the arm he had hold of. "I may have something to thank those Suffragettes for, after all. And I sha'n't forget my indebtedness to you either. If it hadn't been for you, Bastaple——"

"Don't mention it," said Bastaple, modestly.

"We'll keep the incident quiet, anyhow, if you don't mind."

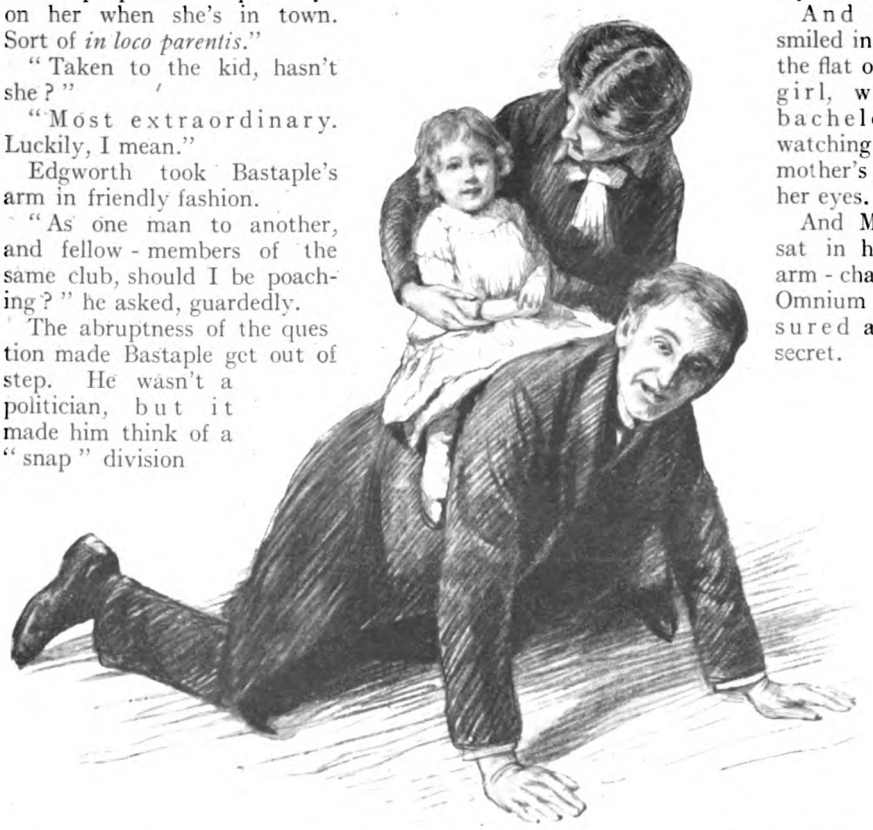
Bastaple nodded vigorously.

"You see, it's much the best plan to let these militant females think their scheme has been successful, at any rate for the present. Thank goodness, it hasn't!"

Edgworth made a speech in his very best style that evening. Its cheerfulness and brilliancy electrified the House. A perusal of it next morning more than ever convinced the W.S.P.U. that all men were callous beasts, incapable of feeling or legislation. For a whole week they were unaware that their plan to abduct the baby had miscarried. When they discovered their failure they were mystified.

And the baby smiled in its sleep in the flat of a bachelor girl, while the bachelor girl sat watching her with a mother's dreams in her eyes.

And Mr. Bastaple sat in his favourite arm-chair at the Omnium and treasured a Cabinet secret.

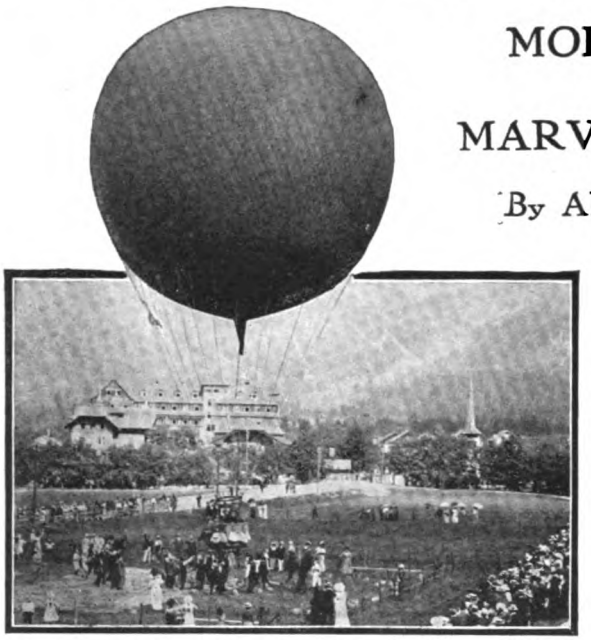


"HE WAS IN AN ATTITUDE COMMON ONLY TO FOUR-FOOTED ANIMALS—ON ALL FOURS—AND HELEN WAS HELPING MISS EDGWORTH TO MOUNT THE FIERY STEED."

Balloon Photography of To-day.

MODERN METHODS AND THEIR MARVELLOUS RESULTS.

By ARTHUR J. IRELAND.



NO. I. — CAPTAIN SPELTERINI STARTING ON A JOURNEY ACROSS THE ALPS IN HIS BALLOON "SIRIUS."

AMONG living aeronauts, Captain Spelterini occupies a position which is absolutely unique. It would be impossible to describe in less than a volume all the wonderful ascents he has made in different parts of the world; but even those which can here be mentioned will show that his title to fame is well founded. And his unblemished record is proof positive of his extraordinary skill as a pilot.

This, needless to say, does not mean that he has never had any narrow escapes, nor adventures and to spare, while he has been making ascents, during the last thirty years. In the treacherous wind-currents of the Alps, where most of his remarkable expeditions have been made, he has ridden out storms which have sent his balloon tearing along at eighty, ninety, or a hundred miles an hour; he has gone through the very heart of blinding, deafening thunderstorms, when the knots of his balloon-net have been set on fire by the lightning; he has been obliged to land on a shelf of rock not very much bigger than the basket of the balloon, and with a dizzy chasm falling away immediately below it; in short, he has triumphed over every danger that even the sudden weather changes, for which the great mountains are so notorious, could muster against him. Also, in other parts of the world he has had his full share of adventures—as when, after crossing Vesuvius in full eruption, he spent five hours in the Mediterranean Sea, off Capri, before he was picked up by the boats of H.M.S. *Alexandra*, or when, in South Africa, the balloon came rocketing earthwards owing to the action on the gas of an intensely cold and dry current of air. But, wonderful to relate, he has never met with a serious mishap, nor has he ever injured one of his passengers.

In the thirty years during which he has been an aeronaut, from the time he left the Académie d'Aérostation de France with his pilot's diploma, Captain Spelterini has made about five hundred and sixty balloon journeys, and he has carried more than twelve hundred passengers in safety in the cars of his various "ships"—as he lovingly calls his balloons. Such a record as this is something to be proud of, especially when the nature of the ascents he has made is remembered; for Captain Spelterini has braved the most dangerous atmospheric conditions that man can face. His principal expeditions include ten great voyages over the Alps, which he was the first man to cross, two flights over Vesuvius when it was in full eruption, and many ascents to tremendous altitudes in Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Turkey, England, Egypt, and South Africa for the purpose of making observations and taking photographs.

Briefly summarized, such is Captain Spelterini's wonderful record. And from it a very just idea of the man's personality and character can be formed; for only a man who was endowed with indomitable courage and tireless energy would attempt what he

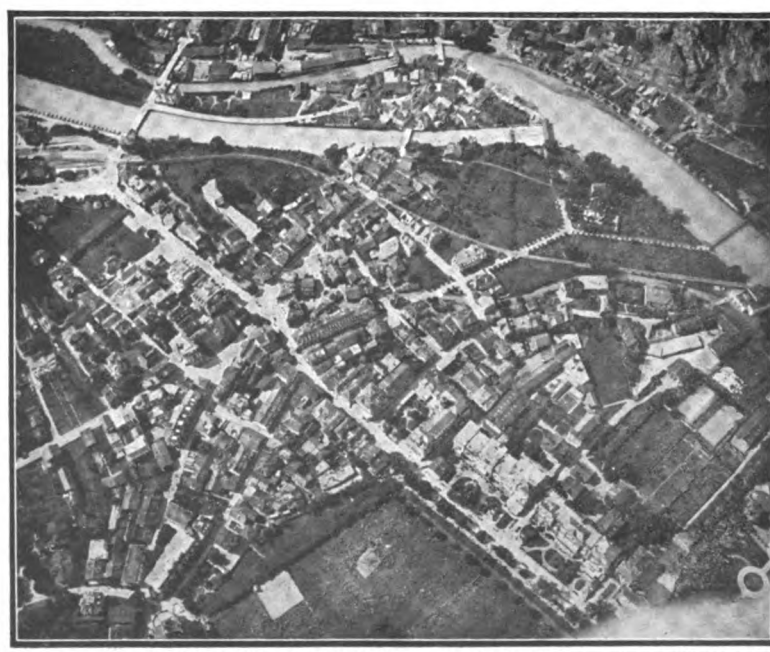
has triumphantly achieved. A supreme master of his dangerous art, a look at Captain Spelterini is enough to inspire confidence. He is a man whom no unforeseen contingency can dismay—indeed, it is in moments of the greatest danger, which he fully realizes, that he shows the stuff of which he is made—and he always rises to any emergency. Therefore the confession which he once made to me is extremely interesting, for it shows the superb self-control that he exercises.

"Do I ever feel nervous?" he laughed. "Very, very often I have been more really anxious than any of my passengers—and with good reason, for I know the real dangers of the situation, of which, luckily, they are ignorant. However, I generally take my cue from my passengers. If I see that anyone in the car is getting nervous I become correspondingly calm, or even flippant. I may say that my outward display of calmness is generally in ratio to my inward feeling of nervous excitement. More than once, especially when I have been a little troubled myself, I have called for a glass of champagne. Holding the glass at arm's length, I have looked at the sparkling wine with one eye and at my companions with the other; and I can tell you that my hand does not shake on these occasions. When I see them looking surprised, and hear their remarks about the steadiness of my hand, I am satisfied. I drink off the wine and tell them that there is nothing to be afraid about. The moral effect is wonderful—and generally instantaneous—butit is well they cannot see what is happening inside me. Sometimes when I have done this I have been inwardly boiling! But the pilot must keep up the spirits of his passengers at all costs."

A mere description of these wonderful journeys cannot convey very much to the mind of arm-chair readers. The conditions under which they are made are well-nigh incomprehensible, and only the marvellous photographs that Captain Spelterini takes will give any idea of the wonders he shows his passengers. Supreme as a pilot, he is also the most skilful photographer-aeronaut living, and his collections of pictures are veritable works of art. It has been my good fortune to see many hundreds of these photographs, both in albums and thrown on to a huge screen as lantern slides, and I can truly say that they are most impressive.

From the romantic, wild surroundings of the starting-place, where the whole populace turns out in force, the journeys consist of surprise after surprise. For the Alpine crossings, the start is made, as a rule, from some popular resort in one of the upper valleys, above which tower the great mountains (No. 1); and as the balloon ascends rapidly a wonderful panorama is unfolded. First, the immediate surroundings appear like relief maps, and as the balloon bounds higher and higher the world seems to be falling away below until the people look like flies in the enclosure from which the start was made (No. 2).

The curious thing is that during this stage of the flight the balloon seems to be quite stationary while the earth is receding, until far below the houses appear as no more than coloured dots; while the roads and rivers



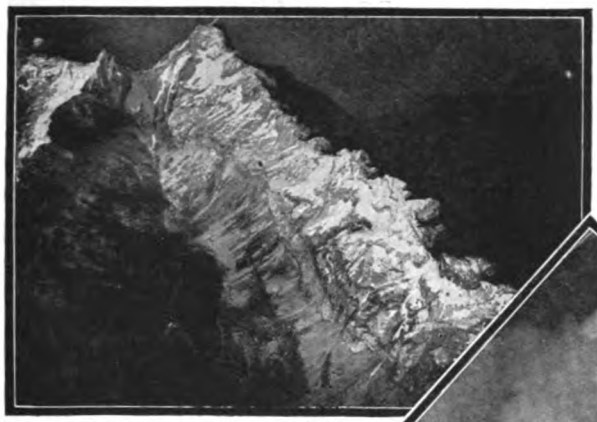
NO. 2. — AN ASCENT FROM INTERLAKEN — THE ENCLOSURE FROM WHICH THE BALLOON HAS RISEN IS CLEARLY SEEN, WITH THE SPECTATORS LOOKING MERE DOTS FROM SUCH A HEIGHT.

look like white ribbons, and the fields and woods are seen as darker and lighter patches, flecked here and there by the scudding shadows of the clouds (No. 3). At a still higher altitude the balloon begins to "climb" the mountains; and there Captain Spelterini is seen in his true element, for it is then that his consummate skill as a pilot is shown. He brings his balloon so close to the mountain-sides that every peculiarity of the rocks can be clearly seen by the passengers, and he is wonderfully skilful as a circumnavigator. Very often he brings the hearts of his companions into their mouths by his daring approaches; but although more than once he has had narrow shaves, when the upper ridges have been hidden in clouds, he has never had an accident when making these extremely difficult manœuvres (Nos. 4 and 5).

NO. 3.—THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN WHILE PASSING OVER MÜRREN, THE FAMOUS WINTER SPORTS RESORT.

Up and up goes the balloon. And then, with a final spring, the peaks are cleared—and everything around lies below the travellers. Nothing more impressive can be imagined than the panorama of peaks and clouds which is seen from above the highest of the mountains (No. 6); and I can well understand that even the most timid of the passengers, lost in admiration of the stupendous view, forgets to be afraid.

These transalpine journeys are unique in the annals of ballooning, and the photographs—wonderful as they are—fail to do justice to the sights which are beheld as the good "ship" sails majestically above the mountains. Ten times during his career has Captain Spelterini made successful crossings, and he has secured a collection of the most extraordinary photographs in the world. To see the Alps as he has seen them so often, and as his lucky passengers have seen them, must be a lifelong memory, the joy of which will amply repay the possessor for temporary discomfort and even panic. And it is, surely, high testimony to the skill of an aeronaut to be able to say that he has never had a single mishap when making any of these perilous journeys.

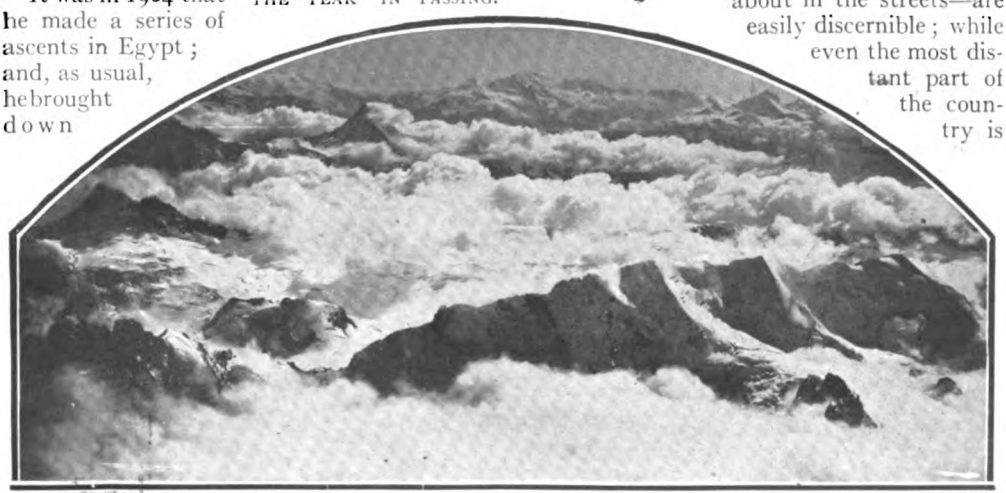


NO. 4.—"HE BRINGS HIS BALLOON SO CLOSE TO THE MOUNTAIN-SIDES THAT EVERY PECULIARITY OF THE ROCKS CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN."

Very different from the Alpine work, though equally interesting—what he has done in the other parts of the world in which he has flown deserves more than passing mention; but here it is only possible to allude to the remarkable expeditions which he has made to Egypt and to South Africa, where he obtained some of the most wonderful pictures he has ever taken.

It was in 1904 that he made a series of ascents in Egypt; and, as usual, he brought down numerous mementoes of his journeys, in the form of photographs. The pictures taken on this occasion are of peculiar historical interest, and the beautifully clear atmospheric conditions prevailing at the time were so exceptionally favourable that every detail of the scenes is sharply defined. Indeed, these Egyptian photographs are among the finest specimens of his art that Captain Spelterini has produced. Wonderful, indeed, is the bird's-eye view of Cairo, taken from a great height, which shows every detail of the city. The crowded buildings, the tortuous streets—even the people walking about in the streets—are easily discernible; while even the most distant part of the country is

NO. 5.—THE LAQUINHORN—LOOKING DOWN ON AN ALP FROM THE BALLOON, WHICH ALMOST GRAZED THE PEAK IN PASSING.



NO. 6.—A PANORAMA OF PEAKS AND CLOUDS—HERE ON THE LEFT ARE THE GSPALTENHORN AND THE BIETSCHHORN, SURROUNDED BY FLOATING VAPOURS, IN THE FOREGROUND THE BLUMLISALP, AND IN THE DISTANCE THE WEISSHORN AND THE CERVIN.

NO. 7.—"WONDERFUL, INDEED, IS THE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAIRO, WHICH SHOWS EVERY DETAIL OF THE CITY."

extraordinarily distinct (No. 7). His pictures of the Nile and of the City of the Dead, which show every detail of the country, are veritable maps of the district as well as very beautiful panoramas. The crowded life along the banks of the ancient river is clearly seen in the photograph of the Nile (No. 8); and the curious sand-hill formation in the background is a striking feature of the photograph of the City of the Dead (No. 9).

Equally novel experiences awaited Captain Spelterini when he visited South Africa in 1911; and he considers that this expedition is one of the most interesting he has ever made. Certainly it was one of the most arduous that he has undertaken; for the long journey from Switzerland to South Africa was difficult and costly with all his luggage and tackle. With his balloon *Sirius* carefully packed up, he travelled first to Cape Town, and then up to Johannesburg. It was his original intention to make some ascents at

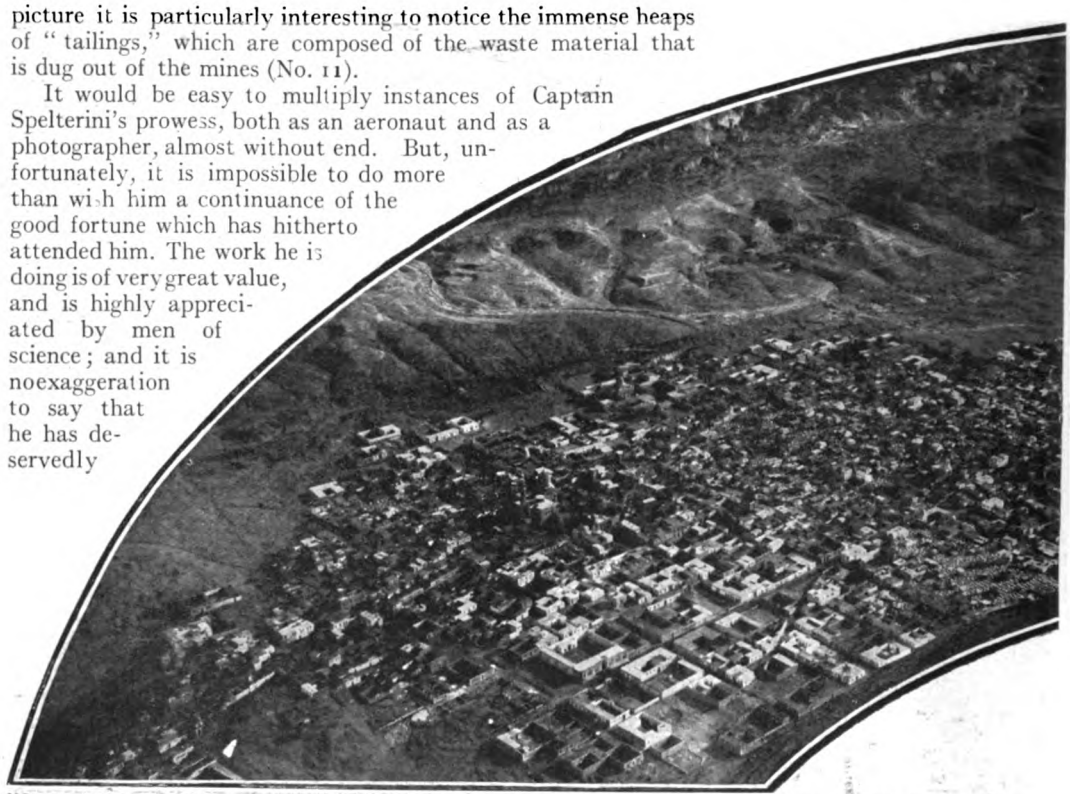
Cape Town ; but owing to the danger of being blown out to sea the idea had to be abandoned, and he proceeded up-country at once. His arrival in Johannesburg created a considerable stir, and he was able to make a series of ascents which yielded him precious additions to his collection of photographs—and, incidentally, provided him with fresh adventures. It was while flying over the mines, on the outskirts of Johannesburg, that his balloon was caught by the current of very cold dry air which so nearly caused a serious accident ; but disaster was averted by promptly throwing overboard six sacks of ballast. Happily, the lightened balloon was able to rise ; but the manœuvre was effected only just in time, for when her downward course was arrested the balloon was only a few feet above one of the huge tanks of cyanide of potassium attached to the mines.

As in Egypt, the clear atmospheric conditions enabled Captain Spelterini to secure some very interesting photographs of the district. Two of the most striking of the pictures he took are those which show the curious plan upon which Johannesburg is built (No. 10) and the mines outside the city. In the latter

NO. 8.—ANOTHER STRIKING VIEW OF CAIRO, SHOWING THE NILE AND, ON THE LEFT, THE RACECOURSE AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

picture it is particularly interesting to notice the immense heaps of "tailings," which are composed of the waste material that is dug out of the mines (No. 11).

It would be easy to multiply instances of Captain Spelterini's prowess, both as an aeronaut and as a photographer, almost without end. But, unfortunately, it is impossible to do more than wish him a continuance of the good fortune which has hitherto attended him. The work he is doing is of very great value, and is highly appreciated by men of science; and it is no exaggeration to say that he has deservedly



NO. 9.—THE CURIOUS SAND-HILL FORMATION IN THE BACKGROUND IS A STRIKING FEATURE OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CITY OF THE DEAD OUTSIDE CAIRO.

NO. 10.—AN EXTRAORDINARY VIEW OF JOHANNESBURG, SHOWING HOW THE CITY HAS BEEN BUILT ON THE AMERICAN PLAN—OWING TO THE HEIGHT FROM WHICH IT WAS TAKEN, EVEN THE TALLEST BUILDINGS ARE DWARFED INTO INSIGNIFICANCE.

NO. II.—A VIEW OF THE GOLD MINES OUTSIDE JOHANNESBURG, SHOWING THE GIGANTIC HEAPS OF "TAILINGS," COMPOSED OF THE WASTE MATERIAL FROM THE MINES.

he dearly loves the excitement of the journeys he makes, it is his unquenchable thirst for new experiences that inspires him to make ascents under every conceivable condition. His balloons have carried him into realms never before explored, and his camera has made permanent records of the world from points of view never before seen, and it is by virtue of the outstanding value which is thus given to his ascents that he has won the unique position he occupies to-day in the aeronautical world.

The artistic merits of these photographs taken from aloft, and the unique charm they possess, are enough to make them noticeable and memorable; but they possess another claim to attention, for the value of such pictures, whether as curiosities or for military purposes, need not be emphasized. Indeed, there is no doubt that the work Captain Spelterini has done as an aerial photographer gives him a title to fame, apart altogether from that which he has won by his exploits as an aeronaut.

won a permanent reputation as a man who has added to the sum of human knowledge. Indeed, during his extraordinarily varied and successful career he has done enough to make half-a-dozen reputations, but he is still planning new exploits; for, although

The Prize

by...
AUSTIN PHILIPS

Illustrated by
FRED LEIST R.B.A

"THEN it's understood, father!"

"If you get the prize, Joyce."

"Not unless?"

"No." Her father looked at her, shaking his grizzled head. "No, Joyce. I am sorry; I know you have worked very hard. But I won't have my daughter a dilettante. Failures are things I hate. You must either be a real artist—or come home and look after the boys. If you get this prize—which will prove that there's real stuff in you—you shall have all the help in my power. Otherwise—well, you have my decision. Do you clearly understand?"

"I understand," answered Joyce, looking up at him. And, very bravely, she managed to smile.

"That's a good girl!"

John Carpmael stooped to kiss his daughter's cheek. Just then a bell rang out very loud and clear in the sharp, crisp, upland air.

"Chapel, father!"

"Yes." John Carpmael turned to take cap and gown from a cupboard. "I must hurry, or I shall be late. You've got your sandwiches, Joyce, dear?"

"Yes, father."

"And your bag has gone down?"

"Yes." Joyce nodded and picked up her music-case. "I, too, must be going. I'll walk with you to the gate."

They went out together, down the drive that opened into the grounds. To the left, in the shadow of the Milterns, stood the stately buildings; to the right, downwards, lay the wondrous Severn vale.

At the gate of the drive John Carpmael patted his daughter's arm.

"Good-bye, Joyce!"

"Good-bye, father!"

They parted; he turning up towards the college chapel, Joyce going along the path above the cricket-ground to the station, ten minutes' walk away. She wore a fur coat with a toque to match it, above a dark blue skirt. Her eyes were brown and her cheeks were dusky; she had straight, well-rounded features; her mouth was very sensitive; she was just one-and-twenty; and her walk had in it the springiness of a person who is very much alive.

She reached the station, took ticket for Paddington, and entered the London train. As it tore eastward through Evesham, Oxford, Reading, this was her constant thought:—

"If I fail!"—so sang the train-wheels—"If I fail and must go back home!"

It was just three years since she had become a student; since she had really begun to live. Music was in her; it was a part of her; she was a pianist of the highest promise; she had emotion, execution, technique. She had forced her openings against great obstacles; she had prevailed upon her father, despite all his prejudices, to permit her to study in town. But unless she won this prize—the Dartning-Messel—all her fight would be unavailing; her student days would be ended; her friendships gone with them; she, an artist to the very finger-tips, would be doomed to a narrow environment and a dull existence that to a girl of her ardent temperament would be like a lifelong sentence in a jail.

And upon the result of the examination,

now in its final stages, hung more than music alone. She loved, was loved, yet could not marry—and if she left London they might easily drift apart. *He* was Keith Willoughby, almost briefless barrister, old Miltonian centre-forward, once a boy in her father's house.

"If I fail! If I fail!" repeated the ceaseless train-wheels. "I shall have to go home again. I shall lose my work and my love!"

She was overworked; she was worried and hopeless; the brief week-end holiday with its unwonted idleness had quickened, not numbed, her troubles; the train bore her, nerve-racked, back to town. She took a taxi. Her progress to the Academy was slow. For the crispness of the December Midland morning had changed to dampness in the Home Counties, and London was enveloped in a raw and thickening mist.

The cab reached the Royal Academy of Music slowly; even as it journeyed the mist had grown to fog. Joyce got out, gave her bag to the hall-porter, crossed the hall, and slipped past the little throng of students lolling at the foot of the stairs. She ran up the stone steps hastily, past the walls that were hung with honour shields, the boards which showed the names of prize-winners, big, white-lettered and black. Would her name find place there—or would it be failure? She tried to thrust the thought from her; it pursued her cruelly as she went.

"Halloa, Joyce!" shouted a fellow-student after her. "Where are you off to in such a hurry? Why don't you come and talk?"

But Joyce was on the upper landing. Her voice rang clearly down the narrow staircase well.

"Can't stop! I want to look over my paper. I've just got back from home!"

At the head of the stairs, where she had stood to call her answer, was the big concert-room, with its half-open door. Through it came the swell of the organ, rising tremendous and triumphant from the gloomiest of depths.

Joyce paused a moment involuntarily, held by the music's spell. Then she went in at the door of a room on the right. It was large; it was untidy exceedingly; it was the common-room of the students, whose special refuge it was. Out of it two other rooms opened, one a cloak-room, one a professorial ante-chamber, each with its glass-paned door. A dozen voices greeted Joyce's coming. Brilliant, yet exceedingly unselfish, she was the most popular girl of them all.

"Halloa, Joyce! Good luck, old girl! Hurrah! You'll do it! Won't you, though!"

"Thank you! Thank you!"

Joyce, in the pleasure of her welcome, for a second forgot her woes. She sat down on the long table; she smiled her appreciation of their greetings at the generous-hearted girls. Their clothes were strange and varied; there was every fashion and style. There were djibbahs, beads, and velvets; ribbons, flounces, laces, and faded Liberty shades. Their hair was done in all conceivable manners—loose, tumbled, middle-parted, and classical; screwed back and knotted up tightly, or rolled in a careless, pin-cushion fashion on the nape of an uncovered neck. There were sailor and "sunshine" collars; ties most voluminous; every conceivable variety of so-called "artistic" taste.

Joyce put down her music-case on the table, opened it, and took out the big envelope which held the fateful examination-paper, with its printed address. A slim, dark-eyed child in the shortest of short frocks came quickly to her side.

"You're dead certain to get it, dear," she said, putting her arm round Joyce's waist.

"Nonsense, Vera!" Joyce slipped the envelope back into the music-case. "What about Ethel Swayne?"

"Ethel!"

"Ethel!" The whole room echoed the short-frocked student's cry. "She hasn't an earthly—she's too conceited—superficial—no sound knowledge—I hate her!"

"Oh, but——"

"Hush-h-h!"

The clatter ceased suddenly. From one of the two inner glass-doored rooms a girl in a fussy blouse and an over-trimmed skirt came rustling towards the group. It was Ethel Swayne, Joyce's sole remaining competitor for the Dartning-Messel Prize, and cousin to that Keith Willoughby who loved Joyce and whom Joyce loved. Ethel alone had survived the many stages of the examination; all hung, now, upon the result of the composition which must be handed in to-day.

Vera Darrell moved to the fire-place and began industriously to break up a lump of coal. Two other girls grabbed at a fashion paper, which parted with a loud rip-rip. A fourth walked away pointedly. All of them looked rather confused. Ethel, for no very definite reason, yet beyond all question, was the most unpopular student of her time.

"Oh, Joyce," she was saying, and her voice sounded artificial and super-trained. "Oh, Joyce, isn't it simply too awful for words. I feel as if I should die. And you look so deliciously calm!"

"IT WAS ETHEL SWAYNE, JOYCE'S SOLE REMAINING COMPETITOR FOR THE DARTNING-MESSEL PRIZE."

"I look what I don't feel, then," answered Joyce, smiling. "And I don't see why you should be so upset. Think how easily you took the Wingfield Prize last July!"

"*That!* Oh, but that was—— Vera, stop that noise!" A huge lump of coal had dropped from tongs to grate. "Why, I can't hear myself speak!"

"But *we* can!"

The poker fell clattering. A titter followed its fall. Joyce frowned. Ethel went very red.

"Let's go into the inner room, Joyce. These children ought to have nurses. We can talk comfortably there."

"Oh, but——"

"Do, Joyce! I've got some special news."

"News?" Joyce stared at her. "News about what?"

"About Keith Willoughby." Ethel's voice was low and significant. "I was up to inquire this morning. He's worse."

"Worse!"

"Yes, I'll tell you. Only come away from this hubbub."

Ethel rose. Joyce rose likewise. Her heart had begun to thump. For Keith Willoughby had broken his ankle on the football field; it had been set badly; it had needed re-setting; and he had suffered great pain. And Joyce put her music-case hurriedly on the table beside Ethel's and followed her fellow-competitor into one of the inner rooms. There was a second of silence. In it Ethel looked hard at Joyce's anxious face.

"I went round this morning," she began, slowly. "I couldn't see him, but the nurse came out. He'd had such a restless night that she couldn't stop more than a minute; his pain was so—— Why, Joyce!" Ethel broke off abruptly. "My dear, what a colour! You're as white as a sheet!"

"I'm not—am I? But is it—is it really serious?"

"I'm afraid so." Ethel spoke gravely. "They fear blood-poisoning."

"Blood-poisoning!"

"Yes. They think there is grave danger of it—but they would not tell me much."

There were five seconds of silence. Ethel was looking at Joyce curiously; Joyce's heart was going at double speed. Then Ethel gave a start.

"Oh!" she cried.

"What's the matter?"

"I've forgotten!"

"Forgotten what?"

"The prescription!"

"What prescription?"

"Why, the one the nurse gave me to take to the chemist's. And now it's too late."

"Too late!"

"Yes; I've a lesson at one-fifteen!"

Joyce rose. She was very frightened now.

"Never mind," she cried, caught up by the swift instinct of the warm-hearted to help those they love. "Never mind. I'll take it. There's lots of time before two!"

"Will you?" Ethel looked at her half rapturous, half—as it seemed—triumphant. "Oh, you *are* a darling! Here it is!"

She drew a half-sheet of notepaper from a handbag. Joyce grabbed it, took down her coat from the peg where she had hung it, and rushed into the outer room. Ethel smiled; then made her face look serious and followed leisurely in Joyce's wake.

"Why, Joyce!" It was Vera Darrell who made the exclamation. "What's happened? Where are you going?"

"Only taking a message. I shall be back in less than an hour."

Joyce, now toqued and coated, snatched up her music-case from the table and hurried out. Ethel followed her to the head of the stairs.

"Seventeen, Pembroke Road, Highgate!" she cried. "Thanks—a thousand thanks!" And with another smile, which she hid as she entered, she went back to the students' room.

And up the well of the staircase rolled the fog, ever-thickening, dun-coloured, choking, raw.

Joyce was in the outer hall now; she was at the porter's side.

"Quick, Howell—a taxi-do whistle—quick—quick!"

"Yes, miss. Very good, miss."

The porter whistled—not once, but many times; Joyce stood chafing at the delay. At last a taxi, hooting incessantly, emerged from the blanket of darkness and jerked itself to a standstill before the door.

Joyce did not wait for Howell. She hurried forward and jumped in.

"Number seventeen, Pembroke Road, Highgate—off the Highgate Road. Drive quickly—go very fast!"

The cab started. Joyce lay back in her corner, giving rein to her thoughts—the long, hard work for the examination, the importance of victory, the ruin that would be failure, had made her downright ill. Blood-poisoning! People died of it, often. Keith Willoughby's illness seemed like the finger of Fate. She sat hunched and huddled, dreaming of disaster, imagining awful things.

And the cab, clicking up innumerable twopences, moved more slowly than a hearse.

There were sudden halts; there were hoots and unseating swerves. The fog round Regent's Park hung almost impenetrable, and, chancing a short cut, the driver had taken a succession of turnings which brought him to—Gloucester Gate!

Joyce heard the grating of brakes, a shouted question, a quickly-given reply. Then they were on again, crawling like any snail. She peered through the window: she could see nothing but fog. She glanced at her watch. It showed five minutes after one. And she thrilled with an added fear.

Would she be back in time to hand in her examination-paper punctually at two o'clock? If not—— She forced the thought away from her; she did not dare to think.

On, on; the fog lifted into thinness on the heights of Highgate; the cab fought its way to its destination, reached it—and the hour was one-twenty-five. Joyce was on the pavement in a flash.

"SHE DREW A HALF-SHEET OF NOTEPAPER FROM A HANDBAG, AND JOYCE GRABBED IT."

"Wait for me!" she cried. "I shall be back in one second!" And she ran hot-foot into the shop. Beside the counter she saw a little hospital nurse in a chair. A grey-haired man was fitting tabloids into a box.

"Excuse me"—Joyce waved the prescription—"it is urgent—terribly urgent. Would you make this up and send it to ninety, Cathcart Hill?"

"What!"

The chemist stared at his flushed, fur-coated customer and read.

"But this is extraordinary," he said, and

he turned to the woman in the chair. "This is the lost prescription—the duplicate of the one you've brought!"

The nurse looked at Joyce in amazement.

"The original prescription for Mr. Willoughby!"

"Yes, yes." Joyce's whole body was trembling. "The one—you're his nurse, aren't you?—the one you gave to Miss Swayne this morning—the one she forgot to bring. How is he? Oh, tell me—is he desperately ill?"

The nurse rose. She was a kindly woman, and she saw Joyce's overwrought state.

"My dea.," she said, "it is of no importance whatever—a mere bagatelle. I guessed Miss Swayne had forgotten, and I got Dr. Spurling to make it up again."

"But Mr. Willoughby"—Joyce refused to be comforted—"is it blood-poisoning? How is he? Is he worse?"

"Worse? Blood - poisoning!" The nurse's voice was indignant. "Miss Swayne herself mentioned blood-poisoning this morning, and I laughed at her—and she wants smacking if she frightened you like this. Mr. Willoughby's doing splendidly. He's going on first-rate!"

Joyce stared at her dumbly. She had begun to guess the truth. Not without intent had Ethel hinted at blood-poisoning and sent her on a fool's errand in the fog. She did not even answer. She turned and ran for her cab.

"The Academy—the Academy of Music! Drive as fast as you can!"

She jumped in. It was now one-thirty—with fog and Fate against her—and the examination-paper would be called for at two. The examining professor was the strictest on the establishment; she would be lost if she reached the Academy too late. And the cab entered the raw, thick darkness of inner London, ar d it crawled and hal:ed, and crawled again, a.id the remorseless minutes crept by. Joyce, beaten by forces she might not combat, remembered Ethel's words.

"I think there is grave danger of blood-poisoning; but they would not tell me much."

What avail—there had been no witness—was such a statement as this? No professor, no Council, would give any credence to any accusation that Ethel had defrauded her of the prize.

And still the cab crawled and halted and crawled again, and the remorseless minutes went by.

In the Academy common-room her fellow-students had begun to watch the clock. Twenty to—a quarter—ten minutes—five—and the hour approached. Ethel Swayne came back from her lesson. She was greeted with a general shout.

"Where's Joyce, Ethel?"

"How can I tell?" Ethel's manner was careless, nonchalant. "Why do you want to know?"

"Know!" Kathleen Hunter, an especial friend of Joyce's, was speaking. "Why, because she hasn't come back!"

"I can't help it." Ethel sat down on the table. "I'm not her keeper, you know."

"But what did she go for?" Vera Darrell advanced as she asked.

"Go! Oh, why was it?" Ethel's carelessness was rather overdone now. "Why, to get some prescription made up."

"But it's three minutes to the hour, and she isn't here."

"I can't help it, I tell you!" Ethel shrugged her shoulders. "Don't bother me. I'm worried enough about the exam."

Vera turned away angrily, muttering, "Selfish beast!" Kathleen Hunter rushed to the landing and down into the hall. She rushed back again, giving the room the news.

"The porter says that Joyce went out in a cab. And it's frightfully foggy. She must have got lost. But of course they'll take her paper when she comes back!"

"Take her paper?" Vera Darrell was almost crying. "You know what Digby is. He won't look at it if she's a second after the hour."

"It's two now," said somebody. "Only a second more!"

"Yes, it's two now." Ethel Swayne's voice had studied regret in it. "I am afraid that poor Joyce will not be back in time."

As she spoke she picked up the music-case beside her, opened it, and drew out the large, printed-address envelope which it held.

And the clock struck twice. There was a universal gasp of despair.

A door opened at the end of the room. A man came in—a tall, thin man, spectacled, black-bearded, severe. There was utter silence. Then the professor spoke:—

"The papers for the Dartning-Messel, please."

"Very good, Mr. Digby." Ethel Swayne advanced to the professor and put the envelope into his outstretched hand.

"I thank you." He looked round the room myopically. "Now, Miss Carpmael, where is yours?"

There was no answer. And Kathleen Hunter advanced.

"Joyce is not here," she said.

"Not here, Miss Hunter! What on earth do you mean?"

Vera Darrell came forward, taking up the tale.

"She went out—at half-past twelve it was. She was in a great hurry. She wanted to have a prescription made up."

"A prescription! Then she isn't here?"

"No—I suppose she got lost in the fog."

"I see!"

The professor hesitated. Then he turned to go.

"Mr. Digby!"

"Yes?" The professor turned again.

"Surely you'll accept her paper! Surely she won't lose her chance of the prize!"

Mr. Digby stood irresolute, looking at the appealing students who surrounded him on every side. He was a hard, just man who had a heart lurking in him, and he had a genuine admiration for Joyce. But he and his fellow-professors were smarting under a barbed hint from the Council that the students were growing positively mutinous, and that they needed pulling together with a firm hand. So he would not give way.

"No," he answered, firmly. "The rules and the hours are immutable. I cannot give Miss Carpmael a chance. I am sorry—but she has lost the prize."

He turned and disappeared, going through the farther door.

There was a very babel of indignation. Ethel Swayne joined in.

"It's a shame—it's a perfect scandal—it's a wicked shame. It's unspeakable—unspeakable. How can he be so hard!"

Resentment against Digby, anger against the Council and all authority, occupied every tongue. Vera Darrell turned to Ethel at last.

"Then you've got the prize!" she said.

"I——" Ethel went red, trembled, then stiffened to indifference. "Well, yes, I suppose I have."

"And"—Kathleen Hunter broke in now—"Joyce will have to leave London and go home. Her father is a perfect Philistine. He made it a condition that she——"

"Hush!"

The door from the landing had opened. Joyce was coming in. She was flushed, yet haggard. She almost lurched into the room.

"Is it—has he—am I too late?" she gasped.

There was no answer. Nobody dared to speak. Joyce repeated the question; her despair was terrible to see. She was trembling from head to foot. Kathleen Hunter came over to her and put an arm round her waist.

"Yes, Joyce, dear," she said. "It's no use hiding things. He wouldn't wait."

Joyce stood staring at her dumbly; tottered, recovered herself, and fell into a chair. She hid her face in her hands.

And Ethel Swayne advanced.

"I'm sorry, Joyce," she said. "I'm awfully sorry. I would rather have lost the prize than have won it like this."

Joyce looked up. She was breathless. But her eyes were dry. She faced Ethel, reading her very soul. Ethel flinched, and began to turn away. Joyce hesitated. Should she denounce Ethel boldly before them all?

But a swift diversion came. It was Howell, the old porter. He held a big envelope in his hand.

"For you, Miss Swayne," he said, and he held the envelope forward. "A young woman has just brought it with a message to say that Mrs. Swayne found it in the drawing-room, on the piano, just now."

"What!"

Ethel snatched at the envelope, tore it open, pulled out what it held.

"My examination-paper!" she gasped.

"Your examination-paper!"

There was a general movement. Twenty voices echoed Joyce's cry. The students crowded forward. Ethel, the colour of cream note-paper, looked bewilderedly round.

"B—but I gave it up!" she said.

"Yes—I saw you."

"And I."

"And I."

Joyce had risen. Suddenly, and with trembling fingers, she began to open the music-case that she held. She glanced at the music within it, and took a step towards Ethel Swayne.

"You couldn't have given it up," she said, breathlessly. "Because I took away your music-case in mistake."

Ethel stared, dumbfounded. Then she tore open the music-case which had been hanging on her wrist. And Kathleen Hunter gave a sudden happy cry.

"Is it Joyce's?"

"Yes—yes." Ethel spoke with difficulty. "This is Joyce's case."

"Then"—Vera Darrell's words were frankly triumphant—"then, Ethel, you haven't won!"

"N—not won!" Ethel's voice was almost inaudible; it died away in her throat.

"No, no!" Kathleen Hunter rushed forward. "Joyce—all of you—don't you

"'NO,' HE ANSWERED FIRMLY, 'I CANNOT GIVE MISS CARMAEL A CHANCE. I AM SORRY—BUT SHE HAS LOST THE PRIZE.'"

understand? Joyce took Ethel's case away with her and Ethel gave Mr. Digby the envelope that was in the case Joyce left behind!"

"Then—then——"

Joyce was panting; Ethel was reeling; the room swayed and whispered like a wheatfield in the wind. Vera Darrell put truth into a sentence, clasping at Joyce's hand:—

"Yes, dear; Ethel handed in yourexamination-paper—and you have got the prize!"

A FRENCH LONDON

By LESLIE BERESFORD
Illustrated by Tony Sarg

It is typical of the average Englishman and his wife that, on renting a furnished house or flat, they invariably commence their tenancy by rearranging the furniture so as to secure what they consider a homely atmosphere in the place. Supposing our neighbours over the Channel to possess the same weakness, the author of the article below suggests what a man might find if, on landing suddenly in London after a long absence, he discovered it had been leased to France.

"BEEN away long?"

Through the persistent rattle of the boat-train rushing townwards I became aware that the fat man, occupying the opposite corner, was addressing me.

"Two years," I replied, curtly. Tired after a long journey and a rough crossing, I had no desire for conversation, and I was drowsily indignant that he should have interrupted my day-dreams with his ponderous voice. Presently he flung another fog-horn sentence at me.

"You'll find London changed," he bellowed, with a hoarse chuckle.

Since I could not shake off the chatterbox, I pulled myself together. "I think not, sir," I said, coldly, and with an air of finality. "London never changes to any appreciable extent."

The fat man's huge frame shook with suppressed mirth. "All right," he spluttered; "just you wait and see."

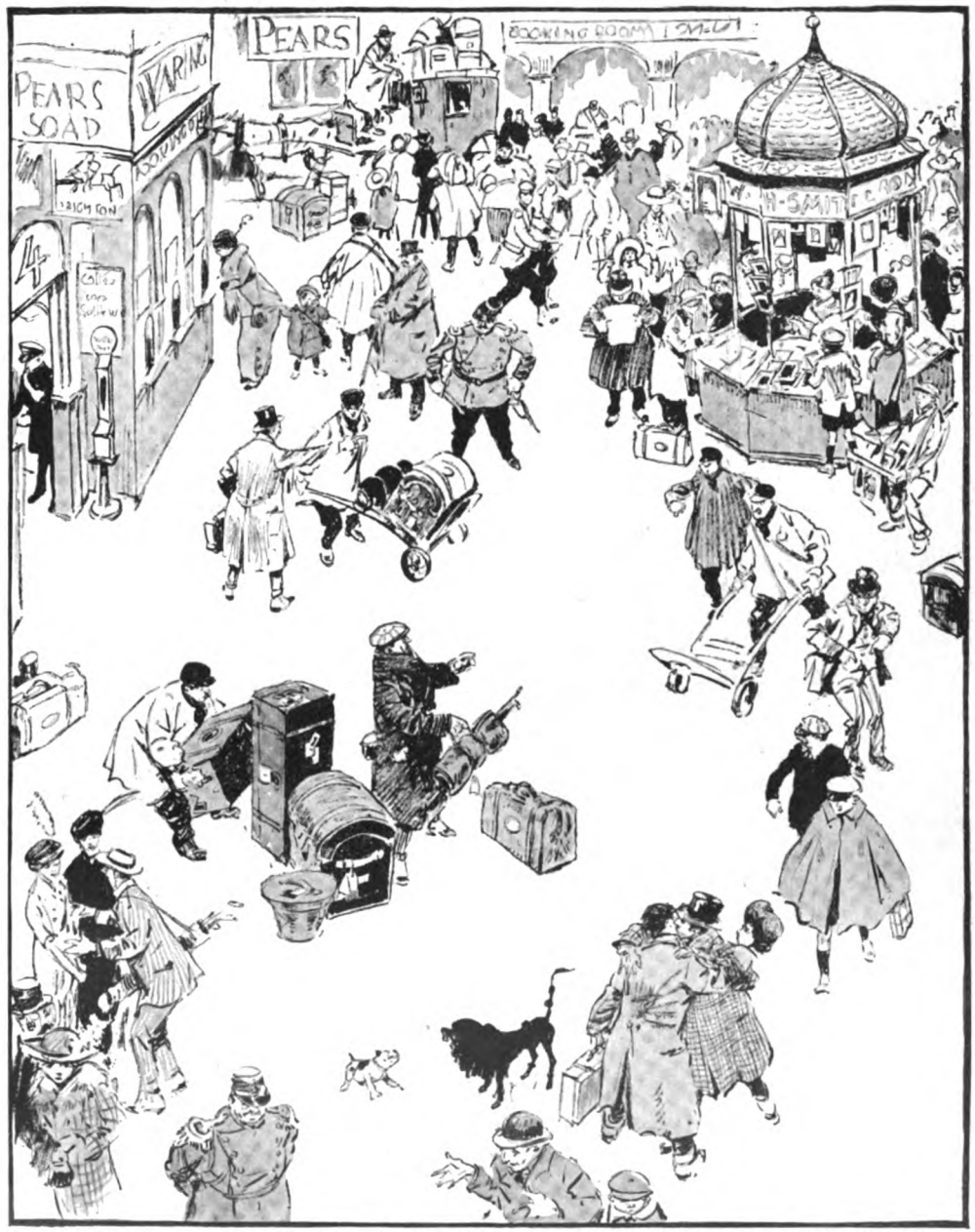
The clatter of a carriage window being let down awakened me to present realities. To my astonishment I saw that we were steaming into Charing Cross Station. Springing to my feet, I remarked that it had surely been a quick journey. The fat man, clutching his belongings, was already insinuating his unwieldy person through the narrow doorway. From the platform he leered at me, vibrating like a huge jellyfish. "You'll find London changed all right," he yelled back at me amid a heavy rumble of laughter, and was lost to sight on the crowded platform.

I said to myself: "That person is typical of your narrow-minded, untravelled Englishman, so confoundedly cocksure about everything." And, as I stepped on to the platform, I found myself laughing heartily at the suggestion that I should find any change in London.

But the laughter died on my lips, frozen there, after my first glance round the dingy old terminus. This was not the Charing Cross of cherished memory, dedicated to a daily invasion and exodus of respectable commercial Britishers.

This Charing Cross appeared to have grown young again, to be suffering from hysteria. It was thronged by people who apparently looked upon it as a pleasure resort. It echoed with laughter, song, and the din of chattering tongues. The people who careered aimlessly around and about it were as English as I; but it dawned upon me that, for self-respecting Britons, they were behaving in a singularly unusual manner. Their noise and wealth of gesture reminded me forcibly of a Continental carnival in full swing.

In a dazed kind of way, too, I was aware of other unusual sights and incidents, one following the other with a rapidity which made my amazement the more stupidly com-



"THIS WAS NOT THE CHARING CROSS OF CHERISHED MEMORY, DEDICATED TO A DAILY INVASION AND EXODUS OF RESPECTABLE BRITISHERS."

plete. The importunate persons anxious to relieve me of my suit-case were clearly porters; but the trim uniform of blue with its red braiding had disappeared, and they wore shapeless blue blouses and baggy trousers. Except for their perspiring British faces and the broad Cockaigne which tripped persuasively over their tongues, they might have been supers in a comic opera! Two portly Englishmen, stately types of stolid British commercialism, were kissing each other enthusiastically right in front of me; some lanky schoolboys, hurrying by, exhibited long white legs between short knee-breeches and skimpy socks. A burly policeman, whose bovine British face was not unfamiliar

to me, shocked me horribly by thrusting himself under my notice. On his shoulders were gilt epaulettes, a short sword dangled at his waist, his hand waved a little white baton, and he looked sheepish under an absurdly small peaked cap.

I dashed away in a breathless, despairing search for a friendly face, an honest British tongue which should tell me what all these atrocious and uncanny happenings might mean. I bethought me of a dear old bearded bookworm, who, in charge of Smith's bookstall, had often chatted pleasantly with me on politics and literature. He should be my Baedeker; I hurried off to find his stall.

It had disappeared, and in its place I found myself confronted by a huge blue structure shaped like an enormous kiosk. Here, surrounded by piles of papers, there sat and beamed upon me—not my dear old bearded bookworm, but a woman of prodigious rotundity, busily wielding large bone knitting-needles!

I fled in a blind dash for the exit; my only thought now was to get away out of this travesty of Charing Cross. The music of a band floated to me from the Strand. It was the music of the "Marseillaise." In a flash I believed my problem solved: London must be in the throes of the *entente cordiale* fever. From the step I looked down on the station yard, with the Strand in the background. Here, too, it seemed, something strange had happened. This *entente* business, I thought, had evidently got a grip on London. To my nostrils, sensitive with anxiety, there came a peculiarly pungent odour, reminiscent of cookery and the drug-shop, a smell utterly foreign to London. I knew it at once—the scent of the boulevards—the perfume of Paris! This, I said to myself, is carrying the *entente* a little too far.

It was at this moment that my old friend Harris appeared in front of me, seized me enthusiastically by both hands, flung his arms about my neck, and kissed me rapturously on both cheeks.

This was the last straw. "Harris," I said, coldly, when I had somewhat recovered, "that is not the kind of joke I appreciate."

"Joke?" he repeated, with a stupid stare of astonishment. "It's not a joke. It's local colouring."

"Local *what?*" I yelled.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" he asked, in a nervous whisper.

"Know?" I blazed, wrathfully. "I want to know a lot of things. Tell me the worst. What on earth has happened to London?"

"London," said Harris, in a dull, spiritless way, "has been leased to France, and the French have been making it home-like."

In a flash I realized the long vista of possibilities created by such a *volte-face* of London's daily life. On the very threshold of London, the station yard bore evidence to what drastic changes lay beyond. Around us swarmed a

"HE KISSED ME RAPTUROUSLY ON BOTH CHEEKS."

crowd of protesting cab-touts. Of neat taxis there were none in sight, but through the gates there came dashing towards us crazy cabs, driven by yelling Jehus and drawn by shocking specimens of horseflesh, whose bony ribs positively shouted for a modest covering of flesh.

"Harris," I said, "I put myself in your hands. I depend upon you to guide me round this new London, to show me just how far the ravages of this calamity have smitten the old Metropolis. But, Harris, I will not exhibit myself in one of those awful cabs."

Harris glanced round furtively. "Do not speak so loudly," he said. "I can assure you that the French have been to a great deal of trouble and expense to bring over horses and cabs, to say nothing of drivers of the type which would remind them of those they have left behind in Paris."

Nevertheless I was determined, and presently, out in the crowded Strand, we found a taxi. It was driven by a woman, and the business-like way in which she promptly dashed us into the vortex of the traffic did not improve my peace of mind.

In Trafalgar Square a band was playing between the fountains. The broad space was thronged with noisy people, everywhere children were dancing, and on the fringes of the Square men and women at little stalls were doing a brisk trade in goods of multifarious kinds. Indeed, one of the first things I noticed in the Strand, and later on all over London, was the omnipresence of the gutter-hawker. But all these eccentricities faded into insignificance beside the tragedy of Nelson's statue, before which I sat aghast while the female chauffeur ricochetted against a lamp-post.

"There is something the matter with it," I said to Harris, and pointed to the statue's massive base, that grimy rostrum from which persons with grievances were wont to shriek to Sunday crowds.

"Ah!" muttered Harris. "You miss the old lions, of course. We all feel sorry for those poor old lions. You see, Frenchmen don't take quite as kindly to lions as we do, so they held a solemn conclave of art critics to decide how this jarring note might be eliminated. At first it was thought that, for the sake of racial feelings, Nelson's figure should be replaced by one of Napoleon; but the influence of the *entente cordiale* prevailed and the situation was met by sending for a sculptor to transform the offending lions into French poodles."

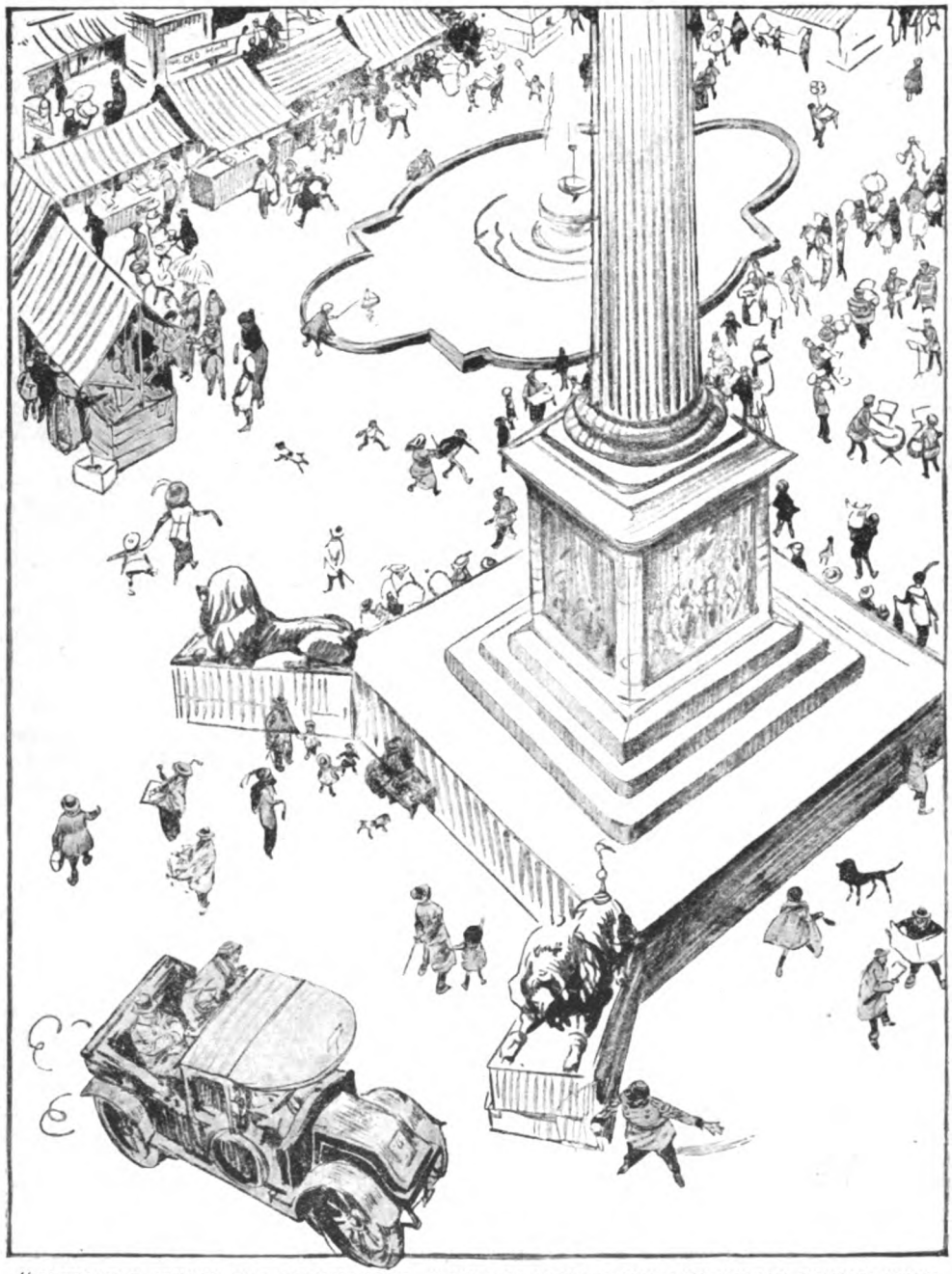
In a state of stupor I accepted this advance guard of Parisianized London as indicative of nightmare changes still to come. As Harris kindly explained, "It is only natural that France, having leased London, should set to work to put her house in home-like order, so to speak, by moving the furniture round. She does not use this old capital, as we did, as a house of commerce, to be reached as late and left as early as possible. She uses it in the way she does Paris—as her playground as well as a workroom."

Our female Jehu drove all rational thought from my mind by an ear-splitting blast on her horn, and did her utmost to oblige the undertaking profession by tangoing her ramshackle taxi along the wrong side of the road. But I quickly grasped the fact that there now was no "wrong side."

It was London horribly disguised, comparable to nothing so much as a grand old hymn tune sung to rag-time. How can I give in a short space more than the briefest outline of our career around its main arteries and famous centres, shadows of their former greatness? I can only record those occasional flashes of transformation which struck me more acutely than all the rest in this perpetually-moving kaleidoscope, in which the noise of chatter and music, an unwonted brightness of clothing, a feverishness of motion, eccentricities unusual to our national stolidity, levity where labour had been the keynote, in an atmosphere redolent of Italian cookery, numbed my senses.

To find Piccadilly Circus devoted to a flower-market was not, perhaps, a great shock, but owing to the absence of motor-buses one was able to see the Mercury statue fountain, which struck me at once as an improvement. From here to Hyde Park a promenade seemed established. The roadway was filled with elegant equipages, the pathways dotted with little round tables, which were occupied by well-dressed people, outside the great hotels. These outdoor restaurants were, indeed, everywhere. At least half-a-dozen had been erected in Hyde Park, where also a fair was being held and merry-go-rounds and swings were busy and noisy with shocking music, surrounded by crowds of shouting children. Again, the long thoroughfare from Marble Arch to Newgate had quite an air of devotion to feeding and amusement. The old business houses seemed to apologize for their existence. Some had adapted themselves to the times. I saw a notice, "You must lunch *chez* Selfridge." At another well-known furnishing house a dancing saloon had been introduced.

"Tango teas in the old Jacobean *salon*,"



"TRAFALGAR SQUARE WAS TRANSFORMED, EVEN THE LIONS ROUND THE NELSON COLUMN BEING CHANGED INTO FRENCH POODLES."

said a poster. The Café Gamage, in Holborn, stretched far out into the roadway; and outside a delightful little restaurant in Cheapside I noticed a placard which stated, "Our boot and shoe department is upstairs."

A great change seemed to have come over the City. It was evening when I reached the Royal Exchange (no longer a deserted monument), and found its steps full of excited brokers. An air of irresponsible jollity was abroad. Clerks and people who were usually to be seen at this hour hurrying wearily homeward appeared to love dallying about the place. Only two very disreputable cabs

were to be seen in the great open space, and one had a good view of the Mansion House, at the entrance to which turnstiles had been fixed and a queue of people were waiting for admission. There being no Lord Mayor, Harris explained to me, his residence had been turned into a museum of relics of old Lord Mayors. Some jugglers and a band of itinerant musicians made a delightfully informal little gathering over by the Bank. I felt like one on desecrated ground. Harris would not have horrified me had he told me that the Guildhall had been converted into a City chop-house.

The Embankment was aflame with dazzling lights and alive with music and laughter. The grand old sweep of broadway from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster was altered beyond recognition. It was no longer a sombre, ill-lighted thoroughfare from east to west; it was a gigantic curve of gaudy *cafés*, picture palaces, and dancing-halls. A replica of every famous Parisian restaurant was to be found here, and the Embankment Gardens, once so typical of our British respectability, were bright with light and alive with dancing couples. At extensions of the Cecil and Savoy Hotels open-air *cafés* were thronged with well-dressed diners, under a canopy of coloured electric bulbs. Cleopatra's Needle, converted into a bandstand, was occupied by an Arab orchestra in native costume, who performed Oriental melodies with great zeal. The riverside pavement, once the monopoly of the submerged tenth, was now in the possession of ceaselessly-moving throngs. Where the surface of the river shone in the glare of the lights little steamboats could be seen bringing more passengers from the southern bank in amazingly quick succession. A military band swung round the corner from Northumberland Avenue with a blare of brass, and behind it lights came dancing, a long stream of them advancing with rhythmic regularity.

"Torchlight procession of the Guards," explained Harris. "The French believe in patriotism in the home. This is a weekly feature."

The thought of red coats filled me with joy; here, at least, I should find the good solid Briton without any foreign dressing. I hurried to where the arc-lights fell full upon their scarlet glory. But my eyes travelled from their red coats downwards as they drew near, and I felt a sudden chill of disappointment. Something flapped, old and very baggy, round their legs. "Their trousers!" I cried, grasping Harris by the arm.

"Yes," he said, sympathetically. "French pattern."

"London, like Paris, only begins now to be alive after the dinner gong has sounded," resumed Harris. "Dinner is now London's great meal." I, who had dined from what was quoted on the menu to be an English chop, but which had already been badly assaulted by a French *chef* and then drowned in butter, came out of the gorgeous glass *café* in Leicester Square in a bad temper.

"If the theatres are no better than the chops——" I began, and then took a second look at the site of the old Empire Theatre. Harris divined my disbelief.

"Yes," he said, "it is no longer the home of Terpsichore, the rendezvous of the admirer of Genée and Kyasht. It is a circus."

From the electric sky-sign of an equestrienne I turned in doubt towards the Alhambra. Here a revue was the *pièce de résistance*. An interminable queue of people were crushing for admission. The name of the piece flamed in the sky. It read: "Naughty! Naughty!"

"Where shall we go?" queried Harris. "I am afraid most of the theatres will be closed. All the big actors are out of town."

"What! at the beginning of the season?"

"Yes," said Harris, and added: "To avoid this, you know," tapping a bit of red ribbon in his buttonhole.

"What on earth's that?" I asked, puzzled.

"Surely you recognize the ribbon of the Legion of Honour?" replied Harris.

"But you? What in the name of fortune have you done to wear it?" I asked.

Harris sighed. "The difficulty is to avoid it," he said. "All the big people have gone out of London so that it could not be offered them, and so they fell back on borough councillors like myself. A week ago Mr. Hall Caine, who had come to London in disguise to interview his publishers, was captured by the authorities and confined in the Charing Cross waiting-room while they fastened one into his coat. It was considered a notable capture, and yesterday I hear that Sir Herbert Tree had a very narrow escape. Still, there are plenty of music-halls, and if you want thrills there is the Grand Guignol, which was once the Gaiety Theatre. Nearer still, there is the Palace, the home of *chic* dancing, at the entrance to 'Montmartre in London.'"

"You do not mean——" I began. Harris turned upon me a tear-dimmed eye.

"It is all that is left of old Soho, with its

shilling dinners and French atmosphere," he said, sadly.

Over the façade of the Palace whirled the long electric arms of the windmill sacred to Montmartre. We found ourselves hustled away in a throng of excited persons. Rickety cabmen touted for hire; a dozen men offered to take us round Montmartre. A heavy, vinous atmosphere hung over the place. The noise was appalling, the glare of lights was gaudy and cheap. I saw titles from Montmartre—*cafés* of the Dead Rat, of Heaven, of Hell. "Especially arranged for Americans," explained Harris, pointing to this last. It was a crude and strident area, a bustle of *cocottes* and people with faces like criminals.

It was just as Harris had been explaining that I should find my old housekeeper acting in the capacity of *concierge*, thus further awakening my fears, that two evil-faced men, with features partly hidden beneath huge caps, jostled us severely.

Almost before the words "Apaches! Be careful!" had left Harris's lips I had recognized their trade by the crimson kerchief at their necks and their slouching gait. They snarled at us and hovered at our heels, and I saw that we had reached a lonely corner, where the road led seemingly into a *cul-de-sac*.

At the moment I saw them dash at me, and very dimly heard the voice of Harris, like a whisper, crying to me: "Run! Run!" Then one of the men flashed something in my face and two loud explosions followed.

"CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, CONVERTED INTO A BANDSTAND, WAS OCCUPIED BY AN ARAB ORCHESTRA."

I woke with a start. The fat man opposite me was trying to look through the window.

"Heavy fog," he said, and again two fog-signals cracked warningly.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Just getting into Charing Cross," he said.

The UNDERSTUDY

By
W. W. JACOBS.

Illustrated by
Will Owen.

"DOGS on board ship is a nuisance," said the night-watchman, gazing fiercely at the vociferous mongrel that had chased him from the deck of the *Henry William;* "the skipper asks me to keep an eye on the ship, and then leaves a thing like that down in the cabin."

"THE DOOR WAS PUSHED OPEN AND A BIG BLACK DOG CAME IN."

He leaned against a pile of empty casks to recover his breath, shook his fist at the dog, and said, slowly:—

Some people can't make too much of 'em. They talk about a dog's honest eyes and his faithful 'art. I 'ad a dog once, and I never saw his eyes look so honest as they did one day when 'e was sitting on a pound o' beefsteak we was 'unting high and low for.

I've known dogs to cause a lot of trouble in my time. A man as used to live in my street told me he 'ad been in jail three times because dogs follered him 'ome and wouldn't go away when he told 'em to. He said that some men would ha' kicked 'em out into the street, but he thought their little lives was far too valuable to risk in that way.

Some people used to wink when 'e talked like that, but I didn't: I remembered a dog that took a fancy to old Sam Small and Ginger Dick and Peter Russet once in just the same way.

It was one night in a little public-'ouse down Commercial Road way. They 'ad on'y been ashore a week, and, 'aving been turned out of a music-'all the night afore because a man Ginger Dick had punched in the jaw wouldn't behave 'imself, they said they'd spend the rest o' their money on beer instead. There was just the three of 'em sitting by themselves in a cosy little bar, when the door was pushed open and a big black dog came in.

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He came straight up to Sam and licked his 'and. Sam was eating a arrowroot biscuit with a bit o' cheese on it at the time. He wasn't wot you'd call a particular sort o' man, but, seeing as 'ow the dog was so careless that 'e licked the biscuit a'most as much as he did his 'and, he gave it to 'im. The dog took it in one gulp, and then he jumped up on Sam's lap and wagged his tail in 'is face for joy and thankfulness.

"He's took a fancy to you, Sam," ses Ginger.

Sam pushed the dog off on to the floor and wiped his face.

"He's a good dog, by the look of 'im," ses Peter Russet, who was country bred.

He bought a sausage-roll, and him and the dog ate it between 'em. Then Ginger Dick bought one and gave it to 'im, and by the time it was finished the dog didn't seem to know which one of 'em he loved the most.

"Wonder who he belongs to?" ses Ginger. "Is there any name on the collar, Peter?"

Peter shook his 'ead. "It's a good collar, though," he ses. "I wonder whether he's been and lost 'imself?"

Old Sam, wot was always on the look-out for money, put his beer down and wiped 'is mouth. "There might be a reward out for 'im," he ses. "I think I'll take care of 'im for a day or two, in case."

"We'll all take care of 'im," ses Ginger; "and if there's a reward we'll go shares. Mind that!"

"I found 'im," ses Sam, very disagreeable. "He came up to me as if he'd known me all 'is life."

"No," ses Ginger. "Don't you flatter yourself. He came up to you because he didn't know you, Sam."

"If he 'ad, he'd ha' *bit* your 'and," ses Peter Russet.

"Instead o' washing it," ses Ginger.

"Go on!" ses Sam, 'olding his breath with passion. "Go on!"

Peter opened 'is mouth, but just then another man came into the bar, and, arter ordering 'is drink, turned round and patted the dog's 'ead.

"That's a good dog; 'ow old is he?" he ses to Ginger.

"Two years last April," ses Ginger, without moving a eyelid.

"*Fifth* of April," ses old Sam, very quick and fierce.

"At two o'clock in the morning," ses Peter.

The man took up 'is beer and looked at 'em; then 'e took a drink and looked at 'em agin. Arter which he 'ad another look at the dog.

"I could see 'e was very valuable," he ses. "I see that the moment I set eyes on 'im. Mind you don't get 'im stole."

He finished up 'is beer and went out; and he 'ad 'ardly gone afore Ginger took a piece o' thick string out of 'is pocket and fastened it to the dog's collar.

"Make yourself at 'ome, Ginger," ses Sam, very nasty.

"I'm going to," ses Ginger. "That chap knows something about dogs, and, if we can't get a reward for 'im, p'r'aps we can sell 'im."

They 'ad another arf-pint each, and then, Ginger taking 'old of the string, they went out into the street.

"IT TOOK THREE OF 'EM TO PULL THAT DOG UPSTAIRS."

"Nine o'clock," ses Peter. "It's no good going 'ome yet, Ginger."

"We can 'ave a glass or two on the way," ses Ginger; "but I sha'n't feel comfortable in my mind till we've got the dog safe 'ome. P'r'aps the people wot 'ave lost it are looking for it now."

They 'ad another drink farther on, and a man in the bar took such a fancy to the dog that 'e offered Ginger five shillings for it and drinks round.

"That shows 'ow valuable it is," ses Peter Russet when they got outside. "Hold that string tight, Ginger. Wot's the matter?"

"He won't come," ses Ginger, tugging at the string. "Come on, old chap! Good dog! Come on!"

He stood there pulling at the dog, wot was

sitting down and being dragged along on its stummick. He didn't know its name, but 'e called it a few things that seemed to ease 'is mind, and then he 'anded over the string to Sam, wot 'ad been asking for it, and told 'im to see wot *he* could do.

"We shall 'ave a crowd round us in a minute," ses Peter. "Mind you don't bust a blood-vessel, Sam."

"HE TOOK THE END OF THE COUNTERPANE IN 'IS MOUTH AND TRIED TO DRAG IT OFF."

"And be locked up for stealing it, p'r'aps," ses Ginger. "Better let it go, Sam."

"Wot, arter refusing five bob for it?" ses Sam. "Talk sense, Ginger, and give it a shove be'ind."

Ginger gave it a shove, but it was no good. There was three or four people coming along the road, and Sam made up 'is mind in an instant, and 'eld up his 'and to a cab that was passing.

It took the three of 'em to get the dog into the cab, and as soon as it was in the cabman told 'em to take it out agin. They argufyied with 'im till their tongues ached, and at last, arter paying 'im four shillings and sixpence afore they started, he climbed up on the box and drove off.

The door was open when they got to their lodgings, but they 'ad to be careful because o' the landlady. It took the three of 'em to pull and push that dog upstairs, and Ginger took a dislike to dogs that 'e never really got over. They got 'im in the bedroom at last, and, arter they 'ad given 'im a drink o' water out o' the wash-hand basin, Ginger and Peter started to find fault with Sam Small.

"I know wot I'm about," ses Sam; "but, o' course, if you don't want your share, say so. Wot?"

"Talk sense!" ses Ginger. "We paid our share o' the cab, didn't we? And more fools us."

"There won't be no share," ses Peter Russet; "but if there is, we're going to 'ave it."

They undressed themselves and got into bed, and Ginger 'adn't been in his five minutes afore the dog started to get in with 'im. When Ginger pushed 'im off 'e seemed to think he was having a game with 'im, and, arter pretending to bite 'im in play, he took the end of the counterpane in 'is mouth and tried to drag it off.

"Why don't you get to sleep, Ginger?" ses Sam, who was just dropping off. "'Ave a game with 'im in the morning."

Ginger gave the dog a punch in the chest, and, arter saying a few o' the things he'd like to do to Sam Small, he cuddled down in 'is bed and they all went off to sleep. All but the dog, that is. He seemed uneasy in 'is mind, and if 'e woke 'em up once by standing on his 'ind-legs and putting his fore-paws on their chest to see if they was still alive, he did arf-a-dozen times.

He dropped off to sleep at last, scratching 'imself, but about three o'clock in the morning Ginger woke up with a 'orrible start and sat up in bed shivering. Sam and Peter

"PUTTING HIS FORE-PAWS ON THEIR CHEST TO SEE IF THEY WAS STILL ALIVE."

woke up too, and, raising themselves in bed, looked at the dog, wot was sitting on its tail, with its 'ead back, moaning fit to break its 'art.

"Wot's the matter?" ses old Sam, in a shaky voice. "Stop it! Stop it, d'ye hear!"

"P'r'aps it's dying," ses Ginger, as the dog let off a 'owl like a steamer coming up the river. "Stop it, you brute!"

"He'll wake the 'ouse up in a minute," ses Peter. "Take 'im downstairs and kick 'im into the street, Sam."

"Take 'im yourself," ses Sam. "*Hsh!* Somebody's coming upstairs. Poor old doggie. Come along, then. Come along."

The dog left off his 'owling, and went over and licked 'im just as the landlady and one or two more came to the door and called out to know wot they meant by it.

"It's all right, missis," ses Sam. "It's on'y pore Ginger. You keep quiet," he ses in a whisper, turning to Ginger.

"Wot's he making that row about?" ses the landlady. "He made my blood run cold."

"He's got a touch o' toothache," ses Sam.

"Never mind, Ginger," 'e ses in a hurry, as the dog let off another 'owl; "try and bear it."

"He's a coward, that's wot 'e is," ses the landlady, very fierce. "Why, a child o' five wouldn't make such a fuss."

"Sounds more like a dog

"SITTING ON ITS TAIL, WITH ITS 'EAD BACK, MOANING FIT TO BREAK ITS 'ART."

than a 'uman being," ses another voice. "You come outside, Ginger, and I'll give you something to cry for."

They waited a minute or two, and then, everything being quiet, they went back to bed, while old Sam talked to Ginger about wot 'e called 'is "presence o' mind," and Ginger talked to 'im about wot he'd do to 'im if 'e wasn't a fat old man with one foot in the grave.

They was all in a better temper when they woke up in the morning, and while Sam was washing they talked about wot they was to do with the dog.

"We can't lead 'im about all day," ses Ginger; "and if we let 'im off the string he'll go off 'ome."

"He don't know where his 'ome is," ses Sam, very severe; "but he might run away, and then the pore thing might be starved, or else ill-treated. I 'ave 'eard o' boys tying tin cans to their tails."

"I've done it myself," ses Ginger, nodding.

"Consequently it's our dooty to look arter 'im," ses Sam.

"I'll go down to the front door," ses Peter, "and when I whistle, bring him down."

Ginger stuck his 'ead out o' the window, and by and by, when Peter whistled, him and Sam took the dog downstairs and out into the street.

"So far so good," ses Sam; "now, wot about brekfuss?"

They 'ad their brekfuss in their usual coffee-shop, and the dog took bits from all of them. Unfortunately, 'e wasn't used to haddick bones, and arter two of the customers 'ad gorn out and two more 'ad complained to the landlord, they 'ad to leave their brekfusses and take 'im outside for a breath o' fresh air.

"Now, wot are we going to do?" ses Ginger. "I'm beginning to be sick of the sight of 'im. 'Ave we got to lead 'im about all day on a bit o' string?"

"Let's take 'im round the corner and lose 'im," ses Peter Russet.

"You give me 'old o' that string," ses Sam. "If you don't want shares, that's all right. If I'm going to look arter 'im I'll 'ave it all."

That made Ginger and Peter look at each other. Direckly Sam began to talk about money they began to think they might be losing something.

"And wot about 'aving 'im in our bedroom and keeping us awake all night?" ses Peter.

"And putting it on to me with the toothache," ses Ginger. "No; you can look arter 'im, Sam, while me and Peter goes off and enjoys ourselves; and if you get anything we go shares, mind."

"All right," ses Sam, turning away with the dog.

"And suppose Sam gets a reward or sells it, and then tells us that it ran away and 'e lost it?" ses Peter.

"O' course; I never thought o' that," ses Ginger. "You've got your 'ead on straight, Peter."

"I see 'im smile, that's why," ses Peter Russet.

"You're a liar," ses Sam.

"We'll stick together," ses Ginger. "Leastways, one of us'll keep with you, Sam."

They settled it that way at last, and while Ginger went for a walk down round about where they 'ad found the dog, Sam Small and Peter waited for him in a little public-'ouse down Limehouse way. Their idea was that there would be bills up, and when Ginger came back and said there wasn't, they 'ad a lot to say about people wot wasn't fit to 'ave dogs because they didn't love 'em.

They 'ad a miserable day. When the dog got sick o' sitting in a pub 'e made such a noise they 'ad to take 'im out; and when 'e got tired o' walking about he sat down on the pavement and they 'ad to drag 'im along to the nearest pub agin. At five o'clock in the arternoon Ginger Dick was talking about twopenn'orth o' rat-poison.

"Wot are we to do with 'im till twelve o'clock to-night?" ses Peter.

"And s'pose we can't smuggle 'im into the 'ouse agin?" ses Ginger. "Or suppose he makes that noise agin in the night?"

They 'ad a pint each to 'elp them to think wot was to be done. And, arter a lot o' talking and quarrelling, they did wot a lot of other people 'ave done when they got into trouble: they came to me.

I 'ad on'y been on dooty about arf an hour when the three of 'em turned up at the wharf with the dog, and, arter saying 'ow well I looked and that I seemed to get younger every time they saw me, they asked me to take charge of the dog for 'em.

"It'll be company for you," ses old Sam. "It must be very lonely 'ere of a night. I've often thought of it."

"And of a day-time you could take it 'ome and tie it up in your back-yard," ses Ginger.

I wouldn't 'ave anything to do with it at fust, but at last I gave way. They offered me fourpence a day for its keep, and, as I didn't want to run any risk, I made 'em give me a couple o' bob to go on with.

They went off as though they'd left a load o' care be'ind 'em, and arter tying the dog up to a crane I went on with my work. They 'adn't told me wot the game was, but, from one or two things they'd let drop, I'd got a pretty good idea.

The dog 'owled a bit at fust, but he quieted down arter a bit. He was a nice-looking animal, but one dog is much the same as another to me, and if I 'ad one ten years I don't suppose I could pick it out from two or three others.

I took it off 'ome with me when I left at six o'clock next morning, and tied it up in my yard. My missis 'ad words about it, o' course—that's wot people get married for—but when she found it woke me up three times she quieted down and said wot a nice coat it 'ad got.

The three of 'em came round next evening to see it, and they was so afraid of its being lost that when they stood me a pint at the Bull's Head we 'ad to take it with us. Ginger was going to buy a sausage-roll for it, but, arter Sam 'ad pointed out that they was paying me fourpence a day for its keep, he didn't. And Sam 'ad the cheek to tell me that it liked a nice bit o' fried steak as well as anything.

A lot o' people admired that dog. I remember, on the fourth night I think it was, the barge *Dauntless* came alongside, and arter she was made fast the skipper came ashore and took a little notice of it.

"Where did you get 'im?" he ses.

I told 'im 'ow it was, and he stood there for some time patting the dog on the 'ead and whistling under 'is breath.

"It's much the same size as my dog," he ses; "that's a black retriever, too."

I ses "Oh!"

"I'm afraid I shall 'ave to get rid of it," he ses. "It's on the barge now. My missis won't 'ave it in the 'ouse any more cos it bit the baby. And o' course it was no good p'inting out to 'er that it was its first bite. Even the law allows one bite, but it's no good talking about the law to wimmen."

"Except when it's on their side," I ses.

He patted the dog's 'ead agin and whistled, and a big black dog came up out of the cabin and sprang ashore. It went up and put its nose to Sam's dog, and they both growled like thunderstorms.

"Might be brothers," ses the skipper, "on'y your dog's got a better 'ead and a better coat. It's a good dog."

"They're all alike to me," I ses. "I couldn't tell 'em apart, not if you paid me."

The skipper stood there a moment, and then he ses: "I wish you'd let me see 'ow my dog looks in your dog's collar," he ses.

"Whaffor?" I ses.

"On'y fancy," he ses. "Oh, Bill!"

"Yes," I ses.

"It ain't Christmas," he ses, taking my arm and walking up and down a bit, "but it will be soon, and then I mightn't see you. You've done me one or two good turns, and I should like to make you a Christmas-box of three arf-dollars."

I let 'im give 'em to me, and then, just to please 'im, I let 'im try the collar on 'is dog, while I swept up a bit.

"It looked beautiful on 'im," he ses, when I'd finished; "but I've put it back agin. Come on, Bruno. Good night, Bill."

He got 'is dog on the barge agin arter a bit o' trouble, and arter making sure that my dog 'ad got its own collar on I went on with my work.

The dog didn't seem to be quite 'imself next day, and he was so fierce in the yard that my missis was afraid to go near 'im. I was going to ask the skipper about it, as 'e seemed to know more about dogs than I did, but when I got to the wharf the barge had sailed.

It was just getting dark when there came a ring at the gate-bell, and afore I could answer it arf-a-dozen more, as fast as the bell could go. And when I opened the wicket Sam Small and Ginger and Peter Russet all tried to get in at once.

"Where's the dog?" ses Sam.

"Tied up," I ses. "Wot's the matter? 'Ave you all gorn mad?"

They didn't answer me. They ran on to the jetty, and afore I could turn round a'most they 'ad got the dog loose and was dragging it towards me, smiling all over their faces.

"Reward," ses Ginger, as I caught 'old of 'im by the coat. "Five pounds—landlord of a pub—at Bow—come on, Sam!"

"Why don't you keep your mouth shut, Ginger?" ses Sam.

"Five pounds!" I ses. "Five pounds! Hurrah!"

"Wot are you hurraying about?" ses Sam, very short.

"Why," I ses, "I s'pose—— Here, arf a moment!"

"Can't stop," ses Sam, going arter the others.

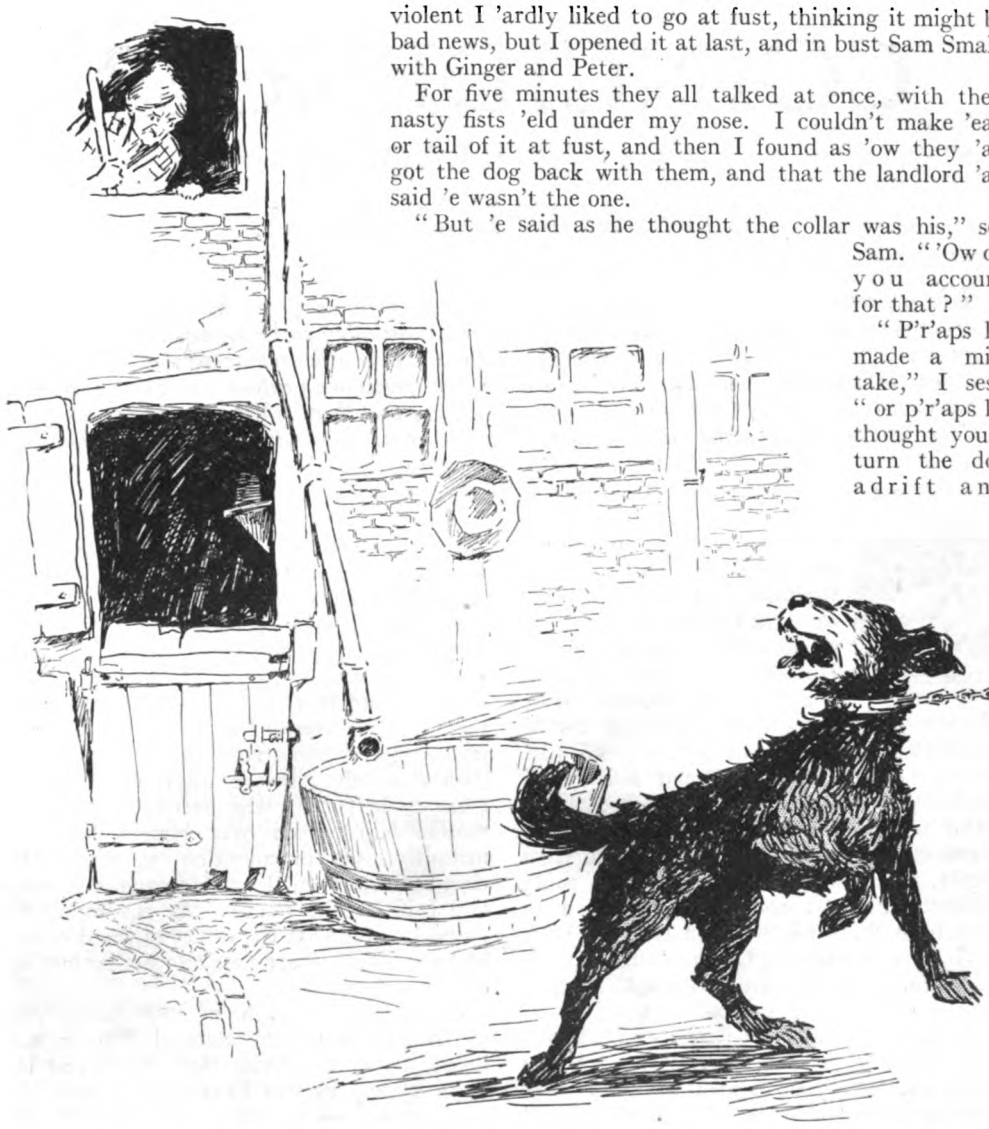
I watched 'em up the road, and then I locked the gate and walked up and down the wharf thinking wot a funny thing money is, and 'ow it alters people's natures. And arter

violent I 'ardly liked to go at fust, thinking it might be bad news, but I opened it at last, and in bust Sam Small, with Ginger and Peter.

For five minutes they all talked at once, with their nasty fists 'eld under my nose. I couldn't make 'ead or tail of it at fust, and then I found as 'ow they 'ad got the dog back with them, and that the landlord 'ad said 'e wasn't the one.

"But 'e said as he thought the collar was his," ses Sam. "'Ow do you account for that?"

"P'r'aps he made a mistake," I ses; "or p'r'aps he thought you'd turn the dog adrift and



"HE WAS SO FIERCE IN THE YARD THAT MY MISSIS WAS AFRAID TO GO NEAR 'IM."

all, I thought that three arf-dollars earned honest was better than a reward for hiding another man's dog.

I finished tidying up, and at nine o'clock I went into the office for a quiet smoke. I couldn't 'elp wondering 'ow them three 'ad got on, and just as I was thinking about it there came the worst ringing at the gate-bell I 'ave ever 'eard in my life, and the noise of heavy boots kicking the gate. It was so

he'd get it back for nothing. You know wot landlords are. Try 'im agin."

"I'd pretty well swear he ain't the same dog," ses Peter Russet, looking in a puzzled way at Sam and Ginger.

"You take 'im back to-morrow night," I ses. "It's a nice walk to Bow. And then come back and beg my pardon. I want to 'ave a word with this policeman here. Good night."

COINCIDENCES.

BY OUR READERS.

Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.

The invitation which we issued to our readers in our January number to send us cases of remarkable Coincidences has brought us an overwhelming correspondence from which we are only able to make a few typical selections. It is often remarked that "the long arm of coincidence" is used by writers of plays and novels to an extent which could not be paralleled in real life, yet it is not too much to say that there is not an example among those which follow which is not more extraordinary than anything a writer of fiction would venture to make use of.

SOME two years ago my brother and myself were in London on business, and during our stay we were invited to spend the night with a friend—a Mr. Hanson, of Los Angeles, U.S.A. After the theatre we adjourned to his hotel. He remarked that he would like to introduce us to his friend, also from the U.S.A., and we found him in the smoke-room.

Our friend said: "Mr. Barton, let me introduce you to two friends of mine from Lymm, in Cheshire." Mr. Barton said: "What! From Lymm? Why, I used to drive from there off the train to High Legh to visit friends named Owen. This is forty years ago." (There were no remarks from us—we just let him go on speaking.) "I remember there was a fellow named Saville who was engaged to Emily, one of the daughters. Do you happen to know anything about them? Are they living yet?"

All I could say in answer was, "We two boys are the result of that courtship, and father and mother are quite well, thank you."

"Touch the bell, one of you. Waiter, bring me the wine list, please." Then we drank each other's very good health.

HARRY S. SAVILLE, Jun., The Cross, Lymm, Cheshire.

Now and then one comes across cases of what might almost be termed hereditary accidents. A groom in the employ of a gentleman living at Dyserth, near Rhyl, was kicked to death by a mare belonging to his employer, who at once got rid of the brute. He then took the son of the dead man into his service in a similar capacity as his father. Almost exactly a year later the son was kicked and killed by a foal of the mare which had killed his father.

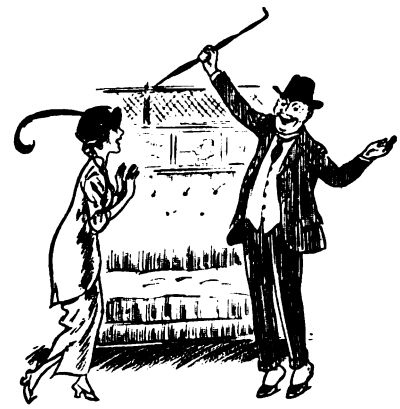
At the French railway station of La Ricamarie, a young man named Benoit Fontvielle was employed as shunter. One day in September, 1903, he was crossing the rails just in front of a couple of carriages pushed by a locomotive when he was seen to stop suddenly. Before anything could be done to help him, the carriages and locomotive had passed over him, killing him instantly. On examination, it was found that the heel of his boot had caught between two rails at the points. At the inquiry a witness stated that the father of the deceased had met his death in an exactly similar manner on the selfsame spot.

On December 20th of the same year an American named Samuel Turner was killed at Port Norris, New Jersey, in the same fashion as was Fontvielle, namely, by getting his heel caught in the "frog" of a switch. Ten years earlier his father had come to his end by the same means at the same place, and the identical fate befell his grandfather, who was trapped in the same switch in the year 1883.

In August, 1906, two friends, William Connolly and Patrick Cantwell, were drowned by the upsetting of a "float" on the Grand Canal near Tullamore, in King's County. These two men had been born on the same day, thirty-six years earlier, they were baptized in the same water, and they were buried together after a joint funeral in the churchyard at Rahan.

T. C. BRIDGES, Moor Lodge, Two Bridges, Princetown, South Devon.

The following incident is absolutely correct and can be vouched for by a number of my friends who were present on the occasion. About eighteen months ago my wife and I formed two of a party who went to hear the Quinlan Opera Company's performance of "Aïda" at the Hippodrome in Liverpool. Our arrangements were to travel from our local station to Liverpool, have a few hours at leisure there before tea, and then after tea to the opera, returning from Liverpool Lime Street Station by the 10.55 p.m. train. We arrived at Liverpool at 2.20 p.m., and a number of the party, including ourselves, walked to the Landing Stage and crossed the ferry to the Cheshire side, returning again after a short walk. We afterwards went by car from Church Street to the Hippodrome.



"IMAGINE OUR SURPRISE TO FIND AN UMBRELLA ON THE RACK WHICH PROVED TO BE NONE OTHER THAN THE MISSING ONE"

The excellent performance being over, we were returning to the station when I asked my wife where her umbrella was, as I distinctly remembered that she had brought it from home. She said she must have left it in the Hippodrome, but then I remembered that she had not carried it in going there, but I had not missed it then. We then had to think where it could possibly be, as during the afternoon we had been in one train, two tram-cars, two ferry-boats, and one *café*. After careful thought she remembered that in entering the train at our station she had put it on the rack and forgotten it.

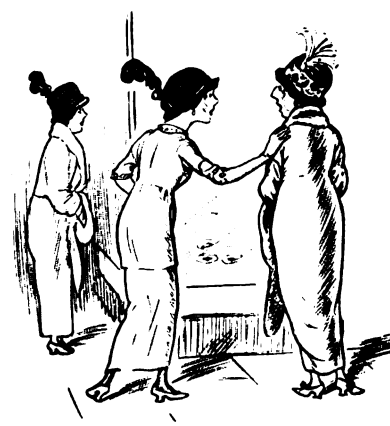
We went to our train and entered an empty compartment at the rear end. Imagine our surprise to find an umbrella on the rack which proved to be none other than the missing one. By a chain of singular coincidence we had chanced to use two trains that were worked by the same coaches, and also had chanced to pick out the very same compartment that we had travelled in on the outward journey.

EDW. P. WESTWORTH, 24, Lugsmore Lane, St. Helens, Lancs.

A friend of mine was once walking through the streets of The Hague with her sister, looking at the shops, when suddenly, seeing something that took her fancy, she caught her sister's arm—so she thought—but turning to speak to her she saw that she had hold of the arm of a strange lady.

Two years afterwards, when standing before Jay's shop window in London, she saw a beautiful object that she wanted to buy, and turning, as she imagined, to her sister, she laid her hand on the arm of—the same lady as in The Hague.

And, singular to relate, when, four years later, in Rome, she again looked into the window of a shop—a confectioner's store this time—and laid her hand on the arm of the woman next her, thinking it was her sister, she saw to her amazement that the lady was the same she had unwittingly mistaken for her sister on two previous occasions.



"SHE SAW TO HER AMAZEMENT THAT THE LADY WAS THE SAME SHE HAD UNWITTINGLY MISTAKEN FOR HER SISTER ON TWO PREVIOUS OCCASIONS."

CATHERINE S. KIEHL, OF KIEFTKAMP, Hulshorst, Province of Gelderland, Holland.

Situated near the chancel in the ancient church of Peover, near Knutsford, is a huge, iron-bound, wooden chest, used many years ago as a safe for the valuable portable church property. There is a legend in connection with this chest, which is well told by the warden. The legend is to the effect that in the times when use was made of the chest, and a marriage was about to be solemnized, the prospective bride must be capable of lifting the lid of this chest, or the ceremony could not take place on grounds of unfitness. To lift this lid is a stiffish task for any but an athletic girl.

Some years ago when first I viewed this chest, I did so with a party of people amongst whom were eight girls. Out of this number, five managed to lift the lid of the chest, and, strangely enough, the five who did this feat have become wives, and the other three are still waiting.

W. HENTHORN, 79, Delamere Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

Some time ago a colleague of mine, who is a professional tenor singer, finding that he was losing his voice, went to a specialist in Harley Street, who informed him that he must have his nose broken and set again to do any good. Naturally my friend did not quite relish that, and said he would go home and think it over. Soon after he accepted an invitation to play in a cricket match, and had no sooner started than he received the ball on his nose, and so got his broken nose free of charge. After his doctor had set it and he had recovered, he called on the specialist, who told him he could not have done it better himself, and would have been obliged to charge him twenty-five guineas.

W. H. HIGGINSON, 302, Banbury Road, Oxford.

One day, during the summer holidays of the year 1896, I was watching a cricket match at Westward Ho! between North Devon and a touring eleven. I began to chat to another boy—a total stranger—who happened to be sitting next to me.

North Devon were in, and about the third wicket down a very big man came out of the pavilion to bat and passed close to us. I turned to my new acquaintance and said, "Do you see that man?" "Yes," he answered. "Well, that is Captain Holmes, who was supposed to be the strongest man in Her Majesty's Forces when he was in the Army. And there is this tale related of him. One day, when his regiment was in India, one of the Tommies got drunk and fell into a well. The man's shouts were heard, and an officer was lowered into the well with a rope. He got hold of the man, and his comrades proceeded to haul upon the rope to draw both men out of the well; but the rope chafed against the side and broke and the two men fell back. The others got a new rope and sent for Captain Holmes to help. He took the new rope, lowered it, and hauled both men out of the well himself, hand-over-hand. That well was ninety feet deep!"

The boy turned to me and said, "I beg your pardon, the well was eighty-eight feet deep." "How do you know?" I exclaimed. "*Because my father was one of the men!* My name is McCray (or McGray), and he was a captain in the same regiment as Captain Holmes. The wonderful part of the thing was that the well was too wide for Holmes to bestride, so he simply bent over the edge to keep the rope from chafing on the side, and hauled both men up at once. The others could do nothing to help him but hold the slack. My father got the silver medal from the Humane Society and Captain Holmes the bronze for this deed."

This has always struck me as a most marvellous coincidence. I related the tale, if not to the very man himself, yet to his nearest relative, and the boy told me he had never seen Holmes before and was a total stranger to the neighbourhood.

F. N. SIDDALL, 18, Albert Road, Bolton.

A friend of mine keeps an aviary in his garden, which adjoins a common. He managed to catch a bullfinch and put it with the other birds in the large cage. It never seemed happy, and was continually rubbing its head against the wires, with the result that some of the feathers were rubbed off, so much so that it became possible to identify it anywhere. On day when cleaning out the aviary the bird escaped and the owner never expected to see it again. Judge of his surprise when the next day my friend's brother, who lives the other side of Southampton, and is also interested in birds, asked him if he had lost his bullfinch, as he had caught one in his garden, and by the absence of feathers on its head thought it was the same one. It seems hardly credible, but it is an absolute fact, that the bird was easily identified as the one lost on the previous day from the aviary nearly two miles away.

W. A. CHAPLIN, 78, Arthur Road, Southampton.

One evening some years ago my husband and I, accompanied by a lady friend, entered the library of a small mid-western town, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. My husband asked the librarian, a Miss Brown, for "The Light That Failed," by Kipling. The librarian was half-way through her answer, "It has just gone out," when all the lights in the building suddenly went out, and remained so for several seconds.

Mrs. E. J. BOAG, 80, Lewis Street, Ottawa, Canada.

Before we bought the house we now live in my sister and I went to look over it. The first things my sister noticed were some old horseshoes fastened up near the front door, and also that the house was called The Croft.

In the empty hall she picked up a ring. A few weeks later she was present at some horse-races, and backed a rank outsider which won. Her selection was made in the following weird way: the horse was called The Ring and its jockey's name was Croft; so the horse-shoes brought her luck.

G. S. WALKER, The Croft, Hinderwell, Yorks.

Some years ago we lived at Croydon, my father having a small business just off Northend, which is one of the busiest main streets in Croydon. On a certain day my father had occasion to send my brother on an errand (at about mid-day), and as he came out into Northend he saw, in the gutter, three coins—viz., a shilling, a sixpence, and a three-penny-piece—which he, of course, picked up and put in his pocket and continued on his way. He was about half an hour gone; on his return he casually glanced at the spot where he had picked up the coins and, to his utter amazement, he saw in exactly the same spot another three coins of precisely the same value as before.

"TO HIS UTTER AMAZEMENT HE SAW, IN EXACTLY THE SAME SPOT, ANOTHER THREE COINS OF PRECISELY THE SAME VALUE AS BEFORE."

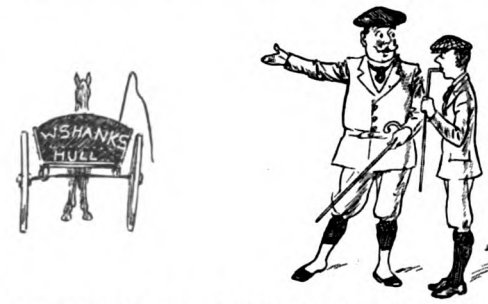
WALTER E. WESTLAKE, Whitcliffe, Lennox Road, Worthing.

A rather strange coincidence happened to a friend of mine about three years ago. He had been to a school in Victoria, Australia. Some five years after leaving the school he was staying a few days in Sydney on business matters. As he was taking a walk round the chief streets he saw, coming in the opposite direction, a man whom he mistook for one of his old school chums. Delighted to meet an old pal, he turned round and slapped the man on the back and inquired of the stranger "how he was doing." The other did not seem to appreciate my friend's amiable greeting, but stared at him. To my friend's surprise and horror he recognized that he was speaking to a perfect stranger. Doing his best to apologize, and mumbling something about a striking resemblance, my friend, who is a rather quiet, shy sort of fellow, made a hasty retreat.

About six months later my friend was compelled to travel for his health, and in London he was strolling down a street and again thought he saw his old chum. "This time, Jack, old man," he said, "I'm hanged if I make a mistake," and gave the man such a hearty slap on the back that it nearly knocked him over. You can imagine my friend's feelings when he saw he had again made the same mistake; and that it was the same man he had stopped in Sydney. The poor wretch, thinking perhaps that nothing less than the Camorra or the Black Hand had been tracking him from Australia to London, did not wait for any apology but did a record sprint down the street.

THOMAS G. BURTON, Clausiusstrasse 45, Zurich VI., Switzerland.

A few years ago my father and I, who were then staying in Hull, found ourselves at the end of an afternoon's tramp at the market-town of Beverley. Having partaken of a hearty meal, my father said, "Now, what about getting home—I wonder if there's a convenient train?" "Well," said I, "if you're not tired, we have plenty of time to ride 'Shanks's pony.'" "Right you are," said my father. "Great Scot! there she is," and he pointed across the road to where stood a wretched pony harnessed to a vehicle on which were painted the words, "W. Shanks, General Dealer, Hull."



"HE POINTED ACROSS THE ROAD TO WHERE STOOD A WRETCHED PONY HARNESSED TO A VEHICLE ON WHICH WERE PAINTED THE WORDS, 'W. SHANKS, GENERAL DEALER, HULL.'"

Needless to say, we did not take that particular "Shanks's pony," but the town of Beverley is always associated in my mind with the picture of pony and trap standing under the shadow of the minster on a summer's afternoon, and the memory of a striking coincidence—all the more striking when it is remembered how rare is the surname of Shanks.

J. A. BAKER, 107, Droitwich Road, Worcester.

A few years ago, while endeavouring to while away time in a dentist's waiting-room, I looked over an old *London Journal* of the 'forties in the last century, reading only the short anecdotes, etc., as I did not know when I might be summoned to the chamber of torture. When I at last reached there I was still further delayed, and to divert my thoughts from the coming interview took a copy of *Tit-Bits* from my pocket and began to read. After reading a while I paused; where and when did I read that particular item? Very little reflection made me remember I was reading a literal copy of what was in the sixty-year-old journal I had just seen downstairs. It made me realize more than ever that "There is nothing new under the sun," and the curious coincidence that I should have a copy of the paper that particular day, see the identical story in a strange house, and read the same story in both papers under the same roof, may, I think, be considered a very singular occurrence.

JOSEPH MINTERN, Killmurry, Passage West, Co. Cork.

A good many years ago I was suing a firm for damages. The action was being hotly contested. One day I was speaking on the telephone to someone who was in no way concerned in the litigation, when our conversation was cut off. I then heard a voice, which I recognized as that of one of the defendants in the action, saying, "I must have the action settled. It is getting on my nerves. Go and see Mr. A—— and get it settled." Then I heard another voice which I recognized as that of the defendants' solicitor, saying, "You must not rush a settlement, or they will open their mouths too wide. Let the matter rest for awhile." Then the first speaker responded, "I don't care; go and get it settled. I will pay anything up to" (a very liberal figure which he mentioned). At this point I was reconnected with my own subscriber.

Two hours later the solicitor arrived and made proposals for a settlement, offering a fifth of the sum which his principal had said he was willing to pay. Of course, I knew what to do, but I knocked off five hundred pounds as a small solatium for the error of the telephone operator, and sometimes have wondered since whether I should not have blotted the conversation out of my mind. At the same time, man is only mortal. What were the chances against my being accidentally connected with this particular telephone wire at this particular time? The incident took place in London, where there were thousands of telephone subscribers at the date in question!

G.A., Marine Hotel, North Berwick.

On a certain Sunday evening, many years ago now, I attended service at Brixton parish church. During the singing of the Psalms, intending to put my hand on the ledge in front of the old-fashioned pew, I inadvertently placed it on the hand of a young lady—a stranger to me—who was standing by my side. In some slight confusion—I was quite a young man then—I, of course, took my hand away and fastened my gaze intently on my Prayer Book. To my astonishment the words sung at that moment were, "Why withdrawest thou thy hand?" (Psalm lxxiv., 11). A furtive glance at my neighbour did not enable me to discover whether she also observed the coincidence, but the incident has stuck in my memory from that day to this.

GEORGE BLESSLEY, 22, Mount Ephraim Lane, Streatham, S.W.

The following story of the American Civil War of 1860 was current in many magazines in 1899, and there would appear to be no reason to doubt its veracity.

Two Americans were crossing the Atlantic in the same ship who were strangers to each other. It was a Sunday evening, and many of the passengers had met in the cabin and were singing hymns, the last chosen during the service being Wesley's familiar one, "Jesu, Lover of My Soul." One of the American gentlemen heard behind him a deep rich voice which, it seemed to him, he recognized. He turned around, but he did not know the face. He recollected, however, the circumstances in which he thought he had heard the voice before, and when the service was over he said to the singer, "Were you not in the Civil War?" The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier. "Were you at such a place on such a night?" was the next question. "Yes," replied the other, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened, because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:—

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
A'l my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

After singing that a strange peace came upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the first speaker, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out :—

Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,

I said, 'Boys, lower your rifles, we will go back.'"

Mrs. M. GORRELL, 103, Francis Street, Chester.

An English family had taken a house at the seaside in a remote country village in Ireland. They stayed here for three summer months, and made a practice of bathing every morning in a sandy bay some little distance from the house. They undressed on the rocks, there being no bathing-boxes. One day Mrs. Smith, contrary to her usual habit, forgot to take off her rings before leaving home, and, fearing she would lose them in the water, took them off and placed them in a crevice of the rocks near her clothes. She, however, entirely forgot all about them until going to bed that evening. It was then too late to go and search, and as the tide had been up and over the rocks in the interval, she despaired of ever getting them again. However, next morning the whole family made a thorough search, but without success, and, though they looked many times before leaving, the rings were not found.

"'I DO BELIEVE I'VE FOUND THEM NOW,' SHE ADDED, EXCITEDLY."

Two years later the Smiths again decided to spend their summer in Ireland, and came to the same village accompanied by a friend. One morning the children were bathing, and Mrs. Smith, sitting on the rocks with her friend, was telling her the story of the lost rings. "It was just some such niche as this I put them in," she said, carelessly placing her fingers in a crevice, "and I do believe I've found them now," she added, excitedly, drawing out the long-lost rings, which had, indeed, lain securely in their hiding-place all that time.

Miss E. HACKETT, 36, Killeen Road, Rathmines, Dublin.

On the wall of an old monastery in Milan hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of the Apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When he was ready to paint the face of Christ he could find none that would satisfy his conception. After years of careful search the painter happened to meet one, Pietro Bandinelli, a choir-boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the Divine face.

All was done carefully and reverently, but the picture was yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter set about in search of a countenance. Years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said :—

"You have painted me before."

With amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, and fallen into shameful dissipation and crime.

LESLIE W. ADLAM, 536, Romford Road, Forest Gate.

The gentleman who sent us the following example is evidently a wag. The story, however, is so amusing that we cannot resist the temptation to print it, and if any reader will send us something of the same kind, and equally amusing, we shall be pleased to use it and to pay for it accordingly :—

A party of skaters were once progressing at considerable speed down a certain frozen river in Canada when to the horror of his companions, one of the party was seen to skate straight into a hole in the ice. Before he could stop himself he had fallen through it, and the sharp edge of the ice cut his head clean off his shoulders. The speed at which he was going, however, caused his head to skim along the top of the ice while the rest of his body travelled at an equal speed beneath it, until, by a stroke of good luck, the severed portions met at another hole farther down, and joined so exactly that the unfortunate man came out of his accident with nothing worse than a severe cold.—J. P. Evans, Rossall School, Fleetwood, Lancs.

The Apparition

By IVAN TURGENEV
Illustrated by E. WALLCOUSINS

SPECIALLY TRANSLATED BY EDITH REMNANT.

Ivan Turgenev, the greatest realistic novelist of the world, based all his work on his personal experiences, and there is no doubt that the following incident, extraordinary as it is, really happened to himself exactly as here described in a style which makes everything appear to the reader as real as if it were happening before his own eyes.

SOME fifteen years or so ago business duties obliged me to visit one of the principal towns in the south of Russia. I put up at a moderately decent inn, whose very superior though grimy waiter, rejoicing in the name of Ardalion, seemed to take a great fancy to me, and honoured me with much of his conversation. He informed me, among other things, that he had once lived in the service of a very well-known Prince, but in spite of this fact his appearance was not prepossessing; his face was a mass of spots, he wore a dirty, shabby old coat and very down-at-heel shoes, and usually carried a greasy table-napkin with which he invariably dusted the furniture while conversing with me.

"There is little or no attraction here for visitors," he said to me one day, in his easy, patronizing manner; "hardly anything. No amusements; people here don't do any entertaining to speak of. It's a dull, monotonous life. They rarely even call on each other, so that strangers coming here don't know what to do with themselves." He stopped dusting the chair-backs and looked at me out of the corner of his eyes. "If you should happen to feel dull at any time——"

He stopped again, and looked at me inquiringly; but as I showed no particular signs of interest, he moved towards the door, then hesitated, and returned to where I sat.

"Would you care, some day," he whispered, mysteriously, in my ear, "to meet the dead?"

I gazed at the man in astonishment. I knew not what answer to make.

"You can do so," he continued. "I know a man, quite a common, uneducated peasant, who does the most wonderful and uncanny things, so if you should at any time wish to see a dead relative or friend, go to him, and he will arrange a meeting."

"But how?" I inquired.

"That I cannot tell you. He manages it somehow. He is a thoroughly good, religious fellow, but quite an uneducated man. He is greatly respected by all who know him."

"Do the people here know that he conjures up the dead?"

"Some of them; but we have to be very careful that the police don't get to hear of it, because, as you know, this kind of thing is not allowed, and very naturally so."

"Have you seen any of your dead relations?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed. I saw my father stand before me as though he were alive."

I gazed at the waiter in still greater surprise.

"What you tell me is most extraordinary," I said. "I can scarcely believe such a thing possible in these days. Do you think I could see this man?"

Ardalion smiled at me as he replied:—

"Of course; but there are difficulties. You must see this man's mother first, and make an appointment through her, otherwise you cannot see him. She is not a bad old soul; she tries to earn an honest penny by selling apples in the street. If you wish, I can make the necessary arrangements with her, and so save you the trouble."

"By all means," I said.

The waiter cleared his throat before answering.

"The old lady would expect a small tip; not a large one, but whatever you like to give her. And I will assure her that she need not be afraid of your giving her away, or her

son. After I have seen her I will give you her reply."

I waited impatiently for further developments; Ardalion had certainly managed to rouse my curiosity. That evening he came in and informed me with apparent annoyance that he had been unable to find the old apple-woman. It suddenly occurred to me that I had not tipped him, so I pressed a few roubles into his hand, and told him not to worry, as no doubt he would be able to find her on the following day.

The tip had the desired effect. Next morning my greasy friend came to me with a radiant smile all over his oily, spotted face, and told me that the old woman had promised to see me that very morning.

Ardalion then called out to a disreputable-looking small boy, belon ing to the inn.

"Come here and take this gentleman to the place I told you about," said the waiter; and then, turning to me, he continued, "and when you arrive at your destination, sir, will you ask for Mastrida Karpovna?"

We then started off on our journey. After some considerable walking we reached an empty, dismal-looking street, and the small boy stopped in front of a dingy, two-storeyed, wooden house.

"Here you are," he said, wiping his dirty little nose with the sleeve of his still dirtier jacket; "keep to your right."

I thanked him and went in as directed. Presently I heard a door creak, and then I saw standing in front of me a stout old female clad in a rabbit-skin coat, with a coloured scarf round her untidy white hair.

"Are you Mastrida Karpovna?" I asked.

"I am. Please come in and sit down," she said, offering me a chair.

The room was certainly one of the dirtiest and untidiest I had ever seen; it was so crammed full of rags and rubbish of every description that there was scarcely room to stand. The windows were so dirty that the daylight had a hard struggle to penetrate. Behind a pile of rags and old boxes came a curious wailing sound, as though from an infant or animal in pain. At least, it sounded like that, though I may have been mistaken. The old woman looked at me with her cunning little grey eyes and watched me as I sat down. She was a weird female, her yellow face covered with wrinkles, her nose sharp and prominent, and she reeked of vodka. I decided that she was no fool.

I told her why I had called, though doubtless she knew all about that already.

"Ardalion Matveitch has, of course, prepared me for your coming," she said, blinking her eyes. "You wish to see my son, but I cannot promise anything."

"Why not?" I asked. "You need not be afraid of me. I would tell no one."

"Heavens above us!" she cried. "I never supposed you would! Besides, what could you say? There is nothing to tell. *My* son is a godly man; he does not deal in wicked arts, he is inspired from on high. God forbid that there is anything wicked in this"—and the old woman crossed herself three times most devoutly.

"When can I see your son?" I asked.

"I cannot say, my noble sir," she answered, blinking at me again and hesitating.

I took a ten-rouble note out of my pocket-book and pressed it into her flabby old hand.

"Pray accept this trifle," I said, "and try to arrange a meeting for me."

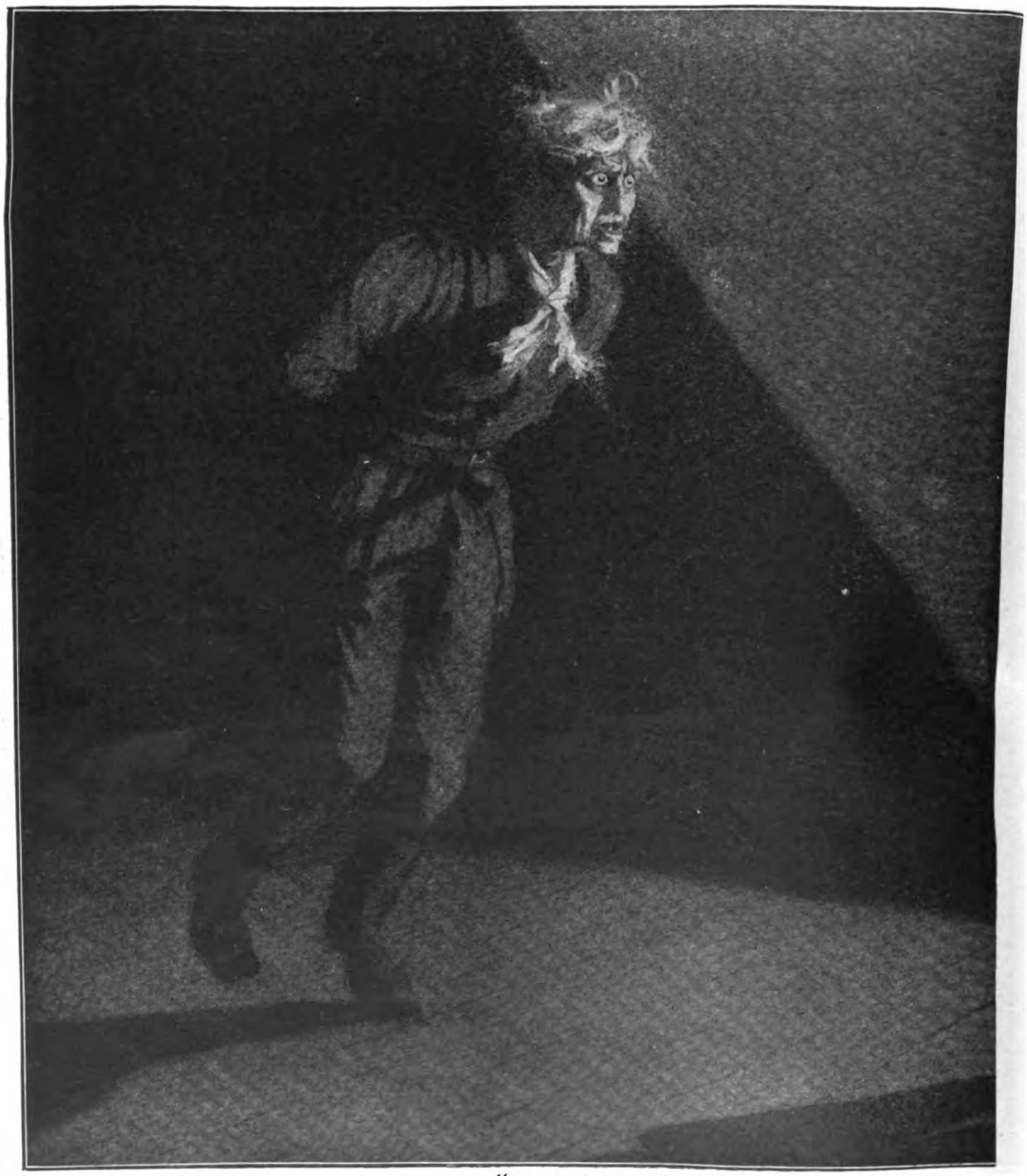
She grabbed the money quickly and hid it up her sleeve.

"Come this evening," she said, in an altered tone of voice. "Be here soon after seven o'clock and go up to the next floor, open the door on your left, and you will see an empty room with just one chair. Go in and sit down and wait, but whatever you do don't say anything or make a sound of any kind. My son Vassinka is very young and nervous, so please don't speak to him or he might have a fit. He suffers from them and is very easily alarmed; he is all nerves."

"How can he be young if he is your son?" I asked, looking at the old dame.

"I mean in spirit, only in spirit, my noble sir. I have many orphans in my charge," and she looked towards the rubbish heap whence the wailing sounds came; "and now, my noble sir," she went on, "you must make up your mind before you return here this evening as to which of your departed relatives or friends you wish to see and, when you have fixed on one, keep him or her in your mind all the time. And you must on no account speak to my son or tell him whom you are thinking of; he will find it all out himself. All you have to do is to concentrate your mind on the object you wish brought before you. During your dinner have a glass or two of wine; nothing like a good drink occasionally." And the old dame smacked her lips at the very thought and laughed as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

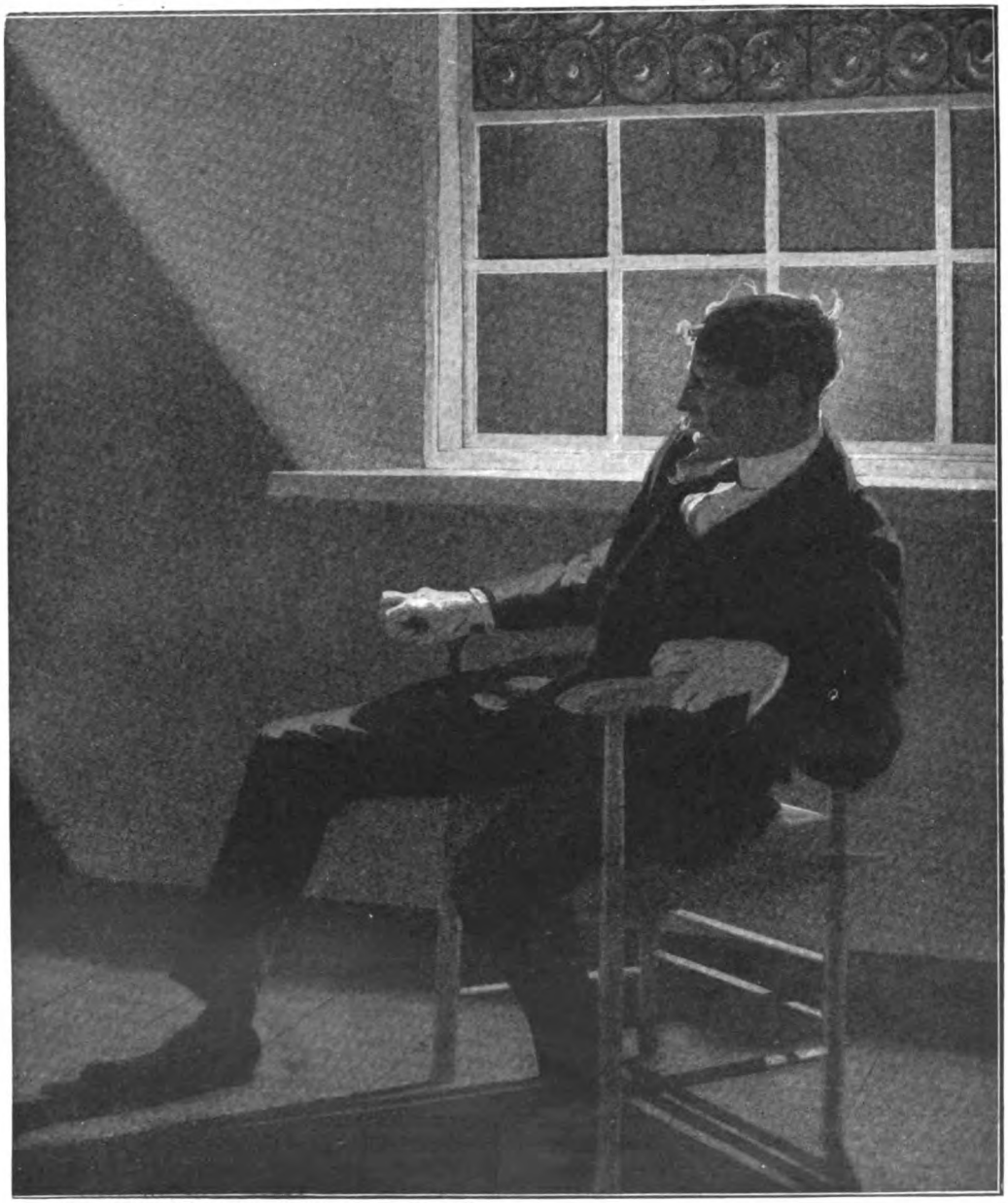
I returned to the inn, and began to wonder how the old woman and her son intended to humbug me. That they meant to play a trick on me I was pretty certain, but I was



"ON, ON HE CAME, WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIM

curious to know how they would do it. I then began turning over in my mind all my departed relatives and friends. At last I decided to fix on an old French tutor of mine, who had died many years back. I did not particularly wish to see him, but my reason for choosing him was because he was so different in appearance to anyone I had ever met, a man who would be difficult to impersonate; in fact, it would be impossible for anyone to attempt to do so. He had, to begin with, a very large head, with thick white hair, brushed off his forehead, on which were two curious pink moles; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, and his nose long and hooked. He always used to wear a green coat with brass buttons, a high collar, and lace ruffles.

"If they succeed in bringing this old chap before me," I thought, "why, then I shall really begin to believe in magic."



AND HIS HORRID EYES FIXED ON MY FACE."

I took the old woman's advice and ordered some wine with my dinner.

At half-past seven I returned to the little wooden house. The windows were all closed up, but the door stood open. I ascended the rickety old stairs and, opening a door on my left on the first floor, entered a large, empty room, which was dimly illuminated by a wretched little piece of tallow candle standing on the window-sill. Facing the door was a chair; I sat down and waited. I waited patiently for ten minutes or so. There was nothing in the room to look at, nothing but the candle and the closed door, upon which I fixed my eyes. I sat waiting—it must have been something like an hour. I do not think there was even the faintest sound to be heard; silence smothered me absolutely, the silence of haunted expectancy. I listened, but could hear nothing. I began to grow

impatient and half inclined to get up and leave the room by way of variety. I let my gaze wander from the door to the candle, then back again, and suddenly, as my eyes fell on the door once more, I saw a man standing against it. I had never heard him enter.

He was of medium height and wore a common blue coat like those worn by all the peasants. He stood and looked at me. I could not see him very clearly, as the dim light from the candle made it impossible to see anything very distinctly from where I sat. I could just see that he had peculiar-looking lightish eyes and a mass of untidy hair falling over his face. I was about to speak to him, but remembered the old woman's warning, and kept quiet. The man fixed his eyes on me, and gradually I felt his gaze penetrate me to such an extent that I began to feel uncomfortable; a horrible, uncanny feeling seemed to come over me, and something—I don't know what—compelled me to think of my old French tutor. I tried to shake off this horrid feeling, but in vain; I seemed to have become utterly helpless. Then I fancied that the man left the door and stepped forward towards me. Then he seemed to give a spring, and then another—or was it my fancy? On, on he came, with his hands behind him and his horrid eyes fixed on my face. I began to grow terrified, and yet there was something ludicrous in the sudden, short jumps he gave towards me, but his face was horrible.

A dizziness came over me, and in spite of my terror I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my eyes open. I seemed now to see two horrible figures before me instead of one. I gasped and looked again—they had disappeared. I roused myself and looked—a man was there still, only one this time, but he seemed closer to me than before; then he seemed to be enveloped in a mist for a moment; then reappeared. Every time he vanished from my sight he seemed to come nearer to me when he appeared again, and gradually I felt his horrible, hot breath upon my face. My terror increased. Then he vanished in the mist once more. I began to tremble. I felt so weak that I was obliged to support myself on the arms of the chair.

Then, all of a sudden, I saw before me the outline of my old French tutor!

Gradually this shadow began to assume material shape. I saw quite distinctly the long white hair brushed back; the very moles on his forehead stood out clearly; his large nose and bushy eyebrows, even his green coat and brass buttons, his lace ruffles, everything was there, just as I had always seen him in the flesh.

This was more than I could stand. I gave a terrified cry and jumped to my feet. But the figure had vanished; there were no signs of the old man. I could see nothing except the peasant leaning against the wall in a state of collapse; his chest was heaving painfully, and he was groaning and moaning in a pitiful manner. He gave me the impression of an overworked and badly-treated animal.

"Give me some tea!" he gasped.

Suddenly the old woman rushed towards him. How she got there I do not know

"My son Vassinka!" she cried, mopping the perspiration off his face with her sleeve. I was about to go to her assistance, as the man looked so absolutely overdone; but the old woman waved me away.

"Don't come near us, for Heaven's sake," she begged. "Go home, my noble sir, and have some tea at once; it will do you good." Then, turning to her son, I heard her whisper to him, gently, "All right, my dear one; you shall have your tea in a moment."

When I returned to the inn I took the old woman's advice and ordered tea. I was absolutely done up—there was no other word for it. My legs shook and I felt horribly weak.

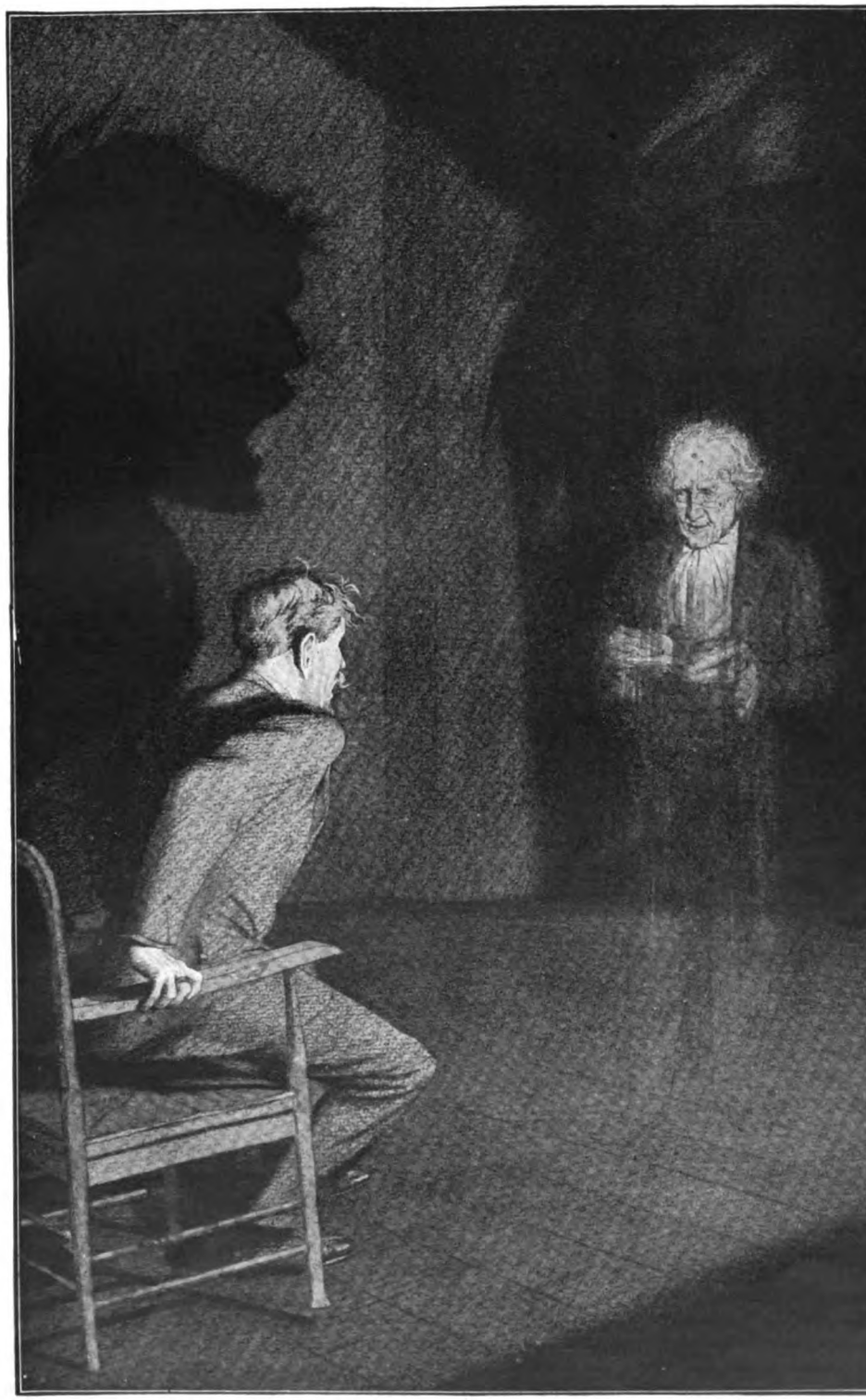
"Did you see anything?" asked Ardalion as he served me my tea.

"Yes," I replied; "I saw something I never expected to see."

"Ah! He is a wonderful man, that peasant. We think very highly of him here. A wonderful man!"

When I retired to my bed, I began to turn things over in my mind, and tried to find some satisfactory explanation for what had occurred. Of course the peasant possessed a tremendous power of magnetism. I do not doubt that he had mesmerized me, and so worked upon my nerves that I began to imagine I saw my old tutor. Such things are done, and are quite possible, but the will-power that is necessary to produce these effects must be very great and wonderful.

Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that I distinctly saw my old tutor stand before me as real as though he were alive.



"GRADUALLY THIS SHADOW BEGAN TO ASSUME MATERIAL SHAPE."

SOMETHING ABOUT MYSELF.

By

MARIE LÖHR.

CONFESS I don't remember a single thing about it myself, but theatrical reference books state that July 28th, 1890, was the date of my birth. And whether or no, as a baby, I expressed a wish to go on the stage I cannot say, but be this as it may, my mother tells me that I actually made my *début* before theatrical audiences at the world-weary age of four.

Now, when one is twenty-three, I think one may well be pardoned for remembering but little of what happened when one was four. For this reason I am again relying on my mother's memory when I say that Mr. George Rignold, who was my godfather, gave me my first engagement, which came about in this way.

It seems that he found considerable difficulty in engaging a child who could act to play a more or less important part in a drama called "The World Against Her," at His Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, Australia, in which glorious country, by the way, I was born. It happened, however, that Mr. Reynolds, the stage-manager, knew my mother well, and as he thought that, providing I could be heard in the house, I might be able to "fill the breach," so to speak, he asked her to let me try it at rehearsal.

And try it I did, with the result that after Mr. Reynolds had made a trip to the gallery to test my voice, and had discovered, from that heavenly point of vantage, that every word I said could be distinctly heard, I was there and then engaged. The part, I am told, was a charming one—the sort of part which invariably appealed to Australian audiences in those days—and still appeals to many audiences even to-day. My mother and father had come to the parting of the ways, and the question was, which I should elect to live with.

In situations of this sort it is almost an unwritten law that the mother should be poor and the father simply brimming over with wealth. So it was in this play. Who was to take me? My mother, with amazing honesty, explained that if I came to live with her I should have no toys, and might, indeed, safely regard it as a gamble when I went to bed at night as to whether I should get any breakfast in the morning.

Having heard her part of the story, my father forthwith proceeded to tell me, with many blandishments, that if I came to live with him I should have simply dozens of carriages to drive about in, a score or so of ponies and perambulators to make use of if I found walking a bore, and as for pocket-money—well, in his charge I should have enough each week to buy all the dolls and toys in Australia, to say nothing of any surplus which might be shipped from abroad.

It will be here seen that, from the point of view of many grown-ups, I might well have been faced with a problem difficult of solution. But I was only four—or thereabouts—and therefore I found the answer to this situation with amazing ease. I realized at once that my mother was the acme of everything a good woman should be, and that my father was a trifle shop-soiled, if I may so express it. So, with as great a volume of voice as I could command, after four years' worldly experience, I pointed with wobbling finger to my mother and exclaimed, as emphatically as does a politician when making promises, "I will live with my mother."

This amazing discrimination on my part, although doubtless it rather surprised the audience, the mercenary older members of which must have thought that my nature was of rather a "verdant" order, nevertheless invariably brought down the house at the end of the first act, at which I scarcely ever failed to have to take a special curtain all to myself.

AS MARGUERITE, IN "FAUST."
Photo. Dover Street Studios.

But it was not until a few days later that I learnt for the first time what a truly wonderful, beautiful world is this of yours and mine. This discovery I made through appearing at the benefit of poor Mr. Harry Monkhouse, who was then in Australia. I played a little boy's part, and was lucky enough to be greeted at the end with all sorts of flowers and things ("What a beautiful world it is!" I thought), one gift in particular, a little shepherd's crook with a large bunch of roses tied to it, appealing to me so much that I asked leave to be allowed to take it with me that evening to His Majesty's Theatre.

I was told that I might, and when dressed for my part in "The World Against Her" I hurried down the stairs to the stage to show my shepherd's crook to the stage-manager, and incidentally to ask him whether, when I took my first call—with childish presumption, I imagined that I always should get a call at the end of the first act—he would be kind enough to have it handed up to me by the musical conductor. Whether or no this habit of having one's own property handed to one over the footlights originated through me I don't know, but I can at least say that, apart from the flowers with which I was presented at Mr. Harry Monkhouse's benefit, the first floral gift I ever received over the footlights was sent to me by myself.

Shortly after this initial engagement my stage career came to an abrupt end in Australia, for we migrated to England, where, instead of being allowed to continue to add to my collection of floral offerings, I was forthwith sent to school, first of all at Bedford Park, and afterwards at the Greycoat School, Westminster, where for a long time I remained as a daily scholar.

At the former school, however, I was a day boarder, and as my mother, who is an actress, and educated me for the stage, was at the theatre all the evening and I was at school all day, we never saw each other at all; so that when my holiday time arrived—and oh, don't I remember how grateful I was for holidays!—my mother, who was then playing in "Shock-headed Peter," obtained for me an engagement there in which I had to do a little dance, and afterwards another engagement in "The Man Who Stole the Castle," by Tom Gallon, in which

MARIE LÖHR AT THE AGE OF TWO, WITH HER MOTHER, KATE BISHOP, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS.
Photo. The "Falk" Studios.

I understudied Miss Beatrice Terry and was lucky enough to have an opportunity of playing her part.

After thus "finding a place in the sun" for a short time, I was sent back to school again, and there worked as hard as I could—or thought I could—until a time in my life arrived when I found that I should have to earn my own living.

AN EARLY APPEARANCE IN PANTOMIME.
Photo. Herbst.

IN HER FIRST PART—AGE FOUR—ABOUT WHICH SHE TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY.

Photo. The "Falk" Studios.

What was I to do? My governesses, both at Bedford Park and at the Greycoat School, Westminster, strongly recommended that I should take up teaching. But, somehow or other, I simply couldn't bear the idea of teaching geography, or any other sort of 'ography, and in consequence, as I had to do something, and as I felt that I had no brains for anything else, I went on to the stage.

After playing a girl's part—a "flapper," you know—in "Whitewashing Julia" when I was fourteen, I joined the Kendals' company, and for quite a long time toured all

AGE 6.
Photo. Heath.

over the country. Indeed, I learnt quite a lot of everything that I may have learnt from Mrs. Kendal. And by this I do not mean that she coached me at all, I don't mean deliberate teaching, but I watched her and her technique, and she showed me how to do things. I played all sorts of characters with the Kendals —servants, *ingénues*, emotional parts, comic parts, everything—and, although

A PORTRAIT TAKEN ABOUT THE AGE OF 16, JUST BEFORE SHE APPEARED IN "MY WIFE."

Photo. IN "THE WATER BABIES." [*Donovan & Son.*

I almost invariably played several different parts in a week, I did not find it particularly hard work — at least, no harder than playing the same part night after night.

Some people, I know, are frequently apt to say that they dislike touring. Well, obviously, of course, to play in London is pleasanter from many points of view, but I am glad to say that I have always been so keen on the stage that I very early in life realized that what one must have, to

IN "TANTALIZING TOMMY."
Photo. Dover Street Studios.

AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."
Photo. Dover Street Studios.

do any good at all, is experience—and there is no better experience than the stock company system of training. Anyhow, I know it was everything to me.

Besides, on tour one seems to bump up against so many side-lights of life. Thus, I remember once, when I was playing in "The Water Babies" at Brighton—this wasn't with the Kendals, of course—a rather pretty little story connected with a certain tiny mite in the company who made such a big "hit" that at almost every performance she received presents of chocolates, toys, and so on and so forth, from members of the audience.

One afternoon, just before her entrance in the last act, I found her standing in the wings with two boxes of chocolates under one arm and a big, fair-haired, blue-eyed doll under the other—all presents from the audience. Of course, she ought to have been tremendously delighted with these surprise presents, but, strangely enough, she didn't seem pleased a little bit, and when I came up to her she said, with eyes full of tears, "Oh, I do wish people wouldn't send me these things—they are so useless!"

At that moment she had to go on the stage, but as soon as the piece was over she sidled

IN "PINKIE AND THE FAIRIES."
Photo. Dover Street Studios.

up to me and explained exactly why she so disliked presents of dolls and chocolates. Her mother, who, it seemed, was largely dependent on her salary, had been bedridden for months past, and had been ordered by the doctors all sorts of luxuries, such as calf's-foot jelly, beef-tea, chicken, and other invalid delicacies, which she was not well enough off to buy. "If only people would send me something useful," she said, "mother would soon get well, and," she added, "I can't buy her anything out of the money I get" (which was true enough, for I believe her salary was a very, very small one).

Photo.] IN "THE 'MIND-THE-PAINT' GIRL." [*Dover Street Studios.*

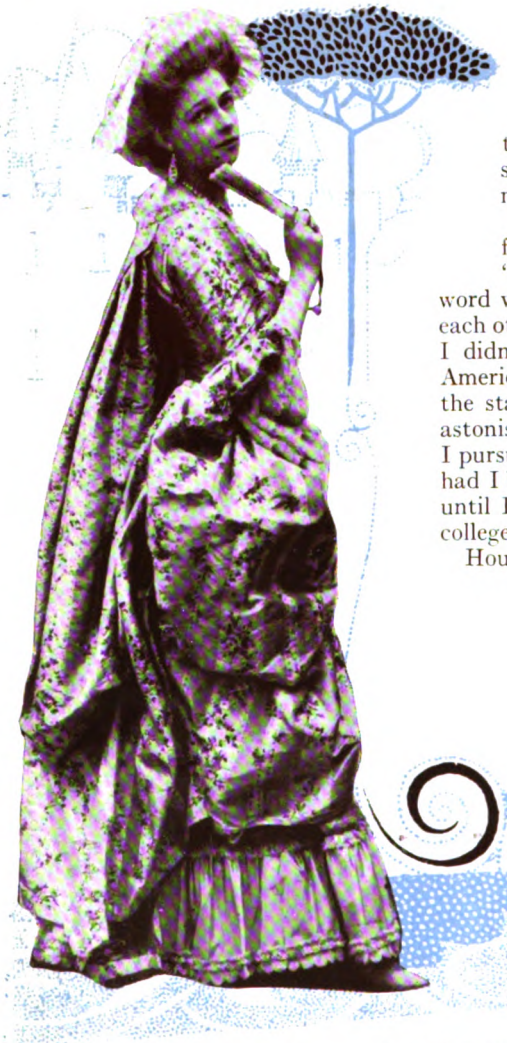


Photo.] AS LADY TEAZLE. [*Dover Street Studios.*

tiny child should be made to feel the responsibilities of a grown-up person.

As a child I remember that many of the innocent joys and pleasures that are, as a rule, regarded as inseparable from the life of a young girl, became almost total strangers to me when the time arrived for me to earn my own living.

However, I was very far from miserable, for my mother and I have ever been real "pals"—I don't think I can find any other word which adequately expresses our relations to each other—and as long as we were together—well, I didn't care "if it snowed blue ink," as the Americans say. So I entered into my work for the stage with an enthusiasm which I know well astonished not a few people, and in my spare time I pursued the studies that would have been mine had I been privileged to spend my early girlhood—until I was out of my teens—at some recognized college or other seat of learning.

Hours and hours had to be spent at my music

How it came about I don't know, but I can at least say that, although after that afternoon the child occasionally received chocolates and other things which she disliked so much, at the end of every performance there was also waiting for her at the stage-door a parcel containing just the very things she wanted for her mother. Very early in one's stage career one is apt to see a good deal of the sad side of life, and this little incident touched me keenly, for it struck me as intensely pathetic that such a

IN "THE MARIONETTES." *Photo. Dover Street Studios.*

IN "THE MARIONETTES."
Photo. Dover Street Studios.

and dancing—I would mention that, as a baby, I learnt to dance almost before I learnt to speak — the light manner in which I touched foreign languages when at school had to be altered, and so a daily study of French and other tongues took up quite a lot of time. But I was always happy in my work, and, as I have ever been ambitious, I don't think that I found my rather arduous days nearly so trying as do many girls who are apt to look upon education as "a necessary evil" but an awful bore.

I was actually only fourteen when I appeared in musical comedy in "The Little Michus" at Daly's, and yet, curiously enough, people are apt to speak of this as quite a recent production. My engagement at Daly's, I would mention, was my only experience of musical comedy, although not very long ago you may remember that I played the part of Lily Paradell, a leading lady in musical comedy, in Sir Arthur Pinero's much-discussed play, "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl."

After "The Little Michus," and at the end

IN "THE 'MIND-THE-PAINT' GIRL."
Photo. Dover Street Studios.

of my tour with the Kendals, I was engaged to play in "My Wife" at the Haymarket. To give some idea of the amount of work I had to get through in those days, I would mention that, although I was playing at such places as Portsmouth and Cheltenham and various other provincial towns, I had to come up to London by the early morning train every day in order to rehearse for "My Wife."

But the result was worth it, from my point of view—very well worth it. For this play gave me my first big success, and, strangely enough, all the while I was rehearsing I felt that it would, while from the moment I came on the stage this feeling became stronger than ever. I suppose it is difficult for the ordinary person not connected with the stage to understand an actress's feelings when she faces a first-night audience. Yes, I am quite sure that those who have never experienced the horrors of a first night can't possibly realize how over-aweing everything seems. Thus, the idea of making a long speech is appallingly terrifying, for we who have to do it are realizing all the time how much the success or failure of this particular new-born play may mean to the author, the manager, and, to be strictly truthful, to ourselves.

I am not the least ashamed to confess that, in spite of my fairly long career, comprising all sorts and sizes of parts, I am always frightfully nervous. On first nights, in particular, I feel more "funky" than ever, although I am told that I certainly do not show it.

By the way, I forgot to mention that before I made my first real success in "My Wife" I played the part of Rosie Mackenzie in Sir—then Mr.—Herbert Tree's production of "Colonel Newcombe." I shall always remember this part, as before I actually secured it I called at the theatre several times without being able to see Sir Herbert, and, indeed, it was not until my third or fourth visit to the theatre that I

IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."
Photo. The Daily Mirror Studios.

succeeded in passing the commissionaire at the stage-door. "Impossible to see Mr. Tree," I was told at first, but eventually I managed to get permission to go up to the offices.

Once safely past the theatre Cerberus, I was taken up to see Mr. Michael Morton, who, the moment he saw me, said, "You're just the girl we want—come down on the stage and let's see what you can do." Fortunately for me, I was able to do enough to satisfy the management that I could play the part, although even then my troubles were not at an end, for I had to perpetrate a "terminological inexactitude," as Mr. Winston Churchill would say, about my age. I was actually only fourteen when I played the part of Rosie Mackenzie in "Colonel Newcombe," but in order to convince Mr. Morton of my fitness for stage life I told him I was seventeen—and, thank goodness, he believed me! If gratitude expiates the telling of a lie, my falsehood on this occasion has long since been forgiven, for I simply can't tell you how grateful I have always felt to Mr. Morton and Sir Herbert for giving me a chance of playing a part which proved the stepping-stone to my first real "hit" in "My Wife."

The secret of success is naturally a popular quest in every walk of life in these days of keen competition. I have so often been asked my opinion as to what is the secret of success on the stage that I sometimes feel myself a veritable ignoramus when I have to reply: "I'm sure I don't know."

At the same time, as one who has led a very busy life, and who has had no small experiences of the hardships and trials of life on the stage, I have formed certain views on the subject which may be useful to would-be leading ladies. Firstly, my advice to young beginners, if they really *must* go on the stage, is: "Be quite sure you are young enough. If you are quite sure on this point, you should then make up your mind to work hard, and to do without holidays and various small pleasures to which you may have become accustomed, for than the stage there is no more exacting task-master. Indeed, the most microscopic success can frequently only be attained after years of hard toil."

As far as the ground-work of acting is concerned, I would say: "Learn how to move, how to dance, how to be graceful in everything." From letters sent to me from would-be actresses and from girls I have met who have been anxious to go on the stage, I have been struck by the curiously wrong impression that exists, that success in the theatre can be won with very little effort; when once an actress "gets to know the ropes," if I may so express it.

This, of course, is a point of view hopelessly wide of the truth, for even after years of hard work, when an actress may, perchance, have succeeded in "making good," this success in no way suggests that she has come to stop, and that, having once made a hit, she will in the future go from success to success. No; of all professions in the world, I think the stage is the most difficult for an actress to keep her success—that is to say, to continue to be successful when once she has scored an initial success.

A famous dancer once told me that she had to practise as hard when she had succeeded in becoming a *première danseuse* as in her early days when she was merely a beginner. So it is with acting. It is a suicidal mistake to relax one's efforts or to get slack to the slightest extent. In fact, the actress, to remain at the top of the tree, must always be in her best form, for to slide from the top rung of the ladder to one near the foot is the simplest thing in the world. And, worse still, an actress can make this trip quite unconsciously. She doesn't know she's making it, but an audience is well aware of the fact from the moment she comes on the stage.

I remember when I was quite young that I used to fancy I could play any sort of part and make a success of it. But nowadays I realize that most people, including myself, have very pronounced limitations, and that the race is not always to the brave.

But now you will, I am sure, have heard quite enough about my humble career. Besides, I am due at the theatre in twenty minutes, and before I go I have a most important duty to fulfil. What is it? Simply to hurry upstairs, tip-toe softly across the nursery for fear of waking her, and kiss my daughter Jane good-night. Which reminds me, by the way, that I forgot to tell you that in 1912 I entered upon the most important and eventful engagement of my career, which has resulted in my going into joint management with Mr. Anthony Prinsep, my husband. The management is that of our small household, of which, between ourselves, I may tell you that the real acting-manager is Miss Jane Prinsep.

Will she follow in her mother's footsteps and go on the stage? For the moment neither she nor I has made up our minds on the subject, for, you see, our acting-manager is at present not quite a year old. But she's the most wonderful baby in the world—at any rate, I think so.

OH! JAMES!

By MAY EDGINTON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Being of a hopelessly hopeful temperament James Bright says: "Everybody in the world is good—but nobody knows it, except me."

At thirty-nine James is extremely wealthy, but—here is the thorn in his roses—while he is impressed by a rich man's duty of expenditure, his sound, bright, and sensible wife, Catharine, cannot overcome her habits of economy. They live in a little Hampstead house with two cheap maids, and employ a jobbing gardener. "This is not my duty," says James, as he looks around him; "my duty is to circulate money, to prosper trade, to beautify charming women." But Catharine won't be beautified; she won't be expensive. James gives her a blank (signed) cheque-book. Virtuously she refuses to use it. Gods! what a dilemma for a conscientious fellow!

No one sympathizes. When he talks to his worldly friend, Edmund Tonbridge, about the difficulty, Tonbridge laughs. James on beautifying women causes Tonbridge's tongue to cleave to his cheek. How James hates this ribald attitude of a ribald and suspicious world which is so good really, and will not believe it!

He has a great and good idea. Having just established new branches of his business in Oxford, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, and Bombay, he taxes each branch by making it provide a luxurious home for some needy—and charming—woman, to whom James feels as an uncle. One of these is Eva Hunter, the pretty daughter of a near neighbour at Hampstead, who, in despair at her daughter's disappearance, seeks the advice of James's old friend, Tonbridge, who runs a private detective agency.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS came. Catharine chose her ribbed stockings and gave James his six vests. The matron's air of resignation still sat upon her, and James still slept in his dressing-room. The matter of the separation would have caused him some perplexity had he not been too busy with his manifold duties to think about it. He had not yet snatched a week-end with any of his Rogues since his return from India, but he was frantically endeavouring to break from the multiplied business chains which held him to the metropolitan office and do so. The girls all wrote in a very happy strain, and the Dragons' letters gave every satisfaction, but he wished

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO PROVE THE GOODNESS OF THE WORLD.

"THE GIRLS ALL WROTE IN A VERY HAPPY STRAIN."

to assure himself personally, at the earliest opportunity, of their welfare.

Meanwhile, it is not to be supposed that the littlish man, whom Mrs. Hunter trusted in the *rôle* of detective, had been idle.

It was on the thirtieth of December that the detective called upon Mrs. Hunter.

"Madam," he announced, "I am glad to have news for you of your daughter. She is in Glasgow."

"But her letters," replied the lady, "have all been posted in London!"

The detective smiled.

"Let me give you the facts, madam. Miss Hunter is in Glasgow, living in a small but expensive house, with two maidservants, a car, and a chauffeur-gardener. She dresses beautifully and frequently spends motoring week-ends at Northern watering-places. On these expeditions she is seldom alone, and she is visited occasionally at week-ends in Glasgow by the gentleman friend who accompanies her on the motor trips."

"Give me his name," demanded Mrs. Hunter, gripping her chair-arms.

"It is," said the detective, "Mr. James Bright, who, I learn, is a neighbour of yours. I fear this may come as a shock to you."

"James Bright!" cried Mrs. Hunter, ignoring the detective's fears. "James Bright! James Bri——"

Her voice failed. When she had recovered it she continued, bitterly: "His wife is my best neighbour."

"Really!" replied the detective, taking up his hat. "I fear I can be of no further use to you in this most sad family affair."

"Good morning," replied Mrs. Hunter, agitatedly. "I have to think the matter over carefully. Leave me my daughter's address—thank you."

The detective murmured his way to the door.

"There is one thing," said Mrs. Hunter, after him, "that I am determined on, and that is that *I will at all costs keep this awful business from his poor wife.* Poor Catharine Bright! Poor thing! So dutiful, so good-tempered, so saving at home, so hard-working—and all for this! It shall be a matter between Mr. Bright and myself. I will not disturb that poor wife's peace, neglected as she is already."

"The kindness does you infinite credit, madam," said the detective, insinuating himself through the door.

She continued thinking, and remembered Tonbridge, and her heart filled with quench-

less rage against him. "These men!" she said. "They hang together!"

She rang the bell.

"Bring me my black toque and my fur jacket."

The small maid brought these articles of apparel, and Mrs. Hunter put them on. Then she went to King William Street.

When Mrs. Hunter was announced Mr. Tonbridge had a vague premonition of trouble.

"Pray take a chair," said Tonbridge.

His visitor took one and commenced:—

"The detectives have found my daughter for me. I know all. Don't try to hide it. Nothing you can say will be of the slightest use."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Tonbridge, with the mellowness that so often and so successfully hid his inner feelings.

Mrs. Hunter replied: "I do not intend to leave your office until I have received full information of this dreadful clandestine affair of my daughter's and that James Bright's."

"Your daughter and—James Bright!" exclaimed Tonbridge, simulating a start of surprise.

"Do not attempt to evade an answer," she said, looking at him gloomily. "I know all."

"I assure you——" Tonbridge began.

"You need not trouble to assure me," said Mrs. Hunter, with irony. "I know that my daughter is living in Glasgow, living luxuriously."

"Come, come!" said Tonbridge. "My dear lady!"

"She was taken there by James Bright," Mrs. Hunter continued, "and is visited frequently by him."

Tonbridge inclined his head.

"Now," said the lady, changing her tone a little, "you and I are both people of the world. I wish to know all that you can tell me about this."

Tonbridge shook his head.

"Ah!" he said, "but James is close. Since you know so much, my dear lady, I admit that I know, too. Believe me, I have argued with that man. I have reasoned with him, tried by every means to wake his conscience."

"With what result?" she asked.

"He denies all guilt," said Tonbridge, and sat back in melancholy triumph.

She looked at him again with gathering anger and suspicion.

"You were in this dreadful plot all the time?" she asked, and leaned forward and laid her folded arms on Tonbridge's desk and looked at him and cried "*Oh!*" in a shocked voice. "*Oh!*"

"No, no!" said Tonbridge, hastily. "Believe me, I knew nothing until——"

"Until when?" she asked, sternly.

"Until afterwards," said Tonbridge, with gravity as intense as her own.

"And then?"

"I pleaded with him, to no avail."

"You knew of it when I called before, to ask your help?" said Mrs. Hunter, with a terrible sternness.

"No, no!" cried Tonbridge. "Only suspected. I refused your request on suspicion merely. You may imagine how I was torn between friendship and a social duty."

Silence fell between them, to be broken by Mrs. Hunter saying, as she took her arms from the desk and sat upright:—

"I shall see him in your presence."

"My dear lady," said Mr. Tonbridge, trying his mellow tone, "I wish I could oblige you, but the fact is I am already very bus——"

"Send for him at once!" replied Mrs. Hunter.

Her colour was high, and she made ominous little rocking movements in her chair.

"Telephone," she said, "or I will not leave this office without a desperate scene; and if I have to go to his office I will create another desperate scene there."

This is how determined women win their cases, and Tonbridge knew it, but he seized his telephone receiver. In a moment he was speaking to James.

"'Morning, James. This is me—Edmund. Can you hurry round at once? Desperate business. Can't be delayed a moment."

Tonbridge looked round at Mrs. Hunter.

"Coming," he said, and laid down the receiver. "You will go," he added, pleadingly, "after you have seen him?"

"With pleasure," she replied, acidly.

Unable to bear her thoughts, transmitted through the effective medium of her accusing eye, Tonbridge affected to busy himself at a shelf at the opposite side of the room. Ten minutes passed thus. It was a great relief to his friend when James's arrival was announced by the office-boy. Mrs. Hunter sat motionless in her chair.

James, pink, serene, and healthy, walked in.

"Halloa, Edmund!" he said, blithely, and then realized the presence of the lady. With scarcely a pause, however, "Mrs. Hunter?" he continued; "this is a most unexpected pleasure——"

"Let us have no idle form or ceremony of hypocrisy, Mr. Bright," said the lady, sharply.

"Sit down, James," Tonbridge added, very chastened.

James sat down.

Now, from the moment that he caught sight of Mrs. Hunter sitting in Tonbridge's room, with Tonbridge's message, "Desperate business," fresh in his mind, James realized that the time had come when he was called to bear his cross. He had wondered, sometimes, from the first, as to how he should treat this moment, should it, as was almost inevitable, arise; had felt grave doubts of his own abilities on the score; had gone so far as to rehearse in brief the imagined scene. Now that it was upon him, however, his attempts at armament seemed crude, feeble,

"The only disgrace," said James, unfaltering, "lies in the inference you are both drawing from perfectly innocent circumstances."

Tonbridge gave him a glance at once dismayed and admiring.

"The disgrace, therefore," James added, "lies on your own heads, and I wash my hands of it."

"You will find," said Mrs. Hunter, with a significance deadly in its irony and suppressed anger, "that it is not so easy to wash your hands of me, or of my daughter."

"I have no wish to wash my hands of your daughter," James replied, coldly.

"TWO GASPS MET THIS—ONE FROM TONBRIDGE, OF ADMIRATION FOR AUDACITY; THE OTHER FROM THE LADY, OF SHEER HORROR."

and utterly inadequate to the question at issue. He knew himself right, yet had a swift and terrible conviction that he was wrong. Anxious to make a remark in his own favour, "I came at once," he said.

"I know all," said Mrs. Hunter.

James regarded her.

"This lady knows all," said Tonbridge, in an attitude of profound hopelessness.

James gathered himself together.

"To what do you refer?"

"To my daughter's disgrace," "To Miss Hunter's disappearance," replied Mrs. Hunter and Tonbridge, in the same breath.

Two gasps met this—one from Tonbridge, of admiration for audacity; the other from the lady, of sheer horror.

"Eva," said Mrs. Hunter, "is, I learn from the detectives I have employed, living with you in Glasgow."

"How can she be living with me, when she is in Glasgow and I here?" said James.

"Don't hedge!" replied Mrs. Hunter. "You know what I mean. Perhaps you will attempt to deny that you knew she was in Glasgow?"

"As the matter has been pressed thus far, I shall deny nothing," said James. "I pay

her rent, buy her clothes, provide her with funds, write to her regularly, and so am obviously quite aware of her residence in Glasgow."

Two more gasps of the same quality as the last answered this.

"Will either of you have the kindness to tell me," said James, "what immorality your deplorable minds can see in any of those actions?"

"We know the world, old man," replied Tonbridge, deprecatingly.

"I haven't lived in the world for nothing," said Mrs. Hunter.

"You both appear," said James, pensively, "to have lived in the world for the express purpose of raking muck-heaps."

"How *vulgar!*" Mrs. Hunter exclaimed.

"You both appear to me inimitably vulgar," replied James.

"How dare you!" said Mrs. Hunter, oscillating in her chair. "You insult both Mr. Tonbridge and me. But I warn you, Mr. Bright, that insolent bluff will not for an instant carry *this* situation. No doubt it has often served you, but it will not serve you with me. You have robbed me of my daughter, disgraced my name, taken away my Eva's character——"

"Where have I taken her character, madam?" said James. "It has never left the young girl's keeping."

Tonbridge went back to the shelf at the other end of the room, and remained there while Mrs. Hunter gasped at James.

"You have inquired into this matter," said James, judicially, "and you cannot escape the answer which you have invoked. The facts, very briefly, are these. This very attractive young girl was unhappy, discontented, living in a sphere uncongenial to all her instincts. I made her an offer——"

"An offer!" screamed Mrs. Hunter.

"An offer, madam," said James, turning upon her swiftly, "of these things: a house, a car, servants, dresses, money, amusements, until such time as she should marry. She accepted the offer. That is the whole simple business."

Very slowly, darkly, and with intense meaning, Mrs. Hunter quoted:—

"'I am going away with the man I love, and who loves me.'"

"A girl's jest," said James, "as much against me as against you. I did not know it had been written."

"I do not believe a word you say," replied the indignant lady; "but I will pass on. How do you excuse yourself for your duplicity to me? Do you remember the times you have stopped by my gate and assured me that Eva was safe and well somewhere?"

"I do," said James. "It was the truth."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Hunter, with just anger. "The truth! The truth from *you!* You are unable to speak anything but lies."

"I am not angry," said James, after a pause.

"Angry!" cried she. "Angry! You should be on your knees with remorse. That's your place!"

"Neither am I remorseful," said James, with quiet dignity. "As for not believing what I say—that does not surprise me. No one in the world except myself seems to have any belief in anyone. No one believes in good except me. Everyone thinks evil, says evil, wishes evil, makes evil, and then is shocked at the evil he has made. No man trusts his neighbour. You do not trust me."

Tonbridge at the shelf laughed harshly, and Mrs. Hunter laughed hysterically.

"Do you think I trust you?" said James, pursuing his theory. "Yes; I do trust you. Why do I trust you? Because I am I. I believe you to be as good as myself, since I have no proof to the contrary. But does anyone else trust you? No. Does Tonbridge trust in you? No. Does anyone trust in you? No. No more than you trust in anybody else."

"James!" said Tonbridge.

"You are making serious allegations against me," said Mrs. Hunter.

"I am not," said James. "I am stating facts. You are warped——"

"How dare you!" Mrs. Hunter exclaimed.

"Warped—as indicated by your bitterness about your daughter's friendship with me. Warped," said James, "because no one believes you are good and pure. As far as I am concerned, I know it, but no one else knows it. Tonbridge, there, does not believe you are good and pure."

"My dear lady!" cried Tonbridge. "James, how dare you! My dear lady, I assure you——"

"I have come here," wept Mrs. Hunter, "merely to listen to the ribald insults of that man!"

"Do not cry," said James, earnestly. "Do not cry. I am sorry about the general distrust, but it is partly on your own head. You personally encourage and foster the attitude of the world by concurring. Why should you expect trust, any more than anyone else?"

Mrs. Hunter rose and groped for her bag, which, seeing, James placed compassionately in her hand.

"Mr. Tonbridge," she said, in a high voice, "more will be heard of this."

"I fear that, having appealed to James's mercy and failed," said Tonbridge, leaving the cover of his corner uneasily, "you can do little more. The young lady is a major——"

"I can publish his infamy throughout Hampstead," cried Mrs. Hunter.

"Hampstead will rather respect him for it," replied Tonbridge, reluctantly.

James interposed.

"Mrs. Hunter," he said, with new earnestness, "may I beg you to keep silence on the point a little longer? I particularly wish to keep this from my wife."

"Ah!" she cried, shuddering a little. "Poor Catharine! Poor thing! She shall never hear from me. I said only this morning to the detective that never from my lips should she hear this. Never! Never! Never! If I cannot punish you, at least I will not punish her. Poor thing! Poor thing!"

"My dear lady," said Tonbridge, deeply moved, "you have my warmest admiration. You are very magnanimous."

"I thank you," said James, to Mrs. Hunter.

"But," said she, "I will get my daughter back. I will write to her to-morrow, and insist on her coming home until I can make other and more suitable arrangements. I will not leave her one day longer in your power."

"Ah, well!" replied James. "She will choose."

"If I am not successful——" said Mrs. Hunter, and paused with an indignant and outraged glance.

"If you are not immediately successful," said Tonbridge, coming further from his cover in his splendid eagerness to help James, "let me beg and advise you to be patient. Keep trying. I will talk to my friend here. Between us in a little while everything will be arranged. Keep up your heart, my dear, dear lady. Your decision not to tell the poor wife is, in my opinion, superhuman."

"Never," said Mrs. Hunter, "shall Catharine Bright learn it from me. Suffer as I and my daughter may, we will bear it alone. I will meet Mrs. Bright in friendship just as usual. She has all my pity. Never—never—never——"

Tonbridge escorted the lady out and downstairs, while she continued speaking. James sat there pensively by himself. He was not angry, surprised, or hurt, but merely very sorry about the world.

Tonbridge returned.

James remained silent and absorbed.

"Well, James," said Tonbridge, after a patient waiting, during which he struggled against his natural anger, "counting sheep, girls, or what?"

"Tonbridge," said James, "sometimes the world seems abysmal, and sometimes simply too utterly beautiful. To-day it is certainly not beautiful. Have you ever seriously considered that, unless we make a united effort to regain the pristine simplicity and mutual confidence on which the first sun shone, there will soon be no bottom at all to the abyss in which we shall find ourselves?"

"James," roared Tonbridge, "come off it!"

James looked at him remotely.

"Here am I," said Tonbridge, walking about, "having *my* valuable time wasted by *your* disgraceful amours, *my* office besieged by angry parents clamouring for *your* blood, *my* reputation smirched by contact with *yours*. That lady has gone away saying 'Birds of a feather'—'Like to like'—'Touch pitch'—etcetera, etcetera. *I* know! All this is for you. I make endless trouble and worry for myself for you. I allow my office to be the scene of your battles; I work for you; I scheme for you; I lie for you! And you—you won't even confess to me."

"I repeat, I have nothing to confess," replied James.

"Rot!" said Tonbridge, waiting eagerly.

"Very well," replied James.

"You must see for yourself," Tonbridge continued, "that the thing cannot be kept quiet for long. That very estimable and kind-hearted woman—confound her!—who has just left us has promised not to tell your wife. But this kind of secret can never be kept inviolate. Truth will out. Something simply must be done."

"As far as I can see," said James, casting his mind conscientiously around the situation, "I am powerless."

"My advice is," went on Tonbridge, as if James had not spoken, "to give up the business at once. No half measures, no shilly-shallying. Pay the young women well and dismiss them. Marry 'em off if you can, and that will shut their mouths—but marriage or no, the whole thing must be discarded."

It seemed to James that never before had his friend dared to speak so coarsely of a high ideal; a pure idyll of a harassed business man seeking among clouded paths for light.

"Tonbridge," he said, "the endless repetition wearies me, but since I have to make it, I will. I have done no wrong; these young women are as excellent and virtuous as they are charming; and I am doing my duty to

my country as, perhaps, is no other householder in the British Empire. I hope to continue to do it on the same lines."

Tonbridge clenched his fists.

"You will not confess, even to me?"

"I have nothing to confess, Edmund."

"Then," replied Tonbridge, "get out of this office."

James went, with perfect dignity, sobriety, and self-respect, in which mingled something of the exaltation of the cross-bearer.

CHAPTER XV.

NATURALLY, the first thing that Mrs. Hunter did on her return—which was immediate—to Hampstead was to seek Catharine.

"'MRS. HUNTER,' REPLIED CATHARINE, WITH A STATELY CALM, 'LEAVE MY HOUSE!'"

That magnificent woman came, unpinning her morning apron and rolling down her sleeves, for she had been making a sweet to set in a mould for dinner.

She found a guest disturbed so deeply that her voice trembled and her colour was high, and she made little rocking movements on her heels as she stood.

"Good morning, my dear Mrs. Hunter," said Mrs. Bright, noting with kind and capable eye those signs of deep emotion. "Sit down, do, and rest. You have been out and heard something? There is something the matter?"

"Eva!" murmured Mrs. Hunter, sitting down and bowing her face into her hands and her hands down on her knees, so that the pin in her black toque fell out and the toque fell off, and Catharine rescued and replaced it.

"Eva!" repeated Catharine, breathlessly.

"And your husband!" mourned Mrs. Hunter, her head bowed.

Catharine became at once like a rock.

"My husband!" said she. "My husband! James?" as if she had not one, but many husbands, and sought to distinguish the one under discussion.

"Your husband," said Mrs. Hunter. "He decoyed her away to Glasgow. There she lives in sin, surrounded by motor-cars and servants. Slaters found it all out for me. I have seen Mr. Tonbridge and your husband about it."

"And James?" inquired Catharine. Note her calm, though her breathing was quick, and she trembled.

"He has a roundabout story that would satisfy no parent," said Mrs. Hunter.

"Indeed?" said Catharine.

"He admits that he took her to Glasgow," Mrs. Hunter continued, with her face hidden.

"Indeed?" replied Catharine.

"The monster!" cried Mrs. Hunter. "The deceiver! The lying villain!"

"Mrs. Hunter," replied Catharine, with a stately calm, "leave my house!"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Hunter, looking up aghast. "Oh! Oh!"

"I will not sit here and hear my husband abused!" said Catharine.

"The feeling is proper," said Mrs. Hunter, after a pause, "and I cannot but forgive you for it——"

"Forgive me!" cried Catharine. "Forgive me! I think, indeed, it is I who am called upon to forgive you, and I do not know that I can do it."

Now, Catharine was taller and richer than Mrs. Hunter, and she always had been, and always would be, taller and richer, and she kept a better table and was of greater repute in their road; so Mrs. Hunter, beginning to tremble, high coloured, and a little defensive, said only:—

"My dear Mrs. Bright, what have I done to be forgiven?"

"You are the mother of that disgraceful girl," replied Catharine.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Hunter, "that I am sorry for everything, but I think that it was not all Eva's fault——"

"Not Eva's fault!" cried Catharine. "I have not the slightest doubt that it was all her fault. She's a disgraceful minx! Not content with the anxiety which she always caused you at home, she must proceed to this, to gain money for herself! Not her fault!"

Catharine lashed herself into a fury the like of which she had never displayed before.

"Now I think of it," cried she, "I remember that she was always after him! Always! Snatching every minute possible with him. Calling to him from the kitchen, and nodding to him from her window! Her *bedroom* window! This is the way she has requited me for all my kindness, my interest, my——"

"I will stop it," pleaded Mrs. Hunter. "I will send her out into a situation."

"You will stop it!" cried Catharine, scornfully. "When she has led my husband away from me, you will stop it! When she has spent his money recklessly for six months, you will stop it! I never heard of such a disgraceful thing in all my life! The girl is simply abandoned. You may get her back—you may try to hush the matter up—to move from Hampstead—but I have a great mind to say that *I* will *not* hush the matter up—that I will let all the neighbours know how I have been treated—that I will proclaim everywhere what kind of girl your daughter is! It would serve her right entirely to ruin her socially and to spoil her chances of marrying. I have every excuse to do it if I please."

Was it possible that Catharine knew that Mrs. Hunter had been rehearsing some such proclamation on her own behalf, with James as chief culprit? Was it possible that she placed thus ingeniously suggestions for necessary removal from the neighbourhood before Eva's mother? Probably. Catharine was a fine woman.

"But you would not do that?" Mrs. Hunter exclaimed, now fully intent on secrecy when it seemed that secrecy might not be accorded. "You would never tell a *soul*, dear Mrs. Bright?"

"I shall do as I feel inclined," said Catharine, scoldingly. "She does not deserve mercy, nor do you, for your bringing up of your daughter. I have a great mind to go out at once, as I stand, and tell somebody about it. It would relieve me. I have the greatest mind to do it."

The virago!

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Hunter, clinging to her skirt, as she rose to carry out her purpose.

Catharine looked down upon her, and relaxed somewhat.

"I dare say," she said, haughtily, "that you wish no one to know."

"Is it possible to keep it from the neighbours?" asked Mrs. Hunter.

"Possible, certainly," Catharine answered, coldly; "and, in view of our past friendship, I will try to help you. You will understand that it goes very hard."

"It must go hard, I know," said Mrs. Hunter; "but, dear Mrs. Bright, for my sake, promise to keep silence. I will write to Eva to-day. I will get her back. I will end things."

"I will not have her in Hampstead," replied Catharine, with renewed anger.

"No, no!" said Mrs. Hunter. "I quite understand that you could not allow that. I would send her to my married sister, who has a large family, and can't afford help. She would be glad of Eva."

"Very well," said Catharine, coldly.

"Eva won't like it," murmured Eva's mother.

"Eva owes it to me," replied Catharine. "I consider that I have her future in my hands."

Strangely enough, Mrs. Hunter had thought an hour ago that she held the future of James and Catharine in her hands.

"I know you will be kind, dear Mrs. Bright," said she.

"I shall try to be," replied Catharine.

Mrs. Hunter rose and wiped her eyes.

"I make a condition that you are not to mention this conversation to my husband," said Catharine.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Hunter, deferentially.

"You must let me give you a glass of wine and a biscuit before you go," said Catharine, "just to show that I am not unfriendly, badly as I have been treated."

"You are kindness itself," said Mrs. Hunter, trying to subdue her agitation.

Catharine rang for the wine and biscuits.

The two ladies talked a little together while the refreshment was taken. The guest tried to placate, the hostess remained proudly distant. It was obvious that she was a much-injured woman; equally obvious that the injury had been inflicted personally and wantonly by Mrs. Hunter. On those terms they parted.

Now when Catharine had shut the door upon her visitor, having protected her old James against Hampstead, having picked up her morning apron, she ascended the stairs, entered her own room, dropped the apron over her head, and wept.

All the same, she was a magnificent woman.

She knew now the destination of the silk stockings, and she was glad that James's bed was made up in the dressing-room.

In spite of the great blow of the morning—confirming as it did the suspicion merited by silk stockings—in spite of the spiritual exhaustion of battle against James's foes, of her amazement and her unaccustomed fit of tears, it is interesting to note that she met James on their usual terms at dinner. True, she did not seek the basket-chair in the dressing-room, to hear his day's report while he washed, nor kiss him in the hall, but there she was at the head of their table, in white silk blouse, second-best skirt, and gold chain, talking pleasantly, looking eminently healthy, wise, and attractive as ever. James, still a little thoughtful over the morning's affair in Tonbridge's office, and ignorant of its sequel, was all unaware that, while routing his foes without, Catharine within the home was deadlier than all. She was the foe whom James was presently to combat; to her should he answer; to her make redress. She would teach James his place when her moment came. She was equal to all and every occasion, and if she had a mind to know a thing, she knew it, or to do a thing, she did it. There was no turning Catharine from any purpose.

But she said no word to James all that evening; she just mended his trousers.

He registered his nightly protest against sleeping in his dressing-room. She requested him humorously—ah! but how grim, now, was the humour!—to continue to do so at present, for a reason.

James in dreams fought the world.

Catharine collected evidence for the divorce court.

CHAPTER XVI.

"BYE-BYE, love," said James, in the hall.

"Good-bye, my dear," replied Catharine, smoothly.

As soon as the front door had closed behind him she went straight upstairs, turning neither to pantry nor to kitchen, and took out her best coat and skirt and hat.

The hat she entirely retrimmed after a sketch in a fashion paper, and quite an enticing confection it was on completion.

She sent out the housemaid for kilted lawn frillings—that being the moment of kilted frillings—and when they arrived tacked them in the collar and cuffs of her coat. She then ripped the high collar-band from her best blouse.

When these things had been done she let down her hair and dressed it in a new style—also according to the fashion paper—to suit the rearranged hat.

This done, she put on the pair of black silk stockings which she always wore to Gatti's, and her best indoor patent leather slippers instead of the walking shoes which she always wore when going out.

She looked at herself when her toilette was finished with genuine surprise and, one must confess, with a secret pleasure, for, as is well known, all women are abandoned at heart, though many of them are so unlucky as never to find it out.

These preparations took the greater part of the morning, and directly she was ready Catharine went, on the Tube, to the Bank station, and thence to Edmund Tonbridge's office.

Tonbridge received her with excessive reluctance, some fear, and—on realizing her new appearance—with astonishment. He had known her to be an admirable woman and a good wife, but until now it had not occurred to him how very handsome she was.

"Good morning!" cried Catharine, with

her fine smile, that allayed Tonbridge's first fears. "I am interrupting work——"

"Not at all. Most charmed," said he.

"But," Catharine continued, "I was anxious to catch you before you went out to lunch."

"Is the—the business important?" Tonbridge asked, with a slight tremor in his voice that did not, we may be sure, escape James's wife.

"Well," Catharine replied, looking her most charming self, "I shall expect you to think so."

"Indeed!" faltered Tonbridge.

"I thought," Catharine continued, patting her back hair into place with a little feminine gesture that he never remembered seeing her use before, "that you might take me out to lunch."

"Oh, charmed!" cried Tonbridge. "Most charmed. Will James come?"

If Catharine had not been such an essentially good woman, one might have said that she pouted, and that the pout became her.

"No," said she. "James will not. Must one always lunch with one's husband? I am up shopping, and I want a little change of entertainment."

"Really, very charming!" cried Tonbridge. "Very. Excuse me one second."

He returned coated, bearing his hat and stick.

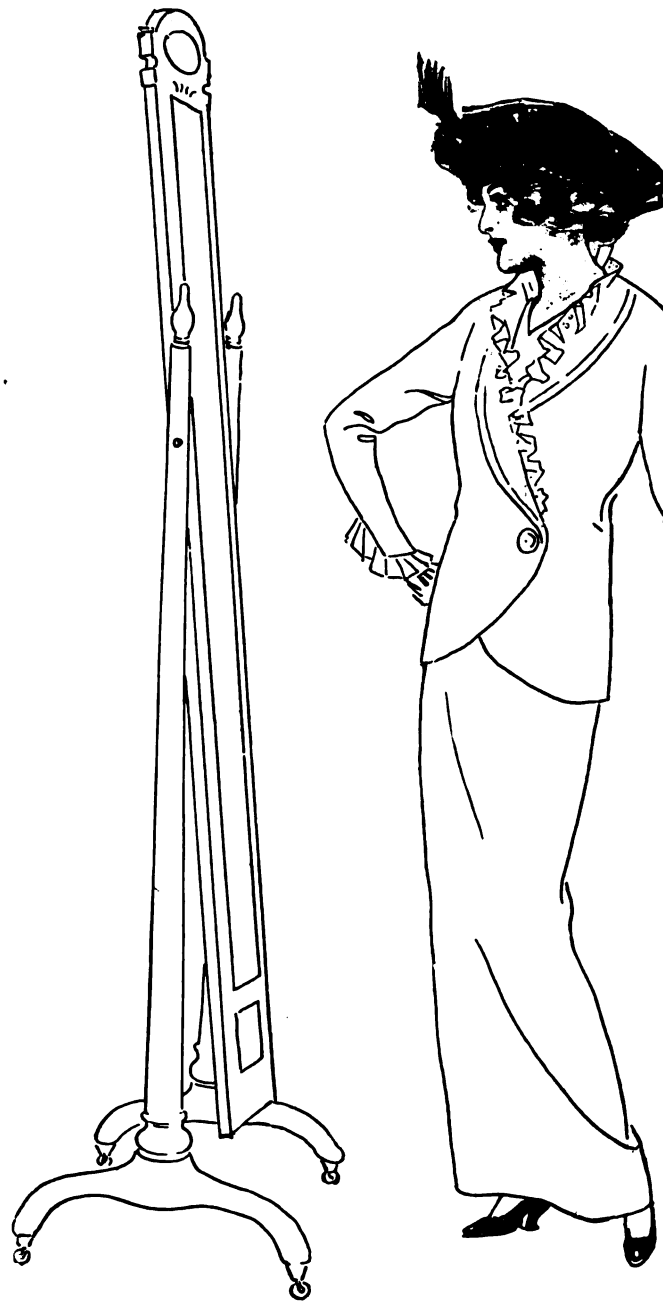
"Such an unexpected pleasure," he said, mellowly. "A pleasure never accorded to me before. Where shall it be?"

"I shall leave the choice to you," replied Catharine, who could think of nowhere but Gatti's.

"The Holborn?" Tonbridge suggested. "That is where James usually goes. We may see him."

"Goodness!" cried Catharine. "Must a woman always go where she will meet her own husband?"

Who so corrupt and mellow as Tonbridge, when taking out to lunch a handsome woman who did not wish to meet her husband? He decided, with her permission, on the East Room in the Criterion, and they sat at the very same table from which the Oxford don had surveyed



"SHE LOOKED AT HERSELF WHEN HER TOILETTE WAS FINISHED WITH GENUINE SURPRISE."

Piccadilly, while James talked to him, a few months before.

Tonbridge was not only astonished by Catharine, but flattered.

"After all," he said to himself, while he surveyed respectfully her changed coiffure, the alluring hat set at an angle upon it, her bare throat rising out of fine lawn frilling, "no woman is impregnable. The hardest, the most competent, and sensible of her sex is not adamant when the man she likes is in question. Well, well—I do not wonder her love has changed, neglected as she has been. It will really serve James right if——"

Tonbridge had always known himself to be an attractive man.

He received, however, a second shock, not as welcome as the first, when Catharine, through guile of smiles and the sort of jesting, tender interest which any woman so minded can assume for any man who gives her a good lunch, disclosed the inner secret of her change of front. She had come to inveigle from Tonbridge all that he knew of James's regrettable life. It was hard to refuse her, too, when she leaned across the table and said, with pretty dignity, yet piteously:—

"I have reason to believe these dreadful things about James, and my first thought is to ask your help, to implore you to tell me all you know. Keep nothing from me. If you refuse from scruples of your friendship with him, it will make no difference, save that you will cause me a great deal of trouble and expense—the trouble and expense of engaging Slaters' detectives. I feel sure that you will not put me—a woman driven to distraction—to the awful task of shadowing my husband. For shadow him I would. What I have a mind to do I will do, and what I have a mind to know I will know. Dear Mr. Tonbridge, help me."

Tonbridge did not refuse Catharine. He kept nothing from her.

She learned the secrets at Bristol, Oxford, Birmingham, Manchester, and Bombay.

"There is but one course open to me," she said in a firm voice, "and you know it."

"And that?" inquired Tonbridge.

"Divorce," replied Catharine, very firmly.

"Good heavens!" cried Tonbridge.

"Do not reproach yourself for telling me," said Catharine, kindly. "If you had refused I would have found out for myself, I assure you. There is only one more thing I have to ask."

"Ask, my dear lady," said Tonbridge.

"May I," said Catharine, "count on your support and sympathy? I am so alone; I have no nearer relative than the aunt who brought me up—a Mrs. Plummer, you may remember, who lives at Balham."

"I met the lady once at your house," replied Tonbridge.

"May I count on you?" Catharine persisted.

Her fine eyes swam in tears; she stretched out her hands to Tonbridge across the table. He took them. For the first time he thought poorly of James's taste; he recognized here a most sweet woman.

"You can rely on me," said he.

"There is, however, still one other thing," Catharine resumed, when she had withdrawn her hands and wiped her eyes with the Maltese handkerchief that she always took to Gatti's. "I must insist that my husband never knows of this conversation. I intend the divorce petition to fall upon him like a thunderbolt."

Tonbridge's face cleared.

"I am only too pleased to promise it," said he. "In fact, badly as I must think of James, I do not want him to know that I have, in a way, betrayed him. I should never have told you anything, only that a lady really makes it very hard——"

Tonbridge, sighing, left the sentence unfinished. Catharine could think complacently of the expenditure on lawn frilling and of the ripped-out collar-band of her best blouse.

"I knew," she answered, softly, "that I should not appeal in vain."

"My dear, dear lady!" murmured Tonbridge, mellowly.

Catharine addressed herself to her roast veal, and for a few minutes there was silence. She had a good appetite.

"Riches," said Tonbridge, then, "have been James's downfall. A rich man cannot keep straight. Wealth brings leisure, surplus cash, the power to spend; and the power breeds desire, and desire ramps unlimited in a rich man."

"I realize, indeed," Catharine replied, "that there is no way of stopping James, now that he has gone so far. Therefore I spoke, as you know, of divorce."

Tonbridge nodded. "Evil habits," he said, "grow so upon a man that I fear, Mrs. Bright, you are powerless to stop this. You might get promises of amendment, even amendment itself, ostensibly, but in secret——" Tonbridge spread his hands. "Concealment is so easy for the rich."

"I know," said Catharine, deeply. "I know. That is why I am resolved on divorce. Can you recommend me a good firm of lawyers?"

"I would rather not," replied Tonbridge, groaning slightly at his responsibility in the serious turn of events.

"I insist upon it," said Catharine, inflexible yet beseeching, so that she made it very hard to say "No."

Tonbridge did not say "No." He said, in a low, ashamed voice, "Messrs. Botham and Botham, of Ludgate Hill, if you are determined——"

Catharine produced a notebook and took the address.

"You will have coffee?" Tonbridge asked, when the sweets had disappeared.

Catharine suddenly remembered herself. She made a hasty calculation of how much the lunch would cost.

"No, thank you," she said. "No, certainly not." She rose, gathered up her bag and gloves. "Restaurant entertaining," she added, "is terribly expensive. I have no doubt James has found it so these last few months."

She sighed.

"I always tried to be careful," she continued. "I never would go anywhere expensive, or eat anything expensive. And my economy was all for this! So that he might squander money upon other women!"

She went away very bitterly, upon an omnibus.

So long had lunch lasted that tea was ready when she returned to Hampstead. Catharine sat over her solitary tea-tray and made her plans. Afterwards she went carefully through the house and counted all the pots of jam and pounds of margarine and biscuits and tea and all the other groceries, and inspected the house-linen, counting the articles. After this she inspected her wardrobe. After that she inspected James's, in view of her determination so shortly to leave him and his clothes to the mercy of hirelings. She found some half-dozen things to mend, and piled them up on her work-basket for the after-dinner hour.

And then she gathered together her account books and added them up, and set the amount against the amount in the housekeeping purse and deducted, mentally, the sum left to be handed over to James with the books and the keys. Some melancholy triumph invaded her to think in what irreproachable order he would find everything. There was no doubt at all that he would have great reason to regret such a wife.

Next, Catharine wrote three letters—one to Messrs. Botham and Botham, requesting them to send a representative to call upon her to-morrow at ten o'clock; one to her Aunt Plummer, who had brought her up, asking her to call upon her on an important matter to-morrow at ten o'clock; the third to Mr. Edmund Tonbridge, relying upon him, in view of his promise, to call upon her to-morrow at ten o'clock.

Giving these letters to the housemaid to post, Catharine then went upstairs to put on—perhaps for the last time in Hampstead—her white silk blouse, second-best skirt, and gold chain. She perceived a very flushed, resolute, and handsome matron looking at her from the glass, and she perceived also the revolutionary effect of the collarless blouse upon her appearance.

"I am really a good-looking woman still," Catharine sighed, "though one does not expect to be obliged to trade on one's personal appearance when one is married."

She took her sewing downstairs into the drawing-room and sat by the fire. She had heard James come in, but no talks for her in the dressing-room now! She sat mending when James entered, pink and affectionate.

James kissed her, with no return.

"Dinner ready?" he asked.

"Soon," said Catharine, holding up a vest to the light to ascertain the thin places.

"What a lot of mending!" said James, sitting down by Catharine and looking repentantly at the basket; "and what a bad boy am I to wear out my clothes! S'e has married a d'efful bad boy!"

"Don't hinder me, James," replied Catharine. "I know quite well what I have married."

"And does s'e 'ike it?" said James, putting his head close to hers.

"She would not have married it if she hadn't liked it," replied Catharine, evasively.

"No," said James, admiringly; "she always knew her own mind." And he patted Catharine.

She suffered it.

"I have to go to Birmingham for the week-end, love," said James, presently.

"I hope it will do you good," replied Catharine.

"Thank you, love," said James. "I shall be going to-morrow."

The housemaid announced dinner. Catharine ate a good dinner. So did James. Then they returned to the drawing-room. James did many little sociable things, such as carding wool and threading needles, but Catharine mended all his pyjamas in a Sphinx-like silence.

It was an awful evening, but James did not know why. It had the effect of sending

him unprotesting to sleep in his dressing-room, although he was perfectly sure that he had by now aired the bed.

This was on a Thursday.

When James had departed with his bag at nine-thirty the following morning, Catharine looked severely round her house, for three visitors were due at ten o'clock.

The first to come was Aunt Plummer, who was very old and excellent, and had seen Catharine married to James. Into the drawing-room Aunt Plummer was shown by the housemaid and told that Mrs. Bright would be with her directly. Aunt Plummer commenced to pass the time of waiting by examining the china-cabinet for stains or scratches.

The second visitor to arrive was the representative of Messrs. Botham and Botham, who was also shown into the drawing-room and informed that Mrs. Bright would be there directly.

"'SOON,' SAID CATHARINE, HOLDING UP A VEST TO THE LIGHT TO ASCERTAIN THE THIN PLACES."

When she saw him, Aunt Plummer at once left the china-cabinet.

Tonbridge came third, a little pale, and with a great air of resignation. He was shown into the drawing-room and assured of Mrs. Bright's speedy arrival. When she saw him, Aunt Plummer instantly left the representative of Messrs. Botham and Botham.

Where was Catharine?

She was in her room, turning out the drawer where she kept her account-books and such matters. She had begun the task before the advent of the visitors, and she knew that a task should never be broken off in the middle on principle.

Now, among the various papers and et-ceteras in the drawer she found a lank, green-cased thing—the cheque-book which James had given her last summer, signed throughout. Upon this Catharine's hand, head, and heart paused.

Her cheque-book!

(To be concluded.)

"MY BEST CARICATURE."

BY WELL-KNOWN CARICATURISTS OF THE DAY.

I.

OF late years there has been something of a revival of the art of caricature. There has been no return to the robust savagery of the late eighteenth century, it is true; but there has been an improvement on the flat commonplace of the average Victorian attempt, and it is no longer sufficient to draw a laboriously-accurate portrait on a very big head with a tiny body and legs dangling from it. Perhaps the big-head recipe arose from a too faithful remembrance of the root meaning of the word "caricature," which is derived from the Italian *caricare*, meaning to overload.

Freedom and boldness of fancy are essential qualities in good caricature; and a courageous infusion of these qualities is a characteristic of the present revival. The young Russian, Ospovat, whose early death we lamented a year or two ago, was so free of fancy as sometimes to be called extravagant; but his extravagance was always justified by its effect, and it is by effect — instantaneous effect—that we judge the worth of a caricature. Ospovat, unfortunately, is now a caricaturist of the past; and this article is devoted to a reproduction of some of the work of artists now living. A number of the most eminent caricaturists, in fact, have been invited by THE STRAND MAGAZINE to designate each the piece of his own work which he considers best; and some of the replies are here illustrated.

Of the many French caricaturists of high talent now working, perhaps the gentleman who signs his drawings "Sem" is best known in this country. As a draughtsman he has great power and selection of line, and a very summary and effective method. As a caricaturist he has an unerring eye for the characteristic feature, the judicious exaggeration of which constitutes the "loading" which makes the caricature. "Sem" confesses that he agrees with the general verdict that the best of his caricatures is that of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild and the Baroness on the beach at Deauville. But the caricature was a little cruel, and—both the Baron and the Baroness are now dead; and therefore, says "Sem," "*j'hésite à vous l'envoyer.*" Instead comes a most vivacious series of

Mme. Réjane—By "SEM."

"Cecils in Conclave"—By MAX.
By permission of Mr. William Heinemann, from "Fifty Caricatures," by Max Beerbohm.

sketches of Mme. Réjane; rapid sketches with faint touches of colour, brimming at every line with the vigorous movement characteristic of that most vivacious of actresses. These sketches, far from flattering to the very charming lady whom they most unmistakably represent, and carrying a full "loading" of quaint exaggeration of particular features, had a great success in Paris, where, as "Sem" explains, they had not been accustomed to so crudely uncompromising a treatment of the features of actresses.

Our own "Max," a caricaturist in words as well as in line, devises groupings inspired by the quaintest of non-pictorial ideas, and executes them with an unfailing pictorial sense and a most uncommon *flair* for the grotesque that is somewhere hidden in the brightest—and dullest—of us. Mr. Beerbohn has a habit of regarding his latest drawing as his best—as a habit of mind, very healthy and progressive, but, as the artist admits, apt unduly to embarrass his judgment. He writes as follows:—

I am sorry I don't know which I consider "my best caricature." Of course, the things I have done lately are always preferred by me to the things I did at earlier dates. If ever the time shall come when I find myself liking any of my previous things better than my current things, I shall give up drawing altogether. A man who has ceased to progress ought to stop, for his own sake and for everyone else's. As to which was the best caricature in my latest exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, and therefore the best I have done, really I must decline the responsibility of judging—I thought so many of them as passably good as one another. "Cecils in Conclave" seemed to me a passably good one. At any rate, it isn't bad. That is as far as I will commit myself.

Yours truly, MAX BEERBOHM.

It will never do for Mr. Beerbohm to give up drawing. For that reason let us pray that "Max" retain a permanently good conceit of himself. The only persons likely to dissent from such a hope are the tailors and bootmakers—especially the bootmakers—of the Cecil family.

The caricaturists of the United States never spare the personal charms of their President. Mr. Roosevelt's teeth and Mr. Taft's lack of slimness have been published to all the world in a thousand degrees of magnification. The advent of Mr. Woodrow Wilson gave some slight pause, for he seemed to offer no such easy handle for the caricaturist's pencil. But our own Mr. Bert Thomas has fully risen to the occasion. Mr. Wilson's depth of chin and upper lip, his spectacles, and his habit (not exclusively his own, however) of lecturing his countrymen, all are crowded into a few vigorous lines planted significantly over the Stars and Stripes.

Mr. David Wilson, as it chances, though his domicile also is much nearer Streatham than

President Woodrow Wilson—By BERT THOMAS.

Washington, or even New York, has likewise chosen to be represented by an American subject, and a Presidential subject to boot. This drawing appeared in our own *Graphic*—the weekly — during the struggle between Mr. Roosevelt and his former ally, Mr. Taft. Both are represented as enormous Teddy bears, between whose assiduous attentions young America is in much danger of crushing and smothering.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft—By DAVID WILSON.
By permission of "The Graphic."

Mr. H. M. Bateman has rapidly and most deservedly acquired a very considerable reputation as a caricaturist in this country. He is young, and if only he will resist the temptation to overwork his very great gifts he bids fair to attain and keep a place among the half-dozen of a century. A draughtsman of more than talent, he has a swift insight into form and movement, and a forcible, easy, and graceful interpretation, not only of the characteristics of form and feature, but especially of gesture and motion. When really "on the wicket" Mr. Bateman can get more spirit and meaning into a caricature of an arm or a leg—a finger, even — than the average comic draughtsman into a pageful of complete figures. Mr. Bateman himself, he tells us, regards as his best his caricatures of his own personal friends; but as there are obvious reasons against printing these where something of general interest is aimed at, he offers us his very admirable drawing of Mr. George Graves as he appeared in "Princess Caprice" at the Shaftesbury Theatre eighteen months or more ago. Like all Mr. Bateman's work, this is not only an acute and humorous sketch, but an artistic and harmonious arrangement in black and white.

Mr. George Graves—By H. M. BATEMAN.

We see too little in these days of the strange and imaginative work of Mr. S. H. Sime. As a humorous draughtsman of grim and *macabre* character he has no living counterpart or peer. But not all of his work is *macabre*, as those who remember the notable black-and-white work of the late 'nineties will not need to be told. On the walls of the Yorick Club hang a collection of caricatures of members executed — this sounds ambiguous till we add—in coloured chalks, before and after the turn of the century. All are excellent, and Mr. Sime hesitates to select, but supposes, no doubt correctly, that the sketch of Mr. W. W. Jacobs will best interest readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. It must not be taken as an historical fact that Mr. Jacobs suffered from mumps at the time, nor even that his was quite so Wellingtonian a nose.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs—By S. H. SIME.

Remember *caricare ;* Mr. Sime is simply loading up Mr. Jacobs's facial characteristics.

Another sketch "among friends" comes from Mr. F. H. Townsend, of *Punch*, and the subject is Mr. Raven-Hill, also of *Punch*, in

Mr. L. Raven-Hill—By F. H. TOWNSEND.

which genial periodical the work of both artists may be seen week by week. Here the victim has added a literary embellishment in the form of an emphatic comment, "A libel!" duly attested by his signature. But if libel there be, it lies in nothing but some little suppression of the genial smile which is never absent from the very healthy and very round face of Mr. Raven-Hill.

A laughter-maker of a different sort is libelled—or not—in the next drawing. Mr. Charles Grave has selected from among the many drawings that have delighted victims and public alike one of Mr. Edmund Payne

Mr. Edmund Payne—By CHAS. GRAVE.
Reproduced by permission of the "Sporting Life."

as he appeared in "The Girl from Utah"; and a very good selection it is. No theatre-goer needs a printed name beneath that unmistakable grimace and turn of the knees and toes.

The work of Mr. Alfred Leete needs no introduction to readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. His bold, free, and lively drawing is familiar in its pages. Mr. Leete finds best No. 5 of his series, "Homes of the Great." Here we are shown a well-filled interior, as a room in the domicile of Mr. G. K. Chesterton is apt to be when Mr. Chesterton is at home. A stranger from another planet need be under no doubt as to Mr. Chesterton's main personal characteristic in face of this drawing. Mr. Chesterton, we observe, has given more care to the suitable designing of his door than

to the adequate build of his chair, which, unable to resist his ample charms, has stretched its legs and quietly yielded up its springs.

Mr. Will Dyson is very well known as the caricaturist of the *Daily Herald*, in the clever cartoons of which the capitalists and other wicked people who do not earn their living by muscular exertion are instantly recognizable by that pudding-bag contour known to result from a diet of babies. Mr. Dyson designates as his favourite the sketch of a debate between Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. This is a compound caricature, embodying eight portraits. Mr. Belloc admitted that this drawing confirmed his worst suspicions of himself.

We began with a genius of France—we finish with another of Norway, transplanted to Germany. Olaf Gulbransson is without a

A composite caricature embodying portraits of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb. By WILL DYSON.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton—by ALFRED LEETE.

doubt in the first flight of modern caricaturists, and his very remarkable drawings of men famous in the arts and sciences are positive revelations of the men such as not one portrait in a thousand can be. His contributions to *Simplicissimus* are admired the world over, and his drawings make a gallery fit to sustain a great reputation. One of these, that of Count Tolstoi, we are permitted to reproduce as that which the artist regards as, if not quite his best, at any rate among the best few.

Count Tolstoi—By OLAF GULBRANSSON.

[*The selections of other well-known caricaturists will be published next month.*]

A MAN OF MEANS.

I.—The Landlady's Daughter.

By C. H. BOVILL and P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

WHEN a seed-merchant of cautious disposition and an eye to the main chance receives from an eminent firm of jam-manufacturers an extremely large order for clover-seed, his emotions are mixed. Joy may be said to predominate, but with the joy comes also uncertainty. Are these people, he asks himself, proposing to set up as farmers on a large scale, or do they merely want the seed to give verisimilitude to their otherwise bald and unconvincing raspberry jam? On the solution of this problem depends the important matter of price, for, obviously, you can charge a fraudulent jam-disseminator in a manner which an honest farmer would resent.

This was the problem which was furrowing the brow of Mr. Julian Fineberg, of Bury St. Edwards, one sunny morning when Roland Bleke knocked at his door; and such was its difficulty that only at the nineteenth knock did Mr. Fineberg raise his head.

"Come in—that blamed woodpecker out there!" he shouted, for it was his habit to express himself with a generous strength towards the junior members of his staff.

The young man who entered looked exactly like a second clerk in a provincial seed-merchant's office—which, strangely enough, he chanced to be. His chief characteristic was an intense ordinariness. He was a young man; and when you had said that of him you had said everything. There was nothing which you would have noticed about him, except the fact that there was nothing to notice. His age was twenty-two, and his name was Roland Bleke.

"Please, sir, it's about my salary."

Mr. Fineberg, at the word, drew himself together much as a British square at Waterloo must have drawn itself together at the sight of a squadron of cuirassiers.

"Salary!" he cried. "What about it? What's the matter with it? You get it, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Well?"

"It's too much."

Mr. Fineberg's brain reeled. It was improbable that the millennium could have arrived with a jerk; on the other hand, he had distinctly heard one of his clerks complain that his salary was too large. He pinched himself.

"Say that again," he said.

"If you could see your way to reduce it, sir——"

It occurred to Mr. Fineberg for one instant that his subordinate was endeavouring to be humorous, but a glance at Roland's face dispelled that idea.

"Why do you want it reduced?"

"Please, sir, I'm going to be married."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"When my salary reaches a hundred and fifty, sir. And it's a hundred and forty now, so if you could see your way to knocking off ten pounds——"

Mr. Fineberg saw light. He was a married man himself.

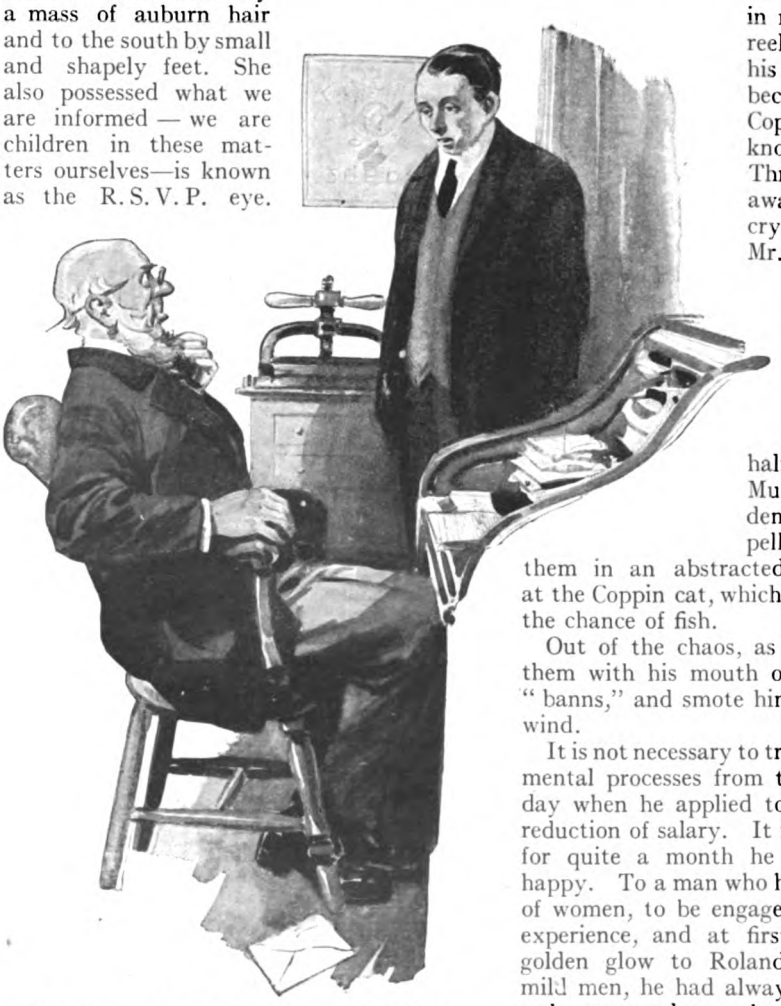
"My boy," he said, genially, "I quite understand. But I can do you better than that. It's no use doing this sort of thing in a small way. From now on your salary is a hundred and ten. No, no, don't thank me. You're an excellent clerk, and it's a pleasure to me to reward merit when I find it. Close the door after you."

And Mr. Fineberg returned with a lighter heart to the great clover-seed problem.

The circumstances which had led Roland to approach his employer may be briefly recounted. Since joining the staff of Mr. Fineberg he had lodged at the house of a Mr. Coppin, in honourable employment as porter at the local railway station. The Coppin family, excluding domestic pets,

consisted of Mr. Coppin, a kindly and garrulous gentleman of sixty; Mrs. Coppin, a somewhat negative personality, most of whose life was devoted to cooking and washing up in her underground lair; brothers Frank and Percy, gentlemen of leisure, popularly supposed to be engaged in the mysterious occupation known as "lookin' about for somethin'"; and, lastly, Muriel.

For some months after his arrival Muriel had been to Roland Bleke a mere automaton, a something outside himself that was made for neatly-laid breakfast-tables and silent removal of plates at dinner. Gradually, however, when his natural shyness was soothed by use sufficiently to enable him to look at her when she came into the room, he discovered that she was a strikingly pretty girl, bounded to the north by a mass of auburn hair and to the south by small and shapely feet. She also possessed what we are informed — we are children in these matters ourselves—is known as the R.S.V.P. eye.



"IF YOU COULD SEE YOUR WAY TO REDUCE MY SALARY, SIR."

This eye had met Roland's one evening as he chumped his chop; and, before he knew what he was doing, he had remarked that it had been a fine day. From that moment matters had developed at an incredible speed. Roland had a nice sense of the social proprieties, and he could not bring himself to ignore a girl with whom he had once exchanged easy conversation about the weather. Whenever she came to lay his table he felt bound to say something. Not being an experienced gagger, he found it more and more difficult each evening to hit on something bright; until, finally, from sheer lack of inspiration, he kissed her.

If matters had progressed rapidly before, they went like lightning then. It was as if he had touched a spring or pressed a button, setting vast machinery in motion. Even as he reeled back, stunned at his audacity, the room became suddenly full of Coppins of every variety known to science. Through a mist he was aware of Mrs. Coppin crying in a corner, of Mr. Coppin drinking his health in the remains of his sparkling limado, of brothers Frank and Percy, one on each side, trying to borrow simultaneous half-crowns, and of Muriel, flushed but demure, making bread pellets and throwing them in an abstracted way, one by one, at the Coppin cat, which had wandered in on the chance of fish.

Out of the chaos, as he stood looking at them with his mouth open, came the word "banns," and smote him like a blast of east wind.

It is not necessary to trace in detail Roland's mental processes from that moment till the day when he applied to Mr. Fineberg for a reduction of salary. It is enough to say that for quite a month he was extraordinarily happy. To a man who has had no experience of women, to be engaged is an intoxicating experience, and at first life was one long golden glow to Roland. Secretly, like all mild men, he had always nourished a desire to be esteemed a nut by his fellow-men; and his engagement satisfied that desire. It was

pleasant to hear brothers Frank and Percy cough knowingly when he came in. It was pleasant to walk abroad with a girl like Muriel in the capacity of the accepted wooer. Above all, it was pleasant to sit holding Muriel's hand and watching the ill-concealed efforts of Mr. Albert Potter to hide his mortification. Albert was a mechanic in the motor-works round the corner, and hitherto Roland had always felt something of a worm in his presence. Albert was so infernally strong and silent and efficient. He could dissect a car and put it together again. He could drive through the thickest traffic. He could sit silent in company without having his silence attributed to shyness or imbecility. But—he could not get engaged to Muriel Coppin. That was reserved for Roland Bleke, the nut, the dasher, the young man of affairs. It was all very well being able to tell a sparking plug from a commutator at sight, but when it came to a contest in an affair of the heart with a man like Roland, Albert was in his proper place, third at the Pole.

Probably, if he could have gone on merely being engaged, Roland would never have wearied of the experience. But the word "marriage" began to creep more and more into the family conversation, and suddenly panic descended upon Roland Bleke.

All his life he had had a horror of definite appointments. An invitation to tea a week ahead had been enough to poison life for him. He was one of those young men whose souls revolt at the thought of planning out any definite step. He could do things on the spur of the moment, but plans made him lose his nerve.

By the end of the month his whole being was crying out to him in agonized tones, "Get me out of this! Do anything you like, but get me out of this frightful marriage business!"

If anything had been needed to emphasize his desire for freedom, the attitude of Frank and Percy would have supplied it. Every day they made it clearer that the man who married Muriel would be no stranger to them. It would be his pleasing task to support them, too, in the style to which they had become accustomed. They conveyed the idea that they went with Muriel as a sort of bonus.

The Coppin family were at high tea when Roland reached home. There was a general stir of interest as he entered the room, for it was known that he had left that morning with the intention of approaching Mr. Fineberg on the important matter of a rise in salary. Mr. Coppin removed his saucer of tea from his lips. Frank brushed the tail of a sardine from the corner of his mouth. Percy ate his haddock in an undertone. Albert Potter, who was present, glowered silently.

Roland shook his head with the nearest approach to gloom which his rejoicing heart would permit.

"I'm afraid I've bad news."

Mrs. Coppin burst into tears, her invariable practice in any crisis. Albert Potter's face relaxed into something resembling a smile.

"He won't give you your rise?"

Roland sighed.

"He's reduced me."

"Reduced you!"

"Yes. Times are bad just at present, so he has had to lower me to a hundred and ten."

The collected jaws of the family fell as one jaw. Muriel herself seemed to be bearing the blow with fortitude, but the rest were stunned. Frank and Percy might have been posing for a picture of men who had lost their fountain pens.

Beneath the table the hand of Albert Potter found the hand of Muriel Coppin, and held it; and Muriel, we regret to add, turned and bestowed upon Albert a half-smile of tender understanding.

"I suppose," said Roland, "we couldn't get married on a hundred and ten?"

"No," said Percy.

"No," said Frank.

"No," said Albert Potter.

They all spoke decidedly, but Albert the most decidedly of the three.

"Then," said Roland, regretfully, "I'm afraid we must wait."

It seemed to be the general verdict that they must wait. Muriel said she thought they must wait. Albert Potter, whose opinion no one had asked, was quite certain that they must wait. Mrs. Coppin, between sobs, moaned that it would be best to wait. Frank and Percy, morosely devouring bread and jam, said they supposed they would have to wait. And, to end a painful scene, Roland drifted silently from the room, and went upstairs to his own quarters.

There was a telegram on the mantelpiece.

"Some fellows," he soliloquized happily, as he opened it, "wouldn't have been able to manage a little thing like that. They would have given themselves away. They would——"

The contents of the telegram demanded his attention.

For some time they conveyed nothing to him. The thing might have been written in Hindustani.

"ROLAND SIGHED. 'HE'S REDUCED ME.'"

It would have been quite appropriate if it had been, for it was from the promoters of the Calcutta Sweep, and it informed him that as the holder of ticket number 108,694, he had drawn Gelatine, and in recognition of this fact a cheque for five hundred pounds would be forwarded to him in due course.

Roland's first feeling was one of pure bewilderment. As far as he could recollect, he had never had any dealings whatsoever with these open-handed gentlemen. Then Memory opened her flood-gates and swept him back to a morning ages ago, so it seemed to him, when Mr. Fineberg's eldest son Ralph, passing through the office on his way to borrow money from his father, had offered him, for ten shillings down, a piece of cardboard, at the same time saying something about a sweep. Partly from a vague desire to keep in with the Fineberg clan, but principally because it struck him as rather a doggish thing to do, Roland had passed over the ten shillings; and there, as far as he had known, the matter had ended.

And now, after all this time, that simple action had borne fruit in the shape of Gelatine and a cheque for five hundred pounds.

Roland's next emotion was triumph. The sudden entry of cheques for five hundred pounds into a man's life are apt to produce this result.

For the space of some minutes he gloated; and then reaction set in. Five hundred pounds meant marriage with Muriel.

His brain worked quickly. He must conceal this thing. With trembling fingers he felt for his match-box, struck a match, and burnt the telegram to ashes. Then, feeling a little better, he sat down to think the whole matter over.

His meditations brought a certain amount of balm. After all, he felt, the thing could quite easily be kept a secret. He would receive the cheque in due course, as stated,

and he would bicycle over to the neighbouring town of Lexingham and start a banking account with it. Nobody would know, and life would go on as before.

He went to bed and slept peacefully.

It was about a week after this that he was roused out of a deep sleep at eight o'clock in the morning to find his room full of Coppins. Mr. Coppin was there in a nightshirt and his official trousers. Mrs. Coppin was there, weeping softly, in a brown dressing-gown. Modesty had apparently kept Muriel from the gathering, but brothers Frank and Percy

"MR. COPPIN THRUST A NEWSPAPER AT HIM AS HE SAT UP, BLINKING."

stood at his bedside, shaking him by the shoulders and shouting. Mr. Coppin thrust a newspaper at him as he sat up, blinking.

These epic moments are best related swiftly. Roland took the paper, and the first thing that met his sleepy eye and effectually drove the sleep from it was this headline :—

ROMANCE OF THE CALCUTTA SWEEPSTAKE.

And beneath it another :—

POOR CLERK WINS £40,000.

His own name leaped at him from the printed page. And with it that of the faithful Gelatine.

Flight. That was the master-word which rang in Roland's brain as day followed day. The wild desire of the trapped animal to be anywhere except just where he was had come upon him. He was past the stage when conscience could have kept him to his obligations. He had ceased to think of anything or anyone but himself. All he asked of Fate was to remove him from Bury St. Edwards on any terms.

It may be that some inkling of his state of mind was wafted telepathically to Frank and Percy, for it cannot be denied that their behaviour at this juncture was more than a little reminiscent of the police force. Perhaps it was simply their natural anxiety to keep an eye on what they already considered their own private gold-mine that made them so adhesive. Certainly there was no hour of the day when one or the other was not in Roland's immediate neighbourhood. Their vigilance even extended to the night hours, and once, when Roland, having tossed sleeplessly on his bed, got up at two in the morning, with the wild idea of stealing out of the house and walking to London, a door opened as he reached the top of the stairs, and a voice asked him what he thought he was doing. The statement that he was walking in his sleep was accepted, but coldly.

It was shortly after this that, having by dint of extraordinary strategy eluded the brothers and reached the railway station, Roland, with his ticket to London in his

pocket and the express already entering the station, was engaged in conversation by old Mr. Coppin, who appeared from nowhere to denounce the German Emperor in a speech that lasted until the tail-lights of the train had vanished and brothers Frank and Percy arrived, panting.

A man has only a certain capacity for battling with Fate. After this last episode Roland gave in. Not even the exquisite agony of hearing himself described in church as a bachelor of this parish, with the grim addition that this was for the second time of asking, could stir him to a fresh dash for liberty.

Although the shadow of the future occupied Roland's mind almost to the exclusion of everything else, he was still capable of suffering a certain amount of additional torment from the present; and one of the things which made the present a source of misery to him was the fact that he was expected to behave more like a mad millionaire than a sober young man with a knowledge of the value of money. His mind, trained from infancy to a decent respect for the pence, had not yet adjusted itself to the possession of large means; and the open-handed *rôle* forced upon him by the family appalled him.

When the Coppins wanted anything they asked for it; and it seemed to Roland that they wanted pretty nearly everything. If Mr. Coppin had reached his present age without the assistance of a gold watch, he might surely have struggled along to the end on gun-metal. In any case, a man of his years should have been thinking of higher things than mere gauds and trinkets. A like criticism applied to Mrs. Coppin's demand for a silk petticoat, which struck Roland as simply indecent. Frank and Percy took theirs mostly in specie. It was Muriel who struck the worst blow by insisting on a hired motor-car.

Roland hated motor-cars, especially when they were driven by Albert Potter, as this one was. Albert, that strong, silent man, had but one way of expressing his emotions—namely, to open the throttle and shave the paint off tram-cars. Disappointed love was giving Albert a good deal of discomfort at this time, and he found it made him feel better to go round corners on two wheels. As Muriel sat next to him on these expeditions, Roland squashing into the tonneau with Frank and Percy, his torments were subtle. He was not given a chance to forget, and the only way in which he could obtain a momentary diminution of the agony was to increase the speed to sixty miles an hour.

It was in this fashion that they journeyed to the neighbouring town of Lexingham to see M. Etienne Feriaud perform his feat of looping the loop in his aeroplane.

It was brother Frank's idea that they should make up a party to go and see M. Feriaud. Frank's was one of those generous, unspoiled natures which never grow *blasé* at the sight of a fellow-human taking a sporting chance of *hari-kari*. He was a well-known figure at every wild animal exhibition within a radius of fifty miles, and M. Feriaud drew him like a magnet.

"The blighter goes up," he explained, as he conducted the party into the arena, "and then he stands on his head and goes round in circles. I've seen pictures of it."

It appeared that M. Feriaud did even more than this. Posters round the ground advertised the fact that, on receipt of five pounds, he would take up a passenger with him. To date, however, there appeared to have been no rush on the part of the canny inhabitants of Lexingham to avail themselves of this chance of a breath of fresh air. M. Feriaud, a small man with a chubby and amiable face, wandered about signing picture-postcards and smoking an unlighted cigarette, looking a little disappointed.

Albert Potter was scornful.

"Lot of rabbits," he said. "Where's their pluck? And I suppose they call themselves Englishmen. I'd go up precious quick if I had a five-pound note. Disgrace, I call it, letting a Frenchman have the laugh of us."

It was a long speech for Mr. Potter, and it drew a look of respectful tenderness from Muriel.

"You're so brave, Mr. Potter," she said.

Whether it was the slight emphasis which she put on the first word, or whether it was sheer generosity that impelled him, one cannot say; but Roland produced the required sum even while she spoke. He offered it to his rival.

Mr. Potter started, turned a little pale, then drew himself up and waved the note aside.

"I take no favours," he said, with dignity.

There was a pause.

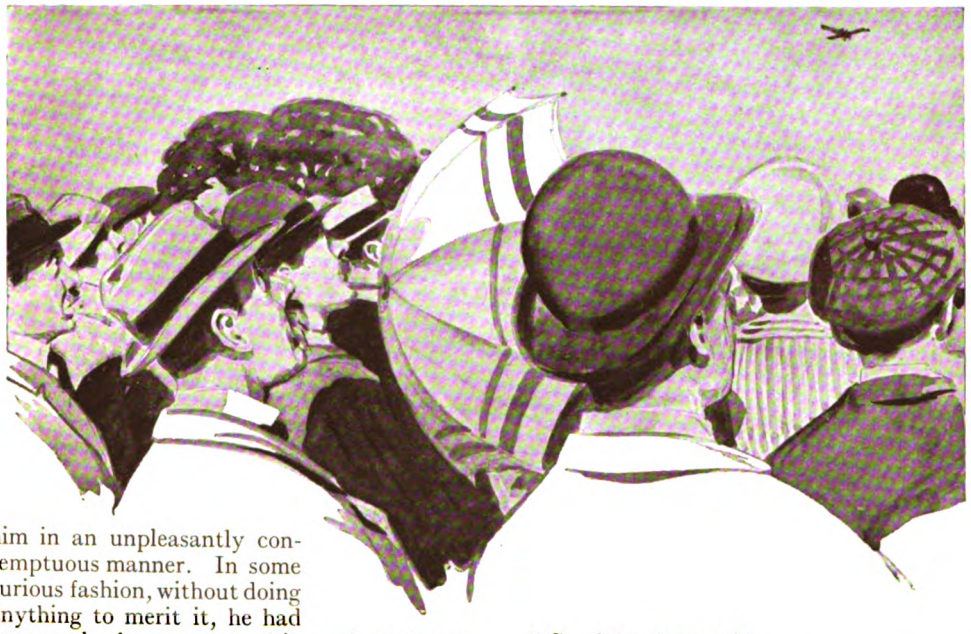
"Why don't *you* do it?" said Albert, nastily. "Five pounds is nothing to you."

"Why should I?"

"Ah! Why should you?"

It would be useless to assert that Mr. Potter's tone was friendly. It stung Ronald. It seemed to him that Muriel was looking at

"BUT THE WHEELS OF THE AEROPLANE STILL POINTED TO THE GROUND. IT GREW SMALLER AND SMALLER. IT WAS A MERE SPECK. 'WHAT THE DICKENS——?'"



him in an unpleasantly contemptuous manner. In some curious fashion, without doing anything to merit it, he had apparently become an object of contempt and derision to the party.

"All right, then, I will," he said, suddenly.

"Easy enough to talk," said Albert.

Roland strode with a pale face to the spot where M. Feriaud, beaming politely, was signing a picture-postcard.

Some feeling of compunction appeared to come to Muriel at the eleventh hour.

"Don't let him," she cried.

But brother Frank was made of sterner stuff. This was precisely the sort of thing which, in his opinion, made for a jolly afternoon. For years he had been waiting for something of this kind. He was experiencing that pleasant thrill which comes to a certain type of person when the victim of a murder in the morning paper is an acquaintance of theirs.

"What are you talking about?" he said. "There's no danger—at least, not much. He might easily come down all right. Besides, he wants to. What do you want to go interfering for?"

Roland returned. The negotiations with the bird-man had lasted a little longer than one would have expected. But then, of course, M. Feriaud was a foreigner, and Roland's French was not fluent.

He took Muriel's hand.

"Good-bye," he said.

He shook hands with the rest of the party, even with Albert Potter. It struck Frank that he was making too much fuss over a trifle, and, worse, delaying the start of the proceedings.

"What's it all about?" he demanded. "You go on as if we were never going to see you again."

"You never know."

"It's as safe as being in bed."

"But still, in case we never meet again——"

"Oh, well," said brother Frank, and took the outstretched hand.

The little party stood and watched as the aeroplane moved swiftly along the ground, rose, and soared into the air. Higher and higher it rose, till the occupants were invisible.

"Now," said brother Frank. "Now watch. Now he's going to loop the loop."

But the wheels of the aeroplane still pointed to the ground. It grew smaller and smaller. It was a mere speck.

"What the dickens——?"

Far away to the west something showed up against the blue of the sky—something that might have been a bird, a toy kite, or an aeroplane travelling rapidly into the sunset.

Four pairs of eyes followed it in rapt silence.

(The sequel to this escape of Mr. Roland Bleke, and the surprising adventures which next befell him, will be described in the May number.)

1.—A plain black shape of Pedal Straw, with the addition of a little trimming, is all that is required to make the many transformations shown in this article. The brim will be about four inches wide and will be wired round the edge, the wire being hidden by the "larm" or edging of straw.

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH ONE HAT.

The shape and trimmings illustrated kindly lent by Mme. Louise, of Regent Street, and photographed by the Luxemburg Studios, 146-148, Oxford Street, W.

IT all arose out of one of those annoying domestic disputes which Clarice says are invariably my fault. On this occasion I knew I was in the right, and I stuck to my guns like a man.

"My dear child!" I protested, "it was only a fortnight ago, when I bought you those blouses, that you said you were quite set up for the spring, and would not want anything else for ever so long."

"Oh, but, Jack, you know you yourself said yesterday how tired you were of all my hats."

"*All* your hats!" I interposed. "Exactly. You are condemned out of your own mouth. No, my dear; not another hat will I buy you. If you want something fresh, pull some of your 'all' about and trim them up in different ways."

Then, of course, there were tears, followed by threats, and by that speechless type of feminine anger which seems to drive you out of the house, pursue you down the road, and give you a kick as you get into the bus.

That afternoon, as I hurried down Oxford Street, I saw Clarice turning the corner out of Bond Street. She was with that ass Topham, and was wearing a new hat.

Now, I rather pride myself on my taste in ladies' hats, and I saw at once that this was one of that particular smart and attractive kind which has a knack of fetching you from one side of the street to the other when it is displayed behind the window of a smart and expensive shop. It is sure to be called an

2.—The brim is turned up to catch two large roses, and the ribbon, starting from under the brim at this point, is carried round the front of the crown, and then round the under side of the brim at the back to the starting point, whence a loose end hangs down and is wound round the neck before being allowed to fall over the shoulder.

exclusive model just over from Paris, and is never priced at anything under five guineas.

I particularly dislike Topham, because he insists upon treating Clarice with that type of tolerant, patronizing affection which is the stock-in-trade of cousins. Only the week before he had been boasting of some wonderful deal he had made on the Stock Exchange, the floor of which he adorned, and I had little doubt that Clarice, on the strength of this, had sent for him the moment my back was turned and made him buy her the new hat which I had so justly—as I shall always maintain—refused.

To say that I was annoyed is to put it mildly, and I can assure you that it was purely owing to my dislike of domestic differences that I did not follow them and tear the symbol of her revolt from her devoted head in the middle of Bond Street.

Instead, I called at the nearest messenger office, bought a couple of stalls for the Gaiety, and wired her to meet me at the Trocadero at half-past six.

I arrived there at six-thirty-five, to find her waiting for me in another new hat, even smarter and more attractive than the first!

I will draw a veil over that evening. Clarice was smiling but dumb. My most biting sarcasms failed to sting her, my most bitter innuendoes left her smiling, my

3.—A smart, elegant, and dressy hat can be made with two paradise ospreys held by a bow of ribbon, which also encircles the crown.

4.—A large ribbon bow in conjunction with the turned-up brim here shown is very attractive

5.—A pair of fan-shaped wings makes a complete change. They may be bought for as little as 2s. 11d., and as only about a yard of ribbon is required for the rest of the trimming, this smart-looking hat may be considered a cheap one!

6—Here we have the bonnet shape, the brim being turned up to hold a bunch of flowers on the right, and the ribbon going straight across and over the crown to form strings which can be tied beneath the chin

act came home to me. Even as I snatched it up I knew I could not do this thing — and at the same moment I pricked my finger with a long steel pin like a stiletto.

"Hang it!" I said, and flung it back upon the table.

Clarice roared with laughter.

"You dear old thing," she said. "What a shame to tease you! But it was your own suggestion, you know!"

I sucked my wounded finger and glared at her.

"Don't you recognize it?"

Quite suddenly I was seized with the idea that I was making a fool of my-

most open reproaches only made her laugh in my face. On my side, at any rate, the dinner was a failure.

The theatre was worse. We came away at the end of the first act and drove home, silently, in a taxi-cab. I felt I could not live longer until my pent-up wrath had had its way in the privacy of my own home with my foot upon its native hearth — and incidentally upon Clarice's hat, both hats, all her hats!

But when she had taken it off and laid it upon the table the vandalism of my intended

7.—A four-cornered effect arrived at by pinning up the brim, the pins being hidden by small roses. Broad pale ribbon is wound around the crown and carried up into a bow at the front. A curiosity of this hat is that it may be worn in four different positions, that is to say, with the bow in front, behind, or at either side.

self. This was not at all Clarice's way when she was at fault, and I paused to eye the hat more closely.

It was just an ordinary mushroom shape of black pedal straw, turned up at one side and trimmed with black moiré ribbon and a single plume.

8.—In this hat the brim is turned right up at the back as well as in the front. Caught up with a rose at the right-hand side, and surrounded with broad ribbon tied in a large bow behind, a very useful everyday hat results.

9.—A very dressy hat may be made with the hat in its original shape by slashing a length of ribbon round the crown, so as to hold in place an ostrich feather, the tip of which curls under the brim.

I shook my head. "No," I said, with the last remnant of irony that I could command; "I have not had the opportunity of studying the shop windows of the smart milliners closely enough."

Clarice pushed me into a chair and sat upon my knee.

"You delightful old thing," she said. "Can't you see it's just the same old shape that used to have pink roses and blue ribbon on it—the one you were so fond of last spring!"

"But, my dear," I began, "when on earth——"

She laid a finger on my lips.

10.—There are no more easily manipulated and few smarter trimmings for a hat than ribbon. In this picture an exceedingly smart and telling effect is created with the aid of nothing more than a two-yard length of reversible moiré ribbon. The contrast of black and white is most striking, the double bow being kept in an upright position by two nine-inch lengths of invisible stiffening, which cost but a few pence, and are pinned out of sight within the folds.

11.—The shape may be transformed into a variety of different hats with the aid of a little ingenuity—

"You set me thinking this morning, and I came to the conclusion you were quite right. I have had a lot of hats this year, and so I decided to take your advice and see what I could do about retrimming them. And, do you know, I have made a discovery! I shall never, never want for a new hat again!

"Give me a plain mushroom shape, wired round the edge of the brim, and I will bend it and trim it in a dozen different ways so that each one will be utterly different to the last."

As she spoke she pulled a few pins from the hat, and ribbon and plume fell off.

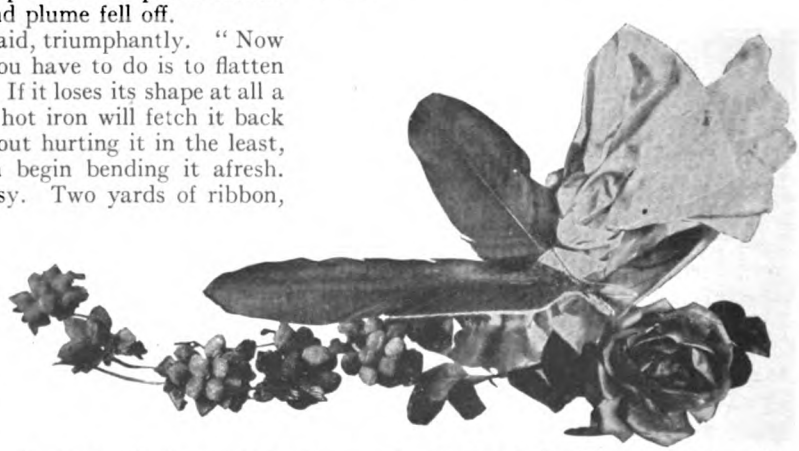
"There!" she said, triumphantly. "Now watch me! All you have to do is to flatten out the brim—so. If it loses its shape at all a damp cloth and a hot iron will fetch it back in an instant without hurting it in the least, and then you can begin bending it afresh. You see it's so easy. Two yards of ribbon, which is so fashionable now and of which there is such an endless variety, will in itself be sufficient trimming, and if you want the bows to stand up you just pin a length of stiffening under them. No, of course, the pins won't show, because all the trimming is pinned on from the inside of the hat, sometimes with ordinary short pins, and sometimes with longer steel pins. And with a little practice you can retrim the whole thing in five minutes. And look! If you hit on an arrangement you particularly like, you can tie or sew the ribbon so that the whole trimming slips on to the hat in one piece and can be pinned in place. See! You can have a dozen different trimmings all ready to slip on, and it will only be necessary to bend and pin up the brim in readiness for each!"

"But, my dear," I commented, "you will still want hats in winter. Straw is all very well for the spring and summer, but——"

Clarice clapped her hands and ran to the wardrobe in our bedroom, returning a moment later with an almost identical shape.

"There!" she said, triumphantly. "Soft velour felt. You can treat it in just the same way, and, if you have good taste and a little patience, and are observant of what is being worn, you need never go to a milliner again except for an occasional new shape and the necessary trimmings. You may have a new hat, suitable to the particular occasion, ten times a day if you like!"

And as I kissed her little pink ear I prayed from the bottom of my heart that what she said might prove true in her own case, at least!



12.—and a ribbon bow, a pair of quills, a rose, a few bunches of red and blue strawberries, or other simple trimmings.

ARGENTINE OF THE ENCHANTED FINGERS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Translated from the French by E. DYKE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

I.

ONE day early in March a robin, perched upon a bare bough, was wistfully watching old Quercy, who was busily digging in his garden. Every time the old man dug out a worm, the bird said, "Ti-titt! ti-titt!" But he got nothing from Quercy.

"Ah, my fine fellow," said the digger, "you think, I suppose, that I am working for *you*, and that these fine worms are intended for your beak. Not a bit of it. They are intended for my fowls. Of what use, pray, are you? You can only sing, but my hens lay eggs, which I sell for a good price."

At this the robin was highly offended. "Ti-titt! ti-titt!" he whistled loudly. The old man, looking up, stared in amazement. The bird had suddenly grown as big as a hen. He flew to the ground. Quercy looked again. The robin had grown into a tiny man, wearing a hat of black velvet, a coat of fine grey cloth, and a pair of quaint shoes. As, however, he had a sharp nose, mischievous, twinkling eyes, and a red beard, which was spread out upon his breast like a fan, he was still very much like a robin.

"Old skinflint!" he said. "So you keep all the worms for your fowls because they provide you with eggs which you sell at such a high price! Very good, Father Quercy. To-morrow your eggs shall be nothing but hard white pebbles. All your care is for *useful* things, by which you mean things which can be turned into money. The one soft spot in your hard heart is your love for your little grandchild, and by means of this I am going to punish you and take my revenge. I have not been invited to the christening party; all the same, I shall be present."

Then the little man disappeared, and old Quercy said to himself that he must have been dreaming.

By the next morning, however, he had entirely forgotten the little man and his threats.

It was the christening day of Quercy's

grandchild. In the evening, as the family and the guests sat round the table, old Quercy asked his daughter to make an omelette.

"Nobody else," he said, "can make one so well as you can. Fetch some new-laid eggs."

The daughter went, and returned with six large white eggs. But when she tried to break one on the edge of her bowl, it was the *bowl* that was broken! The egg was hard as a stone, and all the others were the same.

Then the old man thought of the robin.

At the end of the meal a huge cake was placed upon the table. According to custom, this was divided into twenty-one portions—twenty for the guests and one for "the poor." The portion of the poor was put aside on a plate, then everybody settled down to enjoy the nice rich almond cake.

"Rat-tat!" came a knock upon the door.

"Who is there?"

"I am 'the poor,' and I have come for my portion."

"The door is ajar. Come in!"

A tiny man entered. He was dressed in grey, wore a black hat and quaint shoes, and had a funny red beard spread out like a fan over his breast.

Old Quercy felt a cold shiver run down his back.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," said this odd little visitor.

He hopped on to the table, where he made himself very much at home. After scrunching up his cake, he sang a bird-like song, which was heartily encored by the delighted company. Again and again he sang, and when he ceased at length he drew a watch from his pocket.

"Midnight," he said, gravely. "Time that you were all going home or to bed. First, however, I have something to say."

He went up to the child.

"What is her name?" he asked.

"Anne Marie," replied the godmother.

"It is a pretty name, but I know a better. Baby, I name you Argentine. Also, I decree that all things touched by this little hand shall immediately become useful things—that is to say, things which are worth money."

When old Quercy heard these words, his fear quickly turned to glee. In his opinion the little gentleman had bestowed upon his granddaughter the most valuable and delightful gift imaginable.

"Little one," continued the dwarf, "your power shall cease only when you touch the hand of him who has been able to change gold into smoke."

Quercy shuddered with horror. Change gold into smoke! How foolish! How wicked!

As soon as the little fellow had gone, the old man picked up from the floor a crust, which he placed in the baby's plump hand. At once it was changed into a beautiful new loaf, good either to eat or to sell.

II.

ARGENTINE grew up. People travelled long distances to see her. Poor folk brought their rags for her to touch, and went home dressed in silk and velvet, with their pockets full of money.

Argentine lived in luxury. She dwelt in a palace and sat upon an emerald throne. Her slightest wish was instantly gratified.

But in course of time her magic power became the cause of much unhappiness to herself and others. She could not help seeing that nearly all her visitors came only to get something for themselves.

Worn out at length, Argentine gave orders that the gates of her palace should be closed and locked. The crowd burst them open and killed the guard.

The unhappy girl then saw at her door a heap of dead men, over which climbed a mob of mad creatures, in order that they might touch her enchanted hand.

By this time Argentine understood what a terrible revenge the robin had taken, for her grandfather had told her the story of the christening party. She knew also how the dwarf had said that her miserable power would cease when she met him who had changed gold into smoke. But where was such a person to be found?

III.

ARGENTINE'S life in the palace had become unbearable. She made up her mind to escape from it. Secretly, very early in the morning, she left the palace and, as soon as she got outside, rolled herself in the mud, taking care to hold her hands well away from her body.

All day long she walked. When night came she was very weary and famished. She knocked once at the door of a cottage, but no sooner had her fingers touched the door than the tiny dwelling was changed into a castle. The man who appeared in answer to her knock, seeing such a poor, mud-covered girl, drove her away.

When Argentine was so tired that she could go no farther, she fell asleep under a tree. While she slept her hands touched her dress and turned it to silk and gold.

Presently two robbers, carrying a dark lantern and a sack, came along the road. Their eyes caught the glitter of Argentine's jewels. As quietly as possible they cut off with their knives the gems and gold lace from her dress. She did not wake, even when they took her earrings and hair-fillet, which, with the rest of their plunder, they put into their sack.

"WITH A HEAVY HEART SHE WENT ON HER WAY."

As they were tying up the sack they noticed for the first time the splendid rings on the girl's fingers. Each gently lifted a hand and slipped off the costly circlets. While they were doing this both men chanced to look up at the same time. Neither recognized his fellow. They had touched the magic fingers, and now each robber, in his magnificent attire, seemed to the other a gallant knight who had come to the lady's aid. Each quickly drew his sword and threw himself upon his imagined foe, with the result that both were killed at the same moment.

In the morning, when Argentine awoke, she was horrified to see the two dead men. With a heavy heart she went on her way.

Soon she came to a charming little house set in the midst of a meadow full of daisies. The house was built of fir wood, and had a high thatched roof which was crowned with purple and yellow irises. Argentine thought that she would seek shelter there. She tapped with one of her little feet upon the half-open door, through which came the sound of sweet singing.

"Come in!" said a gentle voice.

Argentine pushed the door with her knee, and entered. A very handsome young man came forward to greet her.

"Good day, little lady; you are most welcome," he said.

Argentine, keeping her hands closely pressed behind her, for fear of touching anything, murmured her thanks.

"Are you hungry and thirsty?"

"Yes."

The young man brought white bread, and water in a red earthen pitcher.

"Sir," said Argentine, "if you will be so good, will you hold the food and drink to my lips? I cannot use my hands."

"With pleasure, my child."

He fed her tenderly, as if she had been a baby. Then he sang her to sleep with one of his own songs—for the youth was a poet. His name was Cigalidi.

When Argentine awoke, refreshed, she heartily thanked her kind host, who, although devoured by curiosity, was much too polite to ask questions.

"What a beautiful little house you have!" exclaimed Argentine.

"It is a large one," Cigalidi replied. "The heavens which I fill with my dreams—the earth on which I dwell—are alike my home. All men are my brothers, for I love all. And it seems to me that to-day I have found the one thing which was needed to complete my happiness."

He held out both his hands to Argentine.

She, terrified, put *her* hands behind her back, and in doing so accidentally touched an old-fashioned clock, which was changed in an instant into a resplendent timepiece.

Cigalidi stood amazed.

"Pardon me, princess," he said. "I see I have offended you by offering my unworthy hand, but, oh! I had hoped——"

"No, no! You have not offended me. If you only knew how grateful I am to you! Be patient with me. Now show me your garden, and presently I will explain everything."

Cigalidi took Argentine into his garden. Absent-mindedly she gathered a rose; it turned to a cabbage in her hand. A lily which she touched was changed into a leek. A little singing-bird, brushing against her hand, became a goose.

Again Cigalidi stood amazed and dismayed. Argentine burst into tears. Then she told him her sad tale. As Cigalidi listened to it, no covetous desire arose in his mind. He thought only, "How can I help this poor child? *I must learn to turn gold into smoke.*"

Being a poet, he had many friends amongst the fairies, and he determined to ask their aid. He invited Argentine to remain in his house while he went out to search for the means of setting her free.

So Cigalidi started on his quest. Argentine had provided him with plenty of money. Never before had he been so rich! The enchanted fingers were good for something after all.

IV.

SCARCELY had the poet started when he met a beggar, to whom he gave one of his new silver coins.

"Thanks, Cigalidi," said the man. "Take this in return."

"This" was a large glistening egg, or rather, as Cigalidi thought, an egg-shaped stone, for it seemed to be very hard.

The next person he met was a limping old woman, to whom he offered his arm. Suddenly she became young and beautiful, and she, too, gave her kind helper a hard white egg.

"I am the fairy Caline," she said, "and this is my gift to you."

By and by Cigalidi helped a tired donkey to drag a heavy load up a hill. Upon reaching the top, the animal kicked his legs about for joy. A stone flew from under his heels and dropped at Cigalidi's feet. It was a white stone, shaped like an egg.

"That makes three," said the young poet, as he picked it up and put it in his wallet.

Evening drew on. In a hollow at the foot of a tree he heard a spring gurgling. A gazelle was stretching her neck, trying in vain to reach the water. Cigalidi took the eggs out of his leather wallet, which then, by means of the strap, he let down into the spring. Having filled it with water, he placed it before the thirsty gazelle.

With one lap of her tongue she licked it dry, and there at the bottom lay yet another hard white egg.

"That makes four," said Cigalidi, as he put back the others. "Evidently these eggs have a meaning and use."

He gave much of his money to the poor, and some of it he spent on presents for Argentine. Besides the eggs, his bag now contained beautiful pictures, soft rich draperies, and a pair of charming little wooden shoes on which a graceful pattern was carved.

One lovely summer evening Cigalidi came upon an old woman lying in the road. Although the air was very warm, she was shivering and her teeth chattered.

"Cigalidi," she moaned, "I am cold!"

He tore a branch from a tree, then rubbed two stones together until a spark leaped out. But the green wood refused to burn.

Cigalidi did not know what more he could do.

"You have paper in your wallet," she said.

He took out his beautiful pictures, crumpled them up, and set them alight. Up leaped the brilliant flame; the pictures were quickly consumed, but still the green wood refused to burn.

"You have in your wallet silk gauze which would burn well."

Cigalidi set fire to the gauze. The flame blazed for a moment, then died down.

"Cigalidi, in your bag there are shoes of good dry wood."

The last picture was used to set alight the shoes, which were immediately hidden in a thick cloud of smoke.

The old woman stretched out her withered hands to the fire. As she grew warmer she grew gradually beautiful, until by the light of the fire Cigalidi saw that she was his friend, the glow-worm fairy.

"Courage, Cigalidi," she said. "Your gold

has vanished in smoke. Go home at once. There you will receive your last egg. Seize it quickly, and you will have your wish."

V.

THE meeting of Argentine and Cigalidi was a very happy one, but they had scarcely time to greet each other before the egg arrived. In the meadow, close by Cigalidi's house, some children were at play. Suddenly a ball, carelessly thrown,

"A LITTLE SINGING-BIRD, BRUSHING AGAINST HER HAND, BECAME A GOOSE."

crashed through the window and fell in the middle of the room.

Cigalidi, remembering that the fairy had told him to be quick, ran to pick up the ball. But Argentine was as quick as he. Both grasped the ball at the same moment, and their hands met. Argentine gave a little cry. Her hand had touched Cigalidi's hand, and nothing had happened. He remained unchanged, and the stone egg was stone still.

The charm was broken; the girl's fatal power was gone.

Through the shattered window a robin flew into the room. As soon as he alighted on the floor he grew larger; then he turned into a little man, who bowed gravely to Argentine.

"Good day, my child," he said. "I it was who came to your christening party some years ago. Children must sometimes suffer for the wrong-doing of their parents or grand-parents, but your enchantment is now at an end, for you have touched the hand of one who has turned gold into smoke. Old Quercy is pardoned. So now, my children, be happy."

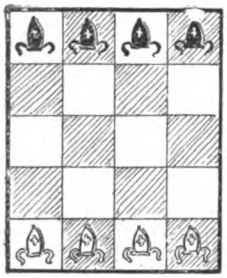
The young people took Mr. Robin's advice. On May Day, amid the sweet spring flowers, Cigalidi wedded Argentine, and very happy they were.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

187.—A NEW BISHOP PUZZLE.

HERE is something quite new, with the simplest possible conditions. But it will be found fascinating. Place eight bishops on the reduced chessboard, as shown in the illustration. The problem is to make the black bishops change places with the white ones, no bishop ever attacking another of the opposite colour. They must move alternately—first a white, then a black, then a white, and so on. When you have succeeded in doing it at all, try to find the fewest possible moves.



188.—THE SABBATH PUZZLE.

CHRISTIANS the week's *first* day for Sabbath hold,
The Jews the *seventh*, as they did of old,
The Turks the *sixth*, as we have oft been told.
How can these three, in the same place and day,
Have each his own true Sabbath? Tell, I pray.

189.—ADDING THE DIGITS.

IF I write the sum of money, £987 5s. 4½d., and add up the digits, they sum to 36. No digit has thus been used a second time in the amount or addition. This is the largest amount possible under the conditions. Now find the smallest possible amount, pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings being all represented. You need not use more of the nine digits than you choose, but no digit may be repeated throughout. The "o" is not allowed.

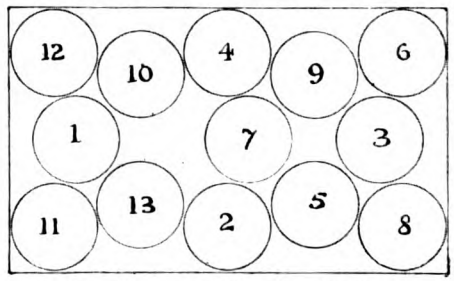
190.—MISSING PALINDROMES.

PALINDROMIC words, of course, read backwards and forwards the same, like Nan, Anna, Exe, Oxo, otto, Glenelg, a, I, O! Hah! seres, Gog, and tat. None of these examples may be used in the following paragraph, where every blank must be filled by a different palindrome to make perfect sense. Probably there are only about four words that will give the reader any trouble.

It was a lovely day, between . . . . and . . . ., when . . . ., his sister . . . ., and their father decided to . . . . down to the meadow to have a . . . . at their pet . . . . "Look, ...," said the children, "there is a blue . . . . in the tree. . . . .! If it . . . . us it will fly away, for it has its . . . . on us." They called at a cottage to fetch a young . . . . that they had bought, and had a . . . . at the baby while they put on it a new . . . . and made it some . . . . The children so worshipped the little . . . . that they nearly . . . . it. The boy was eating an orange, and allowed a . . . . to fly in the eye of a demure . . . . who appeared at the door. Her face grew . . . ., and she said, ". . . . ! But I am sure you . . . . it by an accident." "I am very sorry, ...," he replied. "Of course, it was not an intentional . . . ." The lady did not further . . . . to the matter. They then walked along the . . . . seashore, to . . . . out their time, and saw a ship in the distance with the captain on the . . . . and the boatswain in the . . . ., and they shouted, ". . . . !" The children were a little tired, so they had a bathe, and found it an excellent . . . . The boy boasted of his swimming, and his father advised him to keep . . . . on the subject, or he should have to . . . . him, as he is too apt to . . . . on his own trumpet. They met a gentleman who was an alderman, or holder of some such . . . . post, with whom the father discussed the Suffragists and the question of the equality of the . . . ., and many a doctrine and . . . . was uttered that seemed strange to their juvenile ears.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

183.—PLACING HALFPENNIES.



THIRTEEN coins may be placed as shown.

184.—A TEASING CHESS PUZZLE.

I HAVE not seen Mr. Shinkman's solution, but no doubt it is the same as the following:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q 5, ch	K to B 3 (*a*)	10. Q to R sq	K to B 2 (*e*)
2. Q(R sq) to Kt 2	K to K 2	11. Q to R 8	K to Q 3 (*f*)
3. Q(Kt 2) to B 3	K to K sq	12. Q (R8) to Kt 7	K to K 4 (*g*)
4. Q to Kt 7	K to Q sq	13. Q (Kt 7) to B 6	K to B 5 (*h*)
5. Q (Kt 7) to B 6	K to K 2	14. Q (B 6) to Q 5	K to Kt 5
6. Q to R 8	K to Q 3 (*b*)	15. Q (R sq) to K 4, ch	K to R 6
7. Q (B 3) to K 4	K to Q 2	16. Q to R 8	K takes P
8. Q (R8) to Q5, ch	K to B 2 (*c*)	17. Q to Kt 2, mate	
9. Q to Kt 2	K to Kt 3 (*d*)		

(*a*) 1. . . . . K to K 2; 2. Q (R sq) to B 3, and proceed as in main variation, White thus saving a move.

(*b*) 6. . . . . K to K 3; 7. Q (R 8) to Kt 7, and mate next move. If 6. . . . . K to Q 2; 7. Q (B 3) to K 4, and mate next move.

(*c*) 8. . . . . K to B sq; 9. Q to R sq, K to B 2, 10. Q to R 8, and mate in six, as in main variation.

(*d*) 9. . . . . K to B sq; 10. Q to R 8, ch; K to B 2; 11. Q (Kt 2) to Q 5 and mate next move. If 10. . . . K to Q 2; 11. Q (Kt 2) to K 4, and mate next move.

(*e*) 10. . . . . K to R 3; 11. Q to R 8, ch, K to Kt 4; 12. Q (R sq) to K 4, and mate next move.

(*f*) 11. . . . . K to Q 2; 12. Q (R sq) to K 4, and mate next move.

(*g*) 12. . . . . K to K 3; 13. Q (R sq) to B 3, and mate next move.

(*h*) 13. . . . . K to B 4; 14. Q (R sq) to Kt. 2, and mate next move.

185.—THE TWO AEROPLANES.

THE man must have paid £500 and £750 for the two machines, making together £1,250; but as he sold them for £1,200 he lost £50 by the transaction.

186.—AN ENIGMA.

THE words are DRINK, RINK, INK.

CURIOSITIES.

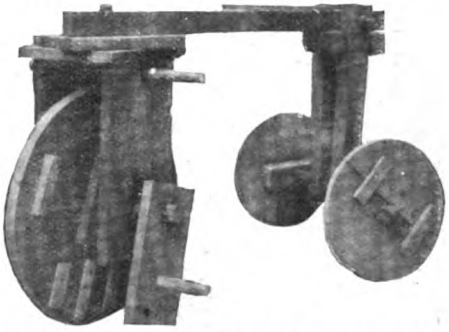
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A BOOT-SHOP IN A BOOT.

A BOOT six feet long and three feet high, made in correct proportions and of genuine leather, stands in front of a Los Angeles repair shop. It contains a set of pigeon-holes and drawers for nails, tools, etc., and is furnished with a half-horse-power electric motor operating a stitching machine. Standing in his boot, the workman goes on with his task, to the amusement of the crowds that pass along, and the novel advertisement is said to be a trade-bringer.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

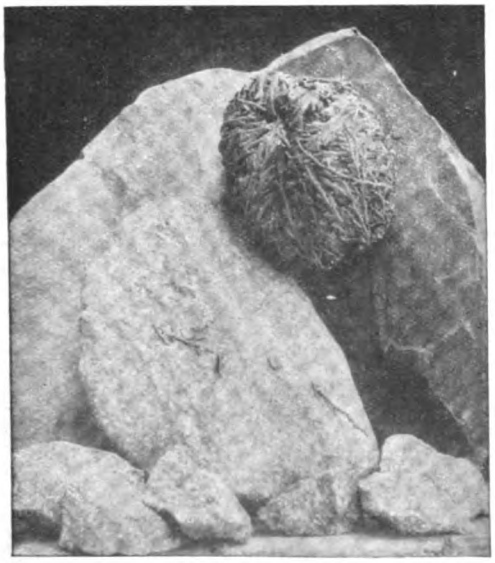
MADE BY A GIRL OF TWELVE.

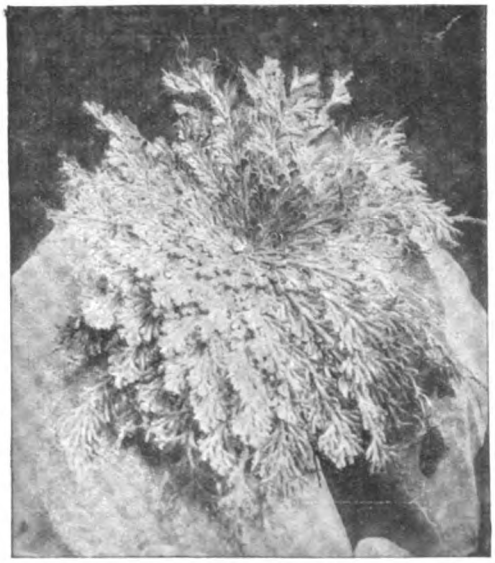
THE wooden tricycle shown in the foll wing photograph was made by my sister Mary when she was twelve. Though the steering-gear is apt to upset the unpractised rider and the pedalling is rather heavy, it is quite a workable machine, and is a very ingenious construction for a little girl.—Miss Margaret Baker, Epworth House, Moughland Lane, Runcorn.



A WONDERFUL RESURRECTION PLANT.

THIS plant, which is a native of Mexico, dries up altogether when there is no rain, and appears to be dead. The coming of the wet season, however, brings about an extraordinary transformation, and causes it to spread out into a beautiful green growth, as shown in the second photograph.—Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, 31, Castlemain Avenue, Bournemouth.



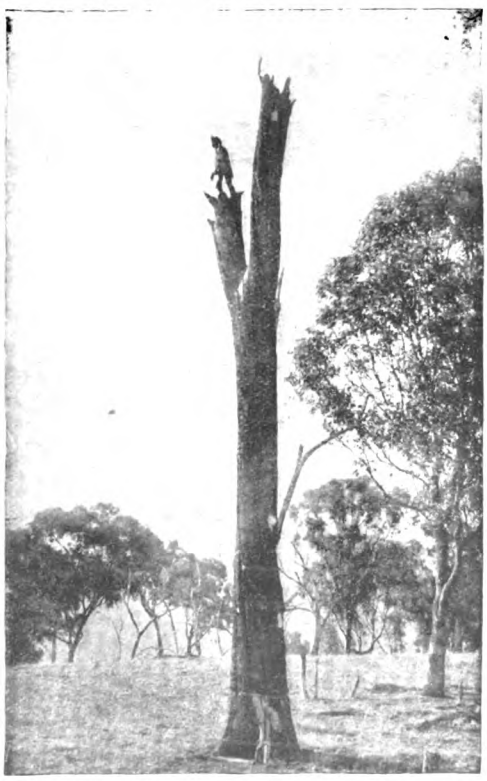


HOW TO SELL LAND.

THE owner of a new subdivision in Los Angeles burned a good home the other day just to bring out the crowd. It drew thousands of spectators, who left deposits and sales contracts amounting to twelve thousand dollars. The object was to show off the attractive lots, and the agent devised this novel method to draw the public to the spot.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

NATURE AS SCULPTOR.

A REALLY remarkable natural curiosity is the tree known as the "Black Boy" near Tallangatta, Victoria. It gained its name from the curious formation assumed by a portion of the trunk in its process of decay, the likeness to a boy about to make a leap being extraordinary. Owing to its elevated position, this "statue" stands out in quite a startling manner. — Mr. W. Anderson, 30, Spensley Street, Clifton Hill, Melbourne, Australia.



MODEL OF SHAKESPEARE'S STAGE MADE BY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

IN order to stimulate interest in the study of Shakespeare's plays, the English instructor in the Hollywood, California, High School had a model prepared by the school children, showing a miniature reproduction of the stage in the period of the immortal Bard. The details are taken

from an old print, and are carefully followed, while the dolls that are used as actors are accurately costumed. This is an idea which might well be adopted by other schools.

BRIDGE PROBLEM.

BY VLADIMIR DE ROZING.

Hearts - King, 6.
Diamonds—King, 4, 3.
Clubs—Queen, knave, 5, 4.
Spades—King, knave, 9, 8

Hearts - Ace, 10, 7, 4, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 6.
Clubs—King, 3, 2.
Spades—Ace, 10.

A
Z Y
B

Hearts—Queen, 9, 8.
Diamonds—Queen, 9, 8, 7.
Clubs—Ace, 9, 8, 7
Spades—Queen, 2.

Hearts—Knave, 5, 2.
Diamonds—10, 5, 2.
Clubs—10, 6.
Spades—7, 6, 5, 4, 3.

A declared No Trumps. Y leads the 7 of diamonds. Y and Z are to make eleven tricks against any possible defence.

(Solution will be given next month.)

"'SIGN! SIGN!' THOSE BLOODLESS LIPS WERE SAYING."

(*See page* 489.)

DIVES and LAZARUS

By
HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Illustrated by Philip Baynes.

OSWALD MAKOWER came out of his great house, and the polished mahogany door closed automatically behind him. Shafts of the spring sunlight, warm and brilliant, struck down between the pillars of the portico. Pleasantly they caressed his hands and face. A great space of fresh blue showed between the thin emerald shoots of the trees and lifted itself, like an immense turquoise, above that street of tall and sombre mansions. It was a morning when all Nature cried to him, "Wander! wander!" This, however, he translated into, "Don't call the motor! Walk to the office!"

In this there was an echo of the stern and warning voice of his physician:—

"Makower, you are too flaccid, too fat, too short of breath. You must beware! Fifty-five is a critical age. Exercise! Exercise!"

It would be pleasant to walk, he reflected, as he stood hesitating on the step. But there was the danger of

meeting that pestiferous wretch, Mullet. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to summon his car? But the sunlight seduced him and the street seemed clear. Makower set off at a swinging stride.

For the last six months Mullet had followed him about like a shadow. Everywhere that spindly shape and pinched face, with its restless, fanatic eyes and straggling goat's-beard, popped up before him. A regular jack-in-the-box it was. Mullet would lie in ambush before Makower's offices, then again at his doorstep, or in the street, or at the doors of theatres, *cafés*, and clubs—city clubs and country clubs no less.

There he was again — skulking behind that elm — his starveling body no thicker than its girth — his loose grey clothes fluttering like a scarecrow's rags. Mullet shot forth from behind the tree and came towards him, sidling like a crab. He held some dirty papers in his hand. Oswald Makower turned aside in anger and disgust. But already Mullet's thin and treble voice had begun the attack. What a strange canting speech the fellow used—surely he was cracked like some old casserole!

"Ah, Mr. Makower! Look here, Mr. Makower! I've brought them back again—seven hundred shares of Borealis Oil! Seven hundred out of nine hundred. Take them back. Take them at the price I paid for them. It's a lovely day to do a good deed—or make a good investment, Mr. Makower. You said they were a good investment when I bought them—nine hundred at ten dollars apiece—nine thousand dollars. I've only got seven hundred left. Every time you refused to buy them back I went and burnt twenty-five of them. Buy them back, Mr. Makower! Every cent I had I put into the Borealis. I'm a poor man, Mr. Makower—you've got nine thousand dollars that belong to me—and to my wife and my child. Buy them back!"

The dingy little man loped alongside with upraised eyes and held the soiled paper full in Makower's face. Makower could not help seeing the engraved designs, the tarnished gold seals, the shaded Gothic inscriptions of the defunct Borealis Oil Company.

If this fellow were a little less contemptibly lamb-like, a little less full of sickly religiosity, he might become dangerous. As it was he was merely a pest—like a mosquito. Makower suddenly swung up his heavy silver-mounted cane. Mullet shrank away as if from a blow. But the rich speculator had merely signalled a passing taxi-cab. The machine came humming to the kerb and Makower sprang into it. As he sank back puffing his heart seemed to pound within him like a clenched fist. Mullet's weazened face, with the thin, sandy goatee, thrust itself into the window for a moment. There was a wild shine in his leaden eyes—as if the lead had been scratched to brightness. Was there in his voice something of a threat instead of the usual whine?

"It's your last opportunity for a good investment, Mr. Makower—the very last!"

The cab jerked away and Mullet's face vanished from the sunlit window. But all the way to his office those meagre phantom features, stringy and shrivelled like some stale vegetable, hung in that sunlit opening. His last words rang like a refrain in Makower's ears:—

"Last opportunity! Good investment!"

They were the very words he himself had used when he had induced the fool to invest in Borealis stock. Was it any fault of his that this particular company had failed?

Not once in the next three months did Makower catch sight of the dingy little fanatic. And yet he could not rid himself of the obsession that Mullet was watching him. He flitted always through the dim background of his thoughts, peered spectrally from out the crowds, and hung like a forbidding mist over his brightest hours. This bred an irksome uneasiness in the soul of Oswald Makower. He plunged himself into his favourite authors, the stoic philosophers. Their solace was in vain.

It was Makower's amiable custom to descend once a year without warning upon the oil-fields of his various companies and inspect them personally. These visits were always followed by sweeping changes in the staff and by sharp attacks upon the "criminal waste" and "inefficient methods" prevailing at the wells. Nothing that was irregular escaped Makower's eye.

It was on a warm Saturday night in August that Makower reached Oil Mounds. He ate his dinner at the Station Hotel, drew on a suit of overalls over his fine clothes, and went forth to inspect his properties. It pleased him to think that he would steal a march upon the whole shiftless crew.

The oil lands of the Makower Corporation lay a mile from the primitive little station. The moon, broad and bright, was just lifting itself like an immense silver balloon from the clutches of the hill-tops. Its light would be sufficient for his first survey. At intervals a rosy glare brightened the heavens before him and the shapes of trees and houses stood

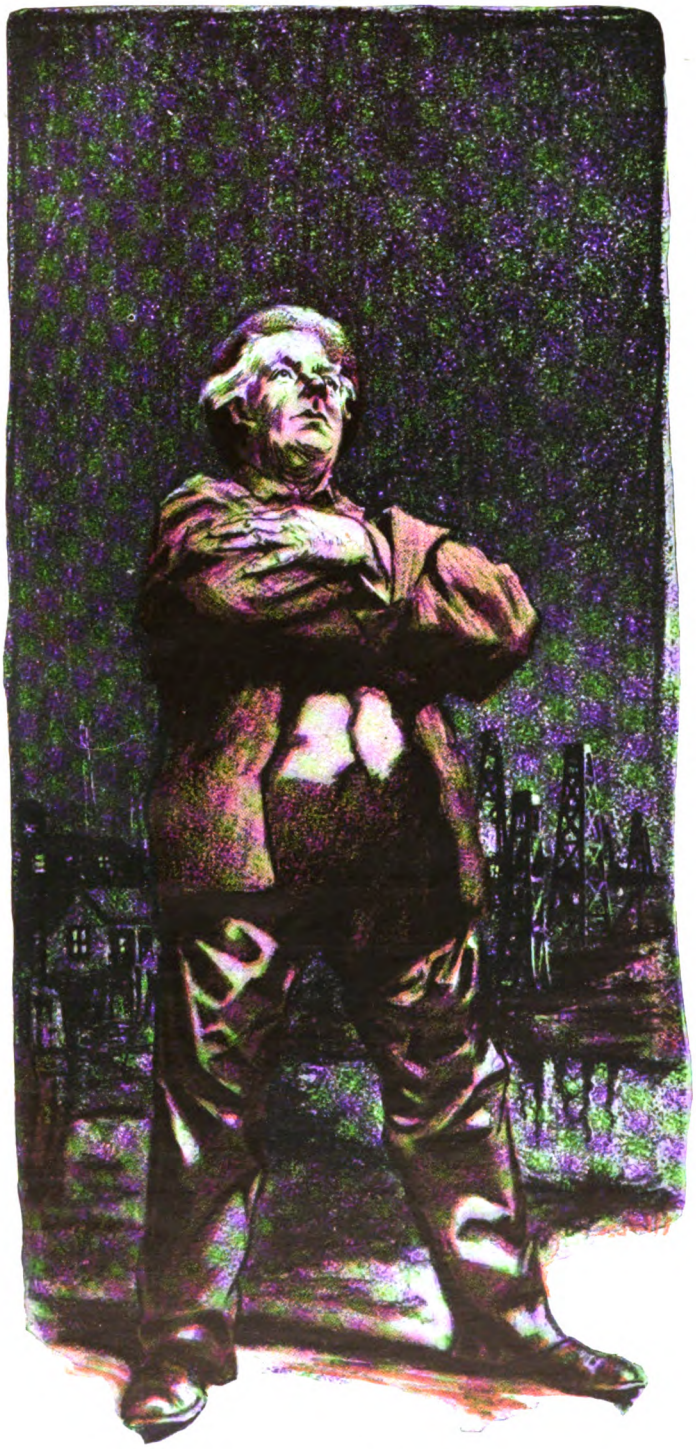
"IT'S YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR A GOOD INVESTMENT, MR. MAKOWER—THE VERY LAST!"

black against it. Then it sank away, resigning the land once more to the milky glory of the moon. It was the exhaust of natural gas escaping from the earth. No one was abroad, no one—except a Saturday-night drunkard who stumbled along behind him in clouds of dust.

In the air there hung the thick, penetrating odour of the oil, the scent of the sun-baked dust, and the exhalation of the parching landscape. The whole region oozed oil. The deep brown dust of the road was heavy with it. It lay in greasy patches on the withered grass. Here a small puddle, spilt from some cart, glistened black as a disc of jet, or, when the baleful, intermittent illumination of the gas-torch sprang to life, like a saucer of blood. But for this hectic flare the land that gave light to half the world lay itself in darkness. The gaunt oil-rigs thrust their skeleton forms against the skies like so many gallows. At their feet, like fat and sluggish monsters, crouched the great iron tanks and reservoirs, painted black or a bright vermilion.

Along the hills he saw the cottages of his workmen. The windows made little yellow squares of light. Yonder he recognized the shape of the tallest oil-rig in the region. It towered insolently into the air—a gigantic obelisk of timber clasping the iron stand-pipe which drained some huge artery of the earth. At its feet sprawled several great containers, with an inscription that shone white as phosphorus in the moonshine, "The Makower Oil Company." Luminous words of fame were these, potent words of power, heralds that proclaimed his glory to the world.

A crimson glow was cast over the scene. A little to his right fluttered the enormous torch of gas, blowing and roaring from its exhaust pipes, then sinking back in thin and wriggling blue flame. It was the fiery breath of the titan he held enslaved, whose body lay in his bondage, whose mineral blood he sold to the world. It was a triumphant flame leaping to the stars on the altars of his power. His imagination stirred and caught



"HE SAW HIMSELF AS THE LORD OF LIGHT, A SECOND LUCIFER."

fire. He saw himself as the Lord of Light, a second Lucifer. He determined that Goethe's last cry should be his motto, "More light!" Then suddenly he recalled himself to his task.

Where was that rascally watchman Crombie? He should have been about making his rounds. Here was neglect of duty—sheer neglect! He drew forth his note-book and his gold fountain-pen and made a note, "Discharge Crombie." Then, holding the golden pen between his lips, so that it gleamed like the teeth of some idol, he went his way, prying, peering, examining.

Here yawned a sunken circular tank, empty—a great pit in the ground. There was no protection against falling in except an oil-barrel or two set along the edge. This was another infraction of orders. Only a year ago the company had been forced to pay heavy damages to a workman who had fallen into just such a tank in the dark. Makower took his pen from his mouth to make another note. The pen slipped and fell to the bottom of the tank. Makower swore. He could see it shining ten feet below in the dark ooze of the iron reservoir. On one side a short ladder protruded above the edge of the tank. He would have to descend by that, then climb up again. He thought of his weak heart. How hot it was, too! He was already wet with perspiration. He slipped off the upper part of his overalls, then his coat, which he folded and placed on the ground.

He re-adjusted the shoulder-straps of the overalls.

Makower clutched the ladder with both hands and gingerly made his way down. He stepped across the slippery, shimmering residue at the bottom of the tank. The floor was slightly concave, like a saucer, to facilitate pumping, and in the centre a small, shallow puddle of oil had collected.

Oswald Makower stooped and picked up his fountain-pen. A dull, grating noise fell on his ear. He turned swiftly and saw the short wooden ladder vanishing upward in the darkness. On the brink of the tank stood a shadowy form, tugging mightily.

"Hi, there!" yelled the oil magnate; "what are you doing?"

The shadowy form came forward and stood black against the sky. The bright moonlight fell upon its face—a pale face with prominent, fish-like eyes and a colourless chin-beard. It resembled some goblin bred by the mephitic earth. The next moment the gas-flame soared into the air and the face became a lurid mask.

"Mullet!" gasped the man in the tank.

"Yes, Mr. Makower," replied the phantom, "I'm Mullet."

"What are you doing here? Bring back that ladder!" bellowed Makower.

His voice reverberated like thunder within the iron cylinder.

Mullet stood beside one of the oil-barrels. The old familiar packet of soiled Borealis shares was in his hand as well as a small, narrow booklet.

"I've got the shares here, Mr. Makower," he said. "Six hundred and seventy-five of them. I burned another twenty-five the last time you refused them."

"Burn them all if you wish, curse you! Bring back that ladder!"

"All in good time, Mr. Makower—after you bring back my money. Nine thousand dollars I paid for nine hundred shares. And now there are only six hundred and seventy-five of them left—and they are still worth nine thousand dollars."

"You insufferable fool! I've told you a thousand times they're not worth a penny! Bring back——"

"Yes, but you didn't tell me that before I bought them. Well, they are still worth nine thousand dollars to me, Mr. Makower. They've risen in value since—just as you promised, if not exactly in the way you thought. You financiers make shares more valuable by watering them—but I've got another system—yes, fire."

His voice dwindled away and he repeated the last words as in a dream.

"What do you mean by dogging me to this place! Let down that ladder at once; do you hear?" roared Makower, shaking a great, convulsive fist.

"Here is a paper I've made out," Mullet's womanish voice went on. "It says, 'I, Henry Mullet, for the sum of nine thousand dollars, hereby deliver to Mr. Oswald Makower six hundred shares of preferential Borealis Oil stock.' And now I will make out a cheque for that amount, Mr. Makower. I happened to have found your cheque-book in your coat."

"So you're a pickpocket, too!" cried Makower, from the depths.

"Yes, I'm a pickpocket, too—but then, *I've* only picked a book, Mr. Makower."

Mullet knelt down at the edge of the tank, drew forth a fountain-pen, and proceeded to make out the cheque. Then, leaning over, he extended the slip of paper to Makower.

"You can reach it if you rise on tip-toes," said Mullet. "I've a fountain-pen here—but I see you have a better one. Won't you take it? The moonlight is bright enough to read it by. Besides, the gas will blaze up in a moment. Or shall I light a match—a little wax match?"

"Keep away with your matches, you lunatic!" yelled Makower.

"Take the cheque, Mr. Makower, and sign," said Mullet.

His voice was kind and persuasive—like that of a father to his rebellious child—a very respectful father.

"Won't you sign, Mr. Makower?" implored the little man.

As he leaned over the tank, holding the paper in his thin fingers, he resembled some fantastic gargoyle in baggy modern clothes.

"I'll see you in hell first!" cried the rich man.

"In hell?" echoed the phantom, as strange sparks shot into his eyes. "You mean——"

"You'll see what I mean when I get hold of you!"

"Brimstone, eh? and fire; and oil—flaming oil?" muttered Mullet.

There was something in the words that smote on Makower's naked nerves. Mullet rose and began to wrestle with one of the barrels that stood near the brink. It fell over on its side, and from it a thick stream of oil gurgled forth and fell with a chuckling sound into the tank. It ran in a broad runlet to the shallow pool in the centre, and the pool spread.

"THERE WAS A CRY—MULLET, WHO HAD CLUTCHED THE RUNGS TIGHTLY, WAS THROWN OFF HIS BALANCE AND CAME PLUNGING OVER THE LADDER INTO THE PIT."

"Crombie! Crombie!" shouted the president of the Makower Oil Company; "Crombie! help!"

The goblin on the bank tilted up the cask and the flow ceased. He picked up his papers once more.

"Will you buy the shares, Mr. Makower? Now is the time to buy! It will be an excellent investment, Mr. Makower."

Makower broke forth into an eruption of desperate vituperation against the stars. Mullet pulled one of the papers from the

pack. Distinctly the man in the tank heard the snapping-back of the rubber-band. His senses were vividly alert. Life thrilled within him, fresh and stark. A fierce will towards dogged and elemental strife possessed him as in his turbulent boyhood days.

"Lots o' twenty-five, lots o' twenty-five," muttered Henry Mullet, as if to himself. Then, in a louder tone, "Now, Mr. Makower, I'm going to burn another lot."

He rubbed the certificate of shares backwards and forwards in the oil that had dropped from the cask; then struck a match.

"Mullet! for Heaven's sake, Mullet! get away from the tank!" cried the imprisoned millionaire. "Crombie! Ho! Crombie!"

"Crombie? Crombie isn't about, I assure you, Mr. Makower. There's no one here but ourselves."

He lifted the twisted paper and applied the match. The glare lit up his features still more plainly. Foreshortened from below, the face appeared terrible to Makower: maniacal, full of satanic malice. There was a fanatical light in the man's eyes. He saw the golden seals on the certificate, and his own signature.

The oily paper blazed furiously; humming, the drops of fiery oil fell with a hollow thudding into the tank. Then Mullet tossed the smoking, burning mass into the oil-pool in the centre. Instantly this blossomed into a great cone of flames that writhed luridly into a hundred tongues and sent up billows of smoke. The fire threw Makower's shadow sharply and fantastically upwards against the sides of the tank. It painted Mullet's head and shoulders in dark red and sooty black against the stars. As he leaned over the pit, his pasty face glowed like an orange, his fish-like eyeballs gleamed like cut carbuncles. The spineless creature seemed exalted into a being of infernal power. Against Makower's face the air vibrated in fervent waves. The fumes attacked his throat. But there was as yet no great danger. The space between the fiery pool and the walls was still sufficiently wide.

"Mullet! you crazy loon! Stop that nonsense! Let down that ladder! At once! Do you hear? At once!"

His tone was one of friendly, peremptory remonstrance. He sought to disarm his antagonist by the pretence that he still refused to believe him in earnest.

Mullet came to that part of the tank directly above Makower's head. "Sign the cheque, Mr. Makower," said he, respectfully; then in a tone of solemn exhortation, "Oh, sign it while there is still time!"

Makower stared at the manikin above him and sought to fathom the motives at his heart. He looked straight into the ecstatic eyes. The brown, neglected teeth were plainly exposed, and the stringy neck with its sharp Adam's-apple.

"Sign! sign!" those bloodless lips were saying.

Then Makower spoke. His voice was full of a half-indignant protest, a mild but not unappeasable threat. It was apparent that he did not wish to appear unreasonable.

"See here, Mullet! I can have you put in jail for this! What do you mean! This is arson, sir!—do you understand, arson!" Then in a scream, "My God! What are you doing!"

The action was obvious enough. Mullet had tilted the barrel, and once more the thick, black, inflammable fluid poured gurgling and gluttering into the tank. The blazing circle widened, creeping up on the saucer-like bottom. Sheets of thin blue flame shot backwards and forwards and flickered free in the air, like wings. The heat, the fumes, and the smoke belched from the iron pit as from the crater of a volcano. Makower drew back from the intolerable core of flame which lurched in gold and crimson in the centre of his prison. He felt his skin parching, his tongue and throat grow dry. His overalls were hot to the touch. He could no longer see the triumphant goblin above him because of the great fringes of dusky fire and black, wallowing smoke. Now he caught a glimpse of the cool blue depths of the sky and of the blurred stars that danced like phantoms in the heat; then again, when the gas-torch added its glare, all the heavens stood on fire, and he seemed to be gazing into the open mouth of a fiery crater. Above the hollow soughing of the flames Mullet's voice rose thin and clear:—

"You said you'd see me in hell before you signed this cheque. There wasn't any need of saying that! I've been there already—my wife, my little girl have been there, too. Yes, you've seen me there before. For three long years I've starved and suffered—for the last six months I've followed you about—like a dog, as you said, and begged you to give me back my money. Do you know how long it took to save, eh?"

Strongly and defiantly came the voice out of the flaming cauldron:—

"Yes, you miserable, skulking liar! Twenty years, you said—I've heard it often enough. And was it my fault that this company failed? Because you gambled in oil and invested

money—like the rest of us—am I to blame because you lost it? Blame the wells, you idiot, that refused to flow. Put down that ladder, Mullet, and don't try any of your tricks on me—or you'll be sorry when I get out!"

"But you're not going to get out, Mr. Makower. You've always been stronger than I—now I'm stronger than you. You're caught in one of your own oil-traps. I've watched you—I followed you—all the way from the city! And it's you that I see in fire—fire that will lick and bite the flesh off your fat carcass!"

"Mullet, listen! My men will be here in a moment—this blaze will call them from all over the place. They'll lynch you—they'll pound you to a jelly!"

Mullet's voice grew shriller:—

"No! no! Not before I grill you like a sucking-pig in your own fat! You'll fry like Dives in hell! Do you remember Dives, who called out to Lazarus in Heaven for a drop of water—and didn't get it? Well, you're Dives, and you're in flames, and I'm Lazarus, and for once in my life I'm in Heaven! It's like Heaven to have a little power over a man like you!"

Makower's voice was very low and conciliatory:—

"Yes, Mullet; you are right about power. But you've had enough of it now—so just let down that ladder. This is torture. The weather is hot enough without grilling a man."

"Sign the cheque, Mr. Makower. You're rich, endlessly rich, and I'm poor——"

"Mullet, I sign cheques only in business hours."

"You're the rich man—you're Dives, Mr. Makower, and here am I, the poor man Lazarus in Heaven—offering you life and liberty and——"

"Oh, no, Mullet; you can't play the part. You're still the beggar—still the coward—still Lazarus whining and begging. But he only begged for crumbs—and you, Mullet—beg for—nine thousand—dollars!"

The last words were uttered in hoarse gasps of pain. But they were followed by a scornful laugh forced out of the withered throat.

"Sign the cheque, Dives. Sign the cheque, Mr. Makower."

"That word, Mullet—is pronounced in two syllables—Div-es," said Makower, in a faint voice.

"Sign! sign! Give me back my money! or I'll set you afloat in burning oil like a cruller in melted butter. I'll offer you up as a burnt sacrifice to the people of this land. I'll sweat out every drop of the gold you stole from me and others. I'll do it, Mr. Makower, I'll do it!—do you hear!"

Makower's voice was now only a whisper scarcely audible above the hollow moaning of the flames.

"Oh, yes, I hear you, my friend—because I cannot—help it. You are one of those—bigoted beggars who think—who think that all rich men—are bad men. You believe all that about—the rich man—and the eye of the needle—and—— Crombie! Ho! Crombie!"

"It's no use calling for Crombie, Mr. Makower. I heard them say in the village, 'There goes Crombie, drunk as a dog!' Sign the cheque, Mr. Makower."

The little man extended the flesh-coloured slip of paper downward. Makower pretended neither to hear nor see. Once again he mustered his invincible will.

"Crombie will be discharged, Mullet. I've made a note—to that—effect."

"You will not sign it?" cried Mullet, and jumped to his feet.

Makower stood with his back to the blazing pool, shielding his face from the intolerable heat. The iron itself was growing hot to the touch. He turned up his face as Mullet spoke—a face that shone with smudges of oil and glistened with streaming sweat. But the eyes glinted like polished agates, and in them Lazarus read only defiance. Beacon-lights were they of a will still stronger than his own, still stronger than the imminent, riotous fire, still stronger than the tortured flesh. His old, inflexible ally had come to sustain Makower in the hour of his fiery ordeal.

"You'll be like a dirty wick smoking and smelling in the nostrils of men," Mullet piped; "a sight to sicken their eyes."

He tipped the cask and poured more oil into the tank; it fell solidly in a black and gleaming shaft. The flames, which had subsided a little, leaped up and threshed about with redoubled fury. Makower bowed his head and stood with flattened body against the wall of the tank, his arms extended above his head. Mullet's shrill, hysterical voice invaded his ears.

"And when you're a little heap of ashes, Mr. Makower—you that were such a big and mighty man, a little foul, black heap of ashes—there'll not be a dog to howl over you. But thousands and thousands will be glad to hear of your end. The men who curse you whenever they mention your name, the women who hate you because they love their men, the little children who hate you, but don't know why—except that you are Oswald Makower."

Makower's great frame seemed to shrink under the fiery words, as well as the fiery blast. His fingers slipped lower on the oil-covered iron, his head sank deeper.

"Look at me, Mr. Makower! I'm not here only because you wronged *me*. I'd be a poor cur to think only of my own wrongs. I'm here to represent the others, too, Mr. Makower—the thousands of others you've robbed and ruined—you and your company, Mr. Makower. And what for! For money! Well, what good is all your money now—all the millions you've piled up—all the influence—all the power? Why should you go on living? What have you done with your life—all these years?"

A groan burst from Makower's lips. He raised his clenched fists above his head. He addressed the gods rather than this insignificant deputy of the gods.

"Fought! Fought!" he gasped.

"Fought! Yes; but you haven't fought fairly. Look at me, Dives—Di-ves, is it?—look at me—I'm one of the men you fought—unfairly—with lies and promises and swindles. I'm Lazarus because of you—a beggar—a used-up thing—but you've forgotten that Lazarus is humanity!"

The flames roared and flung out arms and streamers like an enormous orchid of fire, and shot aloft in crimson stems and blazing whorls. Makower slowly raised his head and looked up at the little man, for his tone had been almost oracular. And now, to his half-blinded eyes, Mullet appeared terrible and sublime and huge—no longer a scarecrow in a bravery of red fire gloating over the predicament of his enemy, but like some seraph set in judgment, riding the tempest between the nether and the upper fires. His thin features were lighted up with an ecstasy. In his eyes this master of men and money read a dreadful text—the tragedy of something greater and more potent than himself—the sorrow of mankind, the want, the eternal pathos of the race—the race of underlings that fought for mere existence, as he, the conqueror, had struggled for power. He had been an embodiment of the modern abomination, Mammon! He had come as a blighting frost to the harvests of others, as a devouring fire. To be cursed by the helpless multitudes of fellow-creatures he had preyed upon, he, one of the iron-shod giants under which his country groaned—no, no, the sinews of his soul, the adamant of his will were not strong enough for that! That was worse even than the fear of death! Something within him awoke like a frozen serpent thawed by flame and lashed out at him with its sting. The veil of darkness in his soul was rent. Light blazed within him—"More Light!"

The flesh and the spirit now uttered itself in a cry of agony that broke from the arid throat. His blood seemed to be boiling within his veins. He began to sway upon his feet. He reached forth his hand and seized the cheque which Mullet held towards him. With his gold fountain-pen he scrawled his signature upon it, and gave it back.

"Mullet!" he croaked, "for pity's sake—I'm burning—dying!"

Mullet took the cheque, glanced at the signature, folded it, and put it between his teeth. He pushed the ladder into the tank, using his legs as a fulcrum. When it came within reach Makower seized it and jerked it violently towards him. There was a cry—Mullet, who had clutched the rungs tightly, was thrown off his balance and came plunging over the ladder into the pit. He fell, limp and crumpled, at Makower's feet. The cheque fluttered down, swooped towards the fire, was blown back by the heat, then fell close to Mullet's side. Makower heaved himself painfully up the ladder, reached the top, and looked down.

His little enemy was lying close to the lapping flames—inert, his shrivelled limbs sprawling grotesquely like those of a crippled spider. The tuft of beard upon his chin and the fringe on his upper lip seemed his single attribute of masculinity. A smell of scorching wool reeked up from below. Then Dives undid the injustice of the ages and knew a sudden pity at the sight of Lazarus.

The oil-king made his way down the ladder into the fiery pit. He snatched up the unconscious manikin and the cheque, then struggled panting up the ladder. Strangely enough, his unsound heart had no erratic flutterings. He laid Mullet on the ground. The little man moaned and opened his mouth. With the sound as of a sudden wind the gas-torch rushed into the heavens, making a scarlet wound in the night. Makower looked at the cheque in his hand, then walked to the edge of the flaming tank as if to cast it in. But there, on the brink, he hesitated and stared at the flames.

Turning suddenly, he stooped and placed the folded paper in the inner pocket of Mullet's coat. On the ground lay the six hundred and fifty shares of Borealis Oil Stock. These, with a contemptuous flirt of his foot, Makower kicked into the flames.

To his dying day, Lazarus hugged the illusion that the victory had been his.

THE MEMOIRS OF A PRINCESS OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

BY

H.R.H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

Illustrated by W. E. Webster.

The Memoirs of the Infanta Eulalia—who, in the present instalment, describes her experiences in Cuba and the United States—have excited so much interest that Her Royal Highness has been prevailed upon to write a second series, each of which deals with her experiences of one of the Courts of Europe and contains graphic character-studies of their respective Sovereigns and impressions of Society life. These articles, which will appear in these pages in due course, will deal with the Courts of England, Germany, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Italy, and will be found to present the most vivid and interesting pictures of Court life ever written.

VII.

IT was during these years of travel in Europe that I was offered the opportunity of going to America to represent the Throne of Spain at the World's Fair that was to be held in Chicago to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery. And I accepted the invitation with joy. I had no longer my childish idea that if I could only take a boat and sail to America I should be really "free," but I had still in my mind the household saying that I was "only fit for America," and I felt sure that I should like the great democracy, and I was eager to see it. It was planned, also, that I should visit Cuba—in the usual administrative hope that a Royal visitor might revive the loyalty of a rebellious colony exasperated by misgovernment. The misgovernment was a thing for which the Royal Family was as little to blame as the Cubans themselves, but I was willing to be made use of in one of the few ways that Royalty can be of use in a constitutional monarchy, and I prepared to see—and be seen by—Cuba, too.

There were such stories in Spain of the dangers from yellow fever in the colony that ladies-in-waiting were as reluctant to make the trip as the sailors of Columbus; and, though my husband took a large suite of gentlemen, I found only one lady-in-waiting to go with me, and one maid, a faithful old servant who had been in the family for thirty years. We set out, in April, 1893, on board the *Reina Maria Cristina* from Santander, after the inevitable Te Deum in the cathedral of Santander, a State dinner and reception, an illumination of the harbour, and a choir in a tender to sing us off. There were more Te Deums and receptions and illuminations at the Spanish ports and islands where we called, and at one port we were met by the authorities with a black-bordered protest against the suppression of the local capitan-general. The paper was signed by a "defence assembly." The officials warned us that it would be unwise for us to land. I insisted on it. They went away, and as soon as I understood that they had gone for a police order I went ashore without any escort except our suite, and walked through the crowded streets to the cathedral. This proceeding aroused such a furore of popular enthusiasm that I might have been another Jeanne d'Arc entering a beleaguered town that she had relieved; and for the rest of my trip I had no hesitation about putting aside the officials and trusting myself to the people.

At Las Palmas I got on so well that in the cathedral, when the bishop was singing the Te Deum, the crowd forgot they were in church and interrupted him with shouts of "*Viva*

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la Infanta." As a matter of fact, I have found that the danger to Royalty comes not from informalities of this sort so much as from the parade of bodyguards and escorts, that exasperate the unhappy by personifying the power of the social conditions that oppress them. It is usually on the most impressive occasions that bombs are thrown.

We arrived outside the wonderful harbour of Havana early in May, and I watched for the first sight of Morro Castle with curiosity. I had heard from my mother that it had cost her grandfather, King Charles IV., such an incredible sum to build that he had longed to see it, as he said, "if only through a keyhole." I understood that I was the first of the Royal Family to look at it. Certainly I was the last. And the fact that I should probably be the last was the strongest impression that I got from Cuba.

My first impression, of course, was of the heat. Immediately on my arrival I was visited by a physician, who came to warn me of all the diseases I might catch, and to tell me of all the things that I must do and must not do to avoid them. It was terrifying to listen to him. I had insisted on having cold drinks, and he was sure that cold drinks would be fatal. I had been installed in the palace of the capitan-general, and I was going about on the marble floors in my stockinged feet to be cooler. This also I was told was dangerous. "Well," I said at last, "if I don't cool myself down I shall surely die of the heat, anyway; so what matter?" And I decided to do what I wanted and let my natural vitality take care of the consequences. Because of this policy I made what appears to have been a startling impression of energy on the Cubans. There is nothing more popular than energy in a Royal person—perhaps because it is so unexpected. I had, for once, the good luck to please by doing what I pleased.

The heat was so great, on my first night in the palace, that I could not sleep; and being by no means fat, and my bed being without springs—just the stretched canvas of a *petate* fastened on a bed-frame—I ached with the hard discomforts of it. At two in the morning I demanded a mattress. My maid sent for one. After a half-hour of waiting a young aide-de-camp appeared in full uniform, and when I asked why *he* had come, he replied: "But it is I who have made your bed. If it is wrong I must rearrange it." I roared. He explained that in order to have the bed prepared with all possible care for me it had been decided that an officer should make it. I told him to send me a mattress and go back to his sleep. My maid, a simple old soul, was in a state of distraction. "My poor Infanta! My poor Infanta!" she kept wailing. "What will become of her, with no one but these stupid men to look after her?"

When the mattress arrived we arranged it ourselves and I settled down again; but it made the bed so much hotter that I could not sleep any better than before, and I did not dare to make any more demands, for fear of disturbing the officer again. At seven in the morning a deafening uproar of military music suddenly broke out in the *salon* that adjoined my bedroom, and my maid went wild with panic, crossing and blessing herself and saying frantic prayers. I hurried into a dressing-gown, and opened my door on a German regimental band that had received a cable from the Kaiser to serenade me with the traditional "Guten Morgen," and had marched at once on the palace as if they were going to take a fortress, and were now blowing their trumpets and beating their drums with an obedient diligence that seemed likely to crack the walls. None of the palace servants had understood what this was for. And these servants, by a horrible custom not uncommon in parts of Spain, were convicts who wore leg-chains and worked in the palace, as in a prison, going about in livery and bare feet, and dragging their chains on the marble floors. They were as bewildered as my maid, and they were scuttling around us helplessly. As soon as I saw the uniforms that the musicians wore I guessed what had happened; and, the noise drowning my voice, I tried, by smiling and bowing, to reassure the general panic. When the music stopped matters were explained; but while it lasted we were a scene from a mad-house or a theatrical burlesque. I went back to my mattress feeling that my first night in Havana had not been too tame.

My day had been more successful, because of a curious accident that had made my arrival almost triumphant. My maid, as we neared the shore, had packed all my gowns but the one I had decided to wear—a striped gown of blue and white, around the collar of which the dressmaker had put a red edging. When I came on deck in it someone protested at once: "But, your Royal Highness, that is the uniform of the insurgents!" It seemed impossible, but it was so; they wore just such a blue-and-white stripe with red facings. There was consternation. My trunks had been taken from my state-room. We were nearly ashore. No one seemed to know what

"THEY WERE BLOWING THEIR TRUMPETS AND BEATING THEIR DRUMS WITH AN OBEDIENT DILIGENCE THAT SEEMED LIKELY TO CRACK THE WALLS."

to do. And while we delayed, talking and arguing, the boat proceeded. It was soon too late to do anything, and I said: "Never mind, it will not matter. No one will notice it." But they did. They not only noticed it, but they supposed that I had worn it purposely with I do not know what idea of pleasing the people, or showing that the Throne of Spain was above the quarrels of the factions in the island. It aroused incredible enthusiasm. And after that beginning I was received everywhere with the honours of a national hero. Whenever I drove out, my carriage was showered with pamphlets of loyal congratulations and poems and panegyrics. At a bull-fight given in my honour, not having thought to bring a present for the torero, when he made his speech to me from the arena I threw him one of my finger-rings; he was offered huge sums for it, but refused to sell it, as if it had been Aladdin's. Everything I did was accepted as admirable—whether I rode on horseback at the military review when I wanted the exercise, or received in my arms a little girl who slid down a sort of fire-escape at an exhibition of the volunteer fire-brigade, when I was afraid that she might fall and break her neck in my honour if someone did not catch her.

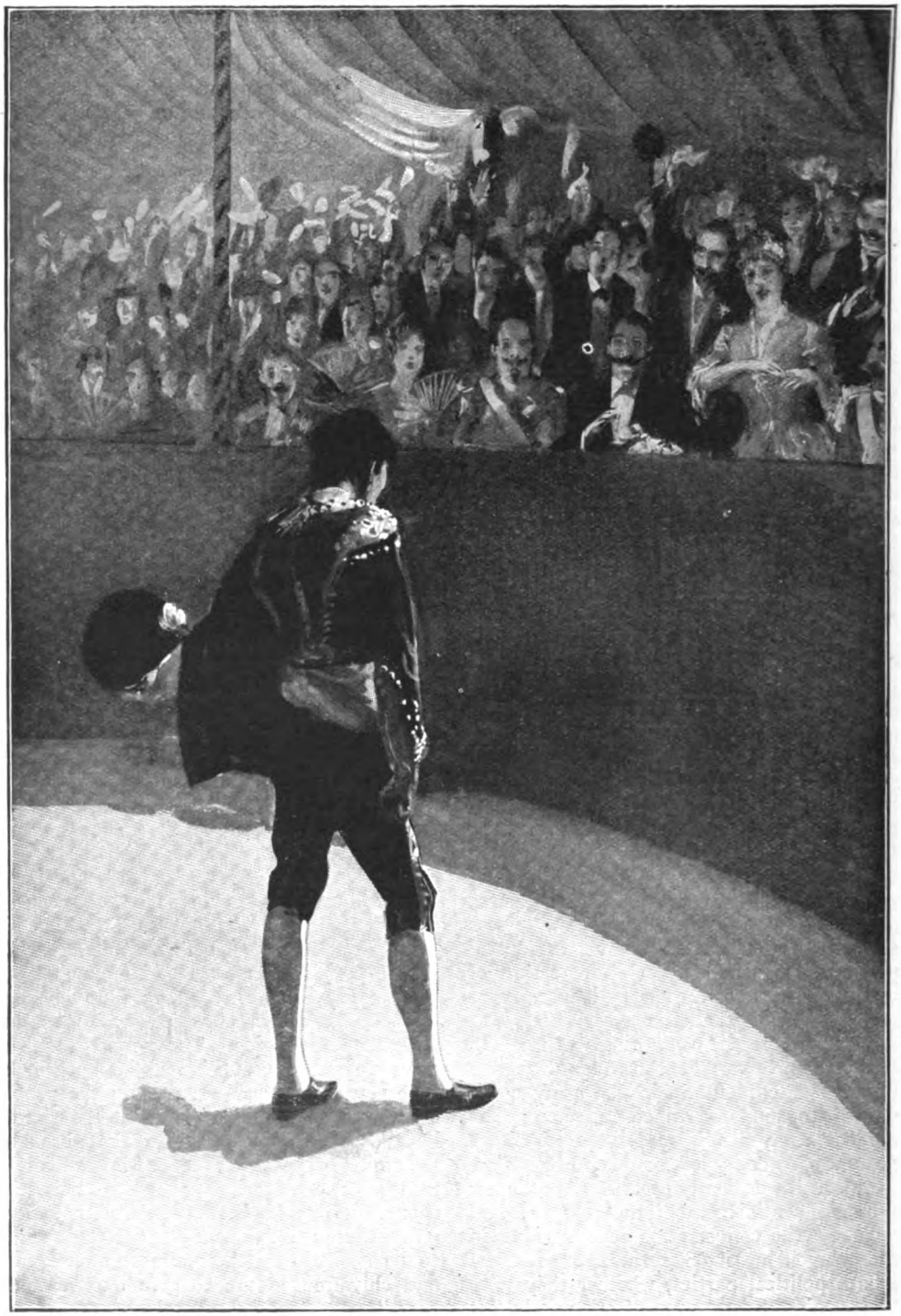
It was evident that I was making a "personal success." But as soon as I talked to men who knew the situation in Cuba, I was convinced that the success was only personal. For too long had Spain been sending out officials to Cuba who had no ambition but to fill their pockets at the expense of the Cuban people; and the Cubans had made up their minds that they would endure it no longer. In administrative circles everyone who was candid confessed that "it was too late." In Spain the people, though the victims of the same sort of corruption, had the consolation of knowing that the Government was their own; here the corruption was imposed on them by a Government in which they were not represented. In Spain the army could be used to suppress armed rebellion; but here the army itself was so enfeebled by corruption, so badly led, so wasted by yellow fever, that it was nearly useless. At a dinner to the influential men of the colony I had to change the conversation several times in order to avoid hearing Spain abused. Leaders of both political parties, whether they were for or against Spain, were of one mind—"it was too late." Cuba was determined to be free of a maladministration which no sensible person could blame her for refusing to endure. All the sensible people were aware, at last, that the conditions ought to have been corrected, and one could only say to oneself, "It's too bad you didn't think of it sooner." As we sailed away from the harbour of Havana I was oppressed with the conviction that the Crown of Spain, in my person, was saluting for the last time the Spanish flag flying over that fortress. Cuba was gone.

Steaming northward, the weather turned delightfully cold, and I revelled in it, reviving myself after the strenuously exhausting days of our crowded week in Havana. When we picked up our pilot off Sandy Hook I was on the upper-deck, promenading happily in the chill wind in light clothes, and the pilot remarked to one of the boat's officers that it was "dangerous for that young girl" to be exposed in such a way to such weather. He was told that I was "the Spanish Infanta," and he laughed uproariously at the idea, and the more seriously the officer assured him of it the more he enjoyed the joke. I saw him looking at me and laughing, so I inquired what was the matter, and when I found out I was slightly puzzled.

His amusement proved to be typical of my whole reception in the United States. As one of the newspapers put it, they had expected a "big, dark Spanish princess with a black moustache," and it was with a tickled surprise that they found me "like any of the girls you see walking down Fifth Avenue." Their pleased curiosity was reflected in the accounts that the reporters gave of me. No conceivable personal detail escaped them. One reporter even discovered that I had a gold crown on one of my back teeth, and I was mystified to know how he could have seen it. Surely my smile was not so broad as all that! I tried myself before a mirror. No! By no possible grimace could I expose that tooth. I remained mystified; I do still.

The amusement, however, was not altogether on their side. The newspapers had not prepared me for this familiar but kindly tone of the American Press, and the people of European countries had not the simple benevolence of the curiosity that brought the smiling crowds to greet me in the United States. The American young girl is the spoiled darling of the nation, and they were all as willing to spoil me—and I was willing to be spoiled—by their almost affectionate and chivalrous desire to give me "a good time."

I cannot pretend that I saw anything at all of the problems of government in the country—nothing of the poverty, of the industrial



"WHEN HE MADE HIS SPEECH TO ME FROM THE ARENA I THREW HIM ONE OF MY FINGER-RINGS."

exploitation, of the inequalities of opportunity and the control by the moneyed classes, of which we have since come to hear so much in all the kingdoms and republics and democracies of this changing world. I was merely a "caller in the parlour." I knew nothing of the family life in the house—much less of the difficulties below-stairs.

We did not land at New York, but at Jersey City, where a special train was waiting to carry us to Washington. It would have taken us, in Spain, twenty-four hours to go the distance; we covered it in five hours, and I did not feel shaken. In Spain, if luncheon had been served us on the train, it would have been "to kill time"; here it was served us "to save time." One was struck at once by the busy-ness of the life and its efficiency. We had been caught up by an organization that transported us, fed us, housed us, delivered us into the hands of a host or at the doors of an entertainment, returned us to our hotel, took us on excursions, provided us with drives, protected us from intrusion, conducted us through crowds, intelligently, suavely, without any hitch, comfortably, almost invisibly, with a foresight that seemed to provide for every contingency that could happen and to be prepared for any change of plan that we could wish.

From some of the Americans whom I had seen abroad I had not got a very happy impression, and now I understood why; they had been out of their element—they had left at home their reason for being. The women, for example, were less conspicuously dressed than some I had seen in Paris, and less nervously self-assertive; and the men were more easy and more natural. They were not on the defensive, among foreigners whom they felt to be critical or whom they desired to impress. They were not blatant—nor apologetic. They were happy, intelligent, hospitable, and altogether engaging.

There were no Royal "monkey tricks" expected of me. I was unable to dance—though I often longed to—because I was on an official visit, and questions of precedence would have made it necessary for me to choose the most important personage in the room as my partner, or take the risk of offending him. And the most important person at a dance is not always the best dancer. But I was not set apart on a dais as I would have been at home—"always on a stand, like a harp," as I used to complain—and I enjoyed myself. I felt that I was really meeting the people whom I met. I was not merely Royalty; I was a sort of national guest, whom everyone tried to interest and entertain.

One accepted as an inevitable part of one's public character the army of reporters and photographers who surrounded us at every official appearance. They were not intrusive, and, having learned that I could not give interviews, they did not try to get any. The goodwill of the crowds, who were as omnipresent as the newspaper men, was always delightful. They gathered, of course, merely out of curiosity, but their stares were not, as in other countries, either awed or inimical or just curious. They greeted you, as they might greet one of their own representatives, with amiable smiles and cheers, waving their handkerchiefs. In the thronged streets of the Exposition they could not be held back by our police escort, who struggled with them good-naturedly as they good-naturedly pressed in upon us; and one could not help but accept their pressure with a smile. It was all quite human and jolly and inoffensive—a democratic crowd, democratically unrestrained in its interest in everything and everybody. When I was complimented on the popular impression which I seemed to make, I could reply, quite truthfully, that if the Americans liked me, it must be because they could see how I liked them. I liked them immensely.

They seemed all prosperous and all happy. We had no begging letters and petitions for alms thrown into our carriage, such as would have overwhelmed us at home. We did not meet any of those affected excesses of deference to Royalty which would have been so out of place in a country where there is no Crown. If people crowded to see us out of curiosity, I could not complain; I was just as curious to see them. They were not rude—and I hope I was not.

Anyone who makes a Royal visit to any country must see it superficially; and if I wrote here that President Cleveland and his beautiful wife were charming hosts, that the country around Washington reminded me of England, that the lake front in Chicago (which was about all of Chicago that I really saw) was handsome, that New York was New York and the Hudson River the Hudson River, I should not relieve my mind of anything that even Lewis Carroll's conversational walrus would have cared to hear. And I should not interest even myself by writing it. If I had come to America as a person distinguished by intellect instead of merely by birth, I might have been very proud of the crowds that came to see me, and my

contact with American life might have been an illuminating experience worth detailing. As it was, my apparent popularity could mean nothing to me personally, and my experiences, though pleasant, can mean nothing to anyone else. Nothing had happened to change my belief that my public life as a Royal personage was a busy futility. And when our steamship drew away from the shores of New York, and all the farewells had been said, and the last cheers of the last crowd had sounded, I was at once sad to watch a land recede that I felt I should never see again, and glad to be alone with my own thoughts and free to lay off my public character.

THE INFANTA ENJOYING LIFE IN NORMANDY AWAY FROM THE FORMALITIES OF COURT LIFE.
From a Photo. by Lilian Griffin.

I suppose the truth is that I do not easily reflect the *collectif* sentiment. I am not able sincerely to laugh or cry because others are laughing or crying. And I return gladly to solitude, because it is only in solitude that I seem to be myself.

As I have said before, this desire for solitude had been growing in me for years. And for years I was held in Royal circles by my desire to establish a future for my sons. But my eldest son inherited the fortune of the Duc de Montpensier and my youngest the fortune of the Duchess, and they became independent of me. The death of the Duc deprived me of one of the few dear friends I had in the

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTA.

THE INFANTA EULALIA AND HER SON, LUIS FERNANDO.

world, and broke the last of the few sympathies that had made my life with my husband possible. We had discovered no affection for each other. He had freed himself, in all but name, from the marriage contract. We had never quarrelled; I should say we were never sufficiently interested in each other to quarrel. I decided that we should separate. And, in spite of the opposition of Royalty, who would have had me endure anything rather than bring a scandal near the Crown, I forced the separation with the aid of my husband's relatives who sympathized with me. I returned to my mother's home in Paris, the Palais de Castile, and it was one of the happiest mornings of my life when I awakened there alone and free. I could get no divorce, because divorce is not possible to anyone in Spain—least of all to an Infanta—but I was at liberty to live my life in my own way, and that satisfied me.

When my mother died I was able to get wholly clear of the formalities of Court life, and I left the Palais to take an apartment for myself where I could live like a private person, with my maids, without even a lady-in-waiting. I bought a few acres of land on the seashore of my beloved Normandy, and built myself a summer cottage cooled by the happy breezes that I had known as a child. And here I can say, and do, and think, and write what I please, untroubled by the prohibitions of crowned heads, who can enforce no command on me and impose no punishment—except to deny me an entrance to Courts from which I have been only too glad to escape.

When my first little book was about to be published, the King of Spain wired me that I could not publish it without his consent. I repudiated that control of my liberty, and they threatened to deprive me of my title and the small income that comes with it. It was decided to let the matter drop, and I heard no more of it.

It is my final realization of freedom that I celebrate now in these pages. I have escaped, mind and body, from my gilded cage. It has taken a lifetime, but it was worth it. I have no respect for anything in the world except intelligence. I live in France because it is the most intelligent of all the countries I have known. I have seen the world waking to the fact that the rule of money is no better than the rule of rank, except when it is more intelligent. I read and write to keep my own intelligence in health by exercising it. And I am afraid of no critic except the one who may find my intelligence feeble, with a prison pallor, in spite of its joy in its escape.

THE INFANTA, WITH HER FIRST GRANDCHILD.

HOBSON'S FRIEND

by

Bart Kennedy

Illustrated by Helen McKie

Those of our readers who are in the habit of frequenting race meetings will hardly require to be told that the following story is not so much a piece of fiction as a narrative based upon an actual experience, the like of which has doubtless happened, with slight variation of details, to many of themselves.

HOBSON found himself on the racecourse at Brighton, and the idea gradually worked its way into his mind that he might as well add to his store of wealth by having a bit on a winner. But he hardly knew the way to go about it, for he had never backed a horse on a racecourse.

When first the idea of having something on a winner came to him he thrust it away, for he was by nature a non-betting person. But the temptation grew and grew. And just at the right moment a man, whom he knew slightly in London, came along. They greeted each other, and then the man informed Hobson of the pleasing fact that he had a sure winner for the next race. He had got some inside information that had come direct from the stable. This winner was an absolute cert! He, the man with the tip, would have put all he had on it, but for the depressing fact that he had lost all he had on the two races that had gone before.

Hobson listened to this friend, whom he knew but slightly, with intense interest. His earnestness convinced him that there must be something in it. Besides, Hobson was impregnated with the betting atmosphere that hung around. His mind did not work in the clear and logical way usual to it. And, as he listened to the voice of his friend, he became convinced that it was worse than foolish not to take a chance that was as sure and as safe as the Bank of England!

So he went along with his friend to a bookmaker who was standing up against the rails of the enclosure. This bookmaker was a stout, prosperous-looking man with a highway-robber expression of face. And Hobson laid a half-sovereign with him on the sure, absolute dead cert!

Just as he got his ticket there was a sudden crowding and rushing of the people outside the enclosure. The mounted police were clearing the course. He looked round for his friend. But he could not see him.

There was a shout. The horses had started. But Hobson could see nothing but the backs of hats and heads. The shouting increased. And the people in the dense crowd began to bob up and down. Hobson stood up on his toes, and in a kind of rift that came in the crowd he saw, off to the left, a blurred, white-blue-red-brown streak of something. But it flashed too quickly by for his eye to disentangle

"HOBSON LAID A HALF-SOVEREIGN WITH HIM ON THE SURE, ABSOLUTE DEAD CERT!"

horses from riders. Everybody seemed to be shouting out something or another—the names of the horses and jockeys, the swift variations of the race itself, encouragements to the horses they had backed, and other things that had no meaning at all.

Suddenly through this sound there was piercing the hoof-beat of the galloping horses. In an instant this hoof-beat was as thunder in the midst of the immense sound. It was gone. The race was over.

And everybody was shouting out the name of the horse that Hobson had backed. He had won! He had won three pounds ten! The bookmaker had laid him seven to one against the horse. The tip that his friend had given him had turned out to be all right. He looked around for him, wondering where he could be.

And then he was touched on the arm. And, turning, he saw a joyous, smiling face. It was his friend. And together they worked their way through the crowd towards the bookmaker.

There he was at the rails with his highway-robber expression of face. He was paying money out of his satchel as if he liked it.

"'Ow much?" asked the bookmaker, as he took the ticket and handed it to his clerk.

"Four pounds, I believe," said Hobson, hopefully.

And the genial beam in the face of the bookmaker deepened as he handed out four golden sovereigns. His daylight-robber expression had vanished almost to nothingness. His look now was the look of a strong-faced philanthropist.

Never had Hobson earned three pounds ten in such a swift and agreeable manner before. He was suffused with elation. And he gave the friend who had given him the tip a sovereign. He felt very grateful to him, and he also felt that it was a pity that a man should get such magnificent tips and be unable to take advantage of them!

He backed nothing for the next race. His friend, for some reason or another, was unable to get an absolutely sure tip. Hobson had waited for him whilst he had gone to find out things. It appeared that he knew a detective in the enclosure who knew a bookmaker who was in touch with a big man who was right in touch with everything that was going.

And not only was his friend able to get

information of an ultra-reliable order. He was also an acute and accurate judge of form! He had, he assured Hobson, a natural instinct as to what a horse could do. He put this and that together, and he came to conclusions that were invariably sound. He had been following racing for years, and he would have been a wealthy man—if only he had had the capital!

Hobson listened enthralled to the glowing tale. He felt more than pleased to think that he had the good fortune to know this man who was as a mine of wealth. And when—as he was listening to the glowing tale—the base thought tried to obtrude itself upon his mind to the effect that it was odd that this person of genius had not profited more by his gift of picking out winners, Hobson pushed the thought away from him with a hard push. He felt it to be a disloyal one.

His friend went off again for the purpose of finding out things concerning the next race, and whilst he was gone Hobson had a good look at the great crowd that surrounded him. It was a mixed-up, noisy crowd, recruited very largely from the people who work with their hands. Everybody seemed to be shouting at once. The din was deafening. But the voices of the brass-lunged bookmakers cut through the din as they shouted out the odds. They stood on boxes—stout-looking men, inviting the public to support them. The crowd at once looked and did not look like a holiday crowd. Though it was noisy enough, there was in it but little of the merriment and joviality that naturally would belong to a genuine holiday crowd. The faces were too strained and serious. It was a crowd that was out to get something for nothing—a gambling crowd.

Hobson's friend was back again, looking mysterious. He had a tip this time, but it was not an absolute dead cert! It was what he called a racing certainty. He had not been able to get in touch with the detective in the enclosure who knew the bookmaker who was in touch with the big man who was

in touch with everything that was going. But Hobson's friend had been lucky enough to see a tic-tack man signalling from the enclosure to another man who signalled again to another man. And Hobson's friend was practically certain that the signalling was to the effect that the big men in Tattersall's had backed Slowcoach very heavily. So Hobson backed the horse—and lost.

It must not be thought that this in any way damped the spirits or assurance of Hobson's friend. He put forward the obvious fact that accidents must happen even on the best-regulated racecourses. Slowcoach had not acted up to his form, or it might have been that they were reserving him for another meeting. Owners sometimes did this! They were not supposed to do it, and if the Jockey Club found it out the Jockey Club would be very vexed indeed and would give them what for. Yes, he, Hobson's friend, was sure that Slowcoach was a racing certainty, and it was always good business to back a racing certainty even if it lost! Whether this paradox soothed Hobson or not, it is difficult to say. But if his faith in the infallibility of his friend's tipping power was shaken slightly, he concealed it. And when his friend asked him for the loan of a sovereign he lent it with grace.

The next race both of them backed the favourite, which won. But they had to lay odds on, and the win was small. Still, it was soothing, and it brought back again to Hobson the visions of easy wealth.

And then it was that Hobson's friend had an idea. It was that the following day both of them should go into the enclosure. True, they would have to pay ten shillings each,

but the advantage of being on the absolute spot would more than make up for this. The genius of Hobson's friend would have a better chance to work. And on the top of all this they would get a better price, or, rather, better odds, from the bookmakers.

Here was the very last race of all! But all that Hobson did in it was to put a half-crown on a horse that finished very much last. It is only fair to say that his friend did not tell him to back it. But Hobson thought that he might as well have a bit on just for the fun of the thing. He lost the bit, but he took the losing of it with philosophy.

He had won about two pounds, and he had had the pleasurable excitement of gambling in the beautiful, invigorating air. And he proposed to his friend that they should walk from the course into Brighton, a distance of about two miles. The exercise, he said, would do them good. But Hobson's friend objected. He felt tired. Though his mind was active, his body was large and heavy, and he had awkward, splay feet. He proposed that they should take a taxi. They could share the expense!

The taxi went rather slowly at first, because of having to make its way through the dense crowd. And Hobson saw in it many saddened faces.

It was the end of the first of the three days' racing at Brighton, and as they went royally and easily along in the taxi Hobson's friend drew a roseate picture of what would happen on the next day. But whilst he was speaking Hobson could not help but wonder about the sad faces that he saw around them.

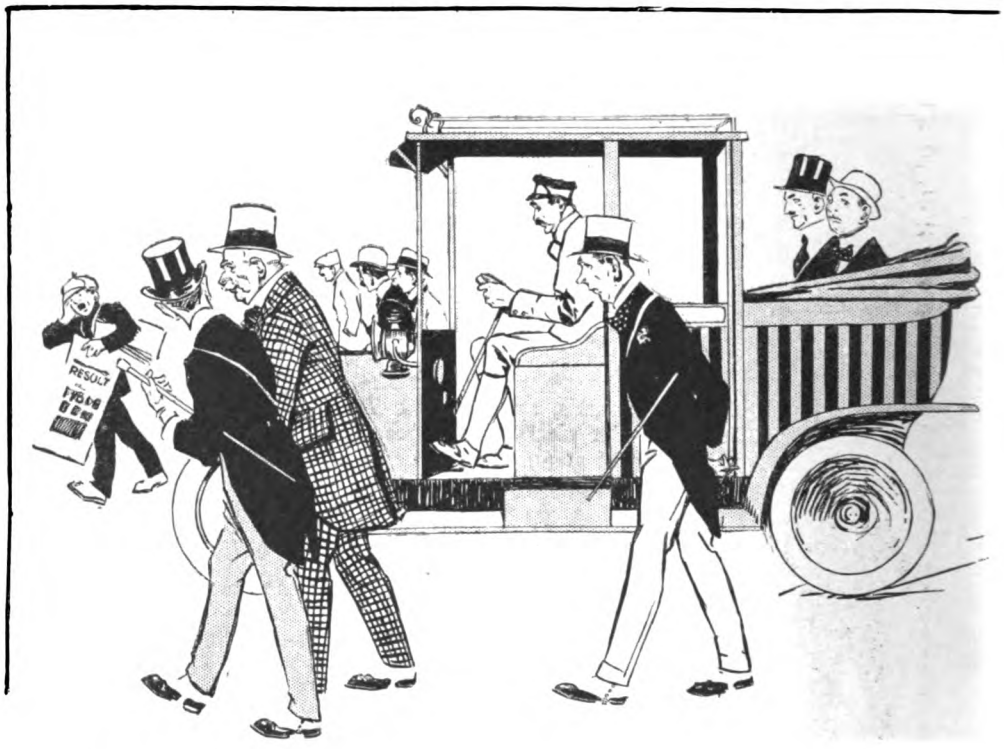
"I suppose quite a lot of people lose?" he remarked.

"Yes," said his friend. "It's the general public that loses, especially the working-class end of it. Lots of the people you see there haven't got a penny. You see, it's like this. The public have no real idea of the inner side of racing. They know nothing of the way the wires are pulled. They just bet haphazard, and the bookies get all their money. I've been to a good many race-meetings in my time, and this seeing of the people walking back, the greater part of them without a penny in their pockets, has always made me feel bad. It's useless anyone betting on horses if they are not judges of form. They might just as well give the money to the bookies. If you are a judge of form you can do anything—if you only have the capital."

At this point Hobson's friend stopped and lapsed into reflectiveness. And over his face there stole a chastened look. What caused this chastened look it is difficult to say.

They were now out of the crowd and speeding swiftly along. And Hobson's friend had got back to his optimistic self. He was a most interesting man, and at the first pub. they came to—where they stopped to have a drink—he entertained Hobson with tales of the Turf. And when he was finished with these he told him of what would happen on the morrow in the way of winning money.

They parted when they got to the Front, and Hobson—after paying his own and his friend's share of the fare of the taxi—went to his hotel to think over things. He had a good dinner and a good bottle of wine, and as he sat in the smoking-room behind a large and fragrant cigar he began to dream dreams. His large and healthy imagination got into full working order. He saw himself and his friend going from racecourse to racecourse, winning money hand over fist. And Hobson had not been long behind his large and fragrant cigar before he saw himself the winner of twenty thousand pounds. And after he had reinforced himself with a brandy-and-soda the twenty thousand had become fifty thousand. And there came to his mind a certain story that his friend had told him—the story of Juggins, who had become wealthy beyond his dreams through betting on horses. It seems that the lucky Juggins had been sitting in an historic hostelry in Fleet Street with nothing in his pocket, waiting for some good Samaritan to come in and stand him a drink. And whilst he was waiting, hopefully, two men, who were strangers, came in and walked gallantly up to the bar. They had a drink, and as they were leaving one of them dropped something. Juggins picked that something up, which turned out to



"HOBSON'S FRIEND DREW A ROSEATE PICTURE OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN ON THE NEXT DAY. THE SAD FACES HE SAW

be four five-pound notes neatly folded up together. Did Juggins hurry after the man and hand him his wealth? No, he did not. He doubtless felt that the doing of such a thing would be flouting a kind and helpful Providence. He went instead and backed a horse at a long price—which won in a canter. He had had a sure tip about that very horse, and the only thing that had stopped him from backing it before was the fact that he had nothing that he could pawn. And from the time that he backed the horse, with the twenty pounds that the stranger had so kindly dropped, the lucky Juggins never looked back. He won and won and won. And he became rich and honoured and great, and when he died he was worth hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Hobson dreamed and dreamed, and by the time he had absorbed enough brandies-and-sodas he was absolutely certain that the future would see him transformed into another Juggins.

The next day found him again on the race-course, and along with his friend—who had been waiting for him—he went into the enclosure. The pound that Hobson had to pay for the two of them to get in was a mere nothing.

It was a beautiful day and a beautiful scene. There were the rolling Sussex Downs, and to the right was the blue of the sea!

And there were the bookmakers waiting to be despoiled! Victims of the most willing order. The heart of Hobson was gladdened.

"Ten to one on the field. Ten—ten—ten to one. Six to one Irish Mist. 'Ere you are. Come on, gents, come on! Four—four—four—no, can't do it! In fivers? 'Ere, book it. Thank you, sir. Eight to one—eight to one. Seven—seven—seven to one. Five to one Irish Mist. Can't give six now—should 'a' backed it before. All right, then, I'll give you six to one. Book it. Six to one Irish Mist! Seven to four the fav'rit'! Six to four. Go on, get off! 'Ere I am, Billy Bucket, from Brum. Even money the fav'rit'!"

Hobson was standing on one of the high-up seats of the enclosure, listening to the voices, at once rough and harsh and attractive, of the bookmakers. One and all of them had powerful voices that, if they were only tuned up a little, would have made their fortunes in Wagner operas. He had just backed Irish

BUT WHILST HE WAS SPEAKING HOBSON COULD NOT HELP WONDERING ABOUT AROUND THEM."

Mist with a young, powerful-looking bookmaker whose nose was turned slightly to the east—probably from the blow of a fist. He had, most likely, been a fighting man before he had taken to bookmaking. And, though his nose had met with a slight rebuff, he was a good-looking young fellow with blue eyes and a resolute face.

A sudden buzz rose in the air. The race had begun. And from where he was standing Hobson had a splendid view of everything. It was indeed a wonderful scene. The sun lit up the green, rolling Downs, in the midst of which were the thousands upon thousands of shouting, excited people. And out there was the calm, blue sea. He could see the race perfectly. The horses were galloping in a bunch swiftly and evenly. They were coming and coming. And now a horse forged out of the bunch. And another came up by it. And two more. The bunch was broken up. It was a glorious, exciting struggle. The whole world seemed to be roaring and shouting. Up and up! Hobson could see a horse working slowly ahead. Though it was going like the wind, its slow forging past the others gave somehow to the race an effect of slowness. And now there came another horse. It forged on and on till it was up to the horse that was leading. On and on. It was past it. It was—why, it was Irish Mist! Here it was up to the enclosure! And past it like a flash! Irish Mist had won, in the midst of a tremendous shouting.

Hobson had never had such a moment in the whole of his life. This sport was indeed a royal and wonderful sport. Besides, he had won five pounds ten!

He waited till the flag went up, and then he went to the young bookmaker to get his five pounds ten. It was lovely. Never—never had he had such a joyous and pleasant experience. And for a moment he wondered if he were awake.

There was his friend. And, alas! alas that it should have to be chronicled—he had not backed Irish Mist! Though he had given the tip to Hobson, he had, at the very last moment, backed another horse. The reason was that he had seen his friend, the detective, at the other end of the enclosure, and the detective had nodded to him in a certain way, and he had construed the nod into a signal to back another horse. The whole thing was sadness itself. And it struck Hobson as particularly sad when his friend calmly borrowed another sovereign from him.

What a pity it was, Hobson reflected, that such a man as this could not back his own tips! But it was always the way with genius. It was an erratic and peculiar and perverse gift. This friend of his was really a wonder. What he didn't know about horses

and jockeys and racecourses and bookmakers wasn't worth knowing. And still he was hard-up. Still he was poor. He had evidently been letting chances go by him all his life.

And there came up before the mind of Hobson the picture of an incident in which he had taken part when he was a boy. He was standing with a group of men and boys around a shabby-looking man who was selling sure tips, at twopence a time. And when Hobson, in the innocence of his youthful heart, asked the man why he had not backed his own tips, the tipster was so vexed that it looked for a moment as if he were going to hit him. But he restrained himself, did this tipster. He explained that he had just come out of hospital, and he was not able to walk to the racecourse! This secured him the sympathy of those who were standing round, and several of them invested twopences in his sure tips. Hobson felt very sorry at having asked the tipster so rude a question, and he would have bought one of the tips himself only he didn't happen to have twopence.

He wondered now if the fate of that tipster of long ago would be the fate of his friend. He wondered.

Off went his friend to see what was going for the next race. And whilst he was gone Hobson studied his race-card, and found that a capitalist, whom he had the honour and pleasure of knowing personally, owned a horse that was running in this very race. And there came to Hobson the feeling that he ought to back this horse. Not to do so would be in the nature of a slight upon his capitalistic friend. But he felt at sea. He had no idea as to the form of this horse. He looked around for his tip-gathering friend to get his advice in the matter. But he could not see him. Oh, yes—he could see him now. He was off over yonder, talking to a small, villainous-looking man. Hobson tried to attract his attention, but failed. And then a sudden feeling came to him. He felt that the horse that belonged to his capitalistic friend was certain to win. Why he felt so he had no idea. But it was as if some inner voice were telling him. He was getting, as it were, a psychic tip. "Back this horse! Back this horse!" said this inner voice.

There was his friend, looking at him now and making motions with his arms. But for some reason or another he did not endeavour to make his way through the crowd towards Hobson. He just contented himself with making the motions, the drift of which Hobson could not get. And then he turned his back to carry on his earnest conversation with the small, villainous-looking man.

The race was just on the point of beginning now, and the persistent inner voice kept on saying to Hobson: "Back this horse! Back this horse!"

And Hobson put a sovereign on it with a large, hook-nosed bookmaker who was standing near by. He got six to one, and he was absolutely certain it would win. Never did he feel so strongly convinced of anything. It was certain to win!

The race had begun, and—well, the horse of Hobson's capitalistic friend finished a good last!

So strong had been Hobson's feeling that this horse would win that he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw it tailing at the end of the race. But a fact is a fact, even though it be difficult to realize. Hobson heaved his first racecourse sigh.

"I'm so sorry," said his friend, a moment afterwards, when he heard of the calamity, "but I tic-tacked to you to back nothing."

"But I don't understand tic-tacking!" said Hobson.

"Well, I thought of that at the time. But I couldn't get away. I was being put on to something good for the race that is coming now, and I thought that you might get my meaning. Backing a horse on impulse, or because you feel that it is sure to win, is a sure way to lose your money."

"But I was never so certain of anything in my life."

"I know," said the man of the sure tips, with a sad, reminiscent smile. "I've been there. I've had some. The only safe guide is a knowledge of form, and even——" He did not finish his sentence.

"What have you got for this next race?" asked Hobson.

A look of wisdom came into the face of his friend.

"I have a good thing," he answered, "but it is not a sure thing. Still, it is very good. Indeed, you might call it a remove or so from being a racing certainty."

A qualm of doubt flitted through Hobson's mind as he heard the somewhat ominous words, "a racing certainty."

"It is always," continued the tipster, "good business to back a good thing. Let me see, though." He looked around him. "No!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "It isn't a good thing now. That tic-tacker over there has just got a tic-tack from out of Tattersall's. Watch him! He's turned round and he's passing the tic-tack on to a bookmaker on

the outside. I've got it ! " he continued, with growing excitement. " The big fellows are backing Dewdrop heavily. It's all right. Put two pounds on Dewdrop ! "

Hobson got three to one against Dewdrop —which won. And he was in the seventh heaven. And the sure-tip man this time took the precaution of backing his own tip. And both of them were so pleased that they went to the refreshment-bar at the back of the enclosure to celebrate the event.

" After this meeting's over," said Hobson's friend, " we'll go on to the meeting at Lewes. Something tells me that we'll make pots of money, if we stick together. I'm certain that we bring each other luck."

Hobson echoed the sentiment heartily. And there came to him the determination to give up the profession he was now engaged in. At least, he would give it up till he had made money enough at backing horses to take things easy. His idea as to the amount of money he would make was not as large as it had been the night before—after he had dined well ! But it was, nevertheless, large and satisfying. The picture of himself and his friend going along from racecourse to racecourse—always winning money—again came to him. It was a most soothing and beautiful picture. He felt that he was on velvet.

The idea that the bookmakers won everyone's money could surely not be so ! And even if it were the rule there must be exceptions to it. Hobson felt that all that had to be done was to back his friend's tips and to see that he—the friend —also backed them. The partnership was surely an ideal one. Hobson's friend had the genius, whilst Hobson himself had the steadiness. And genius and steadiness made an invincible combination !

" LET ME HAVE A FIVER ! "

" Go and put five pounds on—Getthere," said his friend, a few moments after. " It's an absolute sure win. You'll get three to one against it. Go and back it with that bookmaker over yonder. I know him, and I'd like you to do some business with him. Go on. I'll stop here."

Hobson went forth valiantly to win the fifteen pounds. He got up to the bookmaker, who was shouting at the top of his voice.

" What price Getthere ? " he asked.

" Three to one."

" I'll put five——"

Hobson paused. He had the five pounds in his hand, but something seemed to stop him from giving it to him. A sudden conviction that Getthere wouldn't win forced its way into his mind. He tried to fight it, but it grew stronger. His friend had given him the tip, but—well, the conviction had now become a certainty that for once his friend was mistaken. His judgment told him to back it, but he knew it couldn't win !

The bookmaker looked at him, and he thought that Hobson wanted a better price.

" Give you four," he said.

" All right," said Hobson. " I'll put a fiver on it. No ! " he said, suddenly. " I'll put a fiver on Gimcrack."

" Gimcrack, six to four," said the bookmaker, taking the five pounds and handing him his ticket.

Gimcrack was the favourite, and Hobson felt that he had done the right thing. He had lost on following his intuition before, but this time he felt that it would be all right. And he concluded not to go back to his friend till after the race.

The race came on and Getthere won by a head. Gimcrack was nowhere.

Poor Hobson ! His feelings are hardly to be described. He had lost twenty-five pounds —the twenty pounds that he would have won, and his stake of five pounds—through being foolish. Why — why hadn't he followed his friend's advice ? His mind was in a whirl. How could he have been so foolish ? He kicked himself very hard. But kicking himself would not bring him back the twenty-five pounds !

He couldn't understand it. But a few moments before he had been planning to

follow all his friend's tips, and now he had gone and acted in this manner. It was too bad!

He made his way back slowly and sadly through the crowd to where his friend was standing. A large and joyous smile was playing all over the tipster's face. With an effort Hobson summoned up a feeble grin to meet the large and joyous smile.

"You look rather glum after picking up fifteen pounds," said his friend.

Hobson hadn't the courage to tell him what had happened.

"As usual," continued his friend, "I was foolish and didn't back Getthere. I got on to something else after you went to back it. After this I must follow what I get whatever comes. I ought to be chained up. Still, we're ahead. Let me have a fiver."

Hobson gave it to him. There was no use in saying anything. But he resolved that in no circumstances whatsoever would he again act as he had acted. He would let inspirations and intuitions and other foolish things go by the board. He would faithfully follow the sure tips that his friend gave him!

The next race the unbelievable happened. Hobson's friend got the most sure and certain tip that he had ever received in all his racecourse experience. Indeed, it might be said that he got it practically from the big man himself who knew everything and was behind everything. As a matter of fact his friend, the detective, had taken him to a man who, as a very great favour and under a vow of secrecy, had shown him a wire that had come from the big man's most intimate friend. It was the surest and the best and the greatest tip that had ever been given on a racecourse. It was a tip that would justify your selling your house and your furniture, and pawning everything you had, to back it. Hobson's friend was wild with excitement over it. And so was Hobson. And they backed it for all they were worth. And — well, words can't describe it!

The horse ran fifth!

"'IT—IT WAS A GREAT TIP,' HE SAID, REFLECTIVELY, 'THE GREATEST TIP I EVER HAD.'"

Hobson's friend all but fainted. Indeed, Hobson had to assist him to the refreshment-bar to get him some brandy. And it was more by good luck than good management that he was able to pay for it, for all that he had in his pocket was a shilling and a half-crown.

It was a blow stunning and overwhelming. Not only were Hobson's dreams shattered. They were dissolved and lost in nothingness. His mind was a blank.

After they had had their brandy Hobson's friend went carefully through his pockets and produced the one and only shilling he had left. And they had two more brandies.

Hobson's friend revived a little.

"Well," he said, weakly, "it—it was a great tip."

He looked at Hobson and Hobson looked at him, and nothing further was said.

They left the refreshment-bar together, and Hobson put his last half-crown on a twenty-five to one chance in the last race.

He lost, of course.

They were penniless. And they walked slowly on their way to Brighton in the midst of the great, somewhat silent, crowd.

Hobson's friend found the walking difficult, because of his awkward, splay feet. But he had experienced such walks before. And after a bit he began to feel himself again. The gambler's negative philosophy got in its soothing work. He looked at Hobson—Hobson who was wondering how on earth he was to manage to pay his hotel bill and to get back to London.

"It—it was a great tip," he said, reflectively, "the greatest tip I ever had. But after this—after this I must rely altogether on form. With a knowledge of form, and capital——"

He stopped suddenly and dodged awkwardly out of the way of a big, handsome motor-car. In the car were seated two bookmakers, one of whom was the stout, prosperous-looking man with the highway-robber expression of face.

By Our Readers.

Strange Ways of Getting Married.

Illustrated by H. K. Elcock.

It will be remembered that we invited our readers to send in instances within their own knowledge resembling the examples we published under the titles "Saving the Situation"—which is really another name for presence of mind—and "Strange Ways of Getting Married." We now give a selection from the vast number of replies received, and only regret that want of space prevents us from making use of an almost endless number of others.

THIS story is true. Two young fellows were wrecked on an island, and were not rescued until the end of two years. During that time they became very homesick, with only themselves for company; so A made a bet with B that if ever he had the good fortune to return to civilization, he would marry the first nice-looking girl he saw, whether he knew her or not.

As I have said before, they were rescued after some time, and, on his setting foot in town, A went up to the first pretty girl who took his fancy and proposed to her on the spot! He, of course, explained the reason of his strange behaviour, and that if she refused he would lose his bet. The girl was what one might term a "sport," so she said he could come home with her to her aunt's, where she was staying, and introduced him as a friend. After a short engagement they were married, and are very happy now. Neither have had cause to rue the day when they tied the knot for the sake of a bet!

"HE PROPOSED TO HER ON THE SPOT."

Miss PHYLLIS HARRIS, 33, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, London, N.W.

As to strange ways of getting married, my brother, who is a missionary out in Paraguay, is fond of telling the following story.

"You see," he says, "in Paraguay, where there are not enough men to go round, as the recent wars and revolutions swept all menfolk away wholesale, there lives at a twelve-miles' ride distance a widow who is in comfortable circumstances. One day one of our agents went out there to take her some tracts and other reading matter, and she kept him for three days, fed him well, and made many little advances such as a lonely widow might.

"At last, when he showed signs of wishing to get on with his journey, she asked him to go into the chicken-house for her and see about a setting hen. Glad to be able to do something for the widow, who had so hospitably received him, he complied; but she locked the door on him and informed him he should stop there while she went for a preacher. She kept him locked up for two entire days before she returned with a preacher from the Scotch mission. You see, she was determined to marry him. She only let him out of his prison when the marriage vows were taken."

CATHERINE S. KIEHL, de Kieftkamp, Hulshorst, Province of Gelderland, Holland.

Mr. Jones was a house-decorator, and Miss Robinson, who had the shop next door, was a dressmaker. The two were very friendly, Mr. Jones doing for his neighbour any little

"THERE WOULD BE NO WEDDING TO-DAY."

odd job about her place for which a man is necessary. Consequently no one was surprised when their engagement was announced, and many of their friends journeyed to Miss Robinson's native parish on the wedding day, where it was arranged that the marriage was to take place.

Everything was in order. The vicar was standing on the chancel steps, and the bridal party had come in front of him. But before a word of the ceremony had been spoken the bride asked to speak privately to the vicar in the vestry, whither the two immediately adjourned, rather to the uneasiness of the assembled guests. But that was nothing to their consternation when, in a few minutes, the vicar returned with the bald and calm announcement that "there would be no wedding to-day."

The hopeless bewilderment of all can be better imagined than described. Nor were they ever enlightened, no explanation being given of the strange occurrence. The parties chiefly interested settled down to their former habits of living, as if these had never been interrupted, and the old sweethearts remained as friendly as heretofore.

Some years later—and it is important to remember this lapse of years—the hotel-keeper across the street had the misfortune to lose his wife. In due course, however, he looked about for a second helpmeet, and his choice fell upon Miss Robinson, the dressmaker, who not only accepted him, but consented to be married on this occasion. Unfortunately, her married life was not of long duration, because her husband died within a year; and, as he had no family, he left his widow the whole of his considerable fortune, as well as what was really the county hotel.

And now comes the remarkable part of the whole affair. After the lapse of a decorous time, the former sweethearts became engaged again, and did get married. No reasons were given as to the possible removal of objections which occasioned the former fiasco. The two were openly married without any apology, and settled down comfortably to the management of a prosperous hotel.

Now, what did prevent the marriage on the first occasion?

A. WILLIAMSON, Largoward, Fife.

I should say that it seldom happens that a man courts and marries his wife twice, yet such was the experience of a young and impecunious relative of mine. He and his future wife met and immediately fell in love with one another. The young couple, fearing the match would not meet with the approval of the lady's father—a wealthy man to whom my relative was quite unknown—decided to marry secretly, so that if the father discovered their meetings it would be out of his power to part them permanently. Both being just over age, they were married at a registrar's office without the knowledge of friends or relatives. After the ceremony the bride returned to her father's house, the bridegroom to his usual duties until the time should come

"HE BOLDLY ASKED HIS FATHER-IN-LAW'S CONSENT TO BECOME ENGAGED TO HIS OWN WIFE."

when he would be in a financial position to claim his wife openly.

Shortly after the wedding he was by chance introduced to his father-in-law, invited to the house, and introduced—of course, as a stranger—to his wife. This invitation was followed by many such others, and he soon became a great favourite in the household, but neither he nor his wife dared confess the truth. Eventually, not seeing any other way out of the difficulty, he boldly asked his father-in-law's consent to become engaged to his own wife. Not only was consent given, but such financial help promised as would enable the young couple to start housekeeping as soon as they liked. To risk confession now was out of the question, so the "engagement" in a short time was followed by a smart church wedding. Great would have been the astonishment of clergyman, relatives, and guests had they discovered that bride and bridegroom had been husband and wife for nearly a year.

Mrs. KATHLEEN HUDSON, "Chestan," Rotherhill Avenue, Streatham Common, S.W.

Mr. Simon Pengelly's marriage must surely be regarded as one of the most curious contracts of that kind ever made. When his seniority in the Indian Service gave him enough pay he very soon began to think of matrimony, for Madura is a small and lonely station, though very pretty. There are men in the Indian Services who would select a wife from the ladies of their acquaintance in India; there are others who must needs get a wife from England. There is much show of reason on both sides. Pengelly was for getting out his bride, but for some time could think of no suitable girl. Then recollection of his last long leave to England revived a pleasant memory of Grace, the charming daughter of his landlady, which worthy old person had managed her boarding-house in Bayswater so prosperously that, though for herself content with ungrammatical English and a subordinate manner, she had educated her daughters, Grace and Emma, to perfection. Both were quite ladylike, but, though Grace was extremely handsome, Emma was plain.

Pengelly decided to get Grace to come out, and he promptly wrote to her mother. His letter, enclosing a hundred pounds for passage money and outfit, was written in the tone of a tradesman ordering a fresh supply of goods. It concluded thus:—

"The P. and O. steamer *Ganges*, timed to leave London October 15th, will reach Bombay on November 7th, and I will have all in readiness at the cathedral for the marriage service on that date, and will immediately afterwards send you a telegram."

This letter was written in August, and it was not until October 21st that he received the much-awaited reply, which, worded in phraseology as commercial as his own, informed him that, Grace being already engaged, Emma had left by the *Ganges* as desired; that the money had been found quite sufficient (account enclosed), and that Pengelly had the good old landlady's best wishes.

The strange thing is that they met and were duly married at the Bombay Cathedral; and I, who stayed with the Pengellys a month or two afterwards when I was on an inspection tour, found them quite as loving and devoted as seemed good for them.

H. RAINIER, Mandalay, 45, Lowther Road, Bournemouth.

Saving the Situation.

WHEN my wife and I were on our honeymoon we were advised to visit a certain ruined castle, the custodian of which was a relative of the noble owner.

Having viewed the glorious old pile, I was at a loss how and in what way to offer a gratuity, bearing in mind the "blue blood" of our guide. The following conversation took place:—

"We thank you for your courtesy, and would be glad to give a small sum to any cause if you have a box for that purpose."

"Sir," was the reply, "we have such a box."

"Then may I see it?" I asked.

"Sir"—with a pleasant smile and a bow—"I am the box."

J. H. BRIGHOUSE, P.O., Box 9, Southport.

In a Continental train a lady was returning home, and had in her trunk a piece of smuggled lace which apparently gave her decided qualms of conscience or fear of discovery, for she carefully informed all the other occupants of the carriage of the fact. Soon the train came to a standstill, and the Customs officials appeared with the usual query, "Anything to declare?"

No one spoke, and the officers proceeded to search the passengers' luggage when, to the horror of the above-mentioned lady, a gentleman sitting in the corner of the carriage

remarked, as he touched one of the officials, "Look in that bag," indicating the lady's trunk. The officer looked, found and confiscated the lace, and in the confusion thus caused the other passengers' luggage was not examined.

The lady, after the officials' departure, turned with righteous indignation upon her fellow-passenger and denounced him for his ungallant conduct. Whereupon he replied :—

"Madam, I will give you three times the amount you have lost, for I have plenty!"

And so saying he opened a suit-case, which proved to be full of the most valuable lace. He had, by turning the attention of the Customs officers to the small, insignificant quantity, "saved the situation," though it was a saving we could hardly condone.

Rev. R. Rees, Hope Villa, Prior Park Road, Bath.

"THE SLITHERING MORSEL FELL EXACTLY UPON THE NAPE OF THE REVEREND PRELATE'S NECK."

In a certain country mansion a large house-party was assembled at dinner. The guests included a bishop, who in his younger days had held a commission in the Army. Ice-pudding was being served, when one of the tablemaids, failing to notice that a small fragment of ice had got perilously near the edge of the dish, in passing round to offer some to the bishop, allowed the slithering morsel to fall exactly upon the nape of the reverend prelate's neck. But the shock to the bishop was as nothing compared with the shock to the company, especially to a churchly, bishop-adoring spinster sitting opposite, as they heard (or could they possibly have been mistaken?) issuing from his lips, in tones of quiet, compressed, and deliberate malediction, the words, "Oh, damn!"

A barrister of experience, however, sitting near him at once responded :—

"Oh, yes, bishop; I know the liqueur you refer to, though I have never tasted it. But if you will permit me to correct your French, the exact name of it is not 'eau d'âme,' but 'eau de l'âme'—rather a fine idea—'water of the soul.' I have read somewhere that this French was a literal translation of the old Arabic name of the liqueur, the recipe for which was one of the few things brought back by the Crusaders from the East."

H. L. Jocelyn, Sunnyside, Elie, Fifeshire.

The late Emperor Alexander of Russia tried hard to put a stop to alcoholism in his army, especially among his officers. Whenever a case of inebriety came to his notice he ordered summary punishment of the offender.

One evening an officer of the Guards, decidedly the worse for liquor, was driving home in an open "drosky" on one of the chief boulevards of St. Petersburg. Suddenly, to his utter terror, he saw the Czar in his open carriage coming from the opposite direction. Motioning the officer's driver to stop, and stopping his own carriage, the Emperor exclaimed, in an angry tone :—

"Major X——, what are you doing here?"

Pulling himself together, partly sobered by the Czar's presence, the officer stood up, saluted, and replied, with shaky voice :—

"Your Majesty, I am just taking a drunken officer to the guard-house."

This presence of mind and ready wit pleased the Emperor so much that he pardoned the officer there and then.

A. Oppenheimer, 8, Christchurch Avenue, Brondesbury.

Mrs. Procter, the poetess, tells how, at one of Samuel Rogers's famous breakfast-parties, she found herself seated on one side of the poet with Mrs. Carlyle on the other. As Mr. Rogers seemed in rather a silent mood, Mrs. Carlyle set to work to charm him out of it, but only succeeded in making him glummer than ever. At last, getting thoroughly irritated, he turned to Mrs. Procter and said, in a loud voice :—

"My dear, who is this lady?"

Mrs. Procter, an old friend of the poet's,

whispered in an embarrassed voice, "Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of the historian." As the lady in question was one of the principal guests, she looked not a little annoyed. However, Rogers was quite equal to the occasion. He turned to Mrs. Procter and asked :—

"Now, my dear, tell me who *you* are."

The situation was saved, for Mrs. Carlyle's brow cleared like magic, and she was charming and smiling all the rest of the morning.

Mrs. Dorothea Clayton, Wyelands, Ross, Herefordshire.

A Lancashire cotton-manufacturer had been showing an American visitor round Manchester, and after they had seen most of the principal places of interest he suggested that they should have some refreshment. As they were entering the hotel the Lancashire man made the horrible discovery that he had left his purse at home, and as he felt it his duty to pay all expenses he found himself placed in rather an awkward predicament.

Eventually he came across a stray sixpence in his trousers-pocket ; but even then, as can well be imagined, he was very anxious to know what his American friend was about to order. He took the bull by the horns, however, and asked, quite unconcernedly :—

"Well, what are we having ? "

"I guess we'll have champagne," came the ready reply.

"Ah ! You've guessed wrong," said the man of cotton, feeling very much relieved. "It's beer ! "

Howard S. Murphy, 100, Watling Street Road, Fulwood, Preston.

The burlesque known as "Faust Up-to-Date" was concluding a short season at the old Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, when disaster was averted by one of the audience.

Those who have witnessed the piece will remember that it ends with Faust and Mephistopheles, seated at a supper-table, slowly descending into the nether regions through a trap-door. On this occasion the machinery suddenly ceased working, with the mortified comedians in the ludicrous position of being "neither up nor down."

All tension was at an end when, from the gods, a voice rang through the building :—

"Glory be to Heaven ! Hell's full ! "

The curtain was rung down amid loud applause. The rescued performers were called in front to get the ovation of their lives, and everybody went home in high good humour.

Lewis H. Griffith, The Dimple, Crich, Matlock.

Little Lottie was being taken a journey by train by her Aunt Katie and her young man, and when they got into one of the numerous tunnels of the suburb the smacking of lips was painfully audible to everyone in the compartment, followed by little Lottie lisping :—

"Kiss me too, auntie."

Light broke in on them again before Aunt Kate ceased blushing ; but then, with great presence of mind, she turned to her coyish little niece and said :—

"It is wrong of you to say, 'Kiss me two,' my dear ; you should be correct and say, 'Kiss me twice.' "

John A. Miller, 16, Delburn Street, Parkhill, Glasgow.

"YOU SHOULD BE CORRECT AND SAY, 'KISS ME TWICE.'"

THE CALLING BACK OF PHYLLIS WANE

by

ARTHUR CAIGHTON

Illustrated by **FRANK WILES**

IT is ten years now since Calliman so mysteriously disappeared, leaving the public to conjecture as to his fate. There have been many opinions published regarding his final exit from the world of men, some of which have been very ingenious, others extremely superstitious, but none of them correct.

As a matter of fact, I have very good reasons for knowing that he is, at the present moment, living in South America in very comfortable fashion, on the proceeds of his ill-gotten gains. I am informed by the doctor that I have barely a year to live, and I cannot pass into the Beyond without first ridding my conscience of its burden.

I remember distinctly the day I first met Robert Calliman. I was seated on a roof-garden in New York, with an acquaintance of mine, and in the course of conversation I had disclosed a good deal of my roving life, for I may mention that I have been many things in my time, from a beach-comber in the South Sea Islands to a pool-room tout in Chicago. After my friend had gone I became aware that a man sitting close to me was eyeing me with a good deal of interest. He was a tall, dark man, about forty years of age, with a thin, rather intellectual face, and deep-set eyes that regarded one steadily and thoughtfully, as if their owner were summing up one's character. We were soon engaged in conversation, and he learnt all about my life and position, and when we parted it was with the understanding that we should meet again. In a week's time I was completely under the spell of Calliman, and willing to do anything he wished. Having explained matters so far, I will now proceed to give an account of what was supposed to be his first miracle.

This was the case that caused such a lot of comment throughout America—the calling back of Phyllis Wane, the little daughter of the millionaire, Stephen Wane.

It is about seventeen years ago now that the Atlantic liner *Cavaria* left Liverpool for New York, having on board a full complement of passengers. In fact, so many were returning from Europe to the States that there was scarcely a berth on the ship vacant. Amongst the first-class passengers was Stephen Wane, the great railway magnate, with his wife and baby, together with a nurse in charge of the latter. Mrs. Wane was a woman much given to pleasure, and left the child a great deal with the nurse, who, however, seemed extremely fond of it.

Several days passed by, and, the weather remaining fairly good, most of the passengers were to be seen on deck during the day; and in the matter of amusements no one seemed more zealous than Mrs. Wane. She was quite fifteen years younger than her husband, and lived, as I said before, chiefly for pleasure. The baby, though left in charge of the nurse, came in for a good deal of petting from the ladies on board, the nurse, as a rule, being only too delighted to show it off.

It was about the fourth day after leaving

Liverpool that the accident happened which cast a gloom over the whole ship. It was a dull, cloudy morning, and the ship was rolling considerably in the trough of the waves. It seemed, indeed, as if we were running into the teeth of a gale, for the wind was beginning to freshen considerably. Still, it was not bad enough to keep people below, and quite a number were promenading the decks.

Amongst them was the girl, Bertha, with the baby in her arms. Several people stopped as usual to look at the little mite, and presently the nurse got the bottle of milk to feed it. Something in the baby's attire having come undone, the girl was about to go and place the bottle on the hand-rail by the side of the ship for a moment, when she inadvertently stepped on a piece of orange-peel that no one had noticed before on the deck, and, the ship rolling at that moment, the girl was flung against the rail with considerable force. The baby, to the horror of the spectators, was thrown right out of her arms and overboard.

The scene that followed was a sad one. The terrified girl screamed for help, in which the other passengers joined, and in as short a space of time as possible the vessel was stopped and a boat lowered. But all effort was useless; the baby had sunk almost immediately, and after rowing about for some time the men returned to the vessel. It had been a forlorn hope at the best, and none of the passengers who had witnessed the occurrence really felt any hope that the poor little child would be rescued.

The nurse-girl, on seeing the men rowing back to the ship, had a fit of hysterics, and was led away to her cabin.

Mrs. Wane, the mother, made a great show of sorrow, which some passengers thought rather insincere. Stephen Wane, however, was deeply and genuinely grieved, for he had been very fond of the child, which was his only one. He was rather a grave, self-contained man, and it had been a matter for comment that he should have chosen such a butterfly wife, who seemed, in many ways, the very opposite of himself. No blame appeared to attach to anyone, and indeed the nurse-girl seemed in such a depressed state of mind at losing her little charge in such tragic fashion that no one could have had the heart to blame her.

The steamer reached New York at length, and the papers were soon full of the accident which had deprived Stephen Wane of his only child. To one reporter who interviewed him on the subject, he remarked:—

"If a hundred thousand dollars could bring the child back to life, I would pay it willingly."

The remark was made almost unthinkingly, but it was remembered later on, when other events had occurred.

It was about a week after the millionaire's arrival back in New York that one morning Calliman called at his residence in Fifth Avenue and requested to see the railway magnate on an important matter. He was shown into the drawing-room, and after waiting some little time the door opened and Stephen Wane entered.

"Good morning," he said. "You are Mr. Calliman, I understand."

"I am," replied the other, gravely, "and I have come to see you on a matter of the greatest importance."

"Be seated, then, and tell me what it is in as few words as possible," replied Wane, looking at his watch.

"I shall not take long," said Calliman. "I may tell you, Mr. Wane, that I had a very strange dream last night."

The millionaire glanced up impatiently. "That is hardly a matter of importance, you will admit, to a busy man who has too much work to get through to take much interest in dreams—or dreamers," he added, as an afterthought.

"In the ordinary course of things, certainly not," replied Calliman, not at all abashed. "But in this instance it is a matter of great concern to you. My dreams are nearly always followed by action. To cut it short, I have it within my power to bring your little daughter back to life."

The millionaire jumped to his feet angrily.

"You must be mad. Do you understand the nature of the claim you are making? You are claiming supernatural powers."

"Not so," replied Calliman. "I make no claim to being anything but an ordinary human being. I am but an instrument, being used by a Higher Power. Have you never heard of people being cured at Lourdes, or by touching relics of mediæval saints?"

"I have heard of such things, but, to my mind, they have never been satisfactorily proved."

"You take what the world calls a strong common-sense view of things, Mr. Wane," replied Calliman, shaking his head a trifle sadly. "But let me tell you there are deep secrets of Nature which only by long years of study a man may comprehend."

"I know there are many things that superficially appear to savour of the miraculous, but they are all subject to some natural law,

"THE BABY, TO THE HORROR OF THE SPECTATORS, WAS THROWN RIGHT OUT OF HER ARMS AND OVERBOARD."

The ignorant and superstitious see omens and miracles everywhere, but you must not include me with them."

And Stephen Wane gave a scornful laugh, which, to some men, would have meant that the interview was ended. But Calliman was not easily daunted, and certainly not at all thin-skinned.

"I shall bring your child back to life, Mr. Wane," he said, standing up and fixing his steady, uncanny eyes on the millionaire, "and then you will believe me. I will let you know when the time is auspicious, and you may come and witness for yourself the child's return."

In spite of himself, the magnate was impressed by Calliman's manner, and after the latter had gone he remained for some time lost in deep thought.

"It's all nonsense—absolutely impossible," he muttered to himself at last, as he prepared to go down town. The note of conviction was, however, not so strong as it had been.

Several days passed by; and then, one morning, Wane received a note signed by Calliman, which ran as follows: "Come to-night to Sandy Bay, and see your child. Will meet you at station."

His first impulse was to fling it into the waste-paper basket, but on second thoughts he refrained from doing so, and slipped it into his desk instead. Several times during the morning he took it out and read it over, a puzzled expression on his face.

"The man evidently thinks he can do it," he muttered to himself, on one of these occasions. "One would say he was either mad or affected with some strange religious fervour that made him the victim of delusions. If only for curiosity's sake, there would be no harm in going down to Sandy Bay. Yes; I think I'll go."

At this moment his confidential clerk entered the office, and on the spur of the moment Wane said to him:—

"What's your opinion about miracles, Harman? Think it's possible for anyone living in this strenuous, go-ahead age to perform any?"

Harman looked up with surprise at the question, so unlike the magnate's usual queries. It was probably a jest, he thought, though not the slightest sign of humour shone in Mr. Wane's eyes.

"Miracles?" he repeated, tentatively. "Ah, that's rather a queer question to answer, sir. Still, I should think that there is one man who has performed at least one."

"Eh? Who is that, then?"

"Isaac Brenstein, who for once in his life got ahead of you, Mr. Wane. I mean about that deal in the Minnesota coal lands. If that wasn't a miracle, I don't know what is."

And Harman laughed pleasantly, feeling sure Mr. Wane would appreciate his little joke.

Instead, a frown settled on the latter's face, and in tones inclined to be frigid he said:—

"I am not jesting, Harman; I am in real earnest. I repeat, do you think it possible for any human being to perform miracles—for instance, bring the dead back to life?"

"I certainly do not," replied the latter, with conviction. "A man who claims to do that is a palpable fraud."

"I agree with you. What do you think, then, of Calliman, who has undertaken to perform one for my benefit? Isn't it absolute nonsense?"

"Calliman? Why, that's the man who has done such queer things in Europe, isn't it? Is he in America, then?"

"Yes; and called on me at my residence a short time ago. A remarkable-looking man, he is, and really, if I had less common sense than I possess, he might have induced me to believe in him. He has stated that he can bring my poor little girl back to life again."

Harman sat down on a chair, astonished beyond measure.

"Well, then," he said at length, "he must either do it or prove himself an impostor. He has practically offered to give himself away."

"Yes, that's exactly what I thought. But why should a man be so cocksure, unless he really believed in his own powers? He seems so certain of it. If he fails, he must know he'll be subjected to ridicule and contumely. You see, he doesn't merely say he thinks or hopes he can restore the child to me; he says, positively, he *can*."

"Well, the only thing to do is to let him expose himself as a bragging impostor. He can't do what he claims, and there's an end of it."

Stephen Wane took the note out of his desk that he had received from Calliman, and held it out to Harman.

"He has fixed to-day for the miracle, and wants me to go to Sandy Bay," he said. "Well, my mind's made up. I shall go, and you can come too, Harman. I shall take a few friends along with me to act as witnesses."

"A hint to the police would do no harm," replied Harman.

"No, I don't want any police in this affair," replied Wane. "I shall give the man his opportunity, and afterwards, when he has

confessed he is a failure at doing miracles, I shall give him the tip to clear out and retire to the backwoods in future."

That evening, after business hours, Stephen Wane, with Harman and several friends of the former, proceeded to the Grand Central Station and took their seats in a Pullman destined for Sandy Bay.

About an hour later the five men arrived at the latter place, which consisted of one straggling main street and a few outlying fishermen's cottages. It was already getting dark as they emerged from the station, where they were met by a man who informed them that Calliman had received their wire, and wished them to proceed in about an hour's time to a spot on the coast to which he would guide them.

"Why didn't he come himself?" inquired Wane, glancing at the others meaningly.

"I do not know," replied the man addressed. "He has been very quiet all day, and seemed to be lost in meditation. He said he must not be disturbed now, and he asks you all when you see him to follow his directions implicitly, and not subject him to questions or annoyance. He seems to me to be in a sort of trance."

"Well, we're quite willing to play fair," replied the millionaire. "Let him do just as he likes, then he will not be able to say that we prevented him from succeeding. We'll go to the hotel and wait."

And, leading the way, Stephen Wane entered the small building dignified by the name of the Sea View Hotel, followed by the others. The time passed, till at length the man who had met them looked at his watch and then jumped to his feet.

"If we start now we shall arrive at the appointed place at the time Calliman stated," he said.

Curiosity was certainly foremost in the minds of the millionaire and his friends as they tramped through the still night along the sandy, desolate shore in the footsteps of their guide. Though they tried to persuade themselves that they were engaged on a fool's errand, yet some dim feeling of doubt would persist in obtruding itself. In the minds of even the most sensible of men there is an underlying vein of superstition which circumstances may bring uppermost.

Had any of those men been asked direct whether he believed he was going to see a miracle performed, he would have replied with emphasis, "No!" In the same way each would have refuted any suggestion that he believed thirteen to be an unlucky number. Yet had they by chance been given a room with that number at an hotel they would have asked for another. Not, of course, that they believed in the popular superstition. Oh, dear, no! *But*—— That "but" was as far as the thoughts of any of the five men had travelled on this occasion. What they were to see or not to see, they were content to leave for awhile.

After about a quarter of an hour's sharp walking along the shores of the bay they came to an old jetty, which at one time had been used by the sailing vessels which came there. It extended a distance of about fifty yards into the water, and seemed to be quite deserted. On to this they followed their guide, till, on coming near the end, they perceived the figure of a man standing motionless, his form silhouetted against the sky.

The guide stopped and whispered to those behind him, "It is Calliman. I will go forward and speak to him, but you must remain here till I come back."

Quietly he stepped along the ancient jetty till he reached the man standing there.

"Mr. Stephen Wane and his friends have arrived," he said, in a voice that could be heard by those in the rear. There was complete silence for the space of a minute, and then Calliman, who seemed to be gazing out to sea in an absorbed and contemplative fashion, turned slowly round, and said, in a dreamy, far-off voice:—

"Tell them to come nearer and stand a yard from the edge." Saying this he descended the steps which led down from the end into the water, and stood immersed up to his waist.

A certain excitement, which they tried in vain to shake off, took possession of Stephen Wane and his friends as they went forward and stood at the place appointed.

Then Calliman turned to them and said, in that same peculiar voice, "Watch and see, but do not speak. Be patient."

Then, as if again oblivious to their presence, he turned and gazed once more out to sea, meanwhile muttering words they could not understand.

The minutes passed slowly by, and to Harman the whole affair began to seem uncanny in the extreme. Was it possible that anything out of the ordinary was about to happen? No; his reason rejected the idea utterly; they would stand there for a quarter of an hour, or perhaps half an hour, and then the farce would come to an ignominious end. Thus he reflected as they stood silently there

in the still night air. The water lapped softly against the side of the jetty, and inland, beyond the bordering trees, they could hear the cry of a night bird. Out on the shadowy sea no sign of a boat or ship was discernible, nothing but the calm water stretching away into the darkness. The minutes passed slowly by, and still nothing happened. But Calliman had ceased muttering now, and had flung his arms out towards the sea in an appealing attitude. What did it mean? Did he really—— Good Lord! what was that?

A half-stifled cry broke from Stephen Wane's lips, and he gripped the arm of the man next him with vigour. There was—yes, there could be no doubt of it. Something small and white was coming along the surface of the water.

And it looked like the form of a child!

The others had seen it too, and were now peering forward at the sea with eyes alight with astonishment and awe. In the same expectant attitude Calliman stood, his arms held out, and slowly that small, barely discernible figure in white came nearer to him.

An impulse to break the spell which held him and rush down the steps and towards the approaching form came over Wane, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in controlling himself and maintaining his stationary position.

The white form was barely three yards from Calliman now; it seemed to glide along on the sea, as if being drawn irresistibly by some power possessed by the latter. Nearer and nearer it came, and then, suddenly, the man leaned over and lifted the white form in his arms. As he did so he gave a loud cry of exultation and joy, and stood kissing and hugging the tiny form. Then he staggered up the steps and placed the child—for child it was—in Stephen Wane's arms. The scene that followed was one of mingled emotions. Stephen Wane, not sure yet that the child was his, hurried with it to the hotel, where its dripping clothes were taken off and the tiny thing put to bed. It *was* his child Phyllis beyond all doubt, and the realization of that fact staggered him beyond measure. There could no longer be any question that a miracle had been performed; none of the men who had stood on the jetty and watched that remarkable scene had any further doubts on the subject. Even Harman, who had been the most incredulous of them all, admitted that Calliman's claim to have miraculous powers was justified. Stephen Wane had kept all this from his wife, and it was not till the next day, when, on his return to New York, he placed the child in her mother's arms, that the latter had the least inkling of the matter.

It was not long before the affair got abroad and rapidly became the sensation of the day. Reporters flocked to the house where Calliman was staying, but his only reply to their questions was that he had nothing to say—his deeds must answer for him. His attitude, which seemed very different to that of a charlatan, helped much to make him popular amongst those people who would have reviled him had he gone about talking of his powers or seeking the limelight.

It was not till some weeks after the event that someone, in a letter to the papers, called attention to the fact that Mr. Wane had said, some time before, that he would willingly give a hundred thousand dollars if that could bring his little daughter back to life. The outcome of this was that the millionaire offered that sum to Calliman, who, after some show of reluctance, stated that he would accept half of it if the other half was given to charities. This was done, and it had the effect of making Calliman very much of a hero in the eyes of the ignorant masses.

The sceptical were soon convinced that the child really was Phyllis Wane, for the mother knew it instantly, not only by its features, but by a birthmark as well. Next to Calliman, little Phyllis Wane was the most-talked-of human being in the whole of America for a long time.

And that was the miracle that staggered the United States and made the name of Calliman famous. As I said before, the whole thing was a fraud, and I will now proceed to describe how it was done.

Calliman was a man who always waited his time and opportunity, and made preparations months and even years in advance. This miracle of the bringing back to life of a child had been planned some time before and every detail carefully thought out. His first step was to secure the position of nurse for Bertha Manning, who was a very smart, ready-witted girl, whom Calliman had met years before, when she was performing at a third-rate music-hall. She had since married a man by the name of Manning, who was a willing tool in the hands of Calliman.

This step gained, Calliman found no difficulty in meeting Bertha when she was out with the baby, and taking a photograph of it. After that, with his own hands, he made a mould in wax of the baby's face, which was almost perfect. This done, he next brought

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ON THE SEA, AS IF BEING DRAWN IRRESISTIBLY BY SOME POWER POSSESSED BY THE LATTER."

in the Cantleys, a young couple who were members of the gang.

These two booked a passage by the same boat as the millionaire. Thus there were three of the gang on board—the two Cantleys and the girl Bertha, who was acting as nurse to Stephen Wane's child.

The Cantleys took on board with them a baby as well, but the mother remained in her cabin the whole time, as it appeared she was suffering from sea-sickness. Her husband was reputed to be very devoted to her, getting her everything she required, and saving the steward and stewardess any extra trouble. As a matter of fact she could not leave the cabin, for the baby would not bear close inspection, being, indeed, the wax doll that Calliman had made in the image of the millionaire's child.

Well, on the day that the accident happened the Cantley baby—or model, rather—was got ready in its clothes, which were the duplicate of those in which Phyllis Wane was dressed.

Bertha, the nurse, had whispered to them that that day would probably be a favourable one, so they remained in their cabin all in readiness. Bertha, with little Phyllis in her arms, walked up and down the deck, crooning and talking to her charge, and even stopped several times to allow some of the lady passengers to admire the child.

A lot of people were on deck, the day being mild though threatening, and the time appeared ripe for the prearranged accident.

"I must go and get her bottle now," said Bertha to a lady who was pinching the child's cheeks, and with that she passed down the companion-stairs. No one was about, for most of the passengers were on deck, so she strolled quietly along to the Cantleys' cabin, handed the child to them, and took the doll in its place; then, holding the milk-bottle in her hand, she went straight up on deck again.

She had only been away a minute, and the people who had just before been admiring the baby and watching it never for a moment suspected that it had ever left the nurse's arms. One lady who came up again to take another peep Bertha warned off by saying, "Hush, she's going off to sleep."

A moment later the girl went to the side of the vessel to place the bottle on the rail for a moment. Even the piece of orange-peel on which she stepped had been carefully rehearsed beforehand. Just as the girl got to the rail she slipped, and in a moment the baby had gone right over the side in full view of scores of passengers. The scene that followed I have already described—the hysterical nurse, the sympathetic passengers, the futile search of the men in the boat, and the grief of the millionaire and his wife. Everything had been so carefully rehearsed beforehand that there was really very little difficulty in it at all. There was not a grain of suspicion that things were not as they seemed, for who would ever have dreamt of such a scheme? The very boldness and simplicity of it tended to disarm suspicion.

Well, so far everything had turned out successfully, and while the millionaire and his wife mourned the loss of their child it was, in reality, close at hand in the Cantleys' cabin, where it remained for the rest of the voyage. Everything was now ripe for the proposed miracle by Calliman, which he had determined should make him famous throughout the world.

The child Phyllis was carefully cared for, and after Calliman's interview with the millionaire, and his scoffing unbelief, the next scene is the jetty, where Calliman stood and called the child back. The Cantleys had meanwhile, in the guise of an artist and his wife, taken a fisherman's cottage situated on a lonely part of the shore, over half a mile from the jetty at Sandy Bay. Cantley had some ability in painting, and had taken care to be observed on several occasions with his canvas and utensils under his arm. When the night arrived that the miracle was to be performed—and, I may add, a dark night had purposely been chosen—Cantley prepared himself by putting on a dark bathing costume and blacking his face, arms, and legs, so that he was quite imperceptible from even a short distance away. Then, after his wife had given the child something to make it sleep, he took it from her and, stealing across the beach, entered the water, which was comparatively calm. Cantley was a good swimmer and had calculated the time to a nicety. He swam straight out to sea, holding the child well above the water, and then turned in towards the jetty. Just before he got to where Calliman was standing he gently dipped the child under the water and, holding it above the surface again, silently delivered it into Calliman's outstretched hands. This safely accomplished, he turned and swam quietly out to sea again, and ultimately reached the cottage in perfect safety. It was impossible to see him in the dark water, so it is little wonder that the millionaire and his friends were absolutely amazed at what seemed, in very truth, the return of their child from the far-off depths of the ocean.

This is the true story of the calling back of Phyllis Wane.

Do Love Marriages Turn out The Best?

A Symposium of the Opinions of many Well-Known English and Foreign Celebrities in Various Walks of Life.

In collecting the following symposium on a subject which is not only of interest in itself, but of great importance to the national well-being, we obtained an opinion from Dr. Saleeby—who is in favour of love marriages—on one side of the question, and another from Madame Waddington, as a supporter of the marriage by arrangement which prevails generally in France. It is upon these two texts that the following opinions are founded. In order to obtain a representative expression of French views, we have secured communications from six typical Frenchmen, all members of the French Academy and of distinguished eminence in their respective spheres.

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY, the well-known Eugenist and Author of "The Methods of Race-Regeneration," "Woman and Womankind," etc.

"TO LOVE IS TO BE ALL MADE OF FAITH AND SERVICE."

You ask me to state my opinions on a question which most nearly concerns me, for it lies at the very root of Eugenics, and everything depends upon the answer which a man returns to it. So pre-eminent, for society and the future, is the eugenic issue here that you must allow me to extend the meaning of your question, so that we may ask whether love marriages are the happiest, not merely for the married, but also for their children.

If the word love be properly defined, my answer is the most emphatic affirmative that words can express. Sensory attraction, however, called love only by those who are incapable of loving, is not what we must mean here. It is a necessary constituent and physical root of love itself, but not the whole. To base permanent unions upon such attraction—which, unless it gives rise to higher things, is invariably transient—is to commit the crime of crimes against society present and to come. Hence the most cogent argument for long engagements, that we may see whether physical attraction is going to burgeon in spiritual flower.

But if by love we mean what Shakespeare meant when he said that "To love is to be all made of faith and service," your question answers itself. Only the Eugenist must recognize the lamentable truth that we are born different in this respect as in the colour of our eyes and hair. Many are naturally incapable of love in the high sense, and some kind of compromise is the best that can be hoped for them.

Not a few among the many voluble novices who are now advocating and prejudicing the cause of Eugenics declare that love is not the best basis of marriage, either from the individual or the racial standpoint. I believe that view to be profoundly false, and have elsewhere argued, at length, following Darwin himself, that the factors for which people really love each other (*including* physical beauty) are highly correlated with health of body and soul, being often the direct expression of it, and are therefore of eugenic value. Real love is indeed the most ancient and valuable eugenic agent in the world; only the most complete ignorance of Darwin's classical work and of modern physiology and

psychology can account for the nonsense we hear as to an opposition between love and married and parental happiness and worth. The French are often quoted as making quite a success of marriage without love. But the student knows that the French race is now in a critical plight, that its birth-rate is deplorably small, that a great National Commission is now dealing with the problem, and that if marriage without love was ever condemned on a mighty scale, it is in the danger that now threatens the illustrious race of Pascal and Pasteur.

But who am I to argue on this question when Miss Ellen Key, the wisest woman in the world, in her recent volume on "Love and Marriage," has answered it out of the fullness of her long experience and matchless wisdom?

Mme. WADDINGTON (the widow of the French Statesman).

I think, on the whole, the arranged marriages turn out as well as any others. They are generally made by people of the same *monde*, accustomed to the same way of living, and the fortunes are as nearly alike as possible. I am speaking, of course, of purely French marriages. To my American idea it seemed strange to me when I first came to Europe, but a long residence in a foreign country certainly modifies one's impressions.

"ARRANGED MARRIAGES ARE GENERALLY MADE BY PEOPLE OF THE SAME 'MONDE.'"

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

"A LITTLE BIT O' MONEY IS VERY NICE."

I have just put the question, "Are love marriages the happiest?" to the charwoman who comes to tidy up my rooms. "A little bit o' money," she said, "is very nice." But when I questioned her further, it appeared that in her young days she had refused a successful man, and married a poor one because she loved him. It reminded me of a remark I once heard a woman make in Ireland. "Shure, I'd sooner be in love wid a fella," she said, "and have to work for me livin', than be rowlin' in a carriage covered with diamonds wid a fella I didn't loike."

My own opinion is that the only spirit of sacrament in marriage is love. Without it marriage does not exist.

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.

Mediævalism looked upon woman as the source of corruption, and as a being inferior to man. Protestantism has tended to give the woman a position more equal with the man. Nowhere in the world has there been purer family life than in Protestant Germany, England, Scotland, America, and Scandinavia. Here it is that the process of falling in love, which happens to almost everybody, causes a difficulty. In the first place, in England there are one million more women than there are men to go round; in the second place, in the age of falling in love, young men and young women do not often know their own minds. Falling in love is usually physical, but it also may be mental or prudential.

Now, in countries where Roman law prevails marriage is still in the hands of parents and guardians, and there is very little pretence of affection before the wedding, whereas in Great Britain, her dominions, and the United States choice is comparatively free. In these countries the consent of parents is not required after the age of twenty-one, the

"MORE WOMEN THAN THERE ARE MEN TO GO ROUND."

only check being the distribution of property. The probability is that a mixture of the two systems is the best, and that is pretty much what we have in this country at the present day.

It does not appear that the law needs altering, except in regard to the early ages inherited from Italy, and quite unsuited to our climate. But all the moral and religious influences of the nation should be enforced to prevent young people from making sentimental marriages against their parents' consent, and this influence should be enforced in the same way against parents and guardians insisting on marriages without love.

Only occasionally will they make such mistakes as was made by my great-grandmother, who was a strong advocate of the judicious marriage, and wished not to depart in peace without being assured that all *her* maids were at least engaged. She lay, as she thought, dying at her northern castle on the Pentland Firth, and was urging Jeannie, the last of them, to give her that consolation. Jeannie was shy on the matter, and began playing with her apron. "Well, my lady," she said at last, "there is just one little obstacle."

"And what's that?" said her affectionate mistress.

"Oh, just that my first man is no deid yet."

PRINCESS BARIATINSKY.

"INTERESTS IN COMMON."

I most certainly think that marriages for love must almost invariably turn out far happier unions than "arranged" marriages, always providing that the husband and wife-to-be have interests in common. After the first glamour of marriage has worn off, it is, I think, a mutual interest which helps more than anything else, assists more than any other influence, to keep that first happiness green and fresh. In my own experience—that is to say, with cases that have actually come to my notice—I have frequently observed that it is lack of common interests which has caused "love to fly out of the window." I would lay stress on the fact, too, that in marriages for love long engagements are advisable, for few impartial observers of life these days will deny that many people mistake what is actually merely passing passion for love. Long engagements, however—reasonably long engagements—should almost certainly prove to an engaged couple whether that feeling of affection which they both so fondly believe is love is really the genuine article, or merely a spurious imitation.

Men and women who marry after knowing each other for only a few months must unconsciously during those few months "dress their shop windows"—that is to say, only show one to the other their best self. In cases of true love, however, no shop-window dressing is necessary, for both would appreciate the said window just as much were it bare and entirely lacking in decoration. It will be a sorry day for we poor human beings if it should ever come to pass that love is not regarded as a necessary factor in the making of marriages.

The REV. A. J. WALDRON.

This is a big question, full of psychological intricacies. What do we mean by love? If it means affinity of soul, which it ought to mean, it is difficult of attainment.

Young people are so apt to misinterpret sensuous emotions born of sex relationship, and after marriage awake to the tragedy of their error.

Very few people are capable of choosing wisely for themselves and too conceited to ask or take advice.

We need education, but the most important thing—viz., marriage, is entirely left alone by those who ought to teach and inform, or left to people who have narrow outlooks and little knowledge of affairs, or, on the other hand, to those who in novels or on the stage venture to experiment without moral obligations.

"TOO CONCEITED TO TAKE ADVICE."

There are love-matches that have turned out well. It is then sublime poetry. But my experience of life leads me to believe

that we want liberty within well-defined areas of arrangement. In this the Church should take a very definite place, and by providing social intercourse give people the opportunities of introduction and companionship.

I have found very few marriages turn out happily where they are not of the same social position.

FATHER ROBIN, Rector of the French Church, Leicester Place, W.C.

"A MERE PASSING FANCY."

This seems to me an exceedingly difficult question to answer; but after mature consideration I am inclined to think that, as a general rule, arranged matches probably turn out happier than what we are pleased to call "love marriages." The reason for this, I think, lies in the fact that so many couples are apt to mistake physical attraction, a mere passing fancy, for real love, and to "bank" on this passing attraction accordingly.

Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.

"MARRIAGES BASED ON AFFECTION ARE BEST."

I have known cases in which so-called "arranged" marriages have turned out extremely well, and, indeed, although probably love was not the basis of the marriage when it was arranged, the affection which was missing before marriage came on the scene afterwards, and came to stop. By the same token, I have known not a few love marriages, based entirely on affection, and made regardless of the financial status of either the bride or the bridegroom, which have turned out extremely unhappy unions. So what can one say? It seems to me that the question of "Are love marriages best?" must depend largely on the temperament of those who marry.

Many members of both sexes contrive to fall in love in the most enthusiastic manner, and are equally successful in falling out of love in the most amazingly short time. After all, with love no guarantee is given, as with an expensive watch, or any other saleable commodity. The love of 1914 may have turned to indifference in 1915. Still, on the whole, I am sure that marriages based on affection are best. There is something cold, calculating, and unappealing in the "arranged" marriage which assuredly does not suggest happiness.

PROFESSOR E. RAY LANKESTER.

"DISCOMFORT WHICH IS RESENTED."

In answer to your inquiry, I wish to point out that I do not know precisely what you mean by "love marriages," nor what you mean by "turn out the best."

So far as I have been able to form an opinion, I should say that marriages where both the contracting parties are at the time actuated by the highest kind of sexual love—not mere passion—for one another are more likely to lead to continued satisfaction and happiness than those in which neither of the parties is so actuated. And, further, that even if only one of the two is so actuated, whilst the other is a person of well-balanced character, a happy result is not improbable. Where neither party is actuated by the most developed form of that complex state called sexual love, it is probable that one or both of them will experience much discomfort, which will be tolerated or resented, in varying degree, according to the characters of the parties concerned. This, of course, is mere commonplace. What is improbable frequently occurs, and many men and women are willing to take the chance.

Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT.

"A TERRIFYING FEELING OF UTTER LONELINESS."

It seems to me that this is a most difficult question to which to reply with any degree of conviction. Firstly, what is love? Some people have an extraordinary capacity for affection, but really seem quite incapable of loving in the true sense of the word. If, however, I take it that real affection and love as applied to marriage mean almost the same thing, then I should reply, with the greatest certainty in the world that I am right, that "love marriages"—that is to say, marriages based on affection, comradely love—almost invariably turn out better than arranged marriages.

In any case, it must always be a matter of the greatest doubt whether passionate emotion can ever prove the parent of happy marriages. Passionate emotion is akin to temporary madness; it intoxicates while it lasts, but, like the fiercest fire, the best cigar, it burns out and leaves nothing but cold, white ash which will crumple away at the slightest touch. When passionate emotion is dead—and so many people mistake this for love—its place is taken by a terrifying feeling of utter loneliness.

No, I think that the marriages which turn out the happiest are those which are based on real affection. After all, whether this is lasting or not can always be tested by long engagements. Real affection, responsive comradeship, a feeling of mutual sympathy, seems bound to create "happiness in double harness." And real affection and passing passion, which, as I have said, so many people mistake for love, are as utter strangers the one to the other as is the North to the South Pole.

The marriage based on passion—the love-match, as so many people seem to regard it—is apt to flicker out when called upon to face the winds of adversity. But the marriage based on real affection will manfully struggle against adversity until the call of Time.

Miss ELLEN KEY, Author of "Love and Marriage," etc.

With my whole soul, and without the least reservation, I support the view of my "unknown" friend, Dr. Saleeby, *that love marriages turn out the best for the individual and the race.* Naturally only on the two conditions—that the love was indeed love and no sentimental flirtation, and that the lovers have not been blind to the welfare of possible offspring.

"LOVE IS THE MASTER PASSION OF LIFE."

What real love is every English-reading person can learn in Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese." What a young love couple must consider before becoming parents they can learn in Dr. Saleeby's books. Since I was a child of seven—and for a whole winter carried in my pocket a love-epic by a great Swedish poet—I have known not only that love was the master-passion of life, but that a marriage without it was a bad action. In later years I have become more and more persuaded that in some mysterious way the new generation is benefited by parents who love each other. The race-instinct would not have developed itself to glorious love, and love would not have become the highest happiness of the individual, if this feeling had gone *against* the highest purpose of the race-instinct! Further scientific research will, I believe, be able to prove the hypothesis—that love of the parents furthers the offspring. Against Mme. Waddington's opinion—that the French custom of "arranged" marriages is on the whole better—I can say this: I know that in France these marriages become more and more scarce; that not a few young men now marry early and for love; and that many young girls are firmly resolved only to marry for love!

The arranged marriage in nine cases out of ten has had unfaithfulness as complement; the "lover" and the "mistress" having satisfied the love passion, marriage was a prosaic comradeship, wherein one or two children constituted the only bond of sympathy, while the secret love was poetical and unfertile. Well I know that many arranged marriages are happy through esteem and also affection. But it is a happiness on a lower scale.

The passionate sufferings, possible in a love marriage, do not occur; no heart is broken, because there was no heart in the "arrangement." But only a year of married love is bliss, and better to have had than half a century of calm content!

CHARLES GARVICE.

"AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE."

Unhesitatingly, I place myself behind Dr. Saleeby, and I do so by reason of a somewhat lengthy experience in a village right away in Devonshire, some dozen miles from a railway station, and so isolated that its people almost formed an independent community. The children and the young people of this Arcadia, within a couple of miles of my lodge gates, were nearly all healthy and good-looking; and I attributed, and still attribute, their flourishing mental and physical well-being to the fact that most of the marriages were love-matches. Of course, there were cases now and again when a young woman, with an eye to the main chance, would wed a wealthy farmer years her senior, or a tradesman with a good business, marrying not for love's but for money's sake. In these cases the progeny were by no means deformed, or congenital invalids, or idiots; but there was a vast difference between the children of Sam, the young farm labourer, and Mary Ann, our housemaid, who married for love, and the offspring of those matches which were more or less ones of convenience and worldly consideration. There was a brightness in the faces, the manner, and the intelligence of the children whose mother and father were genuine sweethearts which was lacking in those of the other children. And the reason is not difficult to find. The husband and wife who love each other are sure to love, and do their best for, their children. I have observed that, strangely enough, the young couple who mated because they were driven to it by Cupid were generally prosperous; and not only they but their children. This is not the place to even hint at the subject of eugenics; but if it were, I could a tale unfold of the results of some of the marriages between imbeciles and consumptives in that pretty village which would interest—and not improbably horrify—the readers of this discussion.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT FRENCH AUTHORITIES.

The first four vote unanimously in favour of love marriages, the other two in favour of love and interest combined.

RÉNÉ BAZIN,

the famous author, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Member of the French Academy, Professor of Criminal Law at the University of Angers, and author of "Une Tache d'encre" (Crowned by the French Academy), "Humble Amour," etc., etc.

ETIENNE EMILE MARIE BOUTROUX,

Officer of the Legion of Honour, Member of the French Academy, Professor of the Faculty of Letters, and author of many standard works; one of the greatest living authorities on Literature and Philosophy.

O. BRIEUX,

Officer of the Legion of Honour, Member of the French Academy, and one of the best-known dramatic authors of the day, whose works are almost as familiar in this country as in his own.

ALFRED JEAN FRANÇOIS MÉZIÈRES,

the well-known writer, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Member of the French Academy, Professor of Foreign Literature, author of "Hommes et Femmes d'hier et d'avant-hier," etc., etc.

JEAN AICARD,

the well-known writer and playwright, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Member of the French Academy, and author of "Le Livre d'heures de l'amour," "Le Pavé d'amour," and "Notre Dame d'amour," expresses his opinion in terms of which the following is a translation:—

The question being put in these terms, it is impossible, it seems to me, to answer it in a single word, by a simple choice between one kind of marriage and the other.

Love is blind.

The attraction which gives rise to love marriages deceives the bride and bridegroom as to their respective characters, and mistakes on this point have terrible consequences. The "arranged" marriage may be excellent if it is carried out with wisdom and honesty, and if the hope is always borne in mind that love between the two may one day be born. For these reasons one can hardly reply by "Yes" or "No" to so complex a question.

ETIENNE VICTOR LAMY,

Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and Secretary of the French Academy, holds very similar views, as will be seen from his letter, of which the following is a translation:—

It is impossible to answer "Yes" or "No," for the following reason. Is it required to choose, as the question seems to imply, between marriages made for love alone or for interest alone? Whether love or interest claim the mastery, each can only provide one essential to a happy life. Whether affection is called upon to compensate for the meanness or misery of the social condition, or whether the advantages of rank and riches have to provide consolation for the absence of sympathy, life remains incomplete. In order to offer man or woman the chances of a happy marriage, it is above all things necessary that love and foresight should be united. The heart should go hand in hand with reason, and reason with the heart

It will be seen that the result of this most interesting discussion is the somewhat unexpected one that, even including foreign authorities, the majority in favour of Love Marriages is something like four to one.

NURSERY DAYS.

Being Some Random Recollections of an Average Childhood.

By WALTER EMANUEL.

With some entirely fanciful Illustrations by Lewis Baumer.

I REMEMBER, I remember—what do I remember of that period which seems now so distant—my early childhood?

Oh, what a rummy thing is memory! The queer things that stick!

I was one of a set of six—five boys and one girl—and we had some curious customs, we children. Some of these customs, I fear, showed a shocking lack of the higher morality. Take, for example, "Over the left." This worked in the following way. I, say, would make a statement. "Is that true?" I would be asked by a brother. "Yes," I would answer. "You swear it?" "Yes," I would repeat, at the same time saying, *sotto voce*, "Over the left." The statement, as a matter of fact, would be untrue; but, according to our code, the "Over the left" would shrive me. Not, by the way, that it would always settle the matter; more often than not it would be merely the prelude to trial by battle.

As regards treats, the rule of seniority always found favour with my parents. The best things would invariably go to the elders, and I, as a younger son, I remember, always resented this. The rule applied even to the order in which we were served at meals. If ever I have children I promise them they shall take it in turns to be served first. By the by, it must not be taken that in any of these recollections of mine I wish in any way to reflect on the manner in which our parents brought us up. After all, it must be borne in mind that at that time they did not have the inestimable advantage of the advice of their children.

What else do I remember?

I remember our placing, one day, a piece of cobbler's wax on the music-stool, and our only sister sticking to it, and how, when the parting at last took place, a piece of the covering of the stool and a piece of our only sister's dress both came away, and just wasn't there a row about it!

And I remember how, when my sister was learning singing, we little brutes would assemble outside the drawing-room and give what we imagined to be marvellously clever imitations of cats.

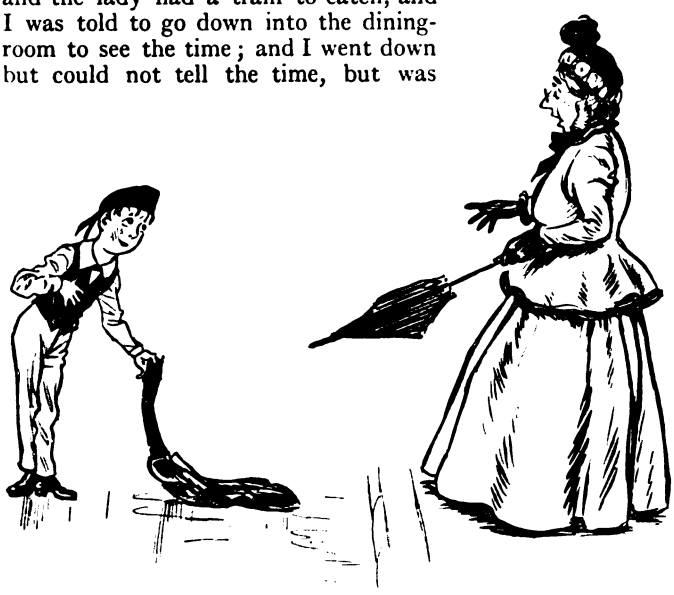
And I remember that, when I was a child, I thought that all dogs were gentlemen and all cats ladies.

And I remember that the picture in my mind of a grown-ups' dance was a staircase crammed with couples sitting on the steps proposing to one another.

"I REMEMBER OUR PLACING A PIECE OF COBBLER'S WAX ON THE MUSIC-STOOL, AND OUR ONLY SISTER STICKING TO IT."

And I remember that whenever I went to the doctor's I used to picture the room on the far side of the consulting-room as being full of white hat-boxes containing babies.

And I remember what a long time it took me to learn to tell the time. And once, I remember, my mother had a visitor in the drawing-room, and the drawing-room clock had stopped, and the lady had a train to catch, and I was told to go down into the dining-room to see the time; and I went down but could not tell the time, but was ashamed to say so, so I guessed at it and the lady lost her train.



"I HAD A VAGUE NOTION OF THROWING MY COAT ACROSS A MUDDY ROAD FOR THE OLD LADY TO WALK ON."

And I remember a horribly awkward incident in which one of my aunts figured. It was at lunch one Saturday, and my aunt was there, and the servant had gone out of the room and we wanted her. So my father saw a little gong by his side on the table, and he gave it a great bang, and it fell to pieces, whereat he cried to my mother, "Oh, why will you buy such rubbish!" At which my aunt, covered in blushes and confusion, said, "Oh, it was my birthday present to you!"

And I remember my mother would sometimes go in a four-wheeler to see my grandmother, and the cabby said one day, "Where to, lady?" and my mother answered, absent-mindedly, "Oh, mamma's."

And I remember how I used to give the old crossing-sweeper at the end of the road a salary of one penny per year each Christmas Day, and how it gave me the Fauntleroyish feeling. Also I used to say "Good morning" to him every day to show I was not a snob.

And I remember how I had a great idea of receiving a huge legacy one day for being polite to some old lady in the street. I never quite made up my mind as to what I should do, but had a vague notion of throwing my coat across a muddy road for the old lady to walk on.

And I remember my idea of a millionaire used to be a man who could afford to buy a penny paper every day.

And I remember the evening before the school sports how I would go out after dark and run at full pelt in the street at what was surely the most terrific rate that ever was, winning my race easily in imagination—but somehow or other it never came off the next day.

And I remember, when I was small, walking along the pavement, avoiding all the cracks where the paving-stones joined, and an awful little ass I must have looked!

And I remember being enjoined not to make faces in the street, and how the nurse told me that, if the wind blew, the face would remain for ever, and I believed this implicitly. And perhaps it was true, and perhaps the wind did blow!

Which reminds me that I was always dissatisfied with my personal appearance, and I remember one day my worst fears in this respect being confirmed in the most sudden way. A visitor had been up into the nursery to see us, and as she went down I overheard my mother saying to her, "Yes, the pretty one, that's Charlie." He had choir-boy curls then, but is now a solicitor. Still, it depressed me horribly.

The vagaries of memory are odd. Curiously I seem to remember more that was unpleasant than pleasant. I wonder whether this means that my childhood was an unhappy one?

Take Kensington Gardens. Kensington Gardens are interesting to me to-day, not so much on account of Peter Pan, as because I used to go for a walk there nearly every day with a lump of fat in my mouth. Every afternoon, if it was fine, we were taken for a walk in the Gardens—as a rule, from the Broad Walk to the Fountains. I remember

the hats we used to wear—horrid black, shiny things, with " H.M.S. *Galatea* " on the ribbon. And, as often as not, as I have said, I would have a lump of fat in my mouth. As a child I could not eat fat of any kind ; I hated the sight of it. In spite of this, the nurse thought it fit and proper to try and break me of the " silly fad." So, under threats, I used to put the fat in my mouth and stow it away in an empty corner thereof until an opportunity should occur for me to drop it. Such an opportunity was generally given me on these walks. I would lag behind a bit, and then, when I saw that neither the nurse nor the nursemaid was looking, I would open my jaws and drop my burden.

I was never caught, but I still remember how frightened I was lest I should be, and more than once I have carried the stuff home again, not having had the courage to risk detection. I see now, in Kensington Gardens, wire baskets for rubbish, and I often wonder whether this is a kindly attempt to administer to the comforts of the fat-haters. As a race they still exist, I know, and I have heard of children taking pins with them to table and fastening their pieces of fat under the table—where no doubt they will be discovered one day by the sanitary inspector.

It was, of course, a thoughtless and cruel act on the part of the nurse to try and force me to eat the fat. The wonder is that we do not come to more harm through these ignorant domestics. They certainly inflict a great deal of needless suffering on little children. One of our nurses, I remember, told us that once, during a storm, a ball of fire came down the chimney and rolled under her mother's bed. As a consequence I was terrified of thunder and lightning, and whenever there was a storm I used to look out for my fire-ball.

But there was sunshine as well as shadow in my nursery days. I remember I used to enjoy very much our boys' parties—functions to which representatives of what was then the Gentle Sex were not admitted. A great feature of these parties was the mesmerism trick. I still think it rather good, and I wonder whether it is still done. It was, however, a flagrant breach of hospitality. One of us would ask an unsuspecting guest, preferably a boy with curls, whether he would like to be mesmerized. Upon receiving an affirmative reply we would have the gas lowered almost to extinction. The mesmeror would then take a plate in his hand, and give a similar one to the mesmeree. " Now, do as as I do," the mesmeror would say, and he would rub his hand first on the bottom of the plate and then across his forehead, again on the bottom of the plate, and then on each cheek, and so forth. Then the light would be turned up, and there would be a roar of laughter, and the mesmeree would wonder why. The reason was that he was no longer a white man. Owing to there having been a lot of lamp-black on the bottom of his plate he was now a nigger. But the biggest laugh of all came once when by accident I took the wrong plate and myself appeared as the unconscious black man.

And we brothers, how we used to fight among ourselves in our nursery days ! The most frequent cause was an allegation of disarranging one's corner. We each had a corner to keep our toys in. And we fought in earnest, too. The wonder is that we never killed one another. I am sure we tried our best, but Cain wasn't able. And then we would be separated by the nurse, and the one she judged to be in the wrong—she was invested with summary powers of jurisdiction—was locked up in the nursery cupboard.

Still, we used to have some fun in the nursery as well—what with hopping matches, high cockleorum (have I spelt it correctly ?), sandwiches (father would lie down on the ground and we would all lie on top of him—it must have been jolly for father in hot weather, I should think), and King-of-the-Castle on the table, and cricket, and other sports and pastimes. The cricket, I remember, nearly got us into serious trouble once. The ball went through the window and hit a passer-by, who was not playing with us, on the head. He came in in the most agitated and furious state, and went away vowing that he would tell the police of it, but up to now we have not heard anything further from him. However, we made sure that we should be sent to prison—the victim was a confectioner who had a shop in the Cornwall Road, which I avoided for years afterwards—and cricket was stopped for some time. Mention of prison reminds me that my eldest brother was a peculiarly difficult child, and once, when he had been more than ordinarily disobedient, he was sent for to the dining-room, and to frighten him my father bribed a policeman to come in. The news soon reached the nursery, and so convinced were we others that he was going to jail that we divided his toys.

Another great joy to us were our jumble teas. Next door to us there lived a little girl named Alice, and we used to like her to come to spend the afternoon with us, as we then had

jumbles for tea. We would get them from Robbins's, in Richmond Road. Nasty, sticky, toothache-producing things they seem to me now, but then we thought them yum-yummy, and a nice noise we used to make when we all arranged to scrunch them at the same time. It was this same Alice, by the by, who once suggested in all seriousness that she and my sister should attach a piece of string to my brother Frank and lower him from the end-room window into the garden—a very considerable distance. However, my brother Frank objected—I suppose he thought he would get into a row if the string broke and he tore his suit—and he is now a great big man with a beard. I wonder whether he remembers how his life once nearly hung by a thread?

"THE BALL WENT THROUGH THE WINDOW AND HIT A PASSER-BY."

One day, I remember again, someone presented us with a cardboard theatre. Alice was invited to the inaugural performance. The theatre was lighted by real bits of candle—and caught fire. For a moment there was danger of panic. That it was averted reflected the greatest credit on the coolheadedness and self-sacrifice of my brother Charles. We had each been presented with a cupful of lemonade wherewith to slake our thirst during the performance. Without a moment's hesitation Charles sacrificed his drink and extinguished the flames.

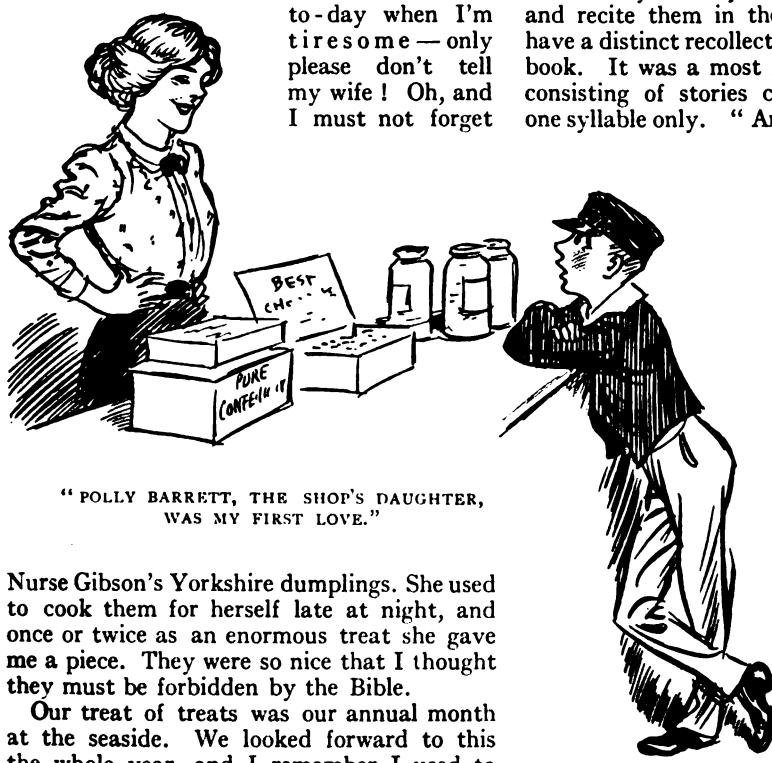
The house where these events took place is still standing. I passed it the other day. It is unaltered—except that it is not so big as it used to be. And the square in front of the house had shrunk in the strangest manner.

The local shops, of course, loomed large in our childish life. Take Clayton's, the stationer's. Clayton's is principally associated in my mind with a Christmas-card incident. My penny a week pocket-money was proving inadequate, and I hit upon a brilliant idea for increasing my income. I was always fond of drawing. Towards the end of one November I painted twelve Christmas-cards and took them to Clayton's. My people were customers there, and Clayton, though with a reluctance which I could not understand, consented to offer them for sale. The price was to be twopence each; rather a bargain for real hand-painted cards, I thought. Each day I expected to be sent for to receive my little fortune, but the summons never came. So the day after Boxing Day I went over and nervously asked, "What about those cards?" Clayton said nothing, but after a long search he found my little packet on a shelf underneath a lot of boxes. He dusted the packet, counted the cards, and to his amazement could only find eleven. I suggested, shyly, that one of them might have been sold, but he rudely scouted the idea, and, after looking everywhere that he could think of, he finally said with the worst grace in the world that he supposed he would have to give me the twopence—which he did. With quite precocious caution I gave his shop a wide berth for some time afterwards in case the card had turned up.

Clayton, I remember, used to lead a double life. By night he would go out as a waiter. Once when my people had company I saw him in our house in this capacity, and I thought how good of him!

But the shops I recollect best are, of course, the sweet-shops. Our favourite was Barrett's, where you could get the best farthingsworth of "all-sorts" in the neighbourhood. Very good, too, was a brown, sticky substance, with almonds in it, which looked rather like decayed teeth, that we used to get there. And Polly Barrett, the shop's daughter—a blonde with a *retroussé* nose—was my first love. In fact, we would have all liked to marry her, I fancy—for her own sake, and not for her dowry of sweets. Her father was a cobbler, and boots and sweets used to live amicably in the closest proximity. Then there was Stevens's, which was not so high-class as Barrett's, and there was Robbins's, where we used to get the jumbles, and Anderson's. Anderson's was the aristocrat among the confectioners' shops. It had a genteel wedding-cake in the window, rather like the Albert Memorial, and I don't think we ever dared to go into Anderson's.

At the same time, I do not seem to have a great many food recollections. Perhaps I was not a greedy boy. We were brought up very simply in the matter of eatables—so much so that our birthday treat was to have an egg for breakfast. I do remember this, though: I always had a hatred of cornflour shape—the highly-polished sort. "Kensal Green pudding," we used to call it, because it reminded us of the severe white crosses in that cemetery—where one of our nurses, Heaven forgive her, used occasionally to take us for walks. And just as the cornflour with its evangelical look was my *bête noire*—if I may be forgiven the paradox—so would batter pudding ("Beastly batter again!") throw my brother Charles into a paroxysm of rage. And I remember something else—something that we looked upon as a despicable fraud. Occasionally we would have Yorkshire pudding with our beef. We would finish that course and then be told, "Pudding? You've had your pudding." The wonder is that such treatment did not permanently sour some of us. By the way, I still think the finest punishment for children is "No pudding." In fact, I believe it would be efficacious with me to-day when I'm tiresome—only please don't tell my wife! Oh, and I must not forget Nurse Gibson's Yorkshire dumplings. She used to cook them for herself late at night, and once or twice as an enormous treat she gave me a piece. They were so nice that I thought they must be forbidden by the Bible.

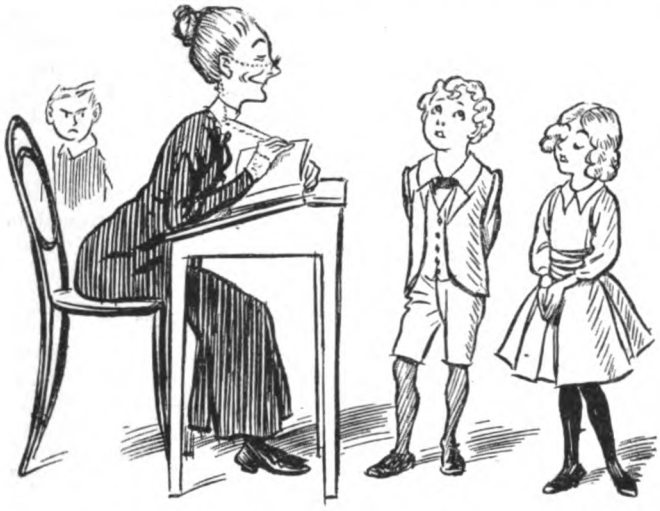


"POLLY BARRETT, THE SHOP'S DAUGHTER, WAS MY FIRST LOVE."

Our treat of treats was our annual month at the seaside. We looked forward to this the whole year, and I remember I used to think what lucky chaps the engine-drivers were to go to the seaside every day. And I remember there was a tale that someone always used to tell in the train which was of never-failing popularity. It was about a little boy who would hang his head out of the window. "You'll lose your hat," said his father; but the child was incorrigible. Finally, to frighten him, when he was looking out of the window, his father snatched his hat off from behind and threw it quickly under the seat. "There!" cried the father. "I told you so. Your hat has blown away!" At that the youngster began to howl, and after a time, to quiet him, the father said, "Well, look out of the window again and I'll see if I can't whistle the hat back." So the child did as he was bid, and, hey presto! wonderful to relate, the hat was upon his head once more. The child thought it simply marvellous, and the next moment tore the hat off again, threw it out of the window, and cried, "Now whistle it back again, papa!"

And then there were lessons and schools.

I still remember learning my A B C—and I still marvel how I could have done it. Frankly, I am proud of the achievement, for I doubt very much whether to-day I could commit to memory twenty-six meaningless sounds and recite them in the right order. And I have a distinct recollection of my first reading-book. It was a most ingenious compilation, consisting of stories composed of words of one syllable only. "And Tom did sit down on the sod, and did cry," is a specimen sentence. A nurse and an occasional needlewoman between them taught me the A B C. In fact, I fancy that I must have been pretty considerably servant-taught, for I remember being proud of knowing that "prooins" was spelt "prunes," "tabby ochre" "tapioca," "prespiration" "perspiration," and "chimley" "chimney." By the way, I also remember one evening, later on, when I was doing translation from English into



"THE NAMES OF THE CHILDREN WHO HAD BEEN GOOD WERE ENTERED IN 'THE GOLDEN BOOK' EACH WEEK."

French, flying into a temper because the dictionary did not give the word "misle." The sentence before me was, "He had been misled." I suspect I was tired that evening.

After learning my elements in the nursery I went to a kindergarten. And, to show what a horrid little fellow I must have been at that period, there was an institution at the kindergarten called "The Golden Book" in which the names of the children who had been good were entered each week, and it was my ambition to be in the Golden Book. Worse still, I sometimes succeeded.

After leaving the kindergarten, where there was, so to say, mixed bathing, I went to a small day school for boys only, kept by a Rev. Mr. Shakespeare. The principal feature of this school was a curious breaking-up ceremony. The boys would all assemble in the biggest room, which had been cleared for the occasion, and the Rev. Mr. Shakespeare would stand on a table and scramble fruit among us. The big boys, of course, got all that was worth having, while we smaller ones would have to be content with picking up a few nuts on the floor. There was one boy, I remember, who used to jump and catch the oranges and apples before they reached the floor, and he was my idea of a genius. In fact, there were only two others of my schoolfellows at Shakespeare's whom I remember distinctly. One was named Prance, and we used to be invited to his house occasionally. He had hundreds and hundreds of tin soldiers, which would be paraded before us to our enormous envy, and he is no doubt a general or an army contractor, or something, now. The other was named Ward, and was the wealthiest boy in the school. He used to spend ever so much on sweets at Stephens's, and once he stood me a bogstick, and after that I would have done anything for him.

Ward lived near the Newton Road, and I remember there was a house in Newton Road where a murder had been committed, and we would take nervous new boys to show them the house, and then shove them into the garden and hold the gate.

I also remember that there was a girls' school—Miss Walsh's—almost next door to Shakespeare's, and we would carry on wordy warfare with the girls and at times even hustle some of them—the scratch-cats, as we called them. To think that we would now pay pounds to kiss them! Alas, for my wasted youth!

"WE WOULD CARRY ON WORDY WARFARE WITH THE GIRLS."

Marriage by Capture

By Morley Roberts

Illustrated by Stanley Davis

MISS MADGE VINCENT belonged to the great order of women who know what they want and proceed to get it. As it happened, she never saw anybody that she wanted very badly till she caught sight of George Talbot at the Outsiders' Exhibition in Bond Street, of which she was the temporary assistant secretary. He came to the astounding show with his maiden aunt, Miss Dorothea Talbot, who was obviously maiden, and obviously an aunt, and even more obviously of a pervading Puritanism which stuck out a foot all round. Madge Vincent considered the young man who would escort her and show her so much charming consideration must be well worth capturing, even if she had not fallen in love with him.

"If I don't marry that young man," said Madge Vincent, "I won't marry anyone—at least, not for a long time."

The honorary secretary of the Outsiders' whom she was helping, and who found her attractive and pleasant, and wonderfully capable, came up to her while young Talbot was still in the room.

"You see that young gentleman on the other side?" he asked.

"Yes," said Madge Vincent; "I have just noticed him. Who is he?"

"He's supposed to be more or less of a writer," said Mr. Cozens. "They say he's clever, but I've never seen anything he's written. However, that's not the point—he wants a secretary."

"Oh, does he?" replied Madge Vincent.

"Of course I thought of you," said Mr. Cozens, "as this is only a temporary job."

"Thank you very much," replied his assistant. "I'll think of it."

What she thought was that Providence helps those who help themselves. She wrote to Mr. Talbot that very night. In order to prevent any possibility of his making the mistake of not engaging her, she said she would venture to call at his chambers in the Temple on the following Saturday at noon. This exhibition of decision so affected George Talbot, who had no decision, that he promptly offered to employ her if she would begin at sixty pounds a year. He explained frankly what his present means were, but pointed out that his income was rising rapidly, as it had doubled in the last two years. The year previously he had earned ten pounds. This year he had already earned twenty.

From Miss Vincent's qualifications she would have been justified in demanding a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Her experience was great, her knowledge of languages totally un-English, and she threw in a knowledge of mathematics which, to say the least of it, was amply sufficient to deal with the figures of Mr. Talbot's income.

"This is my first experience with a man of letters," said Madge Vincent, "and I shall be perfectly satisfied, Mr. Talbot, with sixty pounds a year to begin with."

She remembered, with a smile, a story in which a lady who lived near the barracks had had servants offer to come for nothing, pay for all breakages, and sleep under the sink. She went away entirely satisfied with herself, and when she reached home she sat down and wrote to her sister in Australia:—

> I have just got a new post with a young novelist. He is a Mr. George Talbot. I am only getting sixty pounds a year to begin with, which will surprise you, but I don't mind that—some day I'll tell you why. I hope you are all right.
>
> Your affectionate sister,
>
> MADGE.
>
> P.S.—I am going to marry him.
>
> P.S.—He doesn't know it.

She soon found out all about his affairs. He had left home partly in the search for liberty, and partly because he had begun to monopolize his father's secretary, who was, she gathered, a lady possessing every qualification as the secretary of a married man, seeing that she had been selected by his mother, who was naturally of a jealous disposition. His

father, though poor, allowed him a hundred a year. Miss Dorothea Talbot, whom she had seen at the Outsiders', supplemented this by another hundred. When he had paid his rent and his secretary, whom he couldn't do without, he had eighty pounds a year and all he could make to live on.

His work did not sell—apparently because he had a morbid tendency to supplement, and finally supplant, it by poetry. Yet there was no doubt that his work was promising. He was also good-looking.

"I shall have to make him give up this poetry," said Madge Vincent. "His prose is much better. There's no money in poetry."

Inside of three weeks he was her helpless, hopeless slave. It is a fatal thing to have a secretary. They are a usurping race—they waltz in perpetually with suggestions that it is their duty to do this and to do that. They wish to reduce their employers to a parasitic state. He never found her wanting, and he failed to understand how she knew so much. She helped him with his Italian, translated a difficult passage out of the second part of "Faust," and, best of all, she was endowed with an extraordinary capacity of stimulus.

As George Talbot told a friend of his, "If she had been the curator of a museum she would have had all the statues hard at work before she had been with them a week. Apollo would have sung for her, Mercury would have run her messages, and Hercules would have been her clerk of works. I rather fancy she'd have chucked out Aphrodite."

In addition to her knowledge, she could keep books like a Babbage's machine. She typed like a prize operator, and for a little while at a time she could take down a hundred and eighty words a minute in shorthand. To add to this, she dressed with a neat appropriateness which was in itself a triumph of genius.

He felt that he was possessed of a treasure, and yet presently she brought disaster upon him. His aunt came to see him one day, and as George was no fool and understood her, before he let her in he transferred Miss Vincent to the bedroom. He explained to her that Miss Talbot had a great dread and horror of her own sex, not an uncommon thing in elderly virgins.

But he reckoned without his aunt's nose. It was a very good-looking, aristocratic nose, but from an olfactory point of view it was frightfully sharp. She perceived in the sitting-room that someone had been there who used a delicate scent. She became obviously uneasy, but her innocent nephew attributed this to anything but its real cause. He did not imagine that her interest in his perpetual purity was such as to lead her to any awful conclusions, nor did he think it possible that a lady of her rigid principles would have condescended to spy upon him in the Temple. For days afterwards she dodged in and out of Pump Court, taking little breathers at intervals in the airier space of King's Bench Walk. As a result of this she saw several times a very pretty young woman coming down from her nephew's staircase. She did not recognize her, but Miss Vincent knew her employer's aunt, and, being no fool, she drew her own conclusions.

"I see," said Madge Vincent. "She doesn't know I am his secretary, and if she did she'd distrust me. I see it in her awful eye."

She could not resist looking at Miss Talbot, as she passed her for the third time, with an air which suggested triumph.

"Something must be done," said Miss Talbot.

She proceeded to do it. She went home and wrote to her nephew. She even called him that. What she said was :—

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I cannot call you Georgie as I used to till you have reformed. After the discovery I made to-day I think it my duty to tell you that I shall no longer pay you the allowance. Remonstrance is useless. I reject all explanations. If you can come to me and say that you have been leading a better, nobler, and purer life for six months I will reconsider my determination.

Your shocked and afflicted aunt,
DOROTHEA TALBOT.

This catastrophe did not take Madge Vincent by surprise. She seemed to know everything and provide for everything. Even before the letter came she had reached the conclusion that something of the kind might happen, and although she was not extraordinarily orthodox, she believed, in this case at any rate, that things would work together for good.

"Now, if I were a Puritan maiden aunt," said Madge, "I should, of course, cut off his allowance with a view of reducing him to purity and poverty. I find it highly exciting being regarded in this light when my intentions are strictly honourable."

She was not without humour, and when the blow fell she was ready.

"He'll want me to go," said Madge, "and I don't mean to go. He won't be able to afford to live in the Temple. I think Chelsea would be a good place for him. I'll go down there and look out for rooms for him and for myself in neighbouring streets."

She went down to Chelsea that evening. She inspected rooms for herself for which she would have to pay fifteen shillings a week, and some for her poor employer at half the amount. And the very next day George explained to her with inspissated gloom that they had to part.

"I believe she's done it on account of that beastly poem which I thought so much of," said George. "It's very awkward—you see, I don't see how I can keep you. I shall only have a hundred a year. I don't see how I can live on it. I certainly can't keep these rooms in the Temple. Where do you think I ought to go?"

"'IF I DON'T MARRY THAT YOUNG MAN,' SAID MADGE VINCENT, 'I WON'T MARRY ANYONE—AT LEAST, NOT FOR A LONG TIME.'"

"Chelsea's a very good place," said Madge Vincent. "It's where I live."

"I thought you lived in Hammersmith," said her employer.

"SHE SAW A VERY PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN COMING DOWN FROM HER NEPHEW'S STAIRCASE."

"I used to," said Madge, "but I found it unsympathetic. Chelsea is more ..rtistic."

"And if I give you the sack," asked Talbot, gloomily, "what will you do?"

"I must look for another post," she replied, mournfully.

"Will it be easy to get?" he asked.

"Very difficult, I'm afraid. It may take me months," said Madge Vincent, who had about three letters in her pocket from friends of her employer who were trying to get her away from him. "But I've got an idea," she added, triumphantly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I'd like to go on being your secretary while I'm looking for another post," she said. "I must work—it's quite impossible for me to be idle—and if I don't do shorthand every day I forget all about it in a week."

"Is that really so?" asked Talbot.

Without blenching she replied that it was so, and after a long conversation George Talbot graciously, and almost with tears, acceded to her plaintive request to be employed for a few months for nothing a week. Under her auspices he transferred himself hurriedly to his unfurnished rooms in Chelsea, and life went on as usual. She wrote to her sister in Australia to say that things were going very well, and that Mr. Talbot had not the remotest suspicion of the fate in store for him.

"I am beginning to make him write short stories," she added. "He has quite a talent that way, though he prefers to write long tragic books. It is my private belief that if I keep him at it he will really be making money next year."

Much to George Talbot's surprise he sold a short story, written under the direct inspiration of his secretary, for ten pounds. This was his first real taste of blood. Up to that time he had only made money at the rate of half a guinea or a guinea a thousand words. As he showed her the cheque he said, with an air of extraordinary confidence in his own abilities, "There, you see I was right about these short stories."

"Yes, you were—I admit it," she said.

Talbot was not in the least aware that he owed her the idea, to say nothing of a few pretty flourishes of style. He did not know that Madge herself wrote. For three years at least she had been making sixty pounds a year out of it.

"It's very odd," said George; "I don't seem to remember having dictated some of these things. It's better than I thought. But that's the beauty of dictation—you never know what you did say."

During the next month or two they worked very hard and were exceedingly happy. Madge wrote almost weekly to Australia, and George occasionally relaxed his studies in prose and wrote poems to a lady, whom he believed to be imaginary, who had a striking resemblance to his secretary.

But though he was happy his aunt was not. She could not imagine what he would do without a secretary, of which she had deprived him. Of course, he had no one now—he could not live on a hundred a year and his earnings, and employ a secretary. She ventured at last to write to him asking him whether he was thoroughly reformed. When she got no answer she came to the conclusion that something must be done or perhaps he would drown himself in the Thames. A grand idea struck her. She went to his father, who had hitherto displayed no undue excitement concerning his son's morals or his future.

"I feel sure," she said to her brother, "I feel quite sure that George has reformed, but he must be suffering from want of a secretary. My idea is that you should part with Miss Smith, and I will send her down to George. Of course, I will continue to pay for her, but at any rate she will be safer than that minx I saw in the Temple."

"Oh, you can have Miss Smith if you like," said her brother. "I don't want her. Arrange it with Mary, and try and get her to let me have one that isn't quite so ugly. However, you had better try it on George before you find me another, or else I shall be landed with two—and if I am I'll cut my throat!"

Miss Talbot solemnly reproved him for contemplating suicide in any circumstances.

"However," she added, "I'm sure you don't mean it. It would be such an awful blow to Mary. What I shall do will be to send Miss Smith down to George as a birthday present."

"By Jove! how charming for him," said his father. "That *is* a pretty idea. I'd no idea you'd got so much imagination, Dolly. I can imagine what I should have felt at twenty-five if I had Miss Smith given me as a birthday present. I hope George won't do as they do with Christmas-cards—send her back here on *my* birthday!"

Of course, Dorothea got her way, although Mrs. Talbot threw out dark and gloomy hints that it would be impossible to get any

"'I MUST LOOK FOR ANOTHER POST,' SHE REPLIED, MOURNFULLY."

secretary with the same lack of charm as Miss Smith. Thus it was that on the eighteenth of April an elderly and formidable-looking lady with a preposterously large hat and a great black feather, dressed most severely, and accoutred in immense boots constructed on hygienic principles, stood on the doorstep of the house in which George had rooms. At the very moment that she knocked, George was sitting in the arm-chair by the fire, while Madge Vincent sat at a little table with a notebook in front of her. She was engaged in waiting for the muse of fiction to inspire her employer. She often had to wait for half an hour, or even more, while George, a mere wreck upon the reef of temporary incapacity, fired expletives like minute-guns as signals of distress.

After a more than usually excruciating sign of anguish she said, "Perhaps it would do you good if you read your letters first, Mr. Talbot."

"All right," growled George; "hand them over."

One was from his aunt. He read it:—

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I am infinitely grieved that you have taken things as you have done. I should have thought upon reflection you would have believed that I did my duty in rendering it impossible for you to continue on the primrose path. In the end the primrose path becomes no more than the broad way of the cinder track——

"Confound it!" said George. "She's got mixed with reading about athletics."

——which leads straight to perdition. Nevertheless, I know that in your heart of hearts you must be grateful to me, and feeling that this is so I have determined to reward you upon your birthday in spite of your not answering my last letter. Your birthday falls upon the morrow, and you will receive in the morning the full equivalent of what I felt it my duty to deprive you. I have always made you a present on your birthday so far as I remember, except upon the first, when it is not usual to offer presents.

Your loving aunt,
DOROTHEA TALBOT.

It was at that moment that the outer door-bell pealed. Madge Vincent, who had left her seat and gone to the window after giving her employer his letters, recognized Miss Smith at the outer door. Of course she knew her. She knew everyone in London.

"SHE WAS ENGAGED IN WAITING FOR THE MUSE OF FICTION TO INSPIRE HER EMPLOYER."

"That's Miss Smith who rang the bell," she said.

George Talbot jumped. "You don't mean my father's secretary, do you?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Now what the deuce does she want?" asked George.

"Had I better go into the bedroom?" asked Madge.

"Perhaps it would be best for a few minutes," said her employer.

Just as she escaped through the folding doors which led to George's unadorned and almost monastic cubicle, Miss Smith was announced by the landlady. George rose courteously. He received her with great politeness; he shook hands with her and offered her a chair courteously. She took it with decision.

"Miss Talbot has sent me down to you," said Miss Smith.

"Yes?" said George; "yes? I had a letter from her this morning."

"Did she tell you her ideas?" asked Miss Smith.

"Her letter was rather obscure," replied George, "but her notion was, I think, she was going to send me a present—a birthday present."

Miss Smith coughed behind her hand. She found the situation somewhat trying.

"A present?" she said, "a present?"

"Yes—yes, a present," replied George. "You must know she cut off the allowance she gave me for some reason I have never been able to fathom—unless it was about a beastly poem I wrote—and now she seems to have repented. Have you brought me something worth a hundred pounds, Miss Smith?—very handy if you have, I'm sure."

"I'm afraid there's some kind of mistake," said Miss Smith, nervously. "I think Miss Talbot ought to have told you more. She has sent me down here to be your secretary again."

"Good heavens!" said George.

He put on his eyeglasses, which he had previously been flourishing with something of the grace of a young actor playing the lead.

"Then do I understand you to say that you are the birthday present, Miss Smith?" he asked.

Miss Smith sat up, and looked down her nose.

"It seems so," she replied. "Miss Talbot, however, will continue to pay my salary. Shall I go to work at once?"

With that she rose and unpinned her portentous hat, jabbed the hatpins through it in the savage feminine manner, and placed it tenderly on a vacant chair.

By this time George was in an appalling state of mind. Although he had often taken advantage of Miss Smith's services in the days when he was not entitled to them, he had always felt that this lady was not of a sufficiently inspiring appearance to suit his work. She was formidable, dry, and haggard. She had a peculiarly relentless manner. And since he had worked with her he had worked with pretty Madge Vincent.

"Here, I say! you can't stay," said George, desperately. "It's no good."

"I shall stay," said Miss Smith. "Miss Talbot said that I was to—that I was to take no excuses."

"Well, you can't," said George. "You absolutely can't. I've got another secretary."

"Ah," said Miss Smith, "another secretary. I thought so."

With that she gave the same peculiar sniff that George had innocently noticed in his aunt. It was not at all a sniff of contempt; it might rather be described as a sniff of olfactory recognition.

"You can't afford another secretary," said Miss Smith, abruptly. "Besides, if you could, it would be much better for you that I should be it, as your aunt is going to pay my salary."

George almost broke down. In a little while he would have shed tears.

"Here, I say, you mustn't say such things," he remarked, plaintively. "I don't think my aunt's got any right to disappoint me like this on my birthday. Besides, I don't want you, Miss Smith. It's no good—I shall be very much obliged if you will go back to my aunt and tell her it's no good."

"I certainly sha'n't do any such thing," said Miss Smith.

"Oh, all right!" said George—"all right! You just wait a minute."

With that he went outside, shut the door, and tapped at the bedroom door in the passage. Miss Vincent put her head out.

"Well?" said Madge.

"Look here, I wish you'd go in and settle her," said George. "And if you don't mind I'll take a little walk."

"What's it all about? Are you afraid of her?" asked Madge, eagerly.

"Awfully," said George. "Oh, I've been very rude. Isn't it dreadful—she's the birthday present."

"Oh, is she?" said Miss Vincent, acidly.

"She's come to be my secretary—my aunt's going to pay her salary," groaned George.

"Is she?" said Miss Vincent. "Then, of course, you won't want me any more."

She spoke with beautiful and managed plaintiveness.

"Don't talk rot!" said George.

It was the first time he had ever been rude to Madge Vincent. She was awfully glad.

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"I think you'd better take the little walk you spoke of. I'll go in and see her."

"I say, she's a terrible person," said

George. "You see, my mother got her for my father—do you understand?"

"Oh, yes; I think I understand," said Madge Vincent.

"Even the dad's afraid of her," said George.

"I don't care what man's afraid of her," said Madge Vincent, "not in the least. Now, Mr. Talbot, will you please to go for that little walk."

She took his hat from the hatstand and handed it to him. In a little more she'd have put it on his head.

"It seems so cowardly of me," urged George.

"Not at all," said Miss Vincent. "I think it's very natural."

"Then you don't think it's cowardly of me?" he asked, as he stood first on one leg and then on the other. "If you go in you'll have an awful row, you know."

"Shall I?" asked Miss Vincent. She walked to the front door and opened it. "You come back in a quarter of an hour," she said, with great firmness. And with that she shut the door upon him.

She went straight into the sitting-room and confronted Miss Smith. That formidable lady looked her up and down with the most obvious disapproval. She disapproved of her looks and of her clothes. By one of those subtle methods of which such women are past-mistresses she conveyed without any words her firm conviction that Miss Vincent was no better than she should be. Whether this were so or not the real secretary lost no time whatever in getting to the point.

"What can I do for you? I am Mr. Talbot's secretary," she said.

"Oh, dear no, you're not," said Miss Smith; "I am. Where is Mr. Talbot?"

"MISS SMITH SAT DOWN OSTENTATIOUSLY IN THE MOST COMFORTABLE CHAIR."

"He has gone for a little walk," said Madge Vincent.

Whereupon Miss Smith sat down ostentatiously in the most comfortable chair.

"It's no good your sitting down," said Miss Vincent.

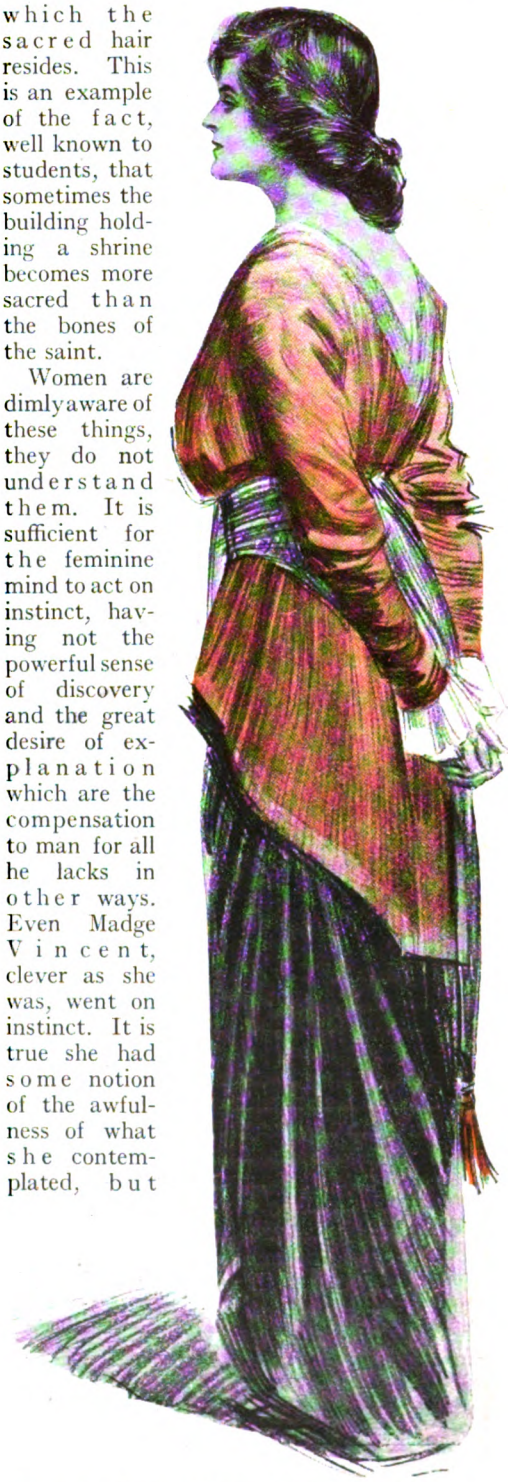
"I do not wish to speak with you," replied Miss Smith. "It is only out of a sense of duty that I remain in the same room with you. You had better take your hat and go."

In such circumstances some women might have said very disagreeable things. They might have made remarks that they would have been sorry for afterwards. But Madge Vincent had remarkable self-control and a great knowledge of her own sex as well as that of the gentler sex. To be told to get her hat and go gave her a peculiar electric thrill. It also gave her an idea. She saw Miss Smith's hat—she had actually taken it off!

Now, it is a fact that there is something peculiarly sacred about a woman's hat. Miss Smith was acquainted with taboos and with the Perils of the Soul, about which she had read in Dr. Frazer's "Golden Bough" with a view of assisting the elder Mr. Talbot. But she had not got so far by her learning as Madge Vincent had got by her instinct. She did not understand that the essence of her personality, her power, her volition, perhaps her very soul, inhered in that extraordinary hat, adorned with a funereal feather and two savage daggers, which lay insolently upon a chair.

It is well known to all students of humanity that they may criticize a woman's boots; though with fear and trembling they may say something of her frock; they may discourse somewhat unfavourably about her blouse, its form, its cut. They may throw out dark hints that it shows too much of the neck. They may even dilate, after the peculiar manner of Tolstoi, on the gross impropriety of a close-fitting jersey. But no one must say anything about a woman's hat. This is a thing that every student and every lover should study. The hat is the temple of the hair—it is well known that the hair, when it has once been arranged, must not be disturbed. The wisest lover will refrain, even in moments of wild ardour, from dislocating so much as a hairpin; but it would be better for him that he should pull the lady's hair down and offer to put it up again, than that he should say anything derogatory of the structure of the temple in which the sacred hair resides. This is an example of the fact, well known to students, that sometimes the building holding a shrine becomes more sacred than the bones of the saint.

Women are dimly aware of these things, they do not understand them. It is sufficient for the feminine mind to act on instinct, having not the powerful sense of discovery and the great desire of explanation which are the compensation to man for all he lacks in other ways. Even Madge Vincent, clever as she was, went on instinct. It is true she had some notion of the awfulness of what she contemplated, but



"'IT'S NO USE YOUR SITTING DOWN,' SAID MISS VINCENT."

she could not have explained it as satisfactorily as a student of savages and the feminine half of mankind.

She cast a look of withering contempt in the direction of the hat. Miss Smith instantly sat up in her chair. She bristled; as they say of an angry dog, her hackles rose. For one moment the dread suspicion passed through her mind that this outrageous young female, who obviously lacked manners and morals, was about to make an insulting remark about her headgear. But Madge Vincent had no such intention. She was capable of violence, of rapid action, but not capable of bandying terms of abuse. She walked straight to the window and opened it; then, turning, she made three rapid steps, seized Miss Smith's hat, and scooted it through the window on to the pavement.

This was doubtless an improper act — any man would have thought so. He might have said it was not good manners; but in truth it was so tremendous an outrage that it ceased to have any relevance to any theory of manners. There was the very sign and symbol of Smithness, so to speak, the peculiar home and sacred ark of the tabernacle in which dwelt

"SHE SEIZED MISS SMITH'S HAT AND SCOOTED IT THROUGH THE WINDOW."

the essence of the qualities which made Miss Smith what she was, suddenly taken up and lofted into the street!

Miss Smith grew perfectly rigid. For several seconds she made no motion whatever. It was, indeed, as if her very motive power, as well as her soul, resided in the insulted hat. There are savages who believe that their essence resides in their name, which they keep secret. There are others who believe it inheres in some object, which they hide with the utmost care. Should it be discovered, or their name be imparted to an enemy, it is all up with the owner. He is done for, he is paralyzed, he is the merest victim in the hands of the wicked. Thus it was that all Miss Smith's virtue went out of her. She had entered that room powerful and complete, mistress of her soul as of her hat. Even when the rigidity which first assailed her had passed away she was speechless, flabby. Her jaw moved up and down, but no words issued from her mouth.

"I had to do it," said Madge Vincent.

Then Miss Smith at last spoke, but even as she did so she recognized that she was utterly beaten, that the conflict was over for ever before it had really begun. She emphasized this fact after the manner of the feminine lower classes, who, when they are overcome in an argument, invariably asperse their opponent's morals.

"You—you are a bad woman," said poor Miss Smith, and gathering her skirts about her she left the room without another word.

Madge Vincent watched her go down the steps, and rushing out closed the front door upon her. Then she returned to the window and saw her recover her hat, which she clutched as if she were recovering that on which her life depended. Then Madge Vincent shut down the window and burst into tears.

A few minutes later George Talbot returned, almost on tip-toe. He had only been waiting at the end of the street with his cowardly head round the corner. He found his secretary still sobbing.

"Has she gone?" he asked.

"Y-e-s," said Madge.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Don't speak to me," replied Madge.

"Was she rude?" asked George.

"I—I was," said Madge. "And I'm going, too."

"What the devil do you mean?" asked George. "What do you mean?"

"I threw her hat out of the window," sobbed Madge.

"Oh, good heavens!" said George, who, by some of those poetic instincts which make comparatively uninstructed men the equal of students, partially understood the sacred function of feminine headgear. "Good heavens! you don't say so."

"I did—and she called me a bad woman," sobbed Madge, "a bad woman! I shall have to go. I can't stay after that."

She sat at the table with her head upon her hands. Her back was shaking, and George was in a devil of a to-do. He put his hand upon her shoulder, but she shook it off.

"Oh, I behaved dreadfully," she said. "She called me a bad woman! I never was called that before."

"But you're not, you know," said George; "you're not!"

"I may just as well be it as be called it," said Madge. "At any rate, I won't expose myself to it again. I sha'n't come here any more—where I've been so happy——"

"Oh, my dear Madge," said George, "don't be such a fool! Come, I say——"

He had never called her Madge before, but still she did not look at him. She was shedding real tears, but there was a dawning smile upon her hidden face all the same.

"You mustn't call me Madge," she said.

"Why not?" demanded George. "I jolly well will call you Madge. I'll jolly well call you what I like! I can't do without you. Look here, I say——"

"Yes," said Madge.

She waited.

"I've got an idea," said George, after a moment, "one that'll surprise you."

"Yes? What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, I shall surprise you very much," said George, "awfully. I'm sure I shall."

"Surprise me?" asked Madge.

"Oh, I shall—I know I shall," said George. "Of course you never—I understand all about it, and of course, in ordinary circumstances, I shouldn't have found it out yet——"

"Found out what?" asked Madge.

"Oh, I shall surprise you," said George again. "But I assure you I have been thinking of it in my mind, without knowing it, for weeks."

"Thinking of what?" asked Madge Vincent.

"Thinking—thinking of asking you to marry me!" said George.

Landmarks of the World.

Dotted here and there over the world are the landmarks of man, built in the endeavour to leave to posterity records of his doings. A mound here, a post there, others more elaborate, great pillars of stone. Each serves by form and inscription to tell of doughty deeds, strange happenings, achievement and adventure.

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood.

The Lion of Waterloo on its mound.

GREAT among the landmarks of the world stands the Lion of Waterloo on its mound two hundred feet high. Ten miles from the city of Brussels it marks the plain where history's greatest battle was fought, where over fifty thousand men were killed, wounded, and missing. It is hardly necessary to say that it was fought on June 18th, 1815, and that it culminated the campaign following Napoleon's escape from Elba and stopped his mighty effort to conquer all Europe.

The Duchess of Richmond gave a ball in Brussels on June 15th; at midnight Wellington, having already heard that the outposts had been engaged, went to the ball. Here he found the Prince of Orange, the man who seemed fated to cause useless loss of life through his blunders. Even now he ought to have been at Binche, where the Duke promptly sent him, after inquiring for news.

Far from being surprised at the evening's attack, as some writers assert, the Duke had dispatched his orders before he went to the ball, for at 2 p.m. strange sounds broke the night's silence, and great masses of troops were on the move, bugles were blowing everywhere, and people opened their windows to see the various regiments tramp past. A Highland band were playing their bagpipes to the swing of the "Black Watch" as they went out to battle through the Namur Gate. Curiously enough, many of the officers were still wearing their silk stockings and dancing pumps, for the heat was so intense that men went mad and died on the march; but for the rest, they pushed on and were soon under fire. The battle itself is eclipsed by the thought of the awful aftermath; the plain so filled with the dying and the dead that for three days parties brought in the wounded, who in many cases were saved by having had their bleeding stanched by the frost.

In the hurry three hundred bodies were flung down a well. For thirty years the corn crops were of a deeper colour where they grew over the blood of the slain on the scene where the Lion of Waterloo now forms the greatest of the landmarks of the world.

Where the first Englishmen landed at Barbados.

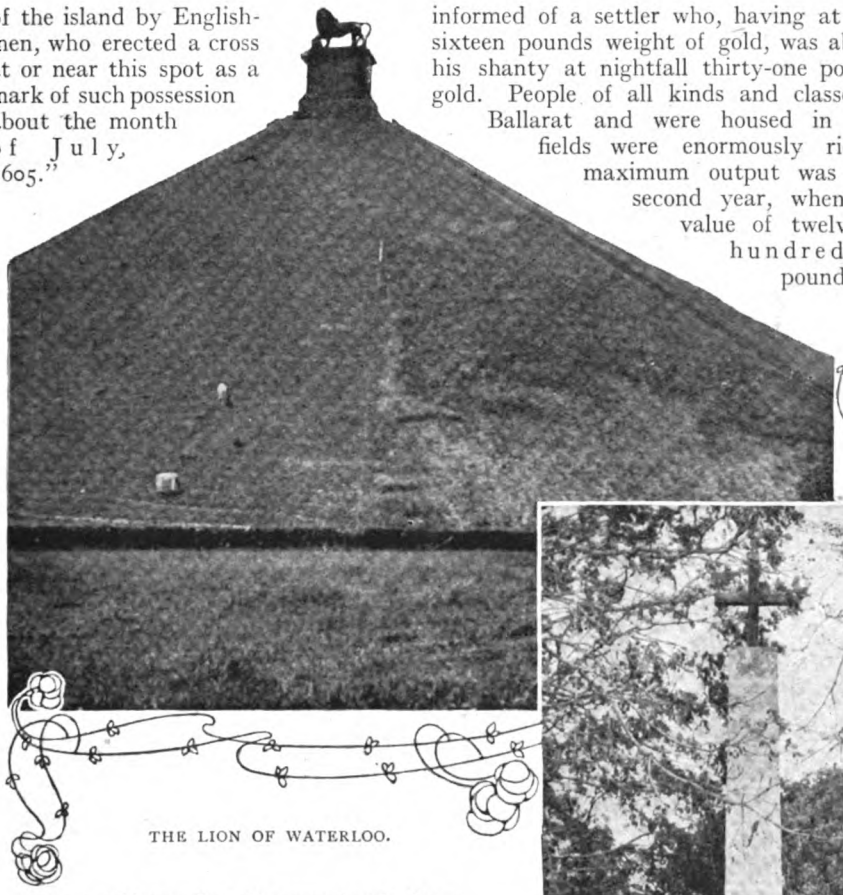
ISOLATED in the Atlantic Ocean, always swept by fresh sea breezes, the Island of Barbados is the healthiest spot in all the West Indies. Cultivated and thoroughly dry, even though in the Tropics, English colonists thrive there generation after generation.

Over three hundred years ago, in July, 1605, when James I. was King of England, the *Olive Blossom*, a vessel fitted out by Sir Olive Leigh, of Kent, with stores and settlers for his brother Charles's plantation on the Wiapoco River, happened to touch at Barbados, off the western coast, and the captain (Cataline) and his English sailors, finding the island unoccupied by any European nation, took possession of it in the name of England's King by erecting a cross on the shore near a deep bay called the Hole, now called Hole Town Bay, St. James. They also cut into the bark of a tree the words, "James, King of England and of this Island."

This tree, with some of the names of the first settlers (who landed and settled) cut into its bark, is said to have been destroyed by the hurricane of 1780, a terribly severe visitation which almost reduced Bridgetown to ruins and brought down every church in the island with the exception of four.

As was only fitting, a stone monument surmounted by a cross was later erected to take the place of the marks made by the first settlers, long since destroyed by the hurricane. The people of the island, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the discovery, held great *fêtes* and inscribed on a pillar of stone these words: "Erected by the inhabitants of Barbados on the 30th of November, 1905, in commemoration of the first taking possession

of the island by Englishmen, who erected a cross at or near this spot as a mark of such possession about the month of July, 1605."



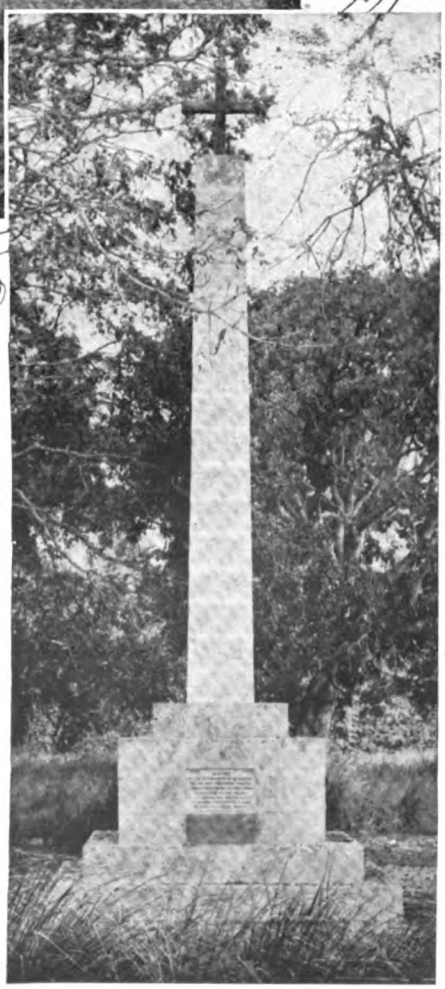
THE LION OF WATERLOO.

Where gold was first discovered at Ballarat.

A SIMPLE stone marks the spot where gold was first discovered in Australia. "Gold discovered, 1851," is the brief legend it bears. But the real story of the first gold boom days at Ballarat is stirring and romantic to the highest degree.

The city of Ballarat, Victoria, owes its existence to the discovery of gold. The year 1851, when Victoria was first made an independent State, was a memorable one. The summer was one of intense heat; drought killed the sheep and cattle by thousands. On February 6th a tornado swept the country with a fierce dry blast, bringing fire and death everywhere; forests, farms, stacks, cattle — all perished on that terrible "Black Thursday."

The following June, Nature, as if desiring to atone, yielded up one of her great secrets. On June 10th, on the station of Mr. Donald Cameron, some specks of gold were discovered. History moved quickly after this. A gold rush succeeded. Rich pockets, quite near the surface, were discovered, and Governor La Trobe, when visiting the fields, saw eight pounds weight of gold washed from two dishes of dirt, and was also informed of a settler who, having at dawn found sixteen pounds weight of gold, was able to take to his shanty at nightfall thirty-one pounds of pure gold. People of all kinds and classes flocked to Ballarat and were housed in tents. The fields were enormously rich, but the maximum output was reached the second year, when gold to the value of twelve million six hundred thousand pounds was taken



WHERE THE FIRST ENGLISHMEN LANDED AT BARBADOS.

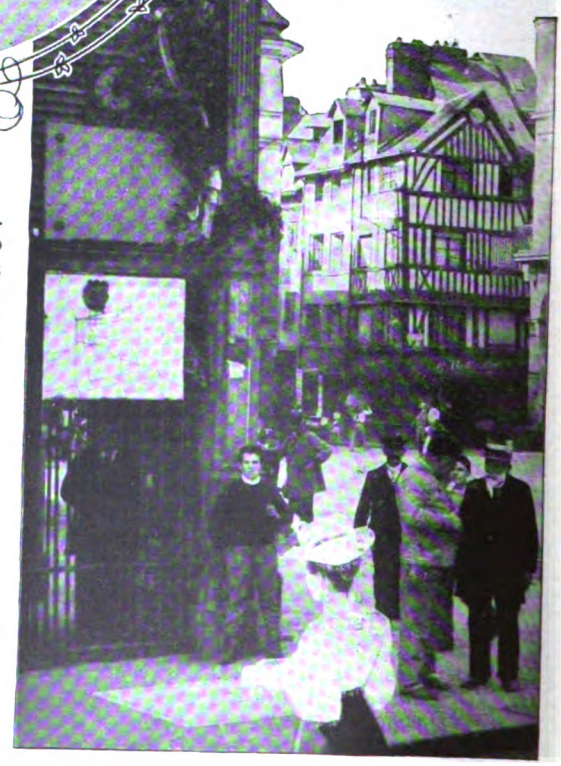
from the soil. Several enormous nuggets were found, the largest weighing two thousand two hundred and eighty ounces. Prices rose accordingly. Horses formerly worth ten to thirty pounds

WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED IN AUSTRALIA.

rose in 1853 to a hundred and fifty. Innkeepers, it is said, charged two pounds for a drink to the thirsty miners and a guinea a bushel for oats for their horses. Such was the extraordinary freak of fortune which is commemorated by this simple stone.

The spot where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake.

THERE is perhaps no figure in the annals of history who did more than Joan of Arc to instil into the hearts of mankind the love of their own land. She had but one aim—to free her beloved country, France, from the English and from the war which was ruining the land. Back to Domremy, where little Joan was peaceably tending the sheep, were sent stories of the sufferings of the French armies on the battlefield and of their continual failures. So impressed was she that day after day she prayed that help and deliverance might be sent them. At last she was answered by what she called "My voices"—"Joan, go and deliver the King of France and give him back his kingdom; put on courage and the armour of a man and lead the armies to victory." Joan's one cry was, "My voices tell me to go." Eventually she cut off her hair, put on a suit of armour, and set off to see the King, to ask for an army and permission to attempt to raise the siege of Orleans. After overcoming many obstacles her request was granted, and she rode forth at the head of an army. The soldiers believed in her from the first, and ten days after reaching Orleans the siege was raised and the English retreated, declaring that they could not fight against a witch. In the following spring she was wounded at Compiègne and taken prisoner. Deserted by "her voices" and the King, she was tried for heresy and condemned, in 1431, to be burnt as a witch, the spot being marked by an inscribed slab let into the street.



HERE JOAN OF ARC WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE.

The Bastille Monument in Paris, marking the site of the famous Bastille Prison, destroyed during the Reign of Terror.

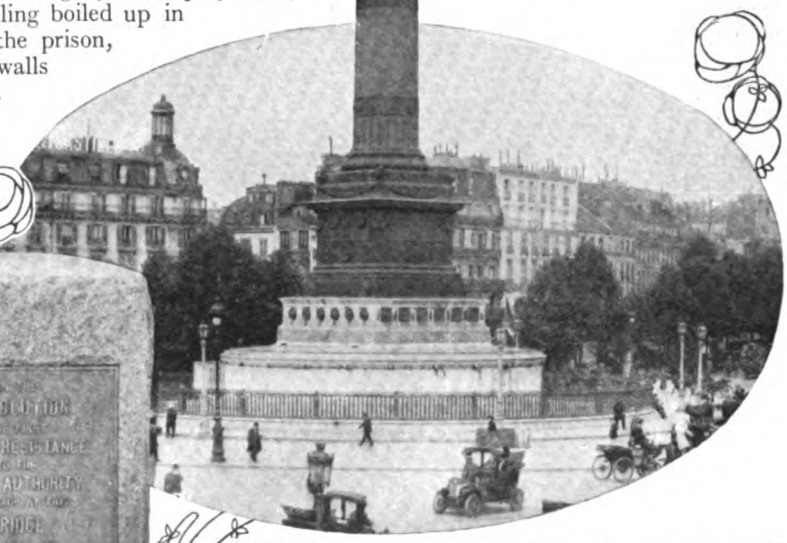
ALMOST as familiar as the name of the French capital in which it stands is the monument of the Bastille, now marking the site of the famous Bastille Prison, destroyed by the populace in 1789 during the Reign of Terror.

Some strange fatality seems to have marked this spot, for tragedies were enacted here over and over again, during successive periods of French history.

Here, in the fourteenth century, ran the city walls, and at just this point a great stone fortress was built for the defence of the capital. Later its office became that of a dungeon for prisoners of State.

Here the Man with the Iron Mask lived out his mysterious tragedy. On July 14th, 1789, popular feeling boiled up in an attack upon the prison, and its ancient walls were reduced to a mighty heap of ruins. The key of the building was sent by Lafayette to George Washington at Mount Vernon.

This column of July was erected nearly fifty years later in honour of those who fell during the brief Revolution of 1830. During the Revolution of 1848 there was fierce fighting here. The insurgents built their strongest barricade on the east side of the square. And again in 1871 the Communists entrenched themselves here, and were overcome by the Versailles troops only after a horrible struggle.



THE MONUMENT MARKING THE SITE OF THE BASTILLE.

WHERE THE AMERICANS FIRST OFFERED ARMED RESISTANCE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

The tablet marking the spot where the first armed resistance to Great Britain took place in America.

A TABLET marking the spot where the first armed resistance to Great Britain took place in America is to be seen at Salem Bridge, Massachusetts. In February, 1775, General Gage of the British Army heard that some cannon and munitions of war had been placed in Salem by the colonists, so he sent Colonel Leslie with his men in a vessel from Castle William to seize them. They landed at Marblehead, marched into Salem, and, not finding what they sought, moved on towards Danvers. Between the two towns, at a small drawbridge now marked by this tablet, they found a large number of people, and on the opposite side forty militia, under Timothy Pickering, who refused to let it down. Leslie tried to ferry his troops over, whereupon the colonists promptly scuttled the craft.

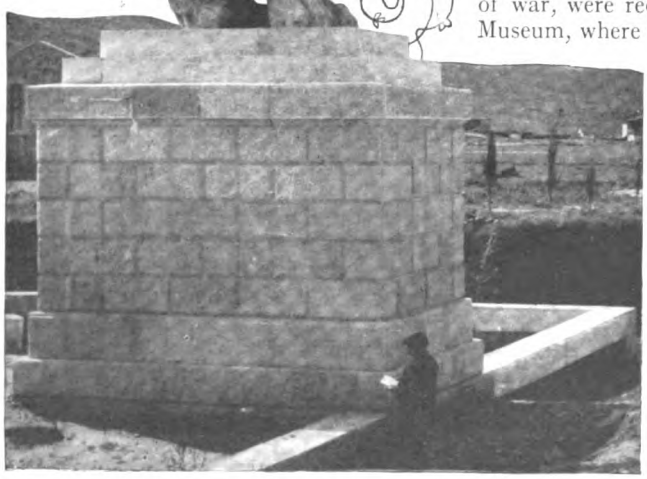
The Lion of Chæronea.

THE LION OF CHÆRONEA, which stands about twenty-four feet high, is one of the most impressive monuments of Greece. It guards the graves of the Patriots of 338 B.C. near Mount Parnassus. The Battle of Chæronea was bitterly contested, and over a thousand Athenians were slain. Demosthenes, however, who fought in the ranks, escaped death. The victory of the Macedonians was so decisive that Philip is said to have danced on the battlefield for joy.

The lion is the funeral monument not only of the Theban dead, but of a dead Greece. Greece remained a power by its art and literature long after the Macedonians routed their forces, but the Macedonians, and then the Romans, were the rulers.

THE GRAVE OF THE HEROES OF MARATHON.

In the enclosure where the lion now stands were over two hundred and fifty skeletons, and several of these, with armour and implements of war, were recently carried to the Athenian Museum, where they are still on exhibition.



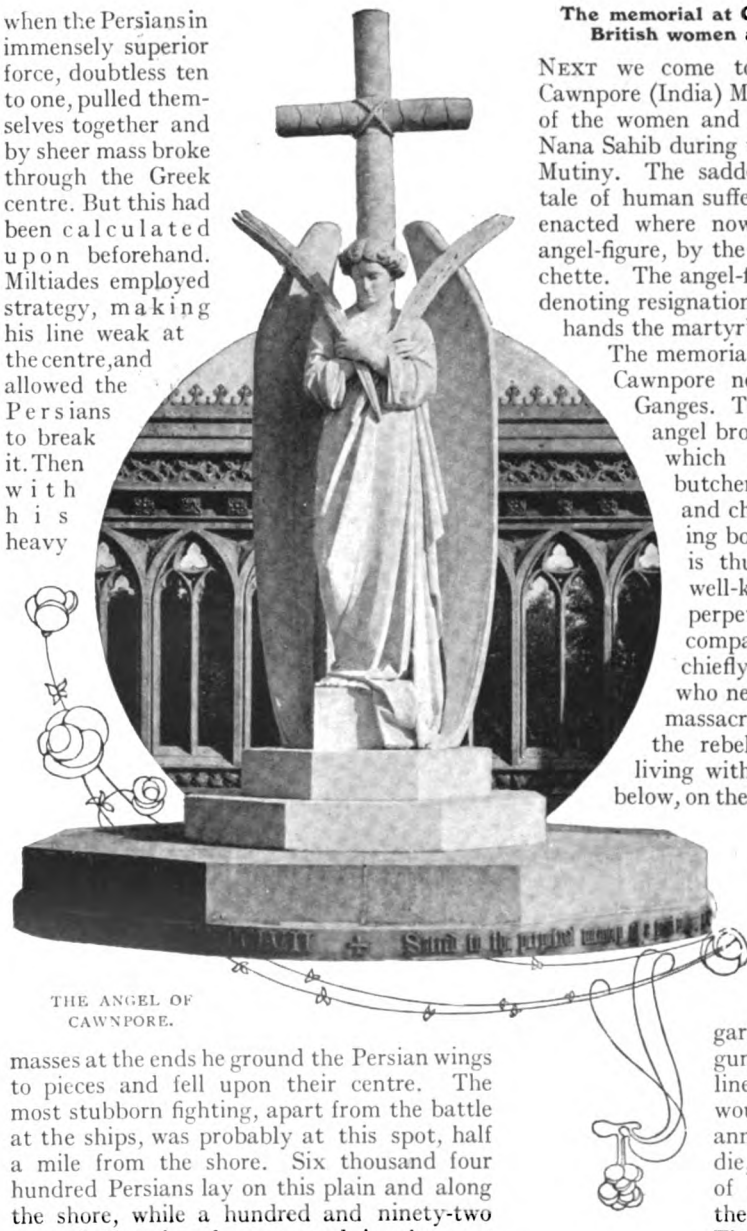
THE LION OF CHÆRONEA.

Grave mounds of Marathon heroes.

ANOTHER great Grecian landmark is the Soros, the mound erected over the graves of a hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell in the Battle of Marathon, August 12th, 490 B.C. The mound is about forty feet high and three hundred yards in circumference. Underneath the mound lie the heroes who died in this most decisive victory which prevented the Persians from invading Europe.

The battle had hardly begun

when the Persians in immensely superior force, doubtless ten to one, pulled themselves together and by sheer mass broke through the Greek centre. But this had been calculated upon beforehand. Miltiades employed strategy, making his line weak at the centre, and allowed the Persians to break it. Then with his heavy masses at the ends he ground the Persian wings to pieces and fell upon their centre. The most stubborn fighting, apart from the battle at the ships, was probably at this spot, half a mile from the shore. Six thousand four hundred Persians lay on this plain and along the shore, while a hundred and ninety-two men of Marathon lay wrapped in glory on the field.



THE ANGEL OF CAWNPORE.

It was long suspected that the heroes of Marathon were buried under the mound; but Mr. Stais, one of the Greek Ephori of Antiquities, studying the plain, came to the conclusion that the surface of the soil had been raised by alluvial deposits eight or ten feet above the level of 490 B.C. In 1890 he drove a trench with a downward slant into the centre of the mound, and found the bones of the heroes with their weapons beside them.

The memorial at Cawnpore to massacred British women and children, 1857.

NEXT we come to the picture of the Cawnpore (India) Memorial to the memory of the women and children massacred by Nana Sahib during the terrible days of the Mutiny. The saddest and most pathetic tale of human suffering in all history was enacted where now stands the beautiful angel-figure, by the Italian sculptor Marochette. The angel-figure's arms are folded, denoting resignation, and she holds in her hands the martyr's palm.

The memorial is erected in a park in Cawnpore near the banks of the Ganges. The exact spot which the angel broods over is the well into which Nana Sahib, having butchered two hundred women and children, threw the bleeding bodies. The terrible story is thus briefly given on the well-kerb: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of the great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana, and cast, the living with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."

The story of Cawnpore can never die, the story of the long weeks of mortal fear, of agony and of hunger, of thirst and sickness; of the bravery of those noble women who gave their garments to serve the gunners and their underlinen as bandages for the wounded; and then of the announcement that all must die, of the piteous farewell, of the horrible knives of the black-faced assassins. Thus the Cawnpore Massacre has been well called the blackest crime in history, and only in its hallowed memory dwells a certain sweetness as of infinite pity and tears.

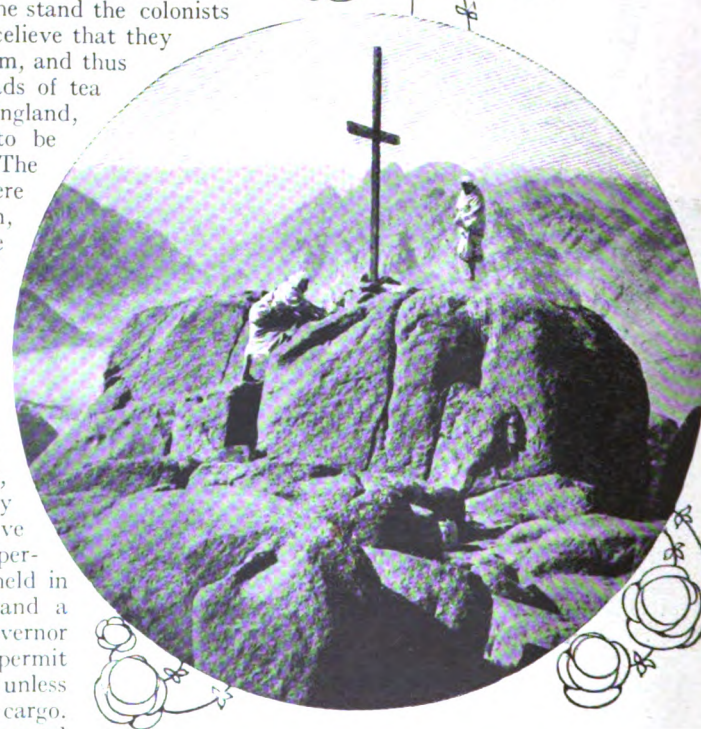
The famous "Boston Tea Party" Tablet, marking the site of Griffin's Wharf.

THE "Boston Tea Party" is the popular name by which an occurrence in Boston Harbour in December, 1773, is known. This arose from a dispute between the colonists

THE "BOSTON TEA PARTY" MEMORIAL.

and Great Britain as to the right of the British Parliament to tax them. They declared that "taxation without representation is tyranny." The King, hearing of the stand the colonists had taken, would not believe that they would actually defy him, and thus ordered several shiploads of tea to be sent over from England, three of which were to be landed at Boston. The colonists, however, were adamant in their decision, and refused to allow the tea to be landed. For days they endeavoured to get the owner of the ships to return with the tea to England.

The Governor, however, ordered the guns at the castle, which commanded the harbour, to be fired upon any vessel attempting to leave the harbour without a permit. A meeting was held in a church in Boston, and a report made that the Governor absolutely refused to permit the ships to return unless properly cleared of their cargo. Then Samuel Adams rose and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." At that instant a cry was heard in the porch, the war-whoop resounded, and a body of men, forty or fifty in number, clad in blankets like Indians, each holding a hatchet, passed by the door. Increased by numbers on the way, they marched two by two to Griffin's Wharf, where they posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea-ships, and in about three hours three hundred and forty chests of tea were emptied into the bay. After the work was done they all retired quietly to their homes. But they had proved beyond doubt that they were prepared to defend themselves against what they considered to be an act of injustice, and the United States were lost to the British Crown.



THE SPOT WHERE MOSES RECEIVED THE COMMANDMENTS.

Where Moses Received the Ten Commandments.

THIS series of landmarks would hardly be complete without including one of the great monuments of Biblical history. A simple cross

marks the spot which investigators of Sinai have decided is the place where Moses read out to the children of Israel the laws of God. The mountain itself must stand for the monument. Rus Sufsafeh, the elevation on which the cross stands, is wild, barren, and rocky, as the photograph so well shows.

About three hundred yards from the base of the mountain there runs across the plain a low, semicircular mound which forms a kind of natural theatre; while farther distant, on either side of the plain, the slopes of the enclosing mountains would afford seats to an almost unlimited number of spectators. Not far off there is an extensive recess which was probably used as a camping-ground. No spot on the whole peninsula is so well supplied with water and pasturage.

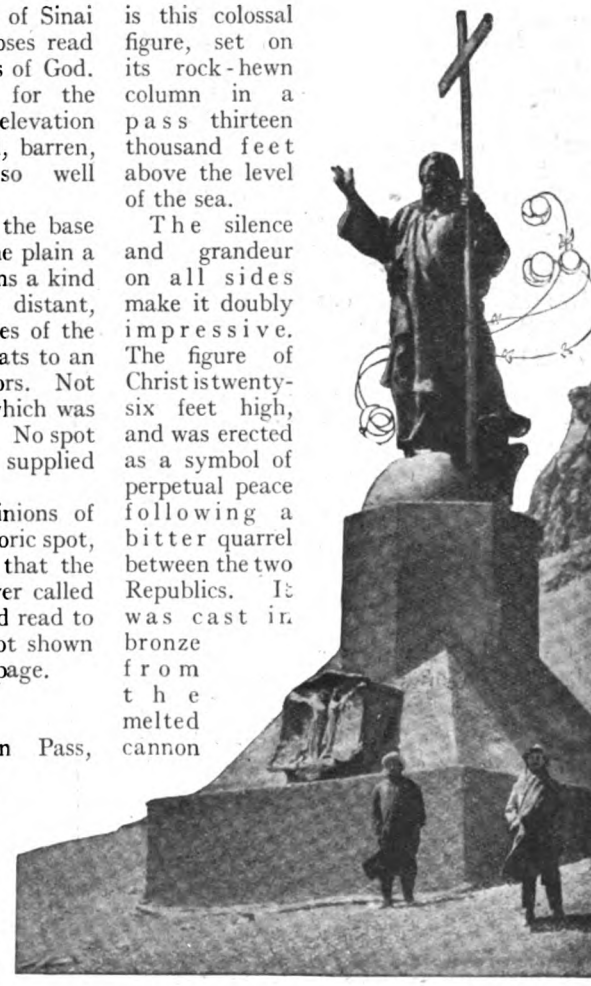
In spite of the very varied opinions of experts as to the certainty of the historic spot, it is now pretty unanimously held that the mountain where the Great Law-Giver called all the children of Israel together and read to them the Commandments is the spot shown in the photograph on the preceding page.

The Christ of the Andes.

AT the summit of the Andean Pass, directly on the boundary-line between the Republic of Argentina and Chile, stands a most impressive landmark. It is inscribed with the words, "*Christ Redemtor*" ("Christ the Redeemer"). Before the completion of the tunnel a traveller crossed the Andes by coach, and as he wound in and out of the zigzag road, the air being clear and sharp as he got higher and higher, he had wonderful glimpses of the distant mountain-peaks against a turquoise heaven. As he neared the summit a sharp turn in the road suddenly revealed a striking statue, outlined against the sky, and a feeling almost of awe came upon him as he gazed for some minutes in silent admiration. Lofty peaks everywhere lifted their weird masses of basaltic rock and dazzling snow into the clear blue of the Andean sky; clearer than others were Aconcagua and Tupungato.

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." So wrote the sculptor on this gigantic Christ statue, as well as blazing on the opposite sides of it "Argentina," "Chile." Almost as impressive as the Statue of Liberty is this colossal figure, set on its rock-hewn column in a pass thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The silence and grandeur on all sides make it doubly impressive. The figure of Christ is twenty-six feet high, and was erected as a symbol of perpetual peace following a bitter quarrel between the two Republics. It was cast in bronze from the melted cannon of the two nations, and marks the boundary-line established by arbitration.



THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

The landmark of the Tropic of Cancer.

ONE of the landmarks selected for the purpose of this article has no stirring human story connected with it, but is of purely scientific interest. This curious monument can certainly best be described by the accompanying photograph. It is situated in Mexico, and marks the exact spot traversed by the Tropic of Cancer (the crab).

In the science of climatology it is customary to classify climates roughly into certain broad belts. These are the climatic zones, divided by imaginary circles of the earth, of which the Tropic of Cancer is the one which marks a parallel of latitude twenty-three and a half degrees north of the Equator,

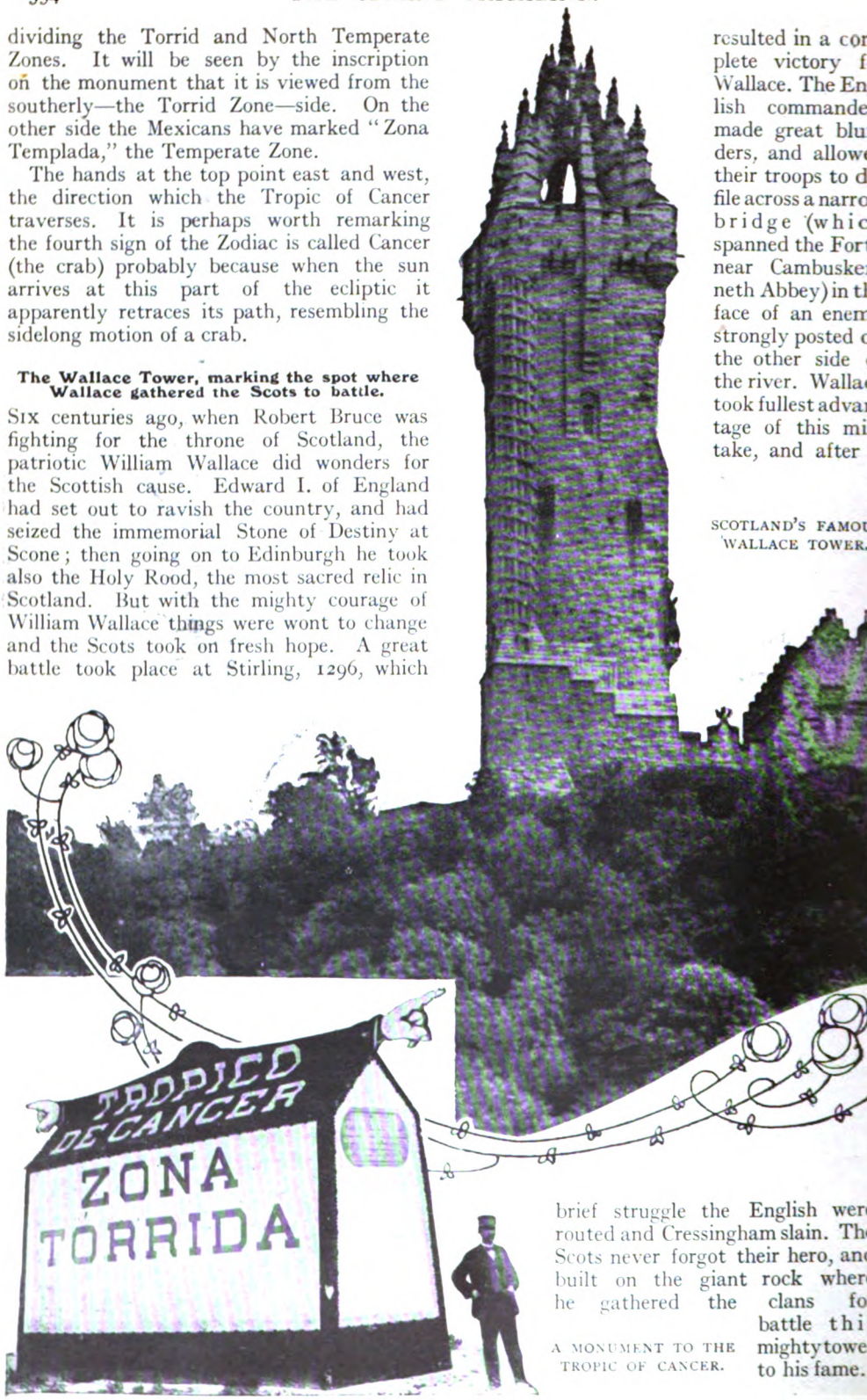
dividing the Torrid and North Temperate Zones. It will be seen by the inscription on the monument that it is viewed from the southerly—the Torrid Zone—side. On the other side the Mexicans have marked "Zona Templada," the Temperate Zone.

The hands at the top point east and west, the direction which the Tropic of Cancer traverses. It is perhaps worth remarking the fourth sign of the Zodiac is called Cancer (the crab) probably because when the sun arrives at this part of the ecliptic it apparently retraces its path, resembling the sidelong motion of a crab.

The Wallace Tower, marking the spot where Wallace gathered the Scots to battle.

SIX centuries ago, when Robert Bruce was fighting for the throne of Scotland, the patriotic William Wallace did wonders for the Scottish cause. Edward I. of England had set out to ravish the country, and had seized the immemorial Stone of Destiny at Scone; then going on to Edinburgh he took also the Holy Rood, the most sacred relic in Scotland. But with the mighty courage of William Wallace things were wont to change and the Scots took on fresh hope. A great battle took place at Stirling, 1296, which resulted in a complete victory for Wallace. The English commanders made great blunders, and allowed their troops to defile across a narrow bridge (which spanned the Forth near Cambuskenneth Abbey) in the face of an enemy strongly posted on the other side of the river. Wallace took fullest advantage of this mistake, and after a brief struggle the English were routed and Cressingham slain. The Scots never forgot their hero, and built on the giant rock where he gathered the clans for battle this mighty tower to his fame.

SCOTLAND'S FAMOUS WALLACE TOWER.



A MONUMENT TO THE TROPIC OF CANCER.

OH! JAMES!

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO TRIED TO PROVE THE GOODNESS OF THE WORLD.

By MAY EDGINTON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

CHAPTER XVII.

CATHARINE walked briskly into her drawing-room.

She kissed Aunt Plummer, shook hands with Tonbridge, and bowed to the man of law.

"My darling aunt," she said, affectionately, "I sent for you to come and do a day's shopping with me. I knew you would like it. Excuse me while I just say a few words to these gentlemen." Then Catharine said a few words to those gentlemen.

"I am so sorry that an unfortunate mistake arose. I do not require your services. You must really accept my full apologies. My aunt and I are just going out shopping, so that I cannot stay to explain further, even if explanations are necessary. You will tell Messrs. Botham and Botham that I sent for you by mistake? And you, Mr. Tonbridge, will forgive me, I know. Good morning—*Good* morning."

The two gentlemen found themselves outside the front door.

"Can you give me any explanation, sir?" asked the man of law.

"I cannot, sir," replied Tonbridge, and hastened away.

Catharine, indoors, was ringing for the housemaid.

"Go to the garage over the road," said she, "and tell them to send a car at once. Something smart. I have to do a day's shopping."

"Cath'rine," twittered Aunt Plummer, "Cath'rine, re'lly this is very extravagant of you——"

"Darling aunt," interrupted Catharine, "excuse me while I fly to put on my hat."

She not only put on her hat, but the collarless blouse, and the ruffled coat, and the patent-leather shoes, and silk stockings. She took the housekeeping purse for small change, and her cheque-book.

It was a beautiful car, with a smart chauffeur, luxuriously upholstered and with a fur rug.

They glided away.

"We are thinking of refurnishing the house," said Catharine now, turning to Aunt Plummer, "and as James is away for the week-end — looking after his Birmingham branch, you know—I thought I would get it done before he returns. I shall be obliged to work very hard, but one does not mind that."

"'Tch! 'Tch!" said Aunt Plummer, sympathizingly.

"We will look at furniture this morning, I think," resumed Catharine, "and this afternoon I must think about clothes. Is there anything, by the way, that you want, aunt, dear?"

Catharine's aunt was able, like most people, to think of a great many things she wanted, and she thought of them all between Hampstead and Oxford Street. They made a list as they drove.

In an Oxford Street great furnishing house they were received with gratifying deference.

"I wish to furnish a house throughout in the best style," said Catharine.

This fine woman never faltered a moment, nor erred in a choice. She paid fifty pounds for a carpet without blenching, and bought old tapestries for portières at fabulous prices. Her dining-room suite was superb, her drawing-room lounges, Chesterfields, chairs, divans, cushions, things to dream of. She had round mirrors in heavy silver frames, and things were brought from the depths and the

heights for her inspection, passed, and purchased, and more came. Often she did not ask the price, but superbly chose the article and proceeded with her morning's errand. Her bedrooms were to be nests of luxury, the new furniture for James's den all that masculine taste could desire. She showed a fine taste in clocks, too, buying "just a grandfather for the hall," as she said, flippantly, for a little matter of two hundred guineas.

"Now we will lunch, aunt, darling!" said Catharine, vivaciously, and she carried the aged one away to the East Room at the Criterion, to which, happily, Mr. Edmund Tonbridge had introduced her.

They ate anything they fancied, whether it were in season or out, and they drank everything they fancied, so that Aunt Plummer had to be lifted into the car again by the commissionaire, to whom Catharine handed half a crown.

For Aunt Plummer's sake they had a few turns round the Park before resuming business.

They went now to certain houses in Hanover Square, selected by Catharine (like the furniture establishment) from the advertisements. Here they bought, first, various things for Aunt Plummer, and then for Catharine.

"Afternoon frocks," said Catharine.

Some of the most exclusive models in London were paraded before her. When she liked a gown she just said, "Yes, I will have that one," and it was added to her selection. She said this a great many times. Most of the blouses that she bought were collarless.

"Hats!" cried Catharine.

Hats came. Catharine tried them on, one after the other. Ospreys ran into three figures. No matter. Catharine continued.

"SOME OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE MODELS IN LONDON WERE PARADED BEFORE HER."

A poignant memory assailed Catharine. It was a memory of silk stockings. She now bought three dozen pairs, and shoes to match all the new dresses. She asked for furs.

One knows what ruin can be wrought by furs. Catharine's were Russian sables of the finest. Enough.

"Petticoats," said Catharine.

James's little thing at four guineas was a bagatelle when Catharine bought petticoats in Hanover Square.

"Lingerie," said Catharine, pronouncing the word carefully and correctly.

Lingerie arrived in billows which, when shaken out, were indecent things of cobweb

thickness. And the less there was of them the more they cost.

Catharine bought sets and sets and sets of lingerie.

"Will madame see *robes de nuit?*" asked the saleswoman.

"Certainly," said Catharine.

She filled in her second cheque for the house in Hanover Square for nine hundred guineas, and left to have tea at Rumpelmayer's.

Then she put her name down at a high-class servants' registry office, and returned home smiling with her cheque-book.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JAMES spent a very nice week-end in Birmingham, despite a certain reticence that at first seemed to hang about Nora. This reticence he set himself at once to overcome, and by generous expenditure in cash he overcame it.

He managed to see the Dragon for half an hour or so by excusing himself to Nora on the plea of business. Calling upon the young man at his hotel, the latter appeared to receive a distinct shock on seeing Mr. Bright.

"I told you," said James, humorously, "to expect me at any minute, and here I am. How are you?"

"Perfectly well, sir, thank you," replied the young man, "and I am pleased to report that Miss Patrick is quite well too."

But the young man appeared to feel no pleasure in James's company.

"You may be pleased to hear," James resumed, "that I am making your berth a more permanent one than I at first thought. I had no idea, before I tried it, what a relief it would be to have this young lady practically safeguarded. You are satisfied to remain on my terms?"

The young man thought carefully. Then: "For the present, yes," he slowly answered.

"I am confident that you carry out your work conscientiously," said James. "Your reports have been all I could wish. Would you like a week-end off?"

The young man regarded him with an indefinable expression.

"Because," James continued, "I am staying the week-end with Miss Patrick, and should be happy to release you till Monday."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man; "I am remaining in Birmingham."

The young man certainly remained in Birmingham. When James was seated, with Nora, in the stalls of the theatre, he perceived not far from them his indefatigable *employé*, and when, after the play, James took Nora to supper, the young man, strangely enough, appeared without much loss of time and took a table where he could keep them in view.

"He exceeds his duty," said James to himself. "Grossly exceeds his duty."

It was James's custom, after staying from home for a week-end, to abjure the office altogether on a Monday, and, having lunched with his hostess, if the railway time-table made this possible, to arrive in Hampstead in time for tea. In this instance he did not depart from custom, but, having parted reluctantly from Nora, he travelled back to town on Monday afternoon.

He let himself in with his latch-key, and found himself in a strange hall. A splendid carved chest, a grandfather clock, a chair of the most expensively remote period! James looked at these things as in a dream.

"I suppose," said he, overcoming his first stagger of surprise, "that Catharine picked a little furniture up cheap. Perhaps there was a sale."

James passed on to his den, to see if any letters awaited him there. The house was very quiet; no Catharine appeared. James opened his door.

Mahogany and leather met him; heavy silver ink-pots; a new Turkey carpet; immense easy-chairs; a new brass coal-box.

James sank dumbly into the new chair at his new desk, and found a few letters. Holding them in his hand, he looked round to absorb the wonders afresh.

He began very slowly, with a puckered brow and pursed lip, to open his letters. Somewhere in the road outside the hoot of a motor-horn and the purr of a car sounded faintly and were still.

A firm, quick step came outside his door; a voice cried: "Is that my old James?" Catharine hastened in.

But such a Catharine! She stood garbed in a coat and skirt of black velvet of a fit so perfect as to be almost immoral, silk stockings, patent shoes, Russian sables, ospreys rearing in a marvellous hat, white kid gloves, jangling, dangling gold purse and card-case, and vanity bag and what-not. Her hair was dressed softly, and between the caressing sides of the sable stole one could see her throat rising, bare and white. Her smile was radiant and healthy.

James got up.

"My love——" he began.

"My old James!" cried Catharine, and kissed him. He smelt violets. "I wish I could stay, but I can't. I'm just rushing off

to do a little shopping that I positively can't leave. The car is waiting."

"The car!" said James. "What car?"

"Brown's car," replied Catharine. "It occurred to me that I might hire it sometimes until I had one of my own. I really do not know why I had not thought of it before. Bye-bye, dear. I will be back——"

"But——" cried James.

"I can't stop!" said Catharine, moving to the door with all the sinuousness that her immoral coat and skirt could give her. "I'll be back to dinner, and I've told them that you'll ring for tea in here when you want it."

Catharine was gone. The hoot of a horn and the purr of a car could be heard faintly without. James sank back into his chair.

Presently, strengthened, he went to inspect the house, and it was as he had feared. It was refurnished from cellar to garret. Large fires burned at one and the same time in the dining-room, drawing-room, James's den, and the second spare bedroom, which was now appropriated, seemingly, by Catharine as her boudoir. Their bedroom, setting aside the fact of its circumscribed size, was fit for a palace; his dressing-room was fitted with every luxury. James looked at everything; he found pictures and tapestries and antiques of many kinds which must, he knew, be worth a small fortune. Then he went and peeped fearfully into the mysteries of Catharine's wardrobe and cupboards, and he found the finest and softest woman's apparel, and hats that were almost too exclusive to exist, and thrown down carelessly upon her dressing-table was a handful of little jewels, ear-rings, buttons, pins, rings, and the like.

"She is squandering money," said James, pursing his lips. He went and sat uneasily in the drawing-room till Catharine returned, radiant.

"My love," James began, in a tone of firm remonstrance, clearing his throat.

"My dear," cried Catharine, beamingly. "I've

"JAMES GOT UP. 'MY LOVE——' HE BEGAN."

been having such a time! Such a time! I must tell you all. I was going my dreary little household round on Friday when it flashed upon me that instead of a help I was a hindrance to you. A man rising in the business world cannot want a parsimonious wife."

"Indeed, my dear," replied James, earnestly, "I appreciate and applaud your econ——"

"I remembered," Catharine continued, unheeding, "the last time you took me to Gatti's, and how when we came home you said, as if desperate: 'Catharine, there is no need for you to manage. You can have twelve servants. You can be dressed by Worth and Paquin. You can have a flat in town and a place in the country. I want you to spend—spend—spend!' And suddenly, my old James, I understood you. I saw your point of view, and I set about making you a comfortable home. All this I have carried out myself in the week-end."

"You are goodness itself, love," said James, haltingly, "but——"

"I think," said Catharine, "I have managed it all fairly well. I took that cheque-book you gave me, you remember, so that I had no difficulty. All the same, I have been very busy for the last three days."

"Yes, love," said James, "but——"

"Ring the bell, please, dear," added Catharine.

James rang, and the butler came. "Send Bertram," said Catharine. The butler withdrew.

James watched these things passing like magic. A very perfect person appeared.

"Take my parcels upstairs, Bertram," said Catharine, languidly, "I am just coming."

The perfect person obeyed, and Catharine turned to James.

"This place is so small," she said, gathering up her sables, "that one really cannot house a decent staff. I am compelled to combine head housemaid and lady's maid, and let the butler sleep out for the present. Of course I shall soon change all that, but for the present, my old James, I am afraid we shall have to bear it."

"For the present, love," replied James, huskily, "I suppose we must, but——"

"It will not be for long," Catharine continued. "I do not think you have ever found me dilatory when I have made up my mind to do a thing."

"No, love!" replied James; "but——"

"Where is my muff?" said Catharine, looking round vaguely. "Thank you. Do you like the furs?"

"Delightful, my dear," replied James, "but——"

"I gave four hundred guineas for them," said Catharine, critically. "I consider good furs such an excellent investment."

"Love!" said James. "Four hundred—but——"

"By the way," Catharine continued, "will you dress to-night? Because of the butler, you know."

"Certainly, dear," said James, "but——"

Catharine disappeared, leaving a great sense of opulence behind her.

James sank into a chair, put his brow into his hands, and lost himself mercifully in a kind of waking oblivion.

Catharine, dressed from Hanover Square, came down to dinner, still radiant.

"Where shall we go to-night?" said Catharine, while they discussed fish cooked to such perfection as told plainly that she had changed her cook.

"Need we go anywhere?" replied James.

"My old James!" cried Catharine, reproachfully. "His first night home, and he didn't want to take his wife out!"

"Oh, my love!" protested James.

Catharine sent the butler into the hall to telephone for seats at the Haymarket.

"There's only boxes, madam," said the butler, returning.

"Well, take a box," replied Catharine, impatiently.

Catharine and James went to the theatre in a closed car from Brown's, and after the play they supped at Dieudonné's.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW days later a mutual acquaintance said to Mr. Edmund Tonbridge in the City, "Poor James Bright is looking very bad."

Tonbridge's really kind heart prompted him at once to look in at James's office. He found, indeed, a change. A pale, harassed, and serious James looked up from his correspondence, and grasped Tonbridge's hand with real affection.

"James," said Tonbridge, "a man told me in the City that you were looking awfully bad. Dear me! I hope that matters at home——"

James silenced him by a gesture, nothing more. Still in silence, after a moment he drew from a pigeon-hole in his desk a foolscap sheet with a long addition sum upon it.

"Edmund," he said, "I am in a ghastly dilemma. How to cope with it I cannot think. Money has simply *gotter-be-made* beyond all human possibility."

Tonbridge looked at the sheet.

"My wife's recent expenses," James explained.

Tonbridge cast up the columns swiftly and staggered.

"After thirteen years of undeviating economy," James continued, "something has happened to Catharine. I came back from Birmingham on Monday to find the whole house refurnished and Catharine going out motoring. She has given a standing order at a garage, and they keep a car exclusively for her use. We also have a butler."

"'Tch! 'Tch!" said Tonbridge.

"She had spent in the week-end," said James, reaching for the figures, "let me see—close upon three thousand pounds, and she is continuing life on the same scale. Two cars are being built to her order, one for country and one for town; plans for a yacht fitted with every luxury are under consideration, and she is looking at West-end houses with a view to moving at once."

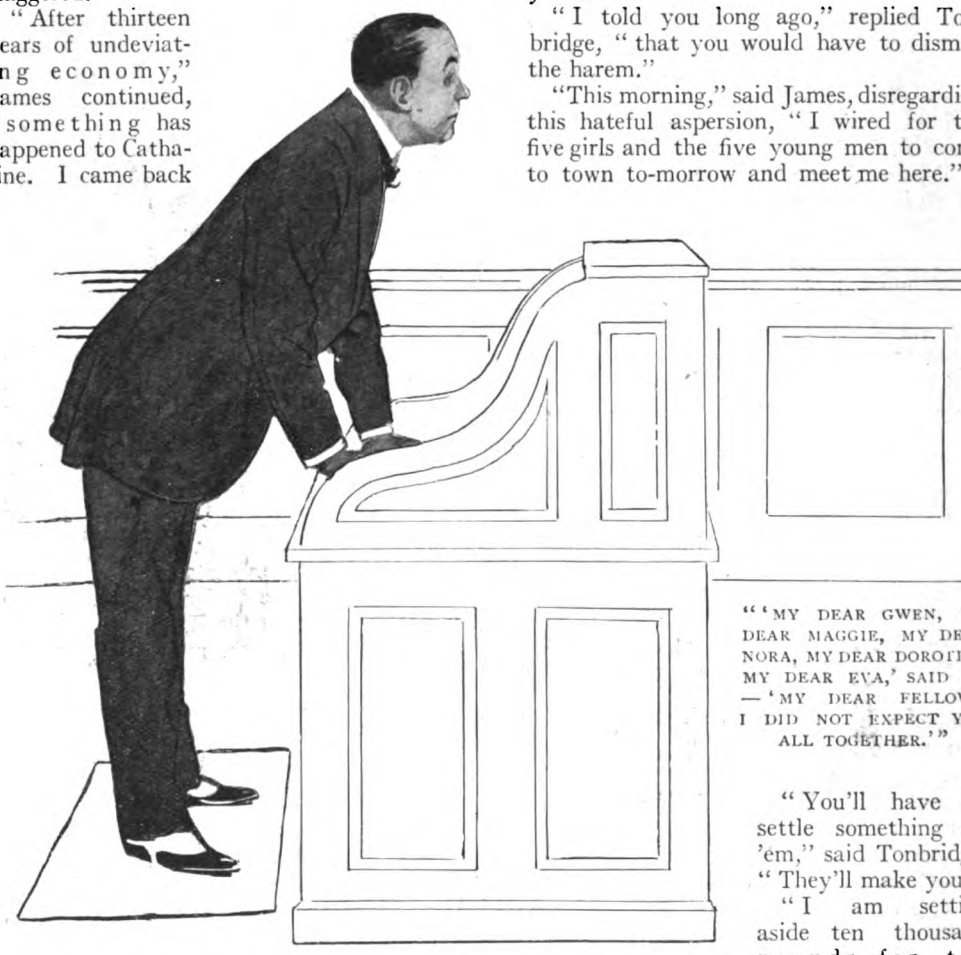
"Indeed!" replied Tonbridge, thoughtfully.

A long silence ensued, broken by James saying, hoarsely:—

"Tonbridge, I can't keep all these girls. One woman like Catharine is quite enough for any man."

"I told you long ago," replied Tonbridge, "that you would have to dismiss the harem."

"This morning," said James, disregarding this hateful aspersion, "I wired for the five girls and the five young men to come to town to-morrow and meet me here."



"'MY DEAR GWEN, MY DEAR MAGGIE, MY DEAR NORA, MY DEAR DOROTHY, MY DEAR EVA,' SAID HE—'MY DEAR FELLOWS, I DID NOT EXPECT YOU ALL TOGETHER.'"

"You'll have to settle something on 'em," said Tonbridge. "They'll make you."

"I am setting aside ten thousand pounds for the purpose," replied James.

A knock at the door heralded the arrival of the office-boy with a cable. James opened it, not without misgivings. It was from the Bombay widow. He read it—exclaimed—crumpled it up, and sat staring before him.

"James!" cried Tonbridge.

"Read," said James, faintly.

Tonbridge read that Mrs. Delaine, apprised by cable of James's renunciation, was determined to have redress. Mrs. Delaine would sue him immediately, and to this end was coming home to place the matter in solicitors' hands and fight the case in England.

"Stop her, Edmund!" cried James. "Stop her!"

"Wait," said Tonbridge. "An idea!"

He presented it: "Cable you're going out at once."

"But I am not," said James.

"Certainly not," replied Tonbridge, serenely. "Send me instead."

James looked at him and realized the full worth of such a friend.

"Edmund, would you?" he said, brokenly.

"Certainly," said Tonbridge. "Make it worth my while. We can settle the terms between us, and I'll go. Indeed, you need a man with some tact and ability to settle an affair like this. I have very little opinion of yours. For a man of your capacity for evil you have amazingly little strategic ability. Now," said Tonbridge, extremely business-like, tapping James on the shoulder, "is this lady quite a young girl?"

"A widow of thirty-five," replied James.

"Ah-h-h!" said Tonbridge, with remarkable astuteness. "She'll be a tough nut, James, very tough. I know her kind—any man of the world does. She'll want heavy compensation."

"I have done nothing to compensate her for," protested James, earnestly.

Mr. Tonbridge gave the mellow, incredulous laugh and passed on easily.

"But it will be my business, as your emissary, to make good terms for you. Trust in me, James; I know her kind, I tell you. I can deal with them. You've no strategic ability, only an abnormal propensity for getting into a most disgusting mess. Well, well, I'll see you through, James!"

"Thank you, Edmund! Thank you!" cried James, wringing his friend's hand.

Tonbridge laughed a laugh of mellow tolerance and perfect ability, and went away.

That evening Catharine wished again to

be taken out. They went to a theatre and had supper at the Ritz. James found her demand for expensive attentions incessant. And with it all she was, strangely enough, just her natural self—healthy, pleasant, vivacious, unflagging, crying :—

"Aren't we enjoying ourselves, old James? Isn't it a comfortable world?"

James was awake most of the night, thinking. Not so Catharine, although she breakfasted luxuriously in bed in a satin dressing-sack over her new and priceless *robe de nuit*. James could not breakfast in bed. Money simply had to be made, and he must toil to his office, as usual, to make it.

There also were the five Rogues to be faced, with the tale of an utterly unexpected situation.

They came punctually, all in a body, and with them—not an hour later, as arranged by James—the five Dragons.

These ten flourishing young people seemed to fill up James's office-room, and their mutual appearance caused mutual surprise. The five Dragons looked curiously at each other, and at each other's charges, and the five young girls were very distant in manner as they made a rapid summary of the feminine competition. James, tired, harassed, not to say nervous, faced these beings abounding with energy, all fresh as idle horses.

"My dear Gwen, my dear Maggie, my dear Nora, my dear Dorothy, my dear Eva," said he—"my dear fellows, I did not expect you all together. The girls I fixed for the same hour, wishing to hasten business; but the men——"

The five young men all looked at James with a repressed fury, a look that plainly set him down as an intruder, an interloper, an impertinent person, and a very suspicious character indeed. James was quick to feel this.

Breaking frantically into the business, he said :—

"My dear girls—I would introduce you, only that by now you will have guessed that all your positions are practically the same, and I am rather too depressed already for formalities—we must part. That is why I sent for you—to say we must part. Something has happened—I am not—or shall not be in future—the wealthy man you think me. I am becoming involved to a frightful depth. All the money I make in future will be—er—dispersed immediately by a call which brooks no denial."

Having hurried out this explanation, James put his head in his hands and, hiding his eyes, sat very still, and waited for someone to speak. He seemed to wait a very long time before out of the dread stillness that ensued one or two Rogues' voices could be heard pattering together :—

"Uncle!" "Uncle!" "Uncle!" "I——"

This was taken up by the young men :—

"We—are—in short——"

"You will be surprised——"

"You cannot have expected——"

"It was only natural that——"

"Leaving a man in a very responsible position——"

The young men paused, and then all the voices took up the chorus in duets :—

"We are engaged."

"We are engaged."

"We are married."

"We are shortly to be married."

"We are determined to be married."

James raised his aching brow from his hands and stared and cried "What? Who's married?"

"I, uncle," replied Eva, coming forward with her protector.

"Who is engaged?" cried James.

"Us!" replied Maggie and Nora, in chorus with their prospective husbands. The Oxford don, more academic, said, in his charming voice, accompanied by Gwen, "We are!"

"And who," said James, breathlessly, "is determined to be married?"

"Me," replied Mr. Baker, who held the hand of Dorothy Dormer; and very comely she looked as she blushed at James.

James rose.

"My dear girls," he said, "my dear fellows, you surprise me, but—I cannot pretend to be displeased. All you young men have—or will have—the best and prettiest of wives; all you girls have—or will have—capable and suitable husbands. Er—I hope those of you who have not married will not dream of changing your minds. You must let me hear when the great events will take place; I am, indeed, deeply interested. I may remark here that I am no advocate of long courtships. Really—really—this is—you have all taken me very much by surprise."

James sat down.

All looked at him in hopeful silence, as if expecting wedding presents and appointments to appear by magic on his person.

"I shall settle two thousand on each of you girls on marriage," said James.

"O-oh!" cried the girls.

The young men glanced at each other approvingly, but still waited for more. Their trust was heartrending and purse-searching—more, abysmal. There was no bottom to it.

"We know, of course, that you will do something for us," they said, with unanimity truly wonderful considering the shortness of their acquaintance.

"I will double all my managerial berths," said James, "the salary to remain at three hundred and fifty."

"Thank you, sir," said the young men, gratefully, after a brief consultation among themselves.

"Thank you, uncle," cried the Rogues.

"Are you all satisfied?" James asked. "May we shake hands on it all round?"

They shook hands all round, then they turned their backs on James, and made each other's further acquaintance. It was a merry scene. Then they all invited each other out to lunch, compromised by joining forces, and went out with great hilarity, omitting to include James. Him they left alone, forgotten, unwanted, seated at his desk.

James covered his blotting-paper with pencilled accounts before he went out to lunch, and later, as he passed through the office on his way to the Holborn Restaurant, said, peevishly, to Morton:—

"Morton, money has simply gotter-be-made."

"Yes, sir," replied Morton, "and we are making it."

"We must make it faster!" cried James. "Faster! Faster!"

And when he went home, there were the butler to relieve him of his brief-bag, and Catharine in a Hanover Square creation to flaunt extravagantly at the head of his table, and a *chef*, scornful of the Hampstead house, in the kitchen, to load that table with many courses of rich fare.

The wines were excellent. As if trying dutifully yet delicately to raise James's spirits and lift his silence, the butler plied him with sherry, with champagne, with an extraordinarily fine port; offered him later, when Catharine had left sinuously for the drawing-room and the butler and James were alone together, a wide choice in liqueurs.

When, to escape the butler, James hurried out after Catharine, he found that splendid woman looking over a few letters at her writing-cabinet, and:—

"I have decided," said she, turning briskly to her husband, "not to wait till quarter day. We shall move next week to the house in Pont Street which I have settled on as a handy little place for us."

"I have no wish to disappoint you, dear," said James, kindly, "but——"

"I have taken the house from next week," replied Catharine. "The lease is signed."

"Without my agreement!" cried James, "but——"

"Really, my old James," said his excellent wife, with a note of playful surprise, almost of reproach, "you asked me to take all such matters off your shoulders, and to spend according to your income."

"My love," James faltered, "when did I ask that of you?"

"The last evening we went to Gatti's," replied Catharine, with a little *moue* of scorn at the name.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN James was shaving, the next morning, the butler kindly sent up to say that five gentlemen awaited him below.

"Their names?" cried James, with a sinking heart.

They were the names of the five Dragons.

James laid down his razor, stripped off his shirt and trousers like lightning, and went back to bed.

So the butler told the five gentlemen that Mr. Bright was seriously indisposed, and would they kindly write to him in Mr. Bright's study and leave the notes? They went there in a body.

Charmingly peignoired, Catharine put her head into her husband's room.

"So many visitors for my old James so early in the morning! What can the matter be?"

"Catharine," said James, hollowly, "I feel ill. I shall not go to the office to-day, and you will not be able to move to Pont Street next week."

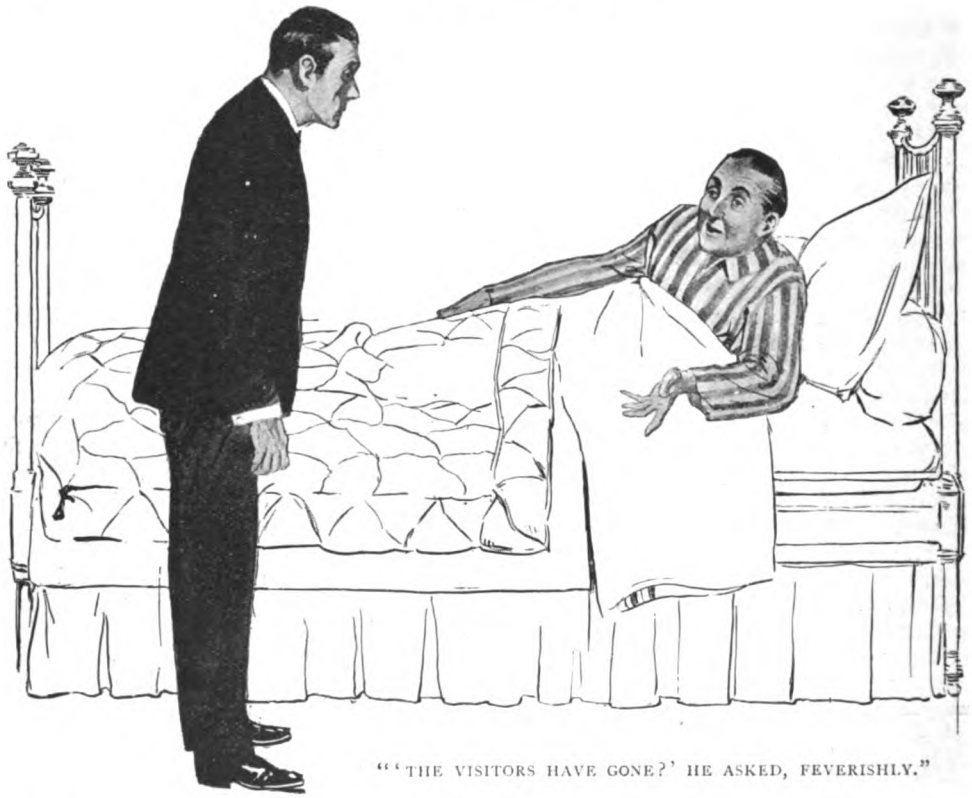
"Don't worry about that, my old James," she replied, laying a kind hand on his feverish brow. "We shall move you in an invalid-carriage, if necessary. The rich can command all luxuries." And she went away smiling to her healthy breakfast.

James, for the sake of appearances, eked out existence by a cup of tea, a strip of toast, and the perusal of the five notes written on his notepaper by the Dragons.

It was as he had feared from the first moment the butler had apprised him of their arrival. The five young men were, on further thought, concerned about the dowries of their brides. They trusted James, the five notes said. They knew his generosity. Would he not give five young couples a real good start in life? They were certain that he would.

James rang his bell.

"The visitors have gone?" he asked, feverishly.



"'THE VISITORS HAVE GONE?' HE ASKED, FEVERISHLY."

"They have gone, sir," said the butler, who had kindly answered the ring himself, in soothing accents, "all gone."

"Send for my lawyer," said James, and lay back and closed his eyes.

The time seemed long to James till the coming of his lawyer. A lengthy morning was only lightened by the sympathetic visits of the butler, and the ensuing lunch was very light indeed—a plate of soup, a morsel of fish, and a glass of sherry. Such were, he learned, Mrs. Bright's last orders. Towards the middle of the afternoon the lawyer came. He sat down by the bedside and said how sorry he was to see his client so ill, and—lying—how sorry to hear of the little business trouble, dear me!

James opened his eyes.

"The business trouble," he said, "is only a blind for my wife. There are certain settlements to make regarding——"

James paused so long that the lawyer knew what was coming, and assumed a very composed expression.

"Five young women," said James, and lay back resigned.

Even the lawyer was so startled that he cried out: "*Five!*"

"Five," replied James, nodding his head on the pillow.

"Dear me!" said the lawyer. "Good gracious! I had better hear the story."

He settled down for a beguiling five minutes by James's bedside, and certainly James beguiled him.

"It is, of course, blackmail," said the lawyer, when the tale was finished, "and as such I shall deal with it. Your terms to these young persons——"

"Ladies," James corrected. "And it is not blackmail. It is just trust and admiration and love."

"Your terms to these ladies," said the lawyer, with insane laughter, "are extremely liberal, and I shall close for those terms. Even trust, admiration, and love must keep within bounds. You will in the course of a day or two receive signed promises of silence from all these—ah—people, and I think I may say that, treated by a business man like myself, you will hear nothing further of the matter."

"Thank you very much indeed," said James, gratefully. "I feel that, great as is my affection for them all, the matter had better be adequately handled."

"Tut, tut!" said the lawyer, laughing. "Well, I must wish you good day and a speedy recovery. I suppose, by the way, that these five constitute all your liabilities?"

"There is one other in India," replied James, "but a friend was kind enough to go out for me and settle her case, thanks."

The lawyer was unable to reply. He just gave James one look of wondering admiration and went out.

"I wonder," said James to himself, when the door had closed, "whether anyone in the world would believe anything I said? And yet I am perhaps the most straightforward man in the world. Does Catharine believe in me? Yes, as long as I deceive her. As long as you deceive people they believe you, but as soon as you tell them the stark truth they eye you with suspicion ever after."

The butler brought in a fairy tea.

"I shall get up to dinner," said James, when he had seen it.

"Do you think you had ought, sir?" said the butler, with concern.

"I must," said James.

Catharine was pleased to see him up when she returned; more pleased still, she avowed, to see his appetite; positively delighted with the near prospect of moving into Pont Street. Also she said to him during dinner:—

"By the way, dear, you remember Mrs. Hunter?"

"Yes, love," replied James.

"She sent a note in to me to-day," said Catharine, "saying—as if I were interested in her concerns—that her daughter has turned up, quite respectably married. I consider a respectable marriage more than the girl deserves!"

"No, no, love!" James protested.

"Much more than she deserves," continued Catharine, "since she has been pursuing an illicit amour during her absence from home."

"No, no, love!" cried James.

"I have every reason for knowing it," replied Catharine, gravely. "However, the subject need not be mentioned again now that she is married."

"True, love," said James. "It will never be mentioned by me. I know how you hate scandals."

Catharine smiled very remotely at her champagne.

They moved to Pont Street the next week, and a life of expensive magnificence began, ruled by the butler, and demanding so much support that James sank for the while all his lingering anxieties concerning the progress of Tonbridge's mission to India. Early morning and late evening saw him at desk and in private room at home, dictating to a secretary or raging, the relentless and alien James, into his telephone. During a slight pause in the obsession one day, however, he recalled the faithful Edmund, and recollecting that the time was now ripe for developments, he cabled to Bombay:—

"What luck?"

The answer returned:—

"None. She married me. Expect you to do something for me."

Then for the first time in two months James laughed—and for the first time in his life the laughter was loud, mellow, corrupt, like the laughter of the world. And then he looked at the last clause, the hateful trust in him, the veiled threat, and he glanced around his room for help, and his gaze fell on his telephone.

He picked up the instrument. Friendship of years went by the board. Instantly he stiffened, his eye flashed, his jaw protruded, and he rang up his lawyer.

When he got home Catharine hurried him into dress-clothes and took him out to dinner, and, coming home in her costly private car, she said:—

"My old James, kindly open a bank account for me. I really cannot count every farthing I spend and come to you for it. It is too absurd."

"Yes, love," said James, "but——"

"I shall have to run over to Paris directly, to pick up some clothes," continued Catharine. "I have hardly a rag. You'll come too—I should not think of leaving my old James alone."

"Catharine," said James, "is all this expense necessary to your happiness?"

"Certainly," said Catharine, thoughtfully; "a woman in my position is surely entitled to a few comforts."

"Love," said James, "but——"

They had reached their home. The front door opened, and the butler walked regally down the steps to receive them. Catharine went straight to the room which was now again mutually theirs, with a pleasant, "Don't be long, my old James."

He watched her expensive gown trailing away, and thought what a very splendid and admirable woman she was, but——

The butler hypnotized him to come into the dining-room and partake of caviare sandwiches, rusks, brandy-and-soda. Then he said, "Good night, sir," and left James alone

"'MY OLD JAMES, SAID CATHARINE, 'NEEDS HIS HOLIDAY.'"

in that splendid room, to sink into a chair at the table, to clasp his head and cry :—

"Good heavens! how shall I make both ends meet?"

Heavily he walked upstairs. Catharine, with her hair flowing over a silk dressing-gown, was rending one or two letters she had written before going out that evening. They had contained, we may be interested to know, definite orders for the yacht and the second car. She made, however, no allusion to their contents as she dropped the pieces on her bedroom writing-table, and turned, with her kind smile, to meet James. We may surely understand that Catharine, who knew so well how to force the pace, knew also the exact psychological moment at which to slacken.

She observed, with a nice judgment, the pallor, the increasing thinness of James. She indicated admirably that he might take her upon his knee; and he did so, and had a faint, but blasting suspicion that she was a Rogue.

"My old James," said Catharine, "needs his holiday."

"He cannot afford one," replied James, shaking his head mournfully. "And, by the way, love, about the yacht——"

"I have just remembered, dear, that I can't bear the sea," said Catharine, indicating the torn letters.

James gave one long sigh and settled his head on the cushion.

Catharine continued: "I am giving up the idea of a second car for the moment. I really can't be bothered about it. I am far too busy."

James gave another long, bursting sigh, and peace showed herself to him, dimly.

"Of course, love," he said, "anything you want you must have. But——"

Catharine did not cry, "My old fool!" She sat comfortably upon James's knee, lifted his chin with one hand, ran the forefinger of the other down his parting, became an absolute Rogue, and said :—

"My old James, I have thought several times lately that the parting improves you very much."

But did she only mean the hair?

THE END.

"MY BEST CARICATURE."

BY WELL-KNOWN CARICATURISTS OF THE DAY.

II.

A YOUNG draughtsman of profound observation who promises great things is Mr. E. X. Kapp. Mr. Kapp prefers not to call his drawings caricatures, but impressions. It is a matter of words only; for a caricature is good only in so

Sir Edward Elgar—By EDMUND X. KAPP.
By permission of "The Tatler."

far as it carries to the spectator the artist's impression of his subject. Mr. Kapp's very characteristic drawings show all the "loading" which is the essence of caricature. The unessential is rejected, as it must always be; and the rejection of anything in a drawing implies a negative exaggeration of what remains. Mr. Kapp selects his drawing of Sir Edward Elgar in the act of conducting; and one has only to see this admirably-expressed view of the subject to look for more from the same hand, whether caricatures or impressions. And Mr. Kapp has the world before him; for he is only a few months down from Cambridge.

From the newest recruit to the oldest officer of the corps. No collection of caricatures in this country would be complete without one from the hand of Mr. Leslie Ward, for so many years the caricaturist (and the mainstay) of *Vanity Fair*, in which he succeeded the late Carlo Pellegrini. Mr. Ward chooses his drawing of the late Dr. Goodford, Provost of Eton in 1876, when the

The late Dr Goodford, Provost of Eton—By "SPY."

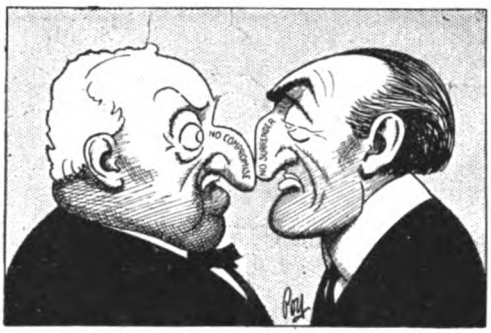
The German Emperor—By TONY SARG.

caricature was made and published. Mr. Ward, it should be observed, distinguishes between his "caricatures" and his "characteristic portraits," the latter being the more decorous and less unflattering works which appeared in *Vanity Fair* in his later period. An interesting anecdote is told in regard to this particular caricature. Dr. Goodford, on seeing it, most stoutly protested that he never carried his umbrella over his shoulder in the manner depicted. But one day as he walked through Eton High Street with Mrs. Goodford he stopped suddenly as he caught his reflection in a shop window. "Why, he is right after all!" he exclaimed. And it was only by this chance detection of himself that he was able to realize that the artist had observed his habits better than he had observed them himself.

Mr. Tony Sarg, whose posters decorated with animated crowds make even the walls of a Tube station interesting, has chosen a sketch of no less a personage than the present German Emperor, wherein he is presented in the uniform of a piper of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. There is a story attached to this drawing. Years ago, when Mr. Sarg was an officer in the German army, he was instructing a class of recruits in certain matters connected with the avoidance of shell-fire in trenches, when the Emperor walked into the room and, rather to the lecturer's embarrassment, sat down to listen. When the little address drew to a close the Emperor expressed the opinion that one point had not been made sufficiently clear; whereupon the lecturer bethought himself of his abilities as an artist, and straightway with the chalk depicted on the blackboard the fate of any recruit who failed to follow the precepts he had recently laid down. The Emperor laughed heartily and the incident ended triumphantly, but that night at mess, where his talents were frequently in request, Mr. Sarg's brother-officers demanded a sketch of the Emperor as he strode into the classroom. Mr. Sarg had drawn the Emperor so often in German uniforms that he determined on a bold novelty, and produced the picture we have photographed. The success of the effort was instantaneous and uproarious—so much so that for some little while the artist was in considerable fear of his exploit reaching the ears of the colonel. All went well, however, and Mr. Sarg's "Scotch Emperor" was remembered among his friends years afterward.

As yet we have but lightly touched political caricature, and lightly we shall still touch it. Mr. George Halkett's work, however, has

Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone—By G. R. HALKETT.
From "The Pall Mall Budget."



Mr John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson—By "POY."
By permission of "The Evening News."

almost entirely been of a political complexion, and between his many hundreds he refuses to judge. But he offers his cartoon of 1893, representing the duel between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone, partly because it produced him a richer crop of abuse than any other of his work, and partly because he regards the caricature of Mr. Gladstone as among his best. Indeed, to those who can remember the pallid, aquiline face of the old statesman, the adaptation of the features to those of an eagle will seem singularly apt.

From the Home Rule of 1893 to that of 1914 we leap at a bound, and still find aquiline noses in the thick of the fray. "Poy," the *Evening News* caricaturist, who in private life is Mr. P. H. Fearon, has chosen as his best the accompanying drawing of the heads of Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond, with the title, "The Two Great Noes." "It's all very well to say 'kiss,' but how can we?" is the legend, and there is a deal of significance in the obstacles to peace interposed by those indomitable, combative Roman noses.

As it happens, Mr. Starr Wood has also chosen a caricature of Sir Edward Carson as his best. This, Mr. Starr Wood tells us, was sketched from life at the Old Bailey, where Mr. Wood happened to be on business, which, we hasten to explain, was transacted wholly in the witness-box.

Sir Edward Carson—By STARR WOOD.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is less amenable to caricature than most statesmen of his rank, and he must have presented many a problem to many a caricaturist. Not the least successful of the numberless attempts is that of M. Jan Roscisienski, who makes himself a little easier to spell by using the pseudonym "Tom Titt." M. "Tom Titt" himself selects it as his best, and in the summarized line and the synthetic form and curve of the quaint figure there is something extremely characteristic of the attitude and gesture of the subject.

Mr. Balfour.
By "TOM TITT."
By permission of "The Daily Chronicle."

To the man in the street no political caricaturist is better known than Sir F. Carruthers Gould. To choose among the numberless drawings which he has produced almost daily for twenty years or more must have been a formidable task even for himself who knows them best. He chooses, as it happens, one of his comparatively early ones, issued on July 4th, 1895. At that time, after the defeat of the Liberal party, Lord Salisbury was engaged in forming his Ministry, and it was anticipated that the inclusion of prominent members of the Liberal Unionist wing of his party might present difficulties of choice. In the drawing Lord Salisbury is

Lord Salisbury, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Powell Williams, and Mr. Jesse Collings.
By SIR F. C. GOULD.
By permission of "The Westminster Gazette."

represented as an omnibus conductor, and Mr. Chamberlain as a determined female insisting on inside seats for herself and family, even if some already inside have to be put on the roof to accommodate her. Her boy Austin she drags by the wrist, Mr. Powell Williams follows behind, and her lap-dog, Mr. Jesse Collings, she carries on her arm. Incidentally this caricature marks a notable transition in ordinary life, for, unless it is explained that Lord Salisbury acts the part of an omnibus conductor, nobody nowadays would guess it. The white-hatted busman, the omnibus with the back step, both are extinct, like the top-hatted policeman and the dustman's bell of the middle nineteenth century.

Mr. Harry Furniss is another caricaturist familiar to the man in the street. Mr. Furniss, like so many others, protests his inability to choose among his drawings. He has deputed his choice, he tells us, but acquiesces, nevertheless, in sending his drawing of Lord Halsbury, done during that wonderful old gentleman's Lord Chancellorship, representing him, in fact, in his dress of office seated on the Woolsack. Lord Halsbury, as may be seen, great man as he undoubtedly is, is not great in mere inches. But in every other respect he is certainly one of the most remarkable men this country has ever produced. He is within a little of completing his ninetieth year, yet his mental and physical powers are as bright as ever,

Lord Halsbury—By HARRY FURNISS.

and in far more active use than are those of many men thirty years his junior. And it is not merely in longevity and maintenance of faculties that he is remarkable, for he remains one of the ablest lawyers on our records, and a man of a penetrating intellect and sublimated common sense amounting to genius.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton
By ARTHUR MORELAND.

We leave our excursion into politics and return to Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whom we saw last month seated in a thing no more a chair, according to Mr. Leete's fancy. For Mr. Arthur Moreland also chooses his sketch of Mr. Chesterton as his favourite—Mr. Chesterton as he appears in Fleet Street on a cold day. It may be some relief to Mr. Chesterton's overwrought feelings to know that Mr. Moreland confesses his inability to draw from the life. He finds it cramps him. Clearly there is

nothing cramped in this presentation of a physical peculiarity of Mr. Chesterton's which several people seem somehow to have detected.

Mr. J. M. Staniforth, caricaturist of the *News of the World* and the *Western Mail*, occupies the probably unique position of a draughtsman whose work circulates in millions of copies and is seen by many millions of people each week. His output is so large—he has done one drawing a day for twenty years for the *Western Mail* alone—that he does not profess to choose his best, but sends one of the most recent, showing six specimens in one of his work as a caricaturist.

Preparing for the Session—By J. M. STANIFORTH.
By permission of "The News of the World."

Mr. Alick P. F. Ritchie selects, and with every justification, his drawing, in colours, of Mr. Bernard Shaw which appeared in *Vanity Fair*. The colours, indeed, are very necessary, and make half the point of the caricature. The fine vermilion beard takes its part, but the great *rôle* is played by the terrific mustard-coloured ulster, of a tint like nothing in the visible universe — except Mr. Bernard Shaw's overcoat. Incurable squints have been caused in half-less infants reposing in perambulators whose wandering vision has accidentally collided with the apparition of Mr. Shaw in this coat, and a blind man tramping painfully up Adam Street, Adelphi, experienced a momentary spasm of hope that the sun had broken through his affliction at last, mingled with some disappointment at the character of the illumination. Mr. Ritchie's admirable drawing might be used with great success at a bull-fight.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.
By A. P. F. RITCHIE.

The Earl of Harrington.
By CROWTHER SMITH.
By permission of "The Polo Monthly."

Mr. Crowther Smith is well known for his caricatures in the world of sport. His selection is his most readily recognizable drawing of the Earl of Harrington as "The Father of Polo," and a very good selection it is.

SOME NEW DISCOVERIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.

Author of "Insect Biographies With Pen and Camera," "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," etc.

Illustrated with Original Photographs by the Author.

I.—WONDERS IN THE GARDEN.

THE APHID WASP.

MANY and various have been the attempts of writers of fiction to show how life on the earth might cease to be, but probably no writer has yet pictured terrestrial life becoming rapidly destroyed by the familiar greenfly or "green blight." Yet, under certain conditions, the last living thing on the surface of the earth might readily be a single aphis or greenfly.

In the autumn the winged greenfly deposits her eggs just like any ordinary insect. They are "glued" to the twigs and buds, and, having very hard shells, they protect the race during the winter. Then, in the springtime, the young aphids hatch out. The first remarkable thing we observe is that the brood from the eggs consists of large wingless females alone. In the course of a few days they are full-grown—when a second surprise occurs. Although no males have appeared, yet this brood of females commences to reproduce its kind; they do not deposit eggs, but give birth to living young, which, still more extraordinary, are again all large wingless females. The young grow to maturity as rapidly as their parents did, and, likewise, produce living young, again all wingless females.

The original parents therefore quickly find themselves surrounded by descendants even of the fourth or fifth generation, for they may live for four or five weeks—daily budding out from eight to twenty young. Consequently, it need not be surprising to us when we find the branches of our roses and other garden plants becoming almost suddenly clothed with myriads of these tiny creatures.

After a few generations they become too crowded to be comfortable; then a winged generation appears, which are again all females. These winged forms, when full-grown, migrate to new feeding-grounds, where they also commence to bud out young, all wingless females like their parents. After a few more wingless broods a further winged generation is forthcoming, which again migrates and produces the wingless forms.

At the end of autumn the last brood of wingless females appear, and these are the true egg-laying females, for they are rapidly succeeded by a generation of males, the only males which appear throughout the life-round of the species. Eggs are then deposited on the branches of trees and the parents perish.

Réaumur estimated that a single aphis could become the first parent of nearly six thousand million individuals during the few weeks of its existence; while Huxley made a classic computation that the offspring of one ancestor at the end of ten generations would have produced a mass of organic matter

equivalent to that of five hundred millions of human beings each weighing twenty stones —roughly, a bulk about equal to that of one-third of the entire population of the globe!

Such calculations record the results of the uninterrupted breeding of only one greenfly. We have only to glance at the vast number of forms on one shoot of an infested rose-tree, and to think of their reproductive possibilities, to become appalled. If but for a single summer the greenfly had unlimited sway there would not only be no garden plants, but no plants of any kind; every particle of vegetation would become converted into living greenflies. As every other animal depends for its food on the vegetable world either directly or indirectly, all animal life on the land would in consequence quickly perish.

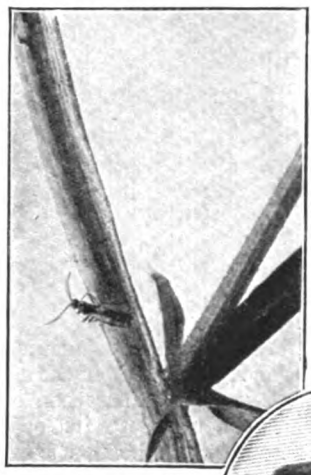


Fig. 1.—The tiny fly whose wonderful life story is told in this article. It is shown here at nearly four times its natural size.

Fig. 2.—Another view of the greenfly's enemy as it appears when searching the leaves for its victims.

Fortunately there are many factors at work which prevent any such terrible increase ever taking place—a thunderstorm, the common house-sparrow, the pretty black-and-red lady-bird beetles of various species, the larvæ of the beautiful lacewing flies, and still more so those of the wasp-like hover-flies.

There is another little and fearful foe which, during past summers, I have been watching at work in my garden. It is a tiny wasp, so tiny that it could easily pass through the eye of a fine needle. The photographs in Figs. 1 and 2 show it magnified to nearly four times its actual size, while a further enlarged view is shown in Fig. 3.

So far as I know, the methods adopted by this useful little insect in attacking its prey have never before been described by a personal eye-witness, although its development has been briefly recorded in scientific works. In any case, its attack has never before been depicted by means of photography.

Its mode of operation is very interesting, and it is such a fearless little insect when searching for prey that it will allow one to approach it quite closely with a magnifying lens without becoming alarmed.

It is in bright sunlight that it becomes active, and the moment the sun's rays fall in its near neighbourhood it awakes from its slumber and commences to attend to its toilet, about which it is very particular. When every part of its body and limbs is brushed down by means of its legs, it then commences to run about the stems and leaves of the plant on which it is resting, seldom using its wings for flying until it leaves the plant for another.

Presently it meets with some greenflies. It approaches them with its feelers held close together and high in the air, with their tips curved forward. As it nears the prey the feelers literally vibrate and bristle with excitement; indeed, the delight of the insect can be seen in all the movements of its wings, legs, and body. Then, by the side of a plump greenfly, its twitching movements suddenly

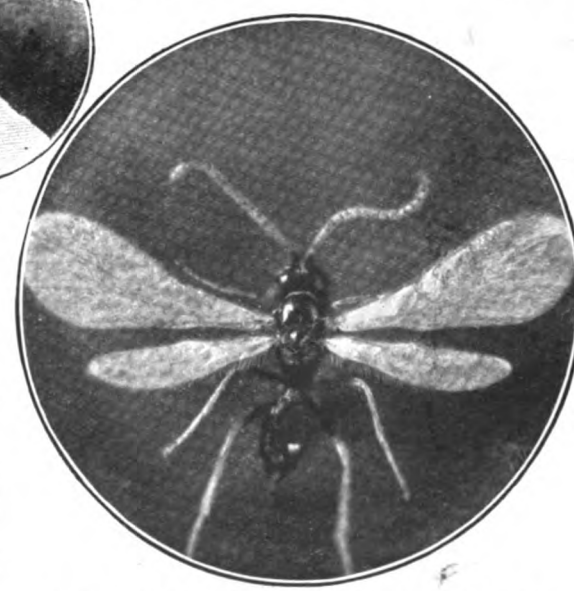


Fig. 3.—A highly-magnified view of the parasite fly, which is really a tiny wasp.

cease, and down fall its pair of feelers and lightly touch the prey's body. They are then instantly raised and the little wasp is again all excitement.

When I first witnessed an attack I expected to see the wasp alight upon its victim. Its behaviour, however, was very different from what I anticipated. After raising its feelers it manœuvred from side to side of the hind part of its prey as if undecided how to attack, but presently the purpose of these movements became apparent.

The wasp took up a position a little behind and to one side of its victim, then it took hold of its body by means of its forelegs, the second pair also rendering assistance. Holding firmly on in this manner, the little wasp suddenly threw back its wings and set them rapidly vibrating; at the same instant it raised its foreparts and bent its abdomen under its thorax, working slightly to one side and holding itself well away from its victim, its wings being in rapid motion the whole time. The photograph in Fig. 4 shows its method of attack more clearly than a page of description could. It was, indeed, taking careful aim so as to make sure of thrusting its sharp ovipositor into the correct spot to insert its fatal egg.

The deadly lunge was then rapidly made. Like a flash the penetrating ovipositor darted into view; only for a fraction of a second was it visible; nevertheless that tiny and terrible injecting needle had done its work, and the fate of that greenfly was sealed—under its skin an egg had been placed.

Instantly the little wasp released its victim and immediately proceeded to search for another. In the course of two or three minutes the bodies of more than a dozen plump aphides had been pierced.

The greenfly after being attacked becomes inactive, but holds firmly to the leaf. Its skin then changes from green to a brown colour, and its body becomes rotund. The egg of the parasite within hatches almost immediately, and the wasp maggot quickly devours the internal parts of its host. At the end of from twelve to fourteen days a circular portion of the now hard and dry skin of the greenfly is cut from within, and pushed open like a tiny door (Fig. 5), when out steps a dainty little wasp just like the one that pierced the greenfly's body.

The tiny parasite has not only devoured all the vital parts of its host, but its host's hard skin has also served it as a cocoon or pupa-case in which to complete its own development. These brown and empty skins of aphides become more and more plentiful

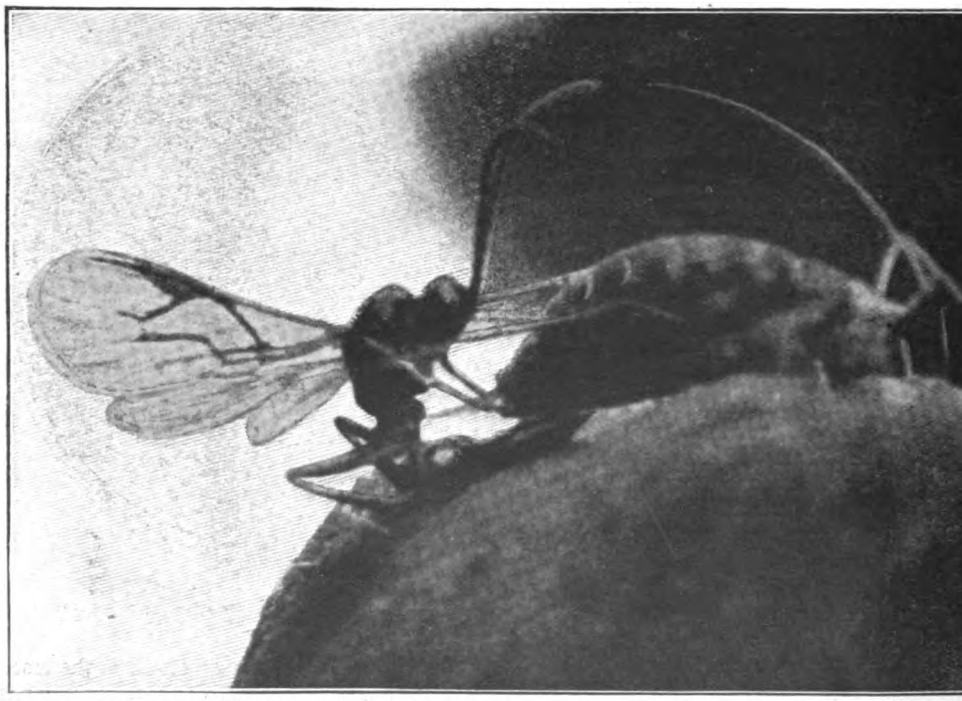


Fig. 4.—A unique and remarkable photograph, showing the little fly in the act of attacking a live greenfly. It is holding the greenfly and taking its aim so that it can thrust an egg deeply into its body.

Fig. 5.—A greenfly which has become a victim of the destroying fly, showing the open door from which its enemy has emerged—magnified.

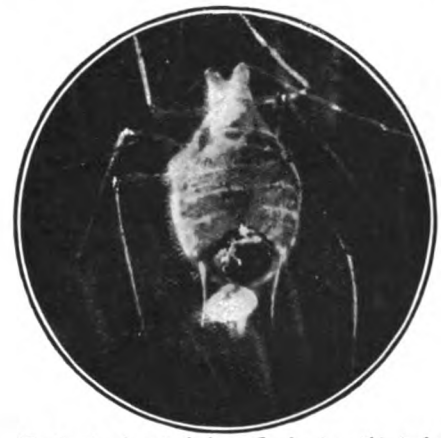


Fig. 6.—Another attacked greenfly, showing within its body the cast skin of its parasite.

about the leaves of most plants as the summer advances. Sometimes, too, the cast skin of the parasite may be found in the hole of egress, as shown in Fig. 6. In this wonderful manner the dangerous greenflies are kept in check by these remarkable little wasps much smaller than themselves.

During the activities of a busy life-season, particular organisms often find circumstances favouring their excessive development. All goes well until Nature's stocktaking, then the excess is discovered. Instantly sharp and drastic measures are taken to correct the error. If the excess is great, a score or more species of different natural foes may promptly appear and prey on the too-abundant species, dealing death right and left; perhaps in a few hours the balance is restored; a plague of aphides, or what not, may almost suddenly become normal again, and all danger to other life-forms is quickly past. Nature corrects her own faults when man does not interfere.

It will be readily seen that on this perfect adjustment of the balance of living things all life depends; and, if our eyes are trained to observe Nature's workings, we may notice such adjustments taking place on every side.

THE V-MOTH.

At the same time as the tiny aphid wasps were busy another wonderful balance between life-forms was being struck in my gooseberry-bushes, the details of which are new to science.

Every time I went down the garden path I observed a flock of common house-sparrows fly up from each gooseberry-bush. What were the sparrows doing there? Apparently the young and unripe fruit remained untouched, so it could not be that that interested them.

On examining the leaves I found they were badly attacked by caterpillars. At first the caterpillars were not conspicuous, but on closer examination I found that the branches and foliage were swarming with them. The reason they were not conspicuous on a cursory glance was partly due to their form and colour. In Fig. 7 some of these larvæ are shown, and, although they are conspicuous enough on an isolated branch as there seen, yet they show a considerable simulation to their surroundings when amongst the foliage and branches.

Then came a more extraordinary discovery. While handling the branches on which the caterpillars were feeding, I found that on vibrating them all the larvæ instantly feigned death. After making the photograph in Fig. 7 I gently shook the branch and then exposed another plate. The result is shown in Fig. 8, where it will be seen that every caterpillar has assumed a death-like posture. In such positions they would remain for several minutes. Then, when the branch had remained still for a period, the larvæ would revive and resume their activities.

Here, then, was the key to the solution of the sparrows' visits. The sparrows were seeking for the caterpillars, which were protected firstly by a superficial resemblance to their surroundings, and secondly by the habit of feigning death when these clumsy birds alighted amongst the branches. The shaking of the branches warned the caterpillars, and then by falling into immovable attitudes their chances of escape were increased.

Such was my solution; but it was all assumption. I had not seen a sparrow attack a caterpillar; the matter had yet to be proved.

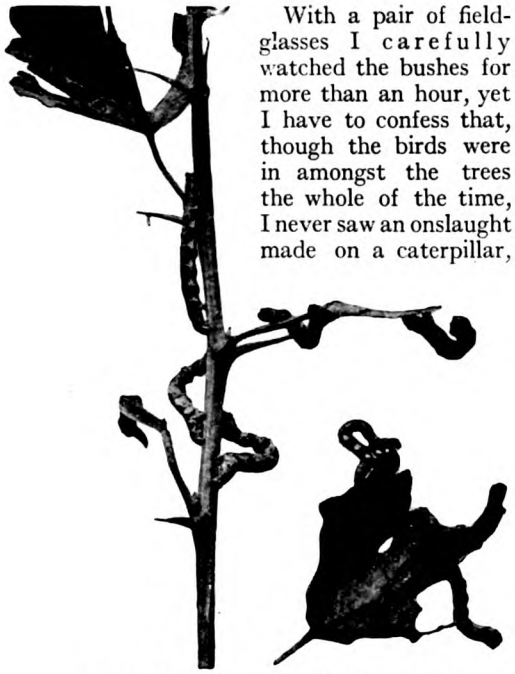


Fig. 7.—The caterpillars of the V-moth in activity.

Fig. 8.—The caterpillars shown in Fig. 7 photographed a minute later, after the branch has been vibrated. Note how they have all feigned death.

With a pair of field-glasses I carefully watched the bushes for more than an hour, yet I have to confess that, though the birds were in amongst the trees the whole of the time, I never saw an onslaught made on a caterpillar, although I was fully convinced that they were searching for them and devouring them.

I then collected about two dozen of the caterpillars and placed them on the garden path, together with some pieces of bread. The caterpillars feigned death on the ground just as well as they did on the branches, which facilitated the experiment.

On leaving the spot several sparrows almost instantly swooped down towards the bread. It was then that I discovered why I had not detected the sparrows attacking the caterpillars when amongst the branches. The picking up and disposing of a caterpillar was so rapidly and dexterously performed that it was too quick for the eye to follow except in a fully-exposed situation. Two minutes later every caterpillar had been disposed of, but not a single piece of bread had been touched. Thus my solution was proved to be correct.

Here again, then, was a life-form assuming dangerous proportions amongst my gooseberry-bushes, and in this instance the balance to normal conditions was being restored, not by a tiny wasp, but by the much-maligned house-sparrow — a bird which, in the garden, has, I think, many more good points than it is usually credited with.

I watched those bushes closely, and within a week I found it difficult to find even a single caterpillar, so effectually had the sparrows performed their task.

It only remains for me to say that the caterpillars were those of the V-moth (Fig. 9), a medium-sized greyish-brown moth with darker brown V-like markings on its wings, from which it derives its name. During the evenings of July and August the moth is seen flying about amongst the gooseberry-bushes and depositing its numerous eggs upon their foliage. Once again it is commencing the fight to hold its own; it may never be wholly beaten, but the struggle is always keen where house-sparrows abound.

Fig. 9 — The V-moth resting on a leaf of the gooseberry-bush, on which it deposits its eggs.

NOTE. — *The author has in preparation other of these original Nature studies which will appear during the summer issues.*

A MAN OF MEANS.

II.—The Bolt From the Blue.

By C. H. BOVILL and P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

IT was a delightful sunny morning in mid-July, and Dermot Windleband, sitting with his wife at breakfast on the veranda which overlooked the rolling lawns and leafy woods of his charming Sussex home, was enjoying it to the full. His Napoleonic features (his features were like that because he was a Napoleon of Finance) were relaxed in a placid half-smile of lazy contentment; and his wife (who liked to act sometimes as his secretary) found it difficult to get him to pay any attention to his morning mail.

Mrs. Windleband liked to act sometimes as her husband's secretary, because it recalled old times. In point of fact she had once been his secretary. Dermot had married her, with the least possible delay, on discovering that she had provided herself with a duplicate key to his safe and was in the habit, during his absence, of going very thoroughly through his private papers.

Almost all financiers of anything like real eminence marry their secretaries. It is, on the whole, cheaper to keep a wife who knows all one's secrets than to pay the salary which a secretary who happened to know them would demand.

"There's an article here, in the *Financial Argus*, of which you really must take notice," Mrs. Windleband gently insisted. "It's most abusive. It's about the Wildcat Reef. They assert that there never was any gold in the mine and that you knew that perfectly well when you floated the company." She put down the paper for a moment and looked inquiringly at her husband. "That's not true, is it? You had the usual mining expert's report, didn't you?"

"Of course we had. Very satisfactory report, too. Unfortunately the fellow who wrote it depended rather on the ineradicable optimism of his nature than on any examination of the mine. As a matter of fact he never went near it."

Mrs. Windleband whistled.

"That's rather awkward. The *Argus* say that they have sent out an expert of their own to make inquiries, and hope to have his report for publication within the next fortnight. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," replied Dermot, with a yawn. "And, to save you the trouble of wading any farther through that mass of dreary correspondence, I may inform you that, for the future, I propose to do nothing about everything."

"Dermot!"

Her husband went on placidly:—

"Not to put too fine a point on it, dear Heart-of-Gold, the gaff is blown—the game is up. The Napoleon of Finance is about to meet his Waterloo."

"Surely things are not as bad as all that?"

"They're worse. I'm absolutely up against it this time."

The failure to lay his hands upon so pitiful a sum as twenty thousand pounds was, he proceeded to explain to his wondering wife, to be the cause of his undoing. Twenty thousand pounds had to be found within the next fortnight, or—they would have to book their passages to the dear old Argentine.

"But twenty thousand pounds!" objected Mrs. Windleband, incredulously; "you *must* be able to get that. Why, it's a mere fleabite."

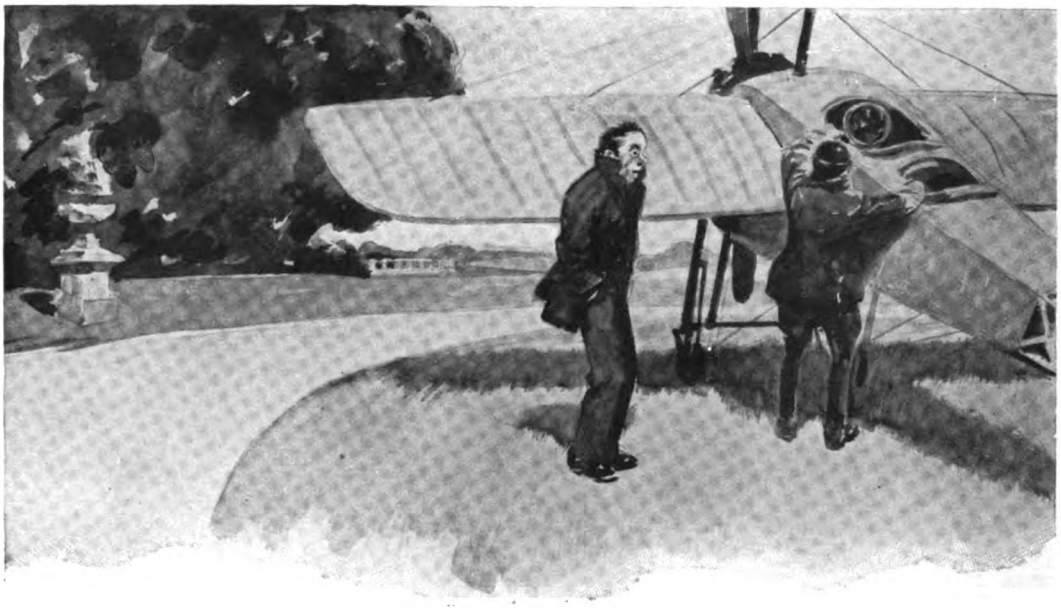
"On paper—in the form of shares, script, bonds, promissory notes—twenty thousand pounds is, I grant you, a fleabite. But when the sum has to be produced in the raw—in

"DON'T YOU SEE WHO IT IS? THAT'S ROLAND BLEKE."

flat, hard lumps of gold, then it begins to assume the proportions of a bite from a hippopotamus. I can't raise it, dear Moon-of-my-Desire, and that's all about it. So there we are; or, to put it more accurately, here we shall very shortly not be. The Old Guard, Josephine, have failed to rally round their beloved Emperor; so—St. Helena for Napoleon."

Although Dermot Windleband described himself as a Napoleon of Finance, a Cinque-valli of Finance would, perhaps, have been the more accurate description. As a juggler with other people's money Dermot was emphatically the Great and Only. And yet his method—like the methods of all Great and Onlies—was, when one came to examine it, simple in the extreme. Say, for instance, that the Home-Grown Tobacco Trust—founded by Dermot in a moment of *ennui*—failed, for some inexplicable reason, to yield those profits which the glowing prospectus had led all and sundry to expect; Dermot would appease the angry shareholders by giving them preference shares (interest guaranteed) in the Sea-Gold Extraction Company, hastily floated to meet the emergency. When the interest became due it would, as likely as not, be paid out of the capital just subscribed for the King Solomon's Mines Exploitation Company, the little deficiency in the latter being replaced in its turn, when absolutely necessary and not before—by the transfer of some portion of the capital just raised for yet another company. And so on, *ad infinitum*. It was more like the Mad Hatter's tea-party than anything else.

The only flaw in Dermot's otherwise excellent method was that he could never stop and take a rest. He had to keep on all the time floating new companies to keep the existing ones afloat. Sometimes, in his more optimistic moments, he cherished a wild hope that he would succeed one day in floating a company that would, by some fluke, pay its way, and so give him a chance to catch up with himself; but the day, somehow, never seemed to arrive. He had solved the problem of Perpetual Promotion, and had to suffer the consequences of his own ingenuity.



On the whole, it was rather a relief than otherwise to Dermot to discover that the game was up. He had had about enough of it. Still, he objected to the manner of his defeat. Twenty thousand pounds ought not to have caused the fall of one who had in his time handled millions—even if most of those millions were only on paper. Twenty thousand pounds was not enough. The amount was not Napoleonic. It ought to have been two hundred thousand pounds at the very least. The ignominious character of the defeat that stared him in the face was the one factor that inclined Dermot to go on with the fight, if by any possibility it could be managed.

"Are you absolutely sure, Dermot, that nothing can be done?" persisted Mrs. Windleband, doggedly. "Have you tried everyone?"

"Everyone—the Possibles, the Probables, the Might-be-Touched, and even the Highly-Unlikelies. Never an echo came to the minstrel's wooing song. No, my dear; we've got to take to the boats this time, and that right soon. Unless, of course, someone possessed at one and the same time of twenty thousand pounds and a very confiding nature, happens to tumble out of the sky."

As the words left his lips an aeroplane came sailing over the tops of the trees that lay below them. Gracefully as any bird it came down on the lawn—not twenty yards from where the Windlebands were seated.

"Who is the intrepid aviator?" queried Dermot, lazily, as a nimble little figure, clad in overalls, hopped from the machine and helped out his companion, whose clumsy progress to earth was rather that of the landsman getting out of an open boat in which he has spent a long and perilous night at sea. "Looks like one of those French chaps."

"Doesn't matter a bit who the intrepid aviator is," rejoined Mrs. Windleband, in a voice that shook with unwonted excitement. "It's the other man that I'm interested in. Don't you see who it is? That's Roland Bleke."

"Roland Bleke?" The Napoleon of Finance shook his head. The name seemed to convey nothing to him.

"Yes, yes—Roland Bleke!" repeated Mrs. Windleband, impatiently. "My dear, you must have heard of him. The man who won the Calcutta Sweep and was kidnapped, or something, at Lexingham yesterday by that French aviator—what's his name?—Etienne Feriaud. The papers are full of it this morning."

"Ah, I haven't read the papers this morning. Hence my ignorance on the score of Mr. Roland Bleke. The world knows nothing of its greatest men. How on earth did you recognize the chap?"

"From his picture, of course."

She pointed to a photograph which adorned the front page of one of the illustrated dailies that lay on the table before them. Dermot glanced at it, and then said, admiringly, to his wife:—

"What a wonderful woman you are!

I couldn't have done that. You must get the gift from your uncle."

Mrs. Windleband's uncle was one of those learned professors who can recognize a giant mastodon from a shin-bone dug out of an African swamp.

"I think," said Mrs. Windleband, "that we ought to go and see what we can do for Mr. Bleke."

"I don't," rejoined her husband, decidedly. "They've torn up our croquet lawn with that infernal machine of theirs. My instincts are all against stirring a finger on Mr. Bleke's behalf."

His wife stared at him in astonishment.

"Are you quite well, dear?" she asked, in an anxious tone. "You don't seem to understand. Roland Bleke netted forty thousand pounds when he won the Calcutta Sweep. That was only a little more than a month ago. From what they say of him in the papers—it seems he's only a seed merchant's clerk in some small provincial town—he can't have spent it all yet. He wouldn't know how."

A light began to dawn upon her husband. He rose quickly from his chair. The old fighting spirit asserted itself once more. Napoleon was himself again. Waterloo might yet be averted.

"'You made me love you—I didn't want to do it,'" he hummed, inconsequently. "But, by gum, if ever a man married the right woman it was my father's only son. Come along, old girl. You're quite right. The commonest instincts of humanity demand that we should go to the assistance of this unfortunate Mr. Bleke."

When they got down to where the aeroplane was lying they found the little man in overalls busy tinkering at the engine. His companion was watching the operation in a helpless sort of way, and the Windlebands noticed that, in spite of the heat of the morning, he was shivering violently.

"Not had an accident, I hope, Mr. Bleke?" inquired Dermot, pleasantly.

Roland Bleke turned and looked at him with watery, lack-lustre eyes. Roland was being kept too busy, by one of the worst colds of the century, to have time to wonder, even, how this stranger came to know his name.

"Doe; doe accident, thag you," he replied, miserably, as he blew his nose. "Somethig's gone wrog; but it's not very serious, I'm afraig."

M. Feriaud, having by this time adjusted the defect in his engine, rose to his feet and bowed to the Windlebands.

"Excuse if we come down on your lawn," he said, apologetically, "but we do not trespass long. See, *mon ami*," he turned, radiant, to Roland, "everything O.K. now. We go on."

"No," said Roland, very decidedly.

"*Hein?* What you mean—No?"

"I mean that I'm not going on."

A shade of alarm clouded M. Feriaud's weather-beaten features. The eminent birdman did not wish to part with Roland. Towards Roland he felt like a brother. Roland had notions about payment for little aeroplane flights which bordered on princely.

"But you cannot give up now," he objected, almost tearfully. "You say, 'Take me to France wis you——'"

"Daresay I did," admitted Roland. "But it's all off now; see? Rather than trust myself again in that machine of yours I'd——"

What it was that he would rather do than trust himself again to the aeroplane Roland Bleke, for some reason, elected not to divulge; but his manner gave one to understand that it would be something considerable.

"But it is not fair! It is all wrong!" protested M. Feriaud, turning with an aggrieved air of appeal to the Windlebands, and gesticulating freely in illustration of his wrongs. "He give me one hundred pounds to take him away from Lexingham. Good, It is here." He slapped his breast pocket. "But the other two hundred pounds which he promise to pay me when I land him safe across the Shannel—where is zat?" He took Roland by the arm. "No, no, *mon ami;* business are business. You must come wis me."

Roland broke away from the birdman's clutch.

"I will give you," he said, hastily getting out his pocket-book, "two hundred and fifty pounds to leave me safe where I am."

A smile of brotherly forgiveness lit up M. Feriaud's face. The generous Gallic nature asserted itself. He held out his arms affectionately to Roland.

"Ah—now you talk!" he cried, in his impetuous way. "*Embrassez-moi, mon cher!* You are fine shap."

Roland escaped the proffered embrace by busying himself with counting out the bank-notes which he had taken from his case.

Roland heaved a sigh of relief when, five minutes later, the aeroplane rose dizzily into the air and flew away in the direction of the sea; then he indulged in a series of sneezes that made the welkin ring.

"You're not well, you know," said Dermot, looking at him critically.

"I've caught a slide cold, I fadcy," said Roland, accompanying the remark with a trumpet *obbligato* on his handkerchief. "You see, we've been flying about more or less all night—that French ass lost his bearings—and my suit is a bit thin. But I'm all right."

"You're not all right, my dear boy," insisted Mrs. Windleband, with an air of almost motherly solicitude. "You ought to be in bed."

"Perhaps you're right," admitted Roland, looking helplessly round, as though he expected to see a bed somewhere on the surrounding lawn. "Can you tell me if there is an hotel anywhere near?"

"Hotel? I'm not going to let a man in your condition go to any hotel," announced Dermot, in his big-hearted way, taking Roland, as he spoke, firmly by the arm. "You're coming right into my house and up to bed this instant minute."

Roland's first instinct, when he discovered that the Good Samaritan who had taken him in was no less a personage than the great Dermot Windleband, was to struggle out of bed and make his escape, even though the effort were to cost him his life. Dermot Windleband was a name which Roland, during his mercantile career, had learned to hold in something closely approaching to reverence—as that of one of the mightiest business brains of our time. Even old Fineberg, whose opinion of humanity at large was unflattering in the extreme, accorded to Dermot Windleband a sort of grudging admiration.

To have to meet so eminent a person in the capacity of an invalid—a nuisance about the house—made Roland long for a rapidly fatal termination to his illness. The kindnesses of the Windlebands—and there seemed to be nothing that they were not ready to do for him—worried him almost into his grave. When Mrs. Windleband came into the room in which he lay and, with her own hands, poured out his medicine and put his bed straight, and then sat down and read to him, Roland suffered tortures of embarrassment. Mrs. Windleband was an angel, he admitted that; but angels' visits, to a man of retiring disposition, are apt to be trying. He felt even worse when the great Dermot himself came up to the sick-room and sprawled genially over the bed, chatting away just as if he were an ordinary human being and not one of the Master-Minds of the Century. Roland wanted to hide his head under the bed-clothes, so unworthy did he feel of this high honour.

How he came to tell the Windlebands all about the unfortunate matter of Muriel Coppin, Roland never quite knew; but he did. They were very sympathetic. Mrs. Windleband said she could see clearly that Muriel was a designing young woman, from whom Roland was quite right to run away. The great Dermot was of the same opinion, but added that he feared his spirited action was going to cost Roland a bit.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Dermot, after thinking over the situation for a while, "I'll send my own lawyer down to her with, say, one thousand pounds—not a cheque, understand, but one thousand golden sovereigns that he can *show* her—roll about on the table in front of her eyes. Very few people of that class can resist money when they see it in the raw. She'll probably jump at the thousand and you'll be out of your trouble."

"I'd rather make it two thousand," said Roland. He had never loved Muriel Coppin, and the idea of marrying her had been a sort of nightmare to him, but he wanted to retreat with honour.

"Very well, make it two, if you like," assented Dermot, indifferently; "though I don't quite know how old Harrison is going to carry all that money."

As a matter of fact, old Harrison never had to try. On thinking it over (after he had cashed Roland's cheque) Dermot came to the conclusion that seven hundred pounds would be quite as much money as it would be good for Miss Coppin to have all at once; and so it was with seven hundred sovereigns only that old Harrison was sent out on his errand of temptation. As Dermot had foreseen, the sight of the virgin gold was too much for Miss Coppin. She jumped at it.

Roland, man-like, was a little disappointed when he heard that Muriel had agreed to settle. Glad as he was to escape marrying her, he did feel that she ought to have demanded higher compensation than a beggarly two thousand pounds for his loss. He hinted this to Dermot. In the circumstances Dermot did the right—the tactful thing. He forebore from hurting his guest's feelings still further by enlightening him to the fact that Miss Coppin had been quite content to accept a market valuation of her lost lover which amounted to little more than a third of that sum.

Roland was able to sit up and take nourishment—nay, to come down to the dining-room and take nourishment in large quantities—before the Napoleon of Finance began the real campaign.

Dermot selected with care the right

strategic moment at which to strike the first blow. It was after dinner—and a remarkably good dinner at that—a dinner at which the wines had been of the choicest and the liqueurs perfection. Roland's experience of dinners at which the wines were of the choicest and the liqueurs perfection was strictly limited. Moreover, during the period of convalescence from influenza few men are at the height of their alertness. Consequently, the conditions were highly favourable—from the Napoleonic point of view.

"You know, Bleke, I've taken a great fancy to you," said Dermot, suddenly, as they sat smoking together, after Mrs. Windleband had left the room.

Roland blushed with gratification. His private estimate of himself was, he felt, at last being justified. The Coppins hadn't thought much of him; Muriel had patently preferred a mere mechanic; old Fineberg had treated him more or less as dirt; but, by Jove, Dermot Windleband, one of the master-brains of our time, could see the stuff in him.

"It's very kind of you to say so, Mr. Windleband," he murmured, diffidently.

"Bosh! Shouldn't say it if I didn't mean it," was the brusque rejoinder. "I *have* taken a fancy to you—so much so, that I'm going to do for you what I very seldom do for any man."

Roland said something futile about too much having been done for him already. Dermot waved the suggestion aside.

"Nonsense—only too glad. Now look here, Bleke; as a general rule I don't give tips——"

"You're quite right," agreed Roland, warmly. "I think the tipping system is iniquitous. It ought to be abolished."

"Ah—I don't mean that sort of tip," said Dermot, with an indulgent smile; "I mean a financial tip. I suppose you don't know much about investments?"

"Not a thing," confessed Roland. Candour would, he felt, be best in the circumstances. No use attempting to bluff with Master-Minds.

"Put your money," said Dermot, sinking his voice to a cautious whisper, as though he feared that the very walls might hear and make public the priceless secret, "put every penny you can afford into Wildcat Reefs."

He leaned back in his chair with the benign air of, say, the Philosopher who has just imparted to a favourite disciple the recently-discovered secret of the Elixir of Life. A pregnant silence hung for a few moments over the room.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Windleband," said Roland, when the overmastering sense of gratitude with which he was filled would allow him to speak. "I will."

Once more were the Napoleonic features lightened by that rare, indulgent smile.

"Not so fast, young man," he laughed. "Getting into Wildcat Reefs isn't quite so easy as you seem to think. Now—how much did you propose to invest?"

"About thirty thousand pounds."

Roland tried to mention the sum in a casual, off-hand way, as though it were a mere nothing; but the effort was not a success. A note of pride would insist upon creeping into his voice.

"Thirty thousand pounds!" exclaimed Dermot. "Why, my dear fellow, if it got about that you were going to buy Wildcat Reefs on that scale the market would be convulsed."

Which was true enough. If it had got about on 'Change that anyone was going to invest thirty thousand pounds in Wildcat Reefs the market would certainly have been convulsed. The House would have rocked with laughter. Wildcat Reefs were a standing joke—except with the unfortunate few who still held any of the shares.

"The thing will have to be done very cautiously," Dermot went on. "No one must know. But I think—only *think*, mind you—that I can manage it for you."

"You're awfully kind, Mr. Windleband," murmured Roland, gratefully.

"Not at all, my dear boy, not at all. As a matter of fact, I shall be doing another pal of mine a good turn at the same time."

"Another pal!" Gratifying words, these, from a Master-Mind. Roland felt that he was coming into his own apace. Few young fellows of his age, he was pretty certain, could count Windlebands amongst their friends.

"This pal of mine," Dermot proceeded, "has a large holding of Wildcats. He wants to realize in order to put the money into something else, in which he is more personally interested. But, of course, he couldn't unload thirty thousand pounds' worth of Wildcats on the public market."

"No, no—I quite see that," assented Roland. Dermot glanced up at him quickly, wondering whether, after all, he knew a little more than he had appeared to do. Luckily, Roland was trying, at the moment, to look intelligent, so Dermot was reassured.

"It might, however, be done by private negotiation. I daresay I could manage it for you; and probably I could do the deal on very favourable terms. Very possibly—as he wants the money in a hurry—he might let

"'WHAT DO WILDCATS STAND AT NOW?' INQUIRED ROLAND, TIMIDLY."

you have the shares at as low, say, as one and a half. I'm not sure, mind you; but it might be done."

"What do Wildcats stand at now?" inquired Roland, timidly. Dermot smiled at him, pityingly.

"They're never quoted," he replied. "There's no market in them, you see. In the ordinary way nobody ever sells Wildcats. I don't suppose a hundred pounds' worth have changed hands in the last six months."

All of which, again, was perfectly true.

Then Dermot read Roland an article on Wildcats in *The City Eagle*—a financial organ with which Roland was unacquainted. As Dermot had had to pay one hundred pounds for the article in question he was to be excused for the enthusiasm with which he spoke of the writer's gifts and of the high opinion in which he held his judgment. From what was said in the article Roland rather gathered that, compared with Wildcat Reefs, the Bank of England was a risky concern in which to put one's money.

Two days later Roland Bleke became the proud possessor of twenty thousand one-pound shares in the Wildcat Reef Gold-mine, and Dermot Windleband gave his bank a glad surprise by paying in thirty thousand pounds to his account.

It was not, perhaps, till four days later that Dermot again came back from the City with the worried look. Mrs. Windleband could not understand it. Never—even in the most desperate crises—had she known the Napoleon of Finance to look in the least perturbed. She wondered what could be the cause.

When Dermot told her—which he did while they were dressing—her eyes grew big with horror. She could not believe it.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "You can't mean it! Dermot—I've known you to do silly, almost inexcusable things in your time; but this—this—is positively criminal!"

Her husband winced at the words, but he did not attempt to deny the justice of her accusation.

"If he sees the papers in the morning——!"

"He mustn't! He sha'n't!"

She walked restlessly up and down the room, trying to think of a plan.

"We must try and keep it from him—for to-morrow, at least," she said, at last. "Go up to town by the early train—he won't be down—and take all the papers with you.

While you're away I'll try to think out something."

"You're a dear, sweet soul."

He made as though to embrace her; but she pushed his arm away, almost roughly.

"Don't!" she cried. "I couldn't bear to kiss you, when I think of what you've done."

Dermot bowed his head meekly before the storm of her indignation.

"I—I'm awfully sorry, Lal," he stammered, brokenly. "I had no idea——"

"Stop! Stop!" she interrupted. "Be quiet. Let me think how on earth I'm to get you out of this ghastly mess you've landed us in."

"Mr. Bleke—don't go. I want to speak to you."

Roland stared in astonishment at his hostess. Never before had he seen Mrs. Windleband exhibit the slightest sign of anything that could be construed as agitation. She had always struck him as the calmest woman he had ever met. Nothing ever ruffled her. But now she looked pale and anxious. There were great dark rings under her eyes, which were red, as if she had been crying.

"Please shut the door—and make sure that none of the servants are about."

Roland obeyed her, wondering what in the world it all meant.

"Mr. Bleke," she began, in faltering accents, when he had come back to the tea-table, "promise me—on your word of honour—that you will never speak to a living soul of what I am going to tell you."

Roland gave her to understand that, compared with him, the tomb would be a chatterbox.

"Mr. Bleke—I don't know how to tell you—but my husband has swindled you!"

The poor woman's distress, as she made the hateful confession, was pathetic to witness. Agitated and shocked as Roland was by the disturbing intelligence which she had just imparted, his heart was filled with pity for her.

"Swindled me? Your husband swindled me, Mrs. Windleband! I can't believe it."

"Neither could I, at first—when he confessed it to me," came the reply, in heart-broken accents. "But it's only too dreadfully true. He told me last night, and, Mr. Bleke, I haven't known a minute's peace since. I cried all night; and this morning I made up my mind that I must let you know everything and—and try to make what reparation I can!"

Mrs. Windleband's further utterance was choked by a storm of sobs. Whilst he had every sympathy with her distress, Roland wished Mrs. Windleband would not take her husband's delinquencies quite so much to heart. Without any desire to hurry her unduly over her lamentations, Roland felt a pardonable anxiety to know how—but perhaps more particularly of how much—he had been swindled by her villainous husband.

Presently Mrs. Windleband recovered sufficiently to explain:—

"It was over those shares he sold to you—those Wildc-c-cats! They're worthless!" And then there came a fresh deluge.

Wildcats worthless! Roland's heart stopped beating.

"Oh, Mr. Bleke, forgive him, please!" pleaded Mrs. Windleband, holding out her clasped hands in a gesture of entreaty. "You don't know how he was tempted. People were pressing him for money on every side—he has so many enemies—he didn't know where to turn—ruin was staring him in the face! And then, when you came along with all that money at your disposal—it was t-t-too much for him!"

"Can't quite see that," was Roland's rueful reply. "If it was too much for him, why couldn't he have left me some of it, instead of taking pretty well every shilling I've got?"

"How much did you pay for the shares?" asked Mrs. Windleband, ignoring Roland's last remark.

"Thirty thousand pounds—that's what he had out of me for them," said Roland, bitterly.

"Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" cried Mrs. Windleband, in accents of heartfelt relief. For his part, Roland could see nothing whatever to thank Heaven for; and he said so.

"Ah, but if it's no more than thirty thousand pounds, I can put everything right again," explained Mrs. Windleband, joyfully. "Or very nearly, at all events."

Thirty thousand pounds, it occurred to Roland, was a little matter which would take some putting right. He felt some curiosity as to how Mrs. Windleband proposed to do it.

"Why, I have some money of my own, you see," she explained. "I wouldn't let Dermot have it, though he begged me ever so hard, because I wanted to have something secured for us to live on, in case the worst came to the worst. But I would rather part with my last penny and die in the gutter than have Dermot dishonoured!"

With trembling fingers she drew out of her

bag a cheque-book. Then she sat down at the writing-table and proceeded to make out a cheque.

"I shall have to post-date it about a month," she said, apologetically, to Roland, "to give me time, you know, to realize the securities in which my money is invested. Do you mind?"

"But, really, Mrs. Windleband, I can't allow this," protested Roland. "It is too generous of you. You must not beggar yourself for your husband's sake. After all, I bought the shares with my eyes open——"

"If you don't let me buy them back from you I shall go mad and probably kill myself," declared Mrs. Windleband, hysterically. "I should never know another minute's happiness as long as I lived, if I did not right the wrong which my husband has done to you."

She signed the cheque and, tearing it out of the book, handed it over to Roland.

"If you will just give me some sort of receipt, saying that this is for shares which you will have transferred to me as soon as the necessary documents can be signed, that will make an end of the whole dreadful business, and my mind will be at rest again," she said.

For just one second Roland hesitated—but only for one second. Then he handed the cheque back.

"I can't take your money, Mrs. Windleband, really I can't," he said, simply. "It's noble and generous in the extreme of you to offer to make this sacrifice, but I can't accept it. I've still got a little money left; and I've always been used to working for my living, anyhow. I—I—can't tell you how I admire you—but tear this up, please."

"Mr. Bleke—I implore you!" She had flung herself on her knees before him and was making frenzied efforts to thrust the cheque back into his hands.

This was the moment selected by Parkinson, the impeccable butler of the Windleband establishment, to enter the room. The scene which met his eyes may have surprised Parkinson, but no trace of this betrayed itself upon his calm, immobile features. In his hand he had an evening paper, which he gave to Roland.

"The paper which you asked me to get for you, sir."

That was all he said. And then he withdrew.

"Parkinson told me he was going down to the village this afternoon, so I asked him to get me an evening paper," explained Roland, apologetically. "I wanted to see how the Test Match was going."

He was just about to throw the paper carelessly aside—for who, at a moment of such dramatic stress as that through which he was just passing, wanted to read about Test Matches?—when a flaring headline which ran right across the front page arrested his eye.

"Why!" he exclaimed. "It says something here about Wildcats!"

"Does it?" Mrs. Windleband's voice sounded strangely dull and toneless. Her eyes were closed and she was swaying to and fro, as if she were just about to faint.

Roland had not over-stated the case. There certainly was something about Wildcats. Indeed, there was hardly anything about anything except Wildcats. Even the Test Match was relegated to the back page.

This was what the headlines alone had to say:—

THE WILDCAT REEF GOLD-MINE.
ANOTHER KLONDYKE.
FRENZIED SCENES ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.
BROKERS FIGHT FOR SHARES.
RECORD BOOM.
UNPRECEDENTED RISE IN PRICES.

Shorn of all superfluous adjectives and general journalistic exuberance, what the paper had to announce to its readers was this:—

The "special commissioner" sent out by the *Financial Argus* to make an exhaustive examination of the Wildcat Reef Mine—with the amiable view, no doubt, of exploding Dermot Windleband once and for all with the confiding British public—had found, to his unbounded astonishment, that there were vast quantities of gold in the mine.

The publication of their expert's report in the *Financial Argus* had resulted in a boom in Wildcat Reefs the like of which had never before been known on the Stock Exchange. In less than two days the one-pound shares had gone up from something like one shilling and sixpence per bundle to nearly ten pounds a share, and even at this latter figure people were literally fighting to secure them.

As she read the pregnant news over Roland's shoulder, Mrs. Windleband burst once more into expressions of gratitude to Providence.

"Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" she cried, hysterically. "Then my Dermot was not swindling you after all! He must have known all the time that the shares were going to rise like this. He said something about it when he told me that he had sold the shares to you, but I didn't believe him. I thought it was only an excuse. Oh—how I have misjudged my poor dear darling!" She dabbed pathetically at her weeping eyes. "I feel so happy, so relieved, that I must go to my room and have a real good cry!"

Roland made no effort to deter her. He

"'MR. BLEKE—I IMPLORE YOU!' SHE HAD FLUNG HERSELF ON HER KNEES BEFORE HIM AND WAS MAKING FRENZIED EFFORTS TO THRUST THE CHEQUE BACK INTO HIS HANDS."

was too dazed to do anything. So far as his reeling brain was capable of mathematical calculation he figured that he was now worth about two hundred thousand pounds. It was an awesome thought.

Down the corridor Mrs. Windleband ran into her husband—just returned from the City. He looked at her, inquiringly. She shook her head.

"No go!" was all she said.

But Dermot said a great deal more than that.

[*The most original and surprising use which Roland Bleke makes of his sudden acquisition of wealth will be told in the June number.*]

The Latest Development IN THE Teaching of the Blind.

We are indebted for the following article to an extremely interesting address recently delivered before the annual conference of the Museums Association by Mr. J. A. Charlton Deas, Director of the Sunderland Art Gallery, Museum, and Libraries. The article deals with the question of making the blind familiar with the objects on view in museums, and is full of most valuable suggestions which cannot fail to be of the greatest use to all who have any connection with the instruction or amusement of those deprived of sight.

THE path of the teacher of the blind is beset with many difficulties, one of the greatest being the task of conveying to their minds some idea of the size, shape, and features of birds and animals. In many cases, it is true, models are used, but owing to their small size they are, to say the least, of doubtful advantage. The ignorance of blind children is great, often grotesque. A teacher of a class may find that a child does not know whether a sheep or a cow is the larger, or he may even find that a hare has wings! However carefully they are told that a small model of a cow is only one-fortieth the size of the real animal, more often than not they are unable to think of the animal as being any larger than the model, and will stoop and describe something about the size of a kitten when asked to indicate the size of a cow. This arises from the fact that no standard of size, form, and texture—beyond those which they set up through handling—can exist for those who have never had the use of their eyes.

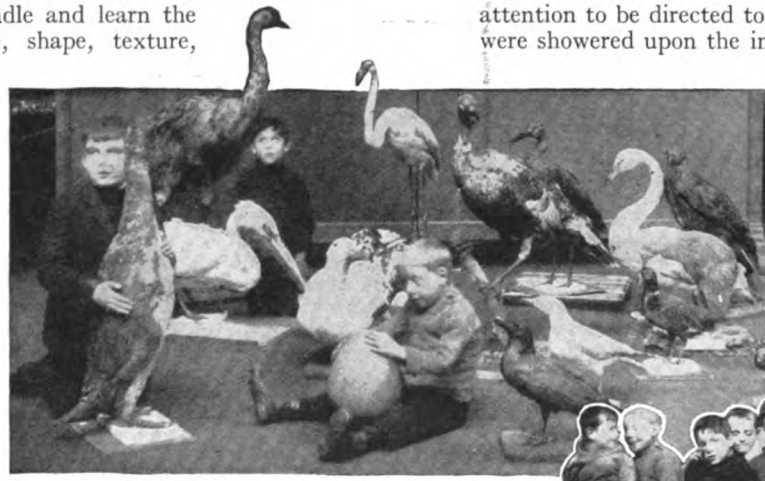
Even those who have had sight are found to lose their standards unless they are renewed from time to time by actual contact. An instance of this was noticed not long ago, when a boy of about twelve recovered his sight after an operation, and for several days following went about in a state of surprise and fear, for almost everything which he had not been in the habit of touching frequently differed considerably in size from his recollections of seven years before! The size of his parents alarmed him very much, as he imagined they were much smaller.

With the idea of overcoming this difficulty and at the same time giving the blind, both children and adults, a new interest in life, Mr. Charlton Deas has for some time past been making a series of experiments of unusual interest. Mr. Deas, who is the librarian and director of the Sunderland Libraries, Museum, and Art Gallery, has long shown a sympathetic and practical interest in the education of blind children, and the idea of making these experiments came about in this way. Some of the large specimens of birds and animals in the museum were being repaired and recased, and seeing them, thus detached from their usual surroundings, in a new light, the thought occurred to him: Why not invite the local blind children to the museum and let them pass their hands over a few of the specimens? To think was but to act, and, finding his colleagues in sympathy with the idea, invitations were issued and accepted with avidity.

The suggestion that our museums can be shown and made interesting to those who live in physical darkness may well seem to many, at first thought, to be impracticable, but Mr. Deas has proved it to be otherwise, and thus opened up a new field of interest for the blind.

Sunday afternoons were chosen for the experiments, in order, among other reasons, that as much privacy as possible should be obtained. First of all, the dimensions of the gallery in which the demonstrations were given were carefully made clear to the visitors. The length and breadth of the room were described as being so many paces, for it must be remembered that lineal measurements convey little more to the blind than such a statement as "a room is as long as a piece of rope!"

The various birds and animals had been taken from the museum cases and arranged round the Art Gallery, each specimen being given as much space as possible, so as to allow full freedom to handle and learn the size, shape, texture, and other distinguishing features.



1. TOM, DICK AND HARRY IN WONDERLAND.

A glance at the accompanying photographs will show how the experiments were carried out. In the first picture three boys are seen amongst the birds, and it is perhaps surprising to learn that not the slightest damage was done. All that the children needed by way of warning was a reminder that the birds, unlike the animals, had but two legs, and that the hands should be passed carefully from the head downwards to the tail or feet. The various birds aroused the keenest interest, but special attention was paid to an eagle which had lived for over twenty years in the grounds of a local benefactor of the blind, and in a parrot which had long had its home in the public winter garden, and was in the habit of calling out to admirers, "What time is it?"

Intense eagerness and unflagging interest marked the visits of the children, who never hesitated to ask questions or describe their impressions as soon as received. In the second illustration is shown one of the efforts made to assist in the visualization of the sizes of the birds and animals, six small boys being mounted on a strongly-set-up lion. It was interesting to learn the thoughts and feelings aroused by these new sensations. With several of the adults, and more especially the children, the handling of the albatross was an immediate reminder of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This caused special attention to be directed to it, and quotations were showered upon the impassive specimen.

2. AS GOOD AS A VISIT TO THE ZOO.

The statement that the colour of the Polar bear changes from white to cream with advancing years induced one to ask how nearly such a change compared with the appearance of the hair of an elderly human being. Another found pleasure in the fact that the bear's coat was similar in colour to a scarf which she was wearing. Several expressed surprise that the head of the walrus

3. THE CHILDREN'S INTEREST IN THE LARGER ANIMALS IS EXTRAORDINARY.

and the bear felt out of proportion to the size of the body, whilst another commented on the smallness of the eyes of these two large animals. One girl said that if she were to be squeezed to death, she would rather be so by the Polar bear than by a snake. When asked why, she answered: "The bear is a comfortable sort of creature to feel, but the snake is horrible. It feels what it is, a horrid beast!"

WHAT WAS CARLYLE LIKE—AND DARWIN?

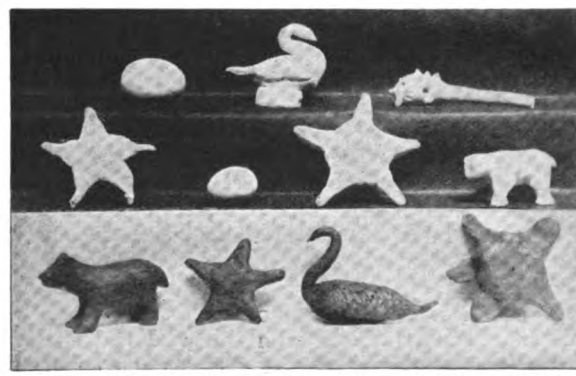
The children's interest in the larger animals was extraordinary. They fondled them, felt them carefully all over, as shown in our third illustration, and took home with them, in most cases, a more vivid impression than that carried away by many normal-sighted visitors to the Zoological Gardens. Two minutes' examination of a bear, or a lion, or a kangaroo gives a blind child a conception that nothing else can possibly do, and one that is long treasured among its recollections.

Mr. Deas suggested an opportunity here for travellers and big-game hunters to give pleasure and instruction to the blind by sending specimens of animals, etc., to various blind schools, an appeal to which Lord Durham has just made the first response.

Another gratifying feature of the visits was the eagerness among the adults to handle the casts of the heads of famous men. Dickens, Scott, Carlyle, Darwin, and many others were inquired for and lovingly examined in the manner shown in our fourth illustration. Scores of other exhibits were, of course, utilized in the same way, but need more be said to emphasize the possibilities in the scheme for increasing the happiness of the blind?

To blind children, discovery is the only real way of learning. The knowledge gained by some of them as a result of these visits is shown in the models in potter's clay and plasticine in our last photograph. These models are the unaided work of children blind from birth, whose ages range from nine to fourteen, and were made some five weeks after a single examination of the specimens represented. Perhaps the most remarkable of all is one of the models of the bear. It is absolutely a first attempt at modelling, and was made by a girl who had not previously shown any wish to do anything of the kind.

None of these little figures, of course, are to be looked upon as examples of modelling, but as instances of the impressions resulting from the new ideas gleaned from the museum visits. Could anyone, desiring evidence of the effect of the experiments from the blind point of view, wish for more convincing testimony than is supplied by these little models?



MODELS MADE, AFTER A SINGLE EXAMINATION OF SPECIMENS, BY CHILDREN BLIND FROM BIRTH.

We should like to take this opportunity of drawing the attention of our readers to a leaflet with regard to the NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, *which is inset in the pages of this number of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

The needs of the Institute are briefly set forth on the back of the leaflet.

We are able most sincerely to endorse the appeal which is made, and we trust that the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE *will give a liberal response.*

If fuller particulars are desired, they will be supplied on application to the Honorary Treasurer of the National Institute for the Blind, 206, Great Portland Street, London, W.

The GIRL-QUEEN OF THE WORLD'S END.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

By
EDITH REMNANT.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

WHEN the old White Czar was taken away from his people, his son, Prince Ivan, was not of age. This, however, did not seem to disturb the Queen, who was his step-mother. She calmly informed the people that she would go on ruling for the present, and everything would continue as before, until Prince Ivan became of age and had steadied down and married a suitable Princess. For the present he had to learn his duties as King before he could become one. She then put the Prince into the hands of a tutor and companion.

One day, while Prince Ivan was out walking with his tutor, he suggested going round by the city walls.

"Very well," replied the tutor; "come along." As they walked by one of the turrets on the wall, Prince Ivan heard a voice calling to him.

"Let me out of this prison, Prince," said the voice. "Let me out, I entreat you. I will not be ungrateful, but will save you from danger, and possibly death."

"What on earth was that?" asked the Prince, standing still to listen. "Is there anything wrong in that turret? Who is it imprisoned there?"

"I heard nothing," replied the tutor, walking on. "Come, you have only imagined something."

"Well, if you did not hear that, my friend," answered the Prince, "you will never hear anything. I had no idea you were deaf!" And they walked home in silence.

That night the Prince could not sleep; he could do nothing but think of the voice he had heard in the turret. At last he could stand it no longer, and at the first break of dawn he jumped out of his bed and, taking his sword from the wall, crept quietly out of the palace. When he was safely outside the gates he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the city walls. When he reached the turret he drew his sword and struck the iron doors with all his strength, again and again, until they fell

open with a terrible crash, and out of the gloom and darkness of the turret came the form of an enormous eagle.

"I thank you, Prince," said the Eagle, "for having rescued me from my horrible captivity. I have been a prisoner in that turret for a thousand years. I will not be ungrateful to you for your great kindness, and I will help you whenever you happen to be in danger. In fact, death awaits you at this moment, so be warned by me. Listen! When you return to the palace this morning your stepmother will offer you honey-cakes for breakfast, but beware of them. Do not attempt to eat any of them, but put them into your pocket, and you will soon understand why I warned you. I have more to tell you. In your father's lifetime he took some trouble to find you a suitable bride when you were old enough to marry, and after much difficulty he succeeded, and he betrothed you to the beautiful Girl-Queen who lives and reigns at the World's End. Your father promised that you should marry no other Princess, and it was also agreed that the young Queen should marry no other Prince. She has waited now for three years for you to make the betrothal known, but your stepmother naturally does not wish you to marry and come to the throne; it is to her interest to prevent you from marrying. I therefore advise you to lose no time, but go in search of the Girl-Queen speedily. Go out for a sail in your yacht, and take your dulcimer with you, and when you get out on to the sea play some of the tunes you know so well, and your bride will hear the music, and come and meet you from afar. But beware! Do not, on any account, fall asleep; do your best to keep awake, whatever happens; the Girl-Queen would not like to find you asleep when she comes. She would go away again, disgusted, and it will be difficult for you to make her come all that distance again."

Prince Ivan thanked the great Eagle, and went home.

At breakfast the stepmother met him with sweet smiles and pleasant greetings.

"I have made three dear little honey-cakes for you myself, so come and eat them."

"Thank you," replied the Prince, "but I don't feel like eating them just now. I will take them with me and eat them presently. I want to go for a sail this morning and get a little sea air, if you won't mind ordering my yacht to be got ready for me, please."

These words somewhat disturbed the Queen, and as the Prince left the room she called to the tutor and said:—

"You must go with Prince Ivan when he sails, and if he should by any chance play upon his dulcimer, just stick this pin into his coat and he will fall asleep. As long as that pin is on him he will not awake."

Meanwhile the Prince walked on towards the sea-shore, and on his way he felt something moving in his pocket. He put his hand in and drew out a lizard! Again he felt in his pocket and brought out a toad! Once more he thrust his hand in, and out came a snake!

"Truly I have escaped death!" thought the Prince. "The Eagle evidently knew what he was talking about when he warned me of those cakes! What would have happened if I had swallowed all these vile reptiles?"

Just as the Prince was getting into his yacht his tutor overtook him, greatly to his annoyance, and insisted on accompanying him. They sailed away, until they came to about the middle of the ocean, and then Prince Ivan took up his dulcimer and the strains floated softly over the water straight to the ears of the lovely Girl-Queen, as she strolled in her garden at the World's End.

"Quick!" she cried. "Come, my sailors and trusted servants, get ready three of my fastest ships, and let us go to my betrothed, for I hear him calling."

Prince Ivan saw the three white sails in the distance and said to his tutor:—

"Whose ships are those?"

"How should I know?" said the tutor, bending forward to see; and he took the opportunity of sticking the magic pin into the Prince's collar.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed the Prince. "I am beginning to feel sleepy all of a sudden; what can be the matter with me?" Hardly had he said those words when he fell back upon the deck fast asleep.

The Girl-Queen's ships came sailing up, and when they had reached the yacht the beautiful young Queen left her vessel and went on board the yacht; she rushed up on deck to where the Prince lay sleeping. She tried to wake him by gently caressing him, and by trying to lift his head upon her knee, and stroking his face gently with her fair hand. But no! he was as though dead. Nothing could wake him, and she was obliged to give up in despair. She felt vexed at having come all that distance for nothing.

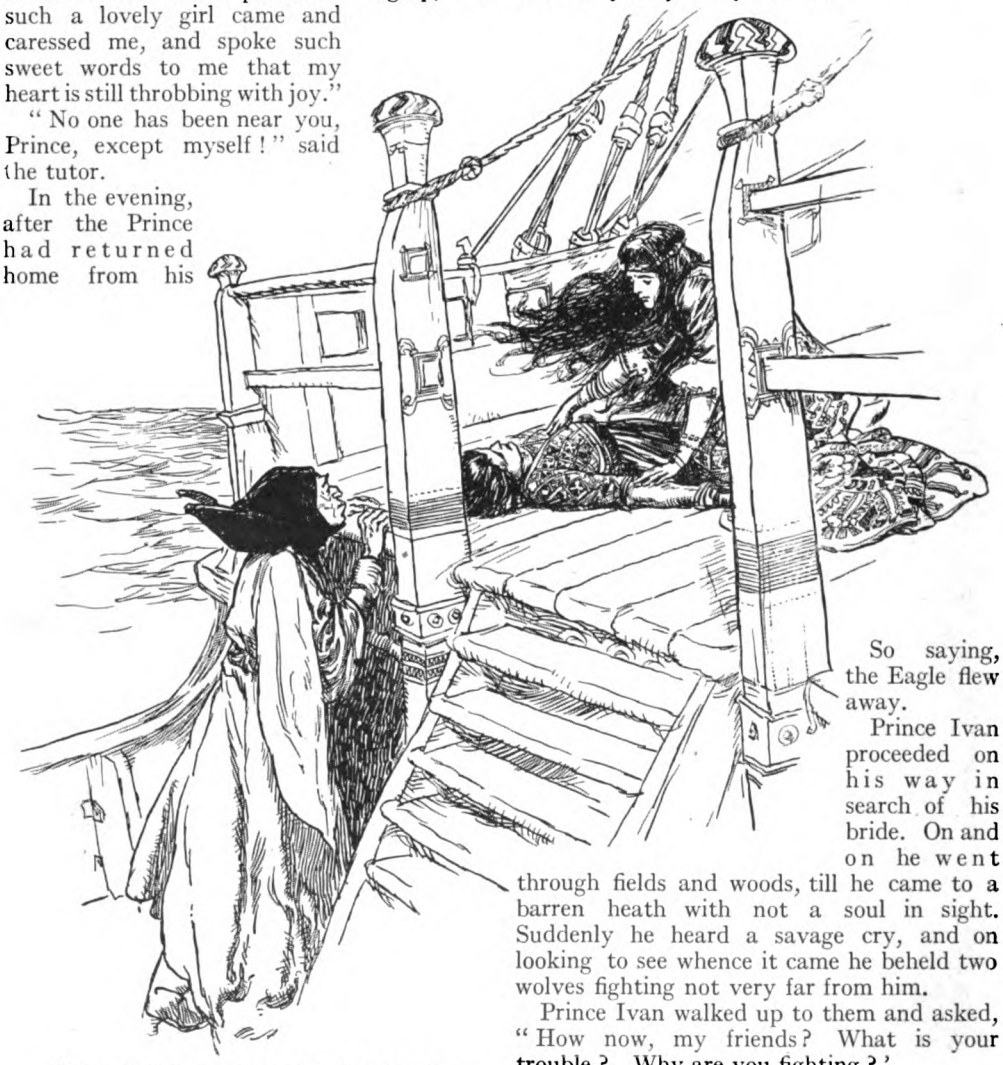
"My compliments to my betrothed when he *does* wake," she said, turning to the tutor, "and tell him to go to bed earlier in future and get his slumbers over during the night!"

And with those words she sailed away again. When the ships were well out of sight the tutor took the pin out of the Prince's collar. Prince Ivan woke up with a start and looked round.

"I had such a glorious dream!" he cried. "It was so vivid that it was almost real! I fancied I saw three ships come sailing up, and such a lovely girl came and caressed me, and spoke such sweet words to me that my heart is still throbbing with joy."

"No one has been near you, Prince, except myself!" said the tutor.

In the evening, after the Prince had returned home from his sail, he went for a stroll by himself near the city walls and began to think over his dream, and wonder why he had slept, and what had really happened, when, suddenly, who should come flying towards him but the great Eagle.



"SHE TRIED TO WAKE HIM BY GENTLY CARESSING HIM."

"Good evening, Prince," said the bird. "So you fell asleep, after all! I am sorry, but it was not your fault. What you saw was not a dream, it was reality. The Girl-Queen came out to meet you when she heard you play, but she will not come again! She will expect you to go and find her at the World's End, so do not stop to think, but go at once, and I will try to help you. Whatever you do, do not go back to the palace, but start on your journey at once."

So saying, the Eagle flew away.

Prince Ivan proceeded on his way in search of his bride. On and on he went through fields and woods, till he came to a barren heath with not a soul in sight. Suddenly he heard a savage cry, and on looking to see whence it came he beheld two wolves fighting not very far from him.

Prince Ivan walked up to them and asked, "How now, my friends? What is your trouble? Why are you fighting?'

"How can we help ourselves?" said one. "Our father has just died, and has left us that magic rug over there, and we cannot divide it."

"You silly idiots! Fancy fighting over such a small matter! I will settle your dispute, if you like, quite easily."

"Yes, yes!" they cried. "Please do."

"Very well; I will let fly an arrow and you must run after it; he who first gets

to the place where it falls and brings it back to me shall have the magic carpet for himself."

"All right!" they cried, and stood side by side, ready to start.

Prince Ivan shot an arrow far, far into the air, and off went the wolves. The Prince, left to himself, walked up to where the rug lay, and thought he would sit down and rest and wait till the wolves returned. But hardly had he settled down comfortably when, lo and behold! the rug lifted itself up into the air with the Prince on it, and flew away and away, far out of sight of the wolves.

On, on it flew for hours and hours, passing many strange lands and foreign seas, until at length it arrived at the Edge of the World, where stood a tiny deserted hut. Not a living object of any kind could Prince Ivan see as the rug came to a standstill. It seemed to be the end of all things.

"Well," thought the Prince, "this is a cheerful place to come to! It does not look very hopeful. However, I will go into the hut and see if I can get food."

So saying, he stepped off the rug and walked into the hut, while the rug rolled itself up and disappeared. Prince Ivan looked round the dreary little room, and discovered a queer-looking, toothless old woman sitting huddled up in a corner near a large wood fire.

"Good day, little mother," said the Prince. "I wonder whether you could oblige me with some food, and allow me to rest by the fire? I have had such a terribly long journey."

"Certainly," she replied. "You will find a loaf and some cheese in that cupboard. Help yourself, and then tell me what brought you here. You are the first human being I have seen for many a century."

After having eaten as much as he required, Prince Ivan told the old woman all about himself, and the reason of his journey.

"I wonder," he said, "whether you could tell me how to reach the World's End, or how I can find my bride?"

"I am afraid I can't advise you, Prince Ivan; I know nothing," replied the old woman.

"But surely you have lived long enough in the world to know every part of it, and give good advice on most things," laughed the Prince.

"Well, it's just because I am so old that I can remember nothing very much. But for the sake of your father's father, who was very kind to me, I will try to do what I can. I will call my sons, the Four Winds, and ask them to show you the way."

Presently the East, West, and South Winds came rolling towards her in answer to her call.

"Gently, gently," said the old woman; "not quite so much blustering, please. I called you hither to ask if any of you in your many travels have come across the Girl-Queen, and whether you know where her kingdom is situated?"

"No," they replied, "we do not, but our brother, the North Wind, might know. That part of the world is more in his line. Here he comes. He can answer for himself."

"What makes you so late, my son?" asked the old dame, as the North Wind came blundering and blustering towards her, shaking and freezing everything as he came.

"I am sorry, but I could not help myself," he said. "I had to go to such an out-of-the-way part, I never expected to get back at all. When I heard you call, I was at the extreme of the World's End, in the kingdom of the beautiful Girl-Queen."

"Ah! you are the very one I require," exclaimed the Prince. "Is it very far to her kingdom?"

"Well," answered the North Wind, with a voice like thunder, "it would take you probably a lifetime to get there. Even a magic rug would not help you much. I am the only one who could get there in a few hours, if I felt inclined. At present I am tired out! Even I require rest at times."

Prince Ivan, however, implored the North Wind to carry him to the World's End.

"Very well," growled the North Wind, "I will see what I can do, so come along. I will take you to the World's End. We had better start off at once, only don't be nervous and wrap up well. Cover your head so that you can neither see nor hear anything, and the less you try to breathe the better. Ready?"

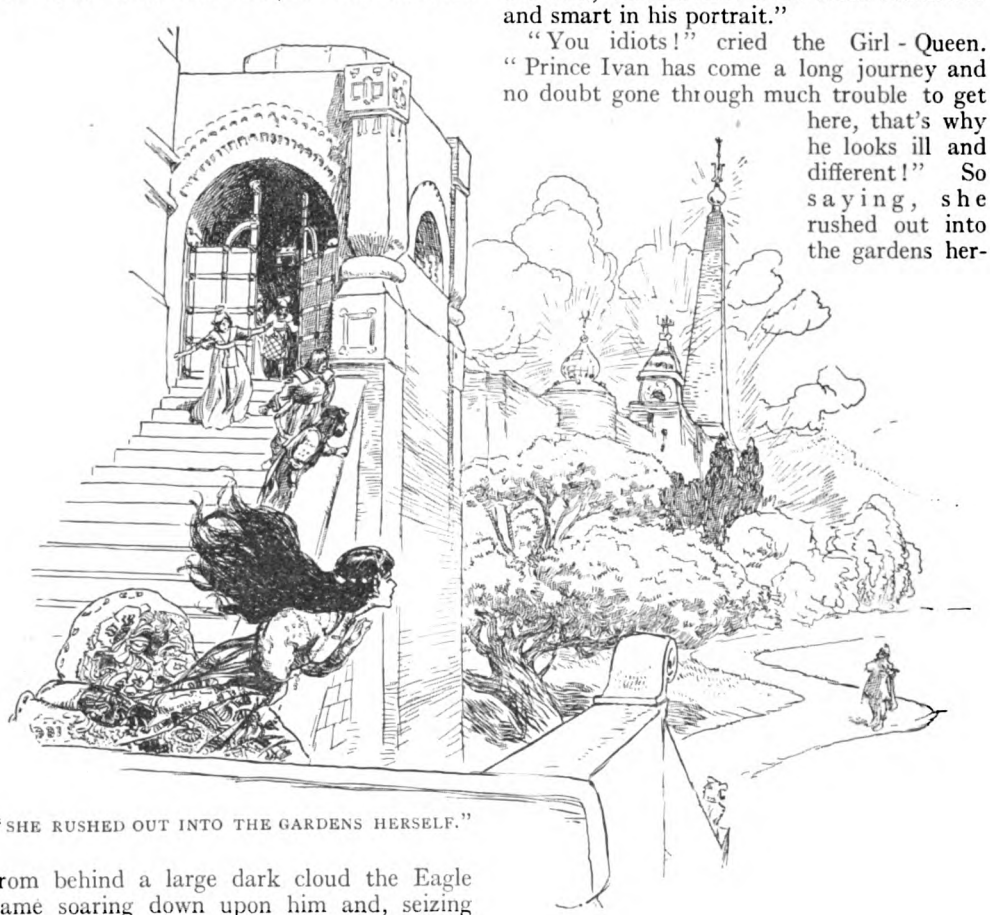
Before the young Prince had time to answer he was surrounded by a sudden storm of hail and snow, and a bitter, biting blast seemed to lift him off his feet and whirl him up into the air, then down again, and then on and on into space, into—Nowhere.

For an hour or so the Prince seemed to be dashed about at a terrific rate. Then the Wind seemed to slacken and the Prince found himself being gradually and gently lowered, so he opened his eyes and found that he was slowly descending, and beneath him lay the deep and angry sea, tossing and roaring, awaiting its prey.

"I am sorry," said the Wind, in a very subdued voice, "but I find I am done! I can't go any farther. I have no more strength left in me; I have come to the conclusion

that I don't care a bit about going to your kingdom, so I don't care what happens—you must try and find your way yourself."

So saying, the Wind very unceremoniously dropped the young Prince into the depths below and rolled away. Poor Prince Ivan! This, he thought, would surely be his end! What could he do against these fierce and bitter waves? But no, his last moment had not come after all. For, lo and behold!



"SHE RUSHED OUT INTO THE GARDENS HERSELF."

from behind a large dark cloud the Eagle came soaring down upon him and, seizing him by his coat out of the clutches of the sea, carried him up to a mountain top.

"I am glad I managed to get here in time to save you once more, Prince," said the Eagle, "and you are lucky, too. Now go and find the Girl-Queen. Her palace lies just over there, quite an easy walk from here. Good-bye." And the Eagle flapped his huge wings and disappeared for ever.

The Prince walked on, and presently came to a beautiful palace of marble standing in lovely grounds. Here, as the Prince approached, he took out his dulcimer and played some of his favourite airs. The instant the Girl-Queen heard the music she jumped up and called to all her courtiers:—

"Go into the gardens and see if that is Prince Ivan playing on his dulcimer. Take this portrait to help recognize him."

The courtiers soon returned, crestfallen.

"No," said they, "it is not Prince Ivan, only someone rather like him; this youth is thinner, and his face is dirty, and his clothes are torn, while Prince Ivan looks handsome and smart in his portrait."

"You idiots!" cried the Girl-Queen. "Prince Ivan has come a long journey and no doubt gone through much trouble to get here, that's why he looks ill and different!" So saying, she rushed out into the gardens herself and, running up to the Prince, welcomed him to the palace with joy.

Next day the young couple were married. There was a grand feast, and there were great rejoicings.

Later, Prince Ivan and his bride left the World's End and travelled by sea, accompanied by the Girl-Queen's big fleet, and arrived at Prince Ivan's kingdom, where they found that the shock of the Prince's good fortune had killed both the stepmother and the tutor.

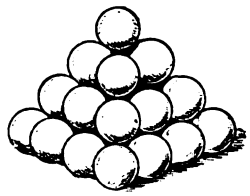
There was nothing left, therefore, to prevent him ruling over his own kingdom.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

191.—THE ARTILLERYMEN'S DILEMMA.

"ALL cannon-balls are to be piled in square pyramids," was the order issued to the regiment. This was done. Then came the further order, "All pyramids are to contain a square number of balls." Whereupon trouble arose. "It can't be done," said the major. "Look at this pyramid, for example; there are sixteen balls at the base, then nine, then four, then one at the top, making thirty balls in all. But there must be six more balls, or five fewer, to make a square number" "It *must* be done," insisted the general. "All you have to do is to put the right number of balls in your pyramids." "I've got it!" said a lieutenant, the mathematical genius of the regiment. "Lay the balls out singly." "Bosh!" exclaimed the general. "You can't *pile* one ball into a pyramid!" Is it really possible to obey both orders?



192.—WHO WAS FIRST?

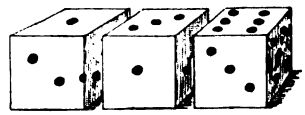
ANDERSON, Biggs, and Carpenter were staying together at a place by the seaside. One day they went out in a boat, and were a mile at sea when a rifle was fired on shore in their direction. Why or by whom the shot was fired fortunately does not concern us, as no information on these points is obtainable; but from the facts I picked up we can get material for a little puzzle. It seems that Anderson only heard the report of the gun, Biggs only saw the smoke, and Carpenter merely saw the bullet strike the water near them. Now, the question arises, who first knew of the discharge of the gun?

193.—A CALENDAR PUZZLE.

IF the end of the world should come on the first day of a new century, can you say what are the chances that it will happen on a Sunday?

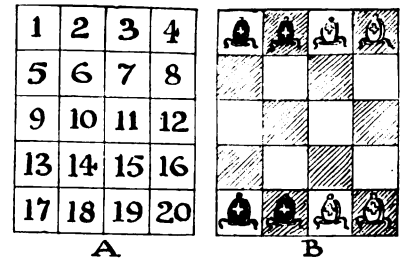
194.—A TRICK WITH DICE.

HERE is a neat little trick with three dice. I ask you to throw the dice without my seeing them. Then I tell you to multiply the points of the first die by 2 and add 5; then multiply the result by 5 and add the points of the second die; then multiply the result by 10 and add the points of the third die. You then give me the result, and I can at once tell you the points thrown with the three dice. How do I do it? As an example, if you threw 1, 3, and 6, as in the illustration, the result you would give me would be 386, from which I could at once say what you had thrown.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

187.—A NEW BISHOP PUZZLE.



PLAY as follows, using the notation indicated by the numbered squares in diagram A:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. 18—15	1. 3— 6	10. 20—10	10. 1—11
2. 17— 8	2. 4—13	11. 3— 9	11. 18—12
3. 19—14	3. 2— 7	12. 10—13	12. 11— 8
4. 15— 5	4. 6—16	13. 19—16	13. 2— 5
5. 8— 3	5. 13—18	14. 16— 1	14. 5—20
6. 14— 9	6. 7—12	15. 9— 6	15. 12—15
7. 5—10	7. 16—11	16. 13— 7	16. 8—14
8. 9—19	8. 12— 2	17. 6— 3	17. 15—18
9. 10— 4	9. 11—17	18. 7— 2	18. 14—19

Diagram B shows the position after the ninth move. Bishops at 1 and 20 have not yet moved, but 2 and 19 have sallied forth and returned. In the end, 1 and 19, 2 and 20, 3 and 17, and 4 and 18 will have exchanged places.

188.—THE SABBATH PUZZLE.

FROM the Jew's abode let the Christian and the Turk set out on a tour round the globe, the Christian going due east and the Turk due west. This will result in the Christian's gaining a day and in the Turk's losing a day, so that when they meet again at the house of the Jew their reckoning will agree with his, and all may keep their Sabbath on the same day. The correctness of this answer depends on the popular notion as to the definition of a day—the average duration between successive sunrises. It is an old quibble, and sound enough for puzzle purposes.

189.—ADDING THE DIGITS.

THE smallest possible sum of money is £1 8s. 9½d., the digits of which add to 25.

190.—MISSING PALINDROMES.

WRITE in the following words in their order: Noon, eve, Bob, Hannah, pop, peep, ewe, dad, tit, Aha, sees, eye, pup, keek, bib, pap, tot, deified, pip, nun, redder, tut, did, madam, deed, refer, level, eke, poop, gig, oho, reviver, mum, gag, toot, civic, sexes, tenet. Are there any palindromes in the English language other than those given above and last month? I have not found any.

THE ABOVE IS A REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL,

How the Chinese Proposed to

The very curious and unconsciously amusing Chinese manuscript which is reproduced in the following pages was found in the house of a Chinese General after the sacking of the Summer Palace at Peking in 1861, and is nothing less than a proposal for the destruction of the British Army. The following is a literal translation of this document, and the pictures are here reproduced in reduced facsimile. The whole throws a strange light upon the mysterious and, to us, child-like workings of the Chinese mind.

A WOODEN RIDER ON A LIVING HORSE

WITH the assistance of a wooden effigy of a man riding on a real horse, it is possible for an army to put a powerful enemy to rout and strengthen its own position. A wooden figure is made in the form of a man and attired in garments and headgear to resemble a god. The body is three and a half feet long and the head twelve inches. The breadth of the figure is two feet in the lower part and one and a half feet in the upper. Within the figure are various arrangements, which will be described. Running its length is a bamboo tube, having a uniform diameter of one and three-quarter inches. Its circumference is perforated at regular intervals, the bamboo having fifteen sections separated by the notches, two and a quarter inches apart, and each section having seven holes. Thus the total number of these is one hundred and five. Corresponding holes are made in the sides of the figure.

The space outside the tube is furnished with miraculous darts, miraculous pebbles, and miraculous explosives. The mouth and two eyes also serve as orifices for the miraculous darts, and the head has two metal fire-tubes at the top. At the back of the figure is an attachment which helps to maintain it in position on the horse's back. The figure has its two arms extended, one pointing to the front and the other behind. Within its hollow body and at the rear, finally (the fore part being

WHICH MEASURES FIVE FEET IN LENGTH.

Destroy the British Army.

occupied by the darts and pebbles), is adjusted a sort of cannon or projector, charged with liquefied white alum. This is boiled by heat generated by friction with the horse's saddle, so that without burning the horse's back the chemical is heated and its fumes passed up through the figure and along its rear arm into a conductor held in the hand. This conductor opens above the animal's tail, which has been docked close to the body. In its place and securely fastened on the back is a long bag of gunpowder.

On either side of the horse is a shaft of bamboo, the pressure of which against the thighs of the wooden figure holds the latter firmly in place. The shafts are carried forward through the bridle-rings, projecting a foot beyond, which serves to keep the horse facing forward and prevents it from turning its head. Besides this, five ounces of salt wrapped in a cloth are placed in the animal's mouth, and below is attached a pipe containing a chemical which gives forth noxious fumes. The eyes and mouth of the wooden figure, together with the orifices in the body, permit the discharge of one hundred and eight darts, a number which corresponds to that of the constellations in the firmament. With these and the projector inside the figure, the horse, firmly held by the two shafts, may be used either by day or by night.

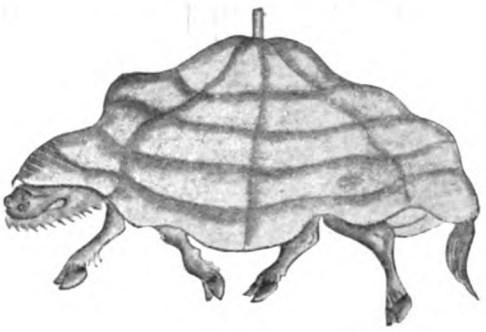
When it is decided by the army to make use of this expedient, the horse is secretly led towards the enemy's camp, and, arrived at a certain point and the apparatus being found in order—first the conductor held in the rear hand of the wooden figure, next the fire-zone round the horse's tail, and finally the explosives to be ejected below—the horse is urged forward and its leaders return to the camp. Unable to turn its head, the terrified horse, made conspicuous by the fire, can only rush forward. As soon as the chemical train carried in the figure's rear-end comes into contact with the powder at the horse's tail an explosion occurs, and the animal, enveloped in a blaze of colours, dashes into the enemy's midst, appearing to them like a fiery rain from heaven.

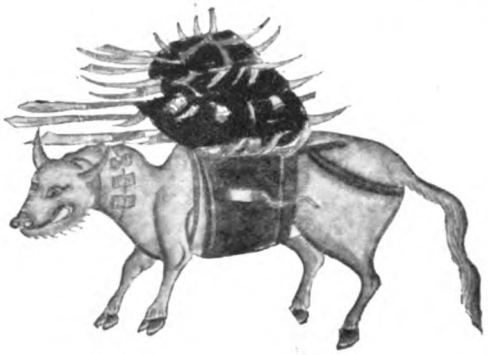
While this is going on, the projector inside the figure is fired and emits a continuous roar like thunder, and the explosions cause the darts and pebbles to fly out of the orifices and inflict injury to the enemy's men and horses. Our men, mounting a prominence, view this spectacle from afar. They see the enemy's troops startled and thrown into disorder, and finally their great army is defeated and utterly routed. It may be noted that a cover placed over the horse's head will prevent the pebbles from entering its eyes.

THE FIERY OX.

With a board bent to shape, make a frame to cover over an ox. Mould this to suit the form of the ox, and, using it as a base, superpose additional wooden frames, making three tiers in all. Guns and powder-trains form the connections, and sharp blades are bound to all four sides of the framework. The whole is covered with a red cloth concealing everything. A torch being tied to the ox's tail, men lead the animal in the dark towards the enemy's camp. Arrived at a certain point, the preparations are completed. Sparks begin flying along to the gunpowder trains in the framework and the ox is urged forward. In an instant fire spurts forth at several

points, breaking through the boards. When it reaches the tail, the ox bellows with pain and rushes madly forward, inflicting great injuries on the men and horses of the enemy, who, alarmed and thrown into confusion by the visitation, sustain a decisive defeat.





THE ROARING THUNDER PROJECTOR ON THE FIERY OX FOR ASSAILING AN ARMY.

Use an old and spent ox, and to its horns fasten swords which have been immersed in a deadly chemical. On either side bamboo poles hold the ox and prevent it from turning round. On its back it carries a large iron projector which contains ten pints of explosives. A receptacle let into the projector is charged with pebbles and such-like ammunition, and when the magazine is fired the resulting fusillade inflicts great damage on the enemy's troops. Though these may entirely outnumber us in strength, yet by the use of this implement of war, which rushes against them, they are utterly vanquished, being quite unable to withstand the fumes of the burning chemicals or the roaring thunder and the dazzling lightning of the bursting projector. Before they are able to take cover our men follow up the attack, though their ears are pained by the deafening thunder-claps of the projector, and secure an absolute victory over the enemy.

THE FIERY OX.

An ancient method of using the fiery ox is to fix spears in front of the shoulders, the sharp blades facing outwards. The tail is adorned with fine grass saturated in a preparation of birch bark, and the ox is set to the gallop with its head facing the enemy. When the fire bursts forth the ox trembles with fright and makes a mad rush ahead towards the enemy, who all fall into disorder. As in the case of the fiery horse, the fire is caused by friction acting on the explosives.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

TWENTY-FOUR PEARS ON A SINGLE SPRIG.

THE accompanying photograph of a bunch of pears offers a hint gratis to gardeners, although it is to be feared it is one of the many freaks of Nature that refuse to repeat themselves at the bidding of man. About eight inches from the ground a small twin shoot, a couple of inches long, blossomed all on its own, and *every* blossom was followed by a normal good-sized pear. There are twenty-four in the cluster, nineteen of them appearing in the photograph, together with a fallen one a little to the right. The rest of the tree is normal, except that its fruit is rather larger than that of the neighbouring trees of the same kind.—S. J., St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, N. Wales.

ANOTHER ANAGRAM LETTER.

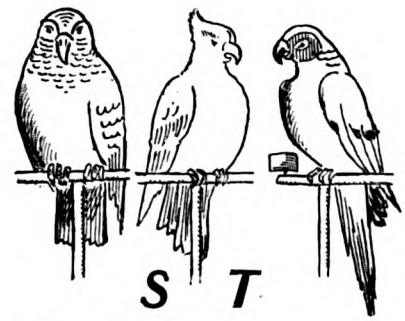
THE anagram letters in our last few issues have been so popular that we are giving another example, of which the solution will appear next month.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — SEEN CLOD are my CO IN NATURAL TOGS on the latest DON'T I AID to your OFFER A BILL, which I RELY SINCE trust you will OUNCE TIN. I OUTLAYS IN MULES with LAMPS BUYER a large JOT MY AIR of your readers find much USE PEARL in DIE PERCHING these A RAM SANG and THEY CLAIM LAP hope you will not let CUT CANCER MISS or the BEST COAL of SIX NICE GEE of space cause their NOTICE ASS. They I TEST COUNT real O TRAIN AXLE after a day of BE GATHER IN ARK and EVER GIN CRANK toil, and one is I ONLY GLANCE diverted in PET MATTING to SENDING LATE them. It would LADY BUNNIE be a FORMS UNITE to SOUTH SAND if by any SHOVE GRIT they were I DINED COUNTS. It is an EVEN THE MICA to be TITIAN PACED with some FENCED COIN, that as a RUSTLE of this TIE POINT you in your COME TIN PONY will CROP DUE a SOME FAINT making these THE DULL FIG little EASTERS a DORIC PIE event. If A SUN'S CAREER of public CAN'T I SIT SOFA at these REASSUME is ANY RECESS one or more SEND RUM FREE to the RUMBLE ANNIE host who ROSE PAINT the GAIN MAZE would be FROM INACTION enough.

Yours ERECT TEA,
TUTOR ON CRIB.

CAN YOU DO THIS?

HERE is an amusing little puzzle which is probably new to most STRAND readers. Give a friend a piece of paper and a pencil and get him to make a rough sketch of three parrots, and when he has done this ask him to say which of the three he considers the best. This being done, you tell him that, by the mere addition of two letters of the alphabet, you will turn his drawing into a representation of a well-known proverb. Let us suppose he chooses the centre bird. All you need do then is to write the letters S and T under this particular parrot, thus :—

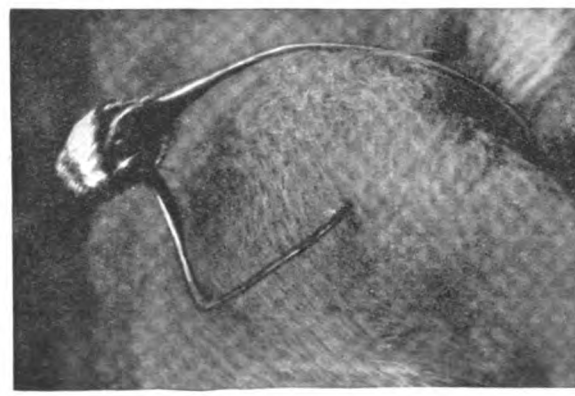


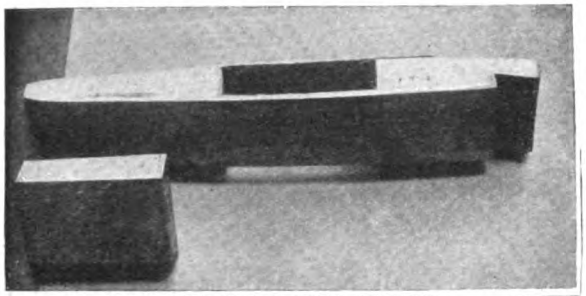
The above now represents a familiar proverb. What is it?

[The solution will be given next month.]

A STRANGE SEED VESSEL.

THE seed vessel of the martunia, a South American plant, has enormous hooks. These plunge into the flesh of passing animals, in the manner shown in the accompanying photograph, at times making the creatures roar with pain, and in this curious way the seeds are distributed.—Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, 31, Castlemain Avenue, Bournemouth.





AN INGENIOUS SMUGGLING DEVICE.

I HAVE recently received from the Far East an ingenious Chinese device for smuggling opium. The staves of innocent-looking fruit barrels had spaces cut out about the centre, and in them was inserted a tin box containing the opium. The thickness of the staves aroused the suspicions of the Excise officers, and led to the discovery of the fraud.—Mr. Thos. Elliott, Lincoln House, Heckmondwike.

NUMERICAL NOUGHTS AND CROSSES.

THIS is a quite interesting game for two, which is played very much after the style of noughts and crosses. Suppose the players to be A and B. A starts by placing a number in one of the squares in Fig. 1. B then places a number in one of the vacant checkers, so choosing the number and place that A cannot complete a line of three figures which when summed makes 15. Upon this A plays with the same object, and the game continues until one player does complete a line which adds up to 15 or until all the checkers are filled. All numbers from 1 to 9 inclusive can be used, but each one once only throughout the game. He who completes a line which sums 15 wins the game. Of course, in this game, as in noughts and crosses, the first player has a decided advantage over his opponent, and in consequence the players take it in turn to begin. There are several cases in which the first player is bound to win, and these when learned must be barred in order for the game to continue properly. For instance, if A starts with 5 he is bound to win. For (1) suppose he places it in the centre checker, then B obviously cannot play without giving the game to A. (2) Suppose he places it as in Fig. 2, then B cannot play in any checker but in (*a*) or (*b*). Suppose he places his number in (*a*), then if A places 10 minus B's number in (*b*), B cannot play without A winning next move. Finally, suppose A places the 5 as in Fig. 3, then B obviously must play in (*a*), (*b*), (*a'*), or (*b'*). Suppose in (*a*), then if A places 10 minus B's number in (*a'*), B's play is limited to (*b*) and (*b'*). Suppose (*b*), then if A again places 10 minus B's number in (*b'*), B cannot play without giving the game to A. As a matter of fact, I believe that if A starts in the centre checker, and as his second play places his number in the checker opposite that chosen by B, at the same time so choosing his number that it forms an arithmetic progression with the other two numbers used, then he will almost invariably win. I do not understand why this is so, but perhaps one of THE STRAND readers could explain it to me. In any case, this trick can be prevented by making a rule that the first player does not start with a 5 nor with any number at all in the centre checker.—Mr. R. P. Perry, 34, Norroy Road, Putney, S.W.

FIG. 1.

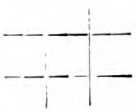


FIG. 2.

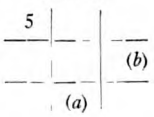
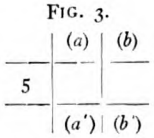
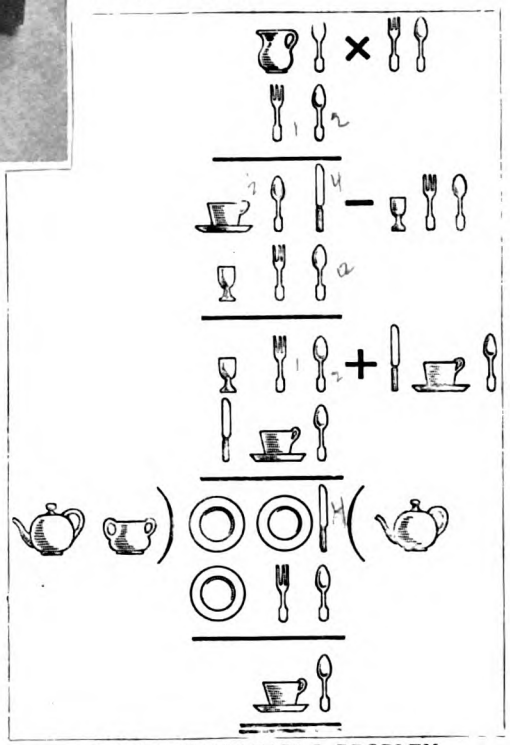


FIG. 3.





A BREAKFAST-TABLE PROBLEM.

THE figures 1—9 inclusive are here represented by symbols in a multiplication, subtraction, addition, and division sum. What is the answer in figures? [The solution will be given next month.]—Mr. F. Atkin, Over Haddon, Bakewell.

Solution of Last Month's Bridge Problem.

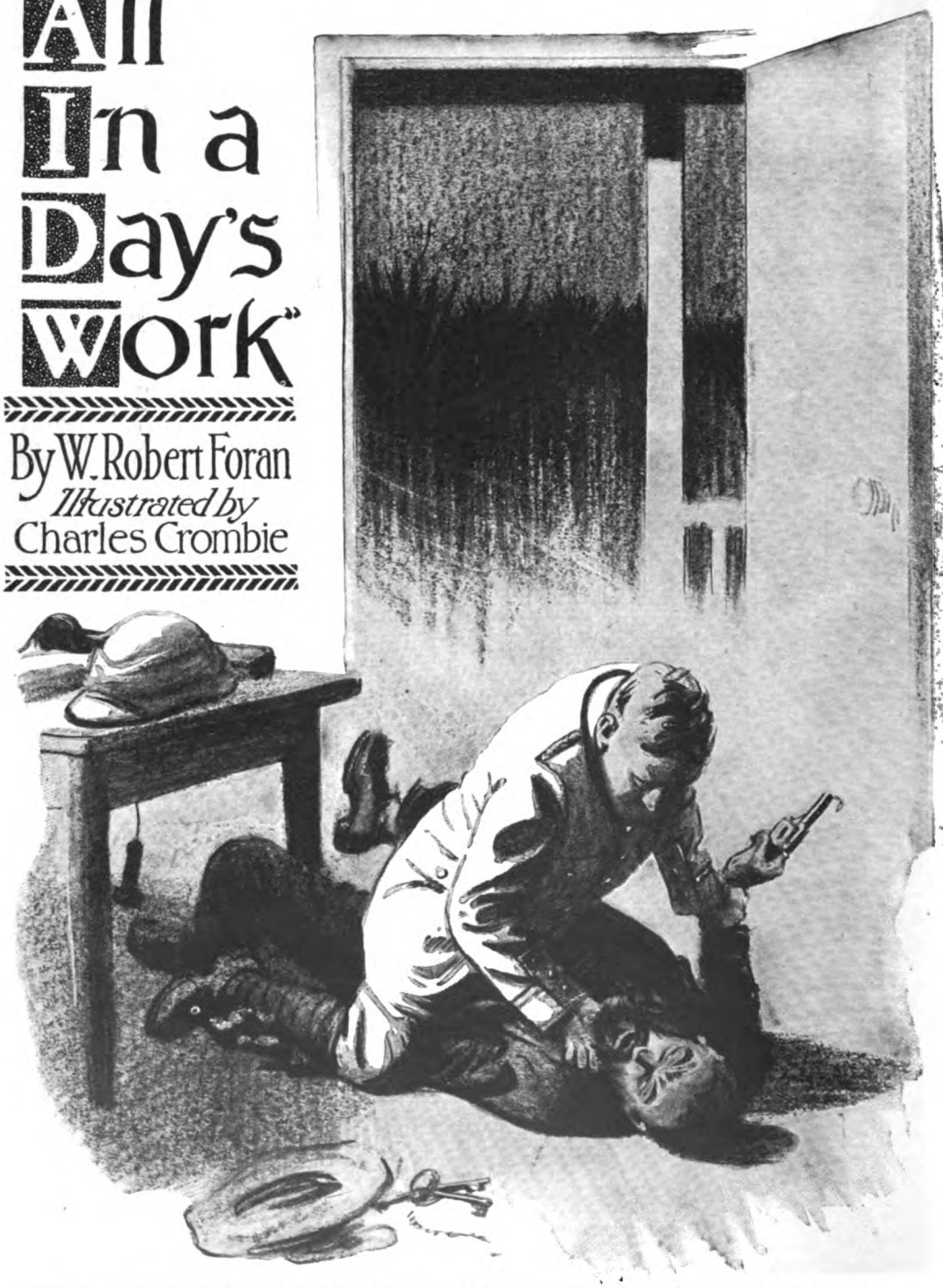
A	Y	B	Z
Diamonds 3 !	Diamonds 7	Diamonds 2	Diamonds 6
Hearts king	Hearts 8	Hearts 2	Hearts 3 !
Clubs 4	Clubs 7 !	Clubs 10 !	Clubs 2
Spades 8	Spades 2	Spades 4	Spades ace
Hearts 6	Hearts queen	Hearts 5	Hearts 4
Spades 9	Hearts 9	Hearts knave	Hearts ace
Spades knave	Diamonds 8	Spades 3	Hearts 10
Diamonds 4	Spades queen !	Spades 5	Hearts 7
Diamonds king	Diamonds 9	Diamonds 5	Diamonds ace
Clubs 5	Diamonds qn.	Diamonds 10	Diamonds kve.
Clubs knave	Clubs 8	Clubs 6	Clubs king
Clubs queen	Clubs ace	Spades 6	Clubs 3
Spades king	Clubs 9	Spades 7	Spades 10

The winning card in each trick is underlined.

"All In a Day's Work"

By W. Robert Foran

Illustrated by Charles Crombie



"WITH SHORT, PANTING BREATHS HE THREW HIS FAILING STRENGTH INTO ONE LAST DETERMINED EFFORT TO ESCAPE."

(*See page* 610.)

"BY the way, Denby, I've telegraphed to every police post in the country to keep a sharp look-out for any suspicious white characters," Roy Mandell, senior Commissioner of Police at Nairobi, announced. "I can't get that threat of Billy Foster's out of my mind."

"What threat do you refer to?" Denby, his assistant, inquired in a bored tone.

"Why, surely you remember that Foster said he'd get even with you for arresting him and Patrick Shannon on a charge of that murder in Johannesburg? He swore some of his pals would get them out of our hands, if I recollect rightly."

Denby took a long pull at his freshly-lit cigar and thoughtfully blew a perfect smoke-ring ceilingwards. He watched this float away and then gradually dissolve before he answered.

"Yes, I remember those two threats," he declared, quietly. "I've been puzzling my brains to discover who their pals might be, but hang me if I can place them. The first threat doesn't worry me at all"—he cracked his fingers flippantly in disdain of it—"but I'll confess the second one does."

"Haven't you anyone in mind at all, then?" Mandell asked, his elbows on the dining-table and his hands supporting his face.

They had just finished dinner and the table had been cleared. The subject of Denby's brilliant arrest of the two badly-wanted murderers in Reeves's bar-room three days previously was still fresh in each mind. Mandell was not a little proud of his young assistant's exploit, for he knew few of his officers would have faced two such desperate characters, armed as they were with revolvers, and arrested them without any damage to themselves.

"There *is* one man, who arrived yesterday from Mombasa," Denby remarked presently, with his face puckered up into a deep frown. "He might answer that question; then again he mightn't. He's an Australian. Stands about six feet two inches, and is heavily built—exceptionally so, in fact. Has large dark eyes, thick black hair, very tanned face, and a weak mouth. His chin protrudes rather, and he wears a short, stubby black beard."

He hesitated for a few moments, undecided as to how to voice his suspicions. Mandell watched his face without speaking. He was plainly interested in the younger man's remarks, and had leaned forward farther across the table, dropping his hands from his face. His fingers twitched nervously as he played with the tablecloth in front of him.

"Mind you," Denby continued, after a short pause, "this is only suspicion—absolutely nothing more than that. I've no real grounds for suspecting him at all, except I don't like his face and general get-up. Came into my office this afternoon over at the police-station and asked about a job in the police department. Appeared to take more than a casual interest in the geography of the office. That's about all I've got against him, except for an instinctive distrust. Funny how one takes violent likes and dislikes at first meeting with a man!"

Denby laughed shortly, as if half-ashamed of his doubts of the man he had described to his superior officer. After all, the man might be perfectly honest in his intentions, and really wanted to join the force.

"Where's he stopping?" Mandell asked, softly, and the expression in his eyes showed more than a casual interest in the answer.

"At Reeves's Hotel in the Government Road. I've got him under surveillance by a plain-clothes native detective. We can't afford to lose our two prisoners, and I'm frankly taking no chances. The reward for their capture means too much to me!"

Mandell nodded his head in approval. "Good boy," he commended. "Keep close watch on his movements and report to me if anything appears wrong."

Denby rose from the table and picked up his Sam-Browne belt, which was carelessly thrown over a chair. He fastened it round his waist and placed his helmet on his head.

"Trust me for that," he declared, with grim terseness. "Think I'll go down to the station and see if all's well there. I've got a premonition something may develop, and I want to be on hand if it does. Good night, Mandell!"

"Good night, then!"

Denby closed the door softly behind him and started away at a brisk walk for the police-station. The night was almost as light as day, for a full moon shed its radiance over the township. As he walked down the road, between the rustling blue-gum trees lining each border, the sound of native drums monotonously beating in the bazaar was wafted to him on a light breeze. And then, suddenly, from far out on the Athi Plains skirting the town, came the rumbling roar of a lion. He knew that the "king of beasts" was at a safe distance, and that the roar only denoted a well-filled belly. But it sounded very savage and majestic; and Denby shivered slightly, in spite of himself.

He skirted the police-barracks, struck across a small swamp, passed the Market Building, and finally reached the police-station. A native sentry saluted him stiffly with his rifle.

Denby unstrapped his belt and threw it over a chair before inspecting the cells. But he was careful to abstract the revolver from the holster before it passed out of his immediate possession. He opened the weapon to see if it were loaded. Then for a few minutes he weighed it in his hand. Then he stuck it into his pocket, with the butt ready for instant grasping. He had not forgotten his lesson learned in the arrest of the two dangerous criminals, and wanted to have the gun ready for any sudden emergency.

Satisfied with his inspection of the building and the sentries, he walked slowly to the table in the centre of the room and sat down before it, facing the doorway. Thoughtfully he pulled open the top right-hand drawer and tenderly laid the revolver in it. For a moment he hesitated, and then viciously snapped the drawer close over the weapon.

The native sentry, on guard outside of the building, brought his Martini-Henri rifle-butt to the "order" position with a bang and stood "at ease." The clash made Denby start.

"Hang it!" he muttered, with disgust at himself. "I'm getting jumpy. This'll never do!"

He pulled his chair closer to the desk and listened to the medley of noise which came to him from the Indian bazaar behind his office. In the cells to the rear all was still. The dreary droning of the native tom-toms never ceased for a moment, and every now and then came the shrill cry of a native dancer enjoying a night of revelry in the villages on the rising land outside the town.

"Sentry!" Denby called, abruptly.

At the command the native soldier sprang to attention, sloped his rifle, and turned to face Denby.

"I want you to be particularly alert to-night," he cautioned the sentry, slowly, speaking in Kiswahili. "Instead of patrolling the front of the building only, you will go round it every quarter of an hour. Examine every window carefully as you do so, for I don't want any of the prisoners to escape. *Sikia?*"

The orders were received by the sentry with an impassive face, and he saluted at their finish to show he entirely understood.

"*Ndio, Effendi, fahamu!*" he confirmed, in a deep-bass voice.

"*Bassi!* See that you do it, then!" he cautioned the sentry, in dismissal.

As the sentry returned to his post and resumed his patrolling of the front of the building in brisk strides, Denby pulled a file of "Men Wanted" towards him, and began to study the photographs and descriptions of each one. The only sounds were now the steady tramp of the sentry outside and the rustling leaves of the pages as Denby continued his industrious search for the face of the Australian which might, perchance, be one of those men sought by the police in other countries. The native drums and other sounds of revelry had now ceased, for the capital town of East Africa had gone to bed.

For ten minutes Denby studied the files carefully, but he failed to recognize in any of the word-sketches or pictures of criminals a resemblance to the man he suspected of being an associate of the two murderers he had now safely under lock and key. Finally he threw the file across the table and rose from his seat, stretching his arms above his head.

He felt very restless, with a sense of coming danger. Yet he could not define what it was. He looked towards the dark passage-way, which divided the cells from the office. Not a sound could be heard. He glanced at his wrist-watch and saw it was ten o'clock. The prisoners must be asleep, he concluded; yet, it might be wise to make a tour of the cells to see all was as it should be.

He walked swiftly down the passage-way with noiseless tread. At the end was a heavy brick wall, and on reaching it he retraced his steps, peering into each black cell as he passed it. Only the sound of deep breathing, regular and contented, greeted his tense ear-drums. Nothing appeared to be amiss, and he tip-toed back to his seat in the outer office.

A few minutes later the quarter struck resonantly on the steel-rail gong in the police barracks near by. Denby watched the sentry start on his rounds about the building. Seeing him disappear round the corner, he rested his head on his arms across the table. He was feeling very tired and drowsy, for he had been very busy all day since the five o'clock parade in the morning. And presently he fell asleep.

How long he slept he did not know, but afterwards when he thought the matter out he was positive it could not have been more than a few minutes. A slight noise made him half-spring out of his seat into sudden wakefulness. He found himself looking into the barrel of a heavy Colt revolver.

Thoroughly awake and alive now to his desperate situation, he intently scrutinized the face behind it. It needed only a brief glance, however, to assure him that it was the Australian who had aroused his suspicions.

The latter was a much larger-built man than Denby, and it would be useless for him to try to rush the man by force. He must play him until the sentry, returning from his rounds, reached the front of the office again. Then he might be able to attract his attention without the Australian's knowledge.

In the guard-room to the right of the office the sergeant and ten native police were sleeping; but to call them now would mean, most probably, disaster for him and them. His mind, trained in his Army service to grapple with sudden emergencies, was working rapidly. He decided to try to bluff this man who menaced him until he could get assistance. He knew this was his only hope.

He began to wonder how long the sentry had been on his rounds and when he would return. His gaze wandered from the face of the Australian to the barred windows of the office. His ears were seeking some hint of the sentry's whereabouts, while his eyes pierced the moonlight outside for some sign of movement.

The Australian noticed the direction of Denby's gaze, and smiled evilly. Denby did

not see the smile ; if he had done so, he might have felt even more perturbed than he did already.

Slowly Denby brought his eyes back to the face of the Australian, who up to this point had maintained silence since entering the office. And the intensity of the silence was getting on Denby's nerves. Why the deuce didn't the man say something ? he asked himself, angrily.

" Well ! " he snapped at the Australian, trying to appear calm. " What can I do for you ? "

" Where have you got my two pals, Foster and Shannon ? " the man parried, insolently.

" Just where you'll be—in the cells ! " Denby laughed, shortly.

" Bring 'em out, then ; quick ! " The Australian took a couple of steps forward as he uttered his command. Still the revolver covered the young police-officer ; but Denby did not flinch.

" I'm sorry to disappoint you," he said, " but such a late visit is strictly against the regulations, and I'm a stickler for keeping them. But if you'll leave your card, I'll see they get it first thing in the morning. I'm sure they'll be delighted you called." He grinned at the other ironically.

The Australian frowned, and took two quick strides towards the table at which Denby was sitting.

" No more fooling," he ordered, angrily. " Produce my pals, for I mean to get 'em out o' this. Look alive about it, now."

Denby shrugged his shoulders. " Guess again ! " he grinned.

" Look here. I mean business, and the sooner you realize it, the better it'll be for you. See ? "

Denby's eyes never left those of the Australian. He was watching and waiting for a sign of weakness or of inattention. In his school and Sandhurst days, Jack Denby had made quite a name for himself as a middle-weight boxer. He had learned, as the result of many a hard-fought battle, never to take his eyes off those of his opponent. He did not forget this lesson now.

" Don't speak so loud, you'll wake the baby," he said, tauntingly.

" Meaning ? "

" The sergeant and men of the guard." Denby spoke out loud in the hope that his men might hear him, despite the closed door.

" Where are they ? " came the quick rejoinder, but this time in a whisper.

" In that room ! " Denby nodded his head in the direction of the guard-room.

The Australian took a quick glance in the direction indicated, and, as he did so, Denby made a swift motion to open the drawer in which he had placed his revolver. But the man was too quick for him.

" Put your hands up ! " he whispered, fiercely, and thrust his revolver into Denby's face.

With the cold steel pressing against his face, Denby had no other option than to obey the mandate. He raised his two hands helplessly above his head.

" That's better," sneered the Australian. " No monkey tricks, or it'll go hard with you. I mean to get my pals out o' here, and the sooner you release them, the better I'll be pleased."

Denby's face was like a mask. Still that set smile was on his lips, and if the Australian had known his man better, he would have realized that Denby was not one with whom to take any undue liberties unless prepared to go the limit. Behind that mask of emotions was an indomitable spirit, fearless and unswerving from a strict line of duty.

" You'd much better get out of here," Denby warned him, and his voice had a new note of strength in it. " The sentry will be back here in a few minutes "—he glanced at the wrist-watch above his head—" in fact, he'll be here in a few seconds," he corrected, triumphantly.

" He'll never show up again, never fear," sneered the Australian. " I've cracked him over the head with the butt of my revolver. Smashed his skull in, judging by the sound."

Denby sprang up in his chair with blazing eyes, and uttered a stifled cry of horror. But he sank back again as the man's revolver pressed relentlessly against his head. There was no sense in trying to grapple with a man who could send your soul to eternity in a second or less.

" You unspeakable hound ! " Denby shouted, and there was a world of bitter contempt in his voice.

He listened for sounds to denote that his men in the guard-room had heard his raised voice, but all was silent. " You'll pay pretty dearly for that," he added, grimly.

" Curse you, stand up ! " the Australian ordered, angrily, in a bullying tone.

Denby had no option but to obey. But in rising, he carelessly knocked his telephone over, and the receiver fell off its hook. The other man did not appear to notice the significance of the action ; and Denby breathed more freely.

He had suddenly conceived the idea of

"'PUT YOUR HANDS UP!' HE WHISPERED, FIERCELY, AND THRUST HIS REVOLVER INTO DENBY'S FACE."

unhooking the receiver, if he got a chance, and so warning "Central" there was something amiss in the police-station. When they got no answer from the office, "Central" might suspect something was wrong and call up the police-barracks. And, if he spoke loud enough, they might even hear what was wrong and send immediate help. It was worth a chance.

"Now lead me to Foster and Shannon," commanded the Australian, in a fierce whisper.

"That would be useless, for I've not got the keys of the cells." Denby's smile grew broader. His little plan was gradually creeping toward success.

"Who's got them, then?" the other asked, in a puzzled voice.

"The sergeant of the guard."

Denby was unprepared for the next move.

He had under-estimated the lengths to which this man was prepared to go in order to attain the object of his visit.

"Call him out here," came the abrupt command. And as he spoke he drew another Colt out of his pocket, stepped quickly to one side, and held the two weapons so that Denby was effectively covered and also anyone who should enter the office from the guard-room.

"Sergeant Hamid!" Denby shouted, loudly. His voice gave no indication of any excitement.

There was a sound of movement in the guard-room, and then of footsteps.

"*Hapa, Effendi!* I'm coming."

The sergeant's voice sounded muffled. Both men were listening intently to the movements behind the door. Denby was fervently praying that the men of the guard would come also in answer to his summons, for between them all they could overpower this giant. On the other hand, the Australian was hoping only the sergeant would appear.

The door opened and the native sergeant came swiftly into the room, closing the door behind him. His hand rose to his forehead in a salute, but did not complete the motion. He found himself looking into the barrel of a revolver held in a very steady hand. His mouth gaped open; but he uttered no sound. He looked straight at the revolver, and gradually a look of fear spread over his face, while his black, shiny skin turned a sickly yellow. He did not mind facing the weapons of a native, but to him the white man was as sacred as a god. He felt utterly defenceless against him.

Denby watched the sergeant's face, between his two raised arms. Slowly an idea came to him, and he smiled. He knew by the stillness of the guard-room that the other men had not realized there was an exciting drama under way in the office; otherwise they would have surely come to his aid.

"Sergeant Hamid!" he ordered, abruptly, and there was a quality of encouragement in his voice. There was also that in the tone which made the sergeant close his mouth and spring into a rigid position of attention.

"*Effendi!*" he answered, bringing his hand swiftly to the salute, and then with a sharp smack to his side.

His eyes searched the face of his superior for some sign of what was expected of him. He knew there must be something that he must do—something to help his officer. Now he was the soldier once more, and all fear had left him. It was not for nothing he had fought beside white officers in numberless native wars. He had acquired something of their spirit as the result of the association with them under many trying situations, and had the natural, native-born recklessness of death and of the hereafter. For him they had no terrors.

"Where are the keys of the cells?" Denby asked him, and there was a meaning under the words which escaped the notice of the Australian.

"*Hapa, Effendi!*" Sergeant Hamid's hand sought the bunch of keys at his belt, fumbled a moment, and then closed over them. His eyes still searched the face of his officer, waiting patiently for the cue to the riddle of what was desired of him.

"Throw them here." The command came from the Australian, who still covered them with his revolvers.

Sergeant Hamid hesitated. He was not in the habit of taking orders from any but his superior officers.

"D'you hear what I say?" thundered the Australian, impatiently. "Throw them here at once, you black pig!"

Still the sergeant waited for his officer's confirmation of the order. But Denby was now thoroughly enjoying himself, and had no mind to interfere too soon. He gave no sign, and the sergeant's face showed his complete perplexity.

"You black beast, you! Do what I say!" roared the now thoroughly enraged Australian. "I'll drill holes in you, if you don't obey instantly."

Great beads of perspiration clustered on Sergeant Hamid's forehead, and he looked pleadingly at Denby. But still he made no motion to comply. Denby saw the game had been played long enough.

"*Throw* them at him," he ordered, quietly, and there was deep meaning under the simple words. He uttered the command deliberately, in the hope that Sergeant Hamid would obey him literally.

Slowly the keys were drawn forth and poised ready for the throw. Then suddenly Hamid understood the meaning of his officer's simple command. He threw the heavy bunch with all his force straight in the face of the Australian. The latter saw them coming and instinctively ducked his head.

This was what Denby had been hoping and waiting for. As the keys hurtled through the air he jumped and landed beside the Australian. His right arm closed like a vice round the man's neck, and his left leg tripped him from behind. The man put forth all his

strength to escape the grip, but he had been caught off his guard and had lost his advantage.

"Stand where you are, Hamid," Denby called out. And Sergeant Hamid stood still, fascinated by the struggle. A pleased smile cleft his face as he watched the two men wrestle first this way and then that.

Slowly Denby bent the Australian's head back and his knees forward, until the man lost his balance and fell to the floor of the office. Denby fell on the top of him, pinning the other's arms to the ground with his knees. But the two revolvers were free for use; and the owner of them fired each quickly before Denby could get them out of his grasp.

The first shot went wide over the grinning sergeant's head; but the other ploughed its way through Denby's left side. He uttered a low moan of pain, but did not release his hold on the prostrate prisoner. He could feel the warm blood trickling down his side, and for a moment felt sick and faint. But he braced himself for a struggle. His knees worked quickly down the man's arms until he knelt upon his wrists. Now the revolvers could be fired as often as their owner wished without possible injury to anyone.

"HIS RIGHT ARM CLOSED LIKE A VICE ROUND THE MAN'S NECK, AND HIS LEFT LEG TRIPPED HIM FROM BEHIND."

At the sound of the two shots Denby had heard the men in the guard-room spring up from their beds and rush to the closed door. A second later they burst pell-mell into the room with excited shouts. And his ears caught the murmur of voices from the awakened prisoners, behind him in the cells.

The men of the guard halted, silent and fascinated, at the doorway. The sight which met their eyes was sufficient to hold them spell-bound in astonishment. On the floor Denby was kneeling astride the form of a giant white man. They were struggling hard, each trying to obtain a decisive advantage over the other.

Denby heard the men enter the office and halt.

"Don't let them interfere, Hamid," he called out, gasping for breath, as he strained every nerve to choke the Australian into insensibility. "Get a pair of handcuffs ready, quick!"

Hamid ran to the wall and pulled down a pair of steel manacles from a hook. He ran with them towards the struggling men on the floor, prepared to clasp them about the Australian's wrists when he was ordered to do so by Denby.

And slowly Denby's hands found a firm grip on the other man's throat, pressing the jugular vein until his prisoner's tongue protruded and face went purple. The struggle was more than half over. Denby felt the prisoner's limbs relaxing, and eased his own hold slightly. Immediately the Australian seized the opportunity to make a fresh effort to release himself.

With short, panting breaths he threw his failing strength into one last determined effort to escape. Denby was lifted bodily off him and fell underneath; but he tightened his hold upon the man's throat.

The prisoners in their cells were clamouring noisily; but no other sound was heard in the room except the irregular and strained breathing of the two struggling men. Great beads of perspiration stood on each man's face, and their veins appeared like whipcords. Neither spoke a syllable; and the native soldiers kept silence, also. The latter were bending forward watching the dramatic struggle for mastery, with an intense interest born of their own love of wrestling.

Suddenly the Australian raised one of his revolvers to fire it at Denby. But this unfair advantage was more than even Sergeant Hamid's sense of obedience to commands could withstand. He ran in and seized the revolver, pointing it upward to the ceiling. The bullet brought a shower of plaster down upon them.

Like lightning Hamid's truncheon flashed forth from his belt and dealt a terrific blow on the Australian's arm. The revolver clattered to the floor, and the man uttered a low moan of excruciating agony. His arm had been shattered below the elbow. It took Hamid only a second to wrest the other weapon from the man, and then he slipped one of the handcuffs over the wrist of the uninjured arm. He leaned across Denby and touched him lightly upon the shoulder.

"*Imekwisha, Effendi!* The work is done," he said, meaningly; and there was a new note of respect and affection in the black's voice which Denby had never heard before.

Slowly he rose from the twisting and moaning man, and stood erect over him. His breath still came in laboured gasps, and his face was bloodless and tense with the pain of his wound.

"Hamid, take charge of the prisoner," he ordered, curtly. "And you, Corporal Fadamulla, quiet those prisoners in the cells."

While each non-commissioned officer jumped to obey his instructions, Denby walked slowly to the table and picked up the fallen receiver of the telephone. He signalled "Central" insistently, and finally they answered.

"Give me the medical officer's bungalow. No—better still—you ring him up and tell him he's wanted immediately at the police-station. What's that? Oh! yes; I'm all right, thanks. Tell the doctor it's urgent! Good night!"

As he placed the receiver on the hook there was a sound of running feet, and Mandell, followed by a dozen policemen, burst into the office.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, breathlessly. His eyes took in the picture of the fallen man, and Denby's tense, white face.

"That!" Denby answered, briefly, pointing to the moaning Australian. "He's the man I told you about. Tried to rescue his pals."

He stood up groggily upon his feet, while his right hand wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Phew!" he muttered. "That was pretty hot work." He paused, to get a hold on the table, for he was feeling suddenly faint.

"But it's all in—a day's work." And he laughed softly, the mirth of a man who has done his duty, and is contented.

SOME CLEVER DETECTIVE FEATS.

By

GEORGE R. SIMS.

Illustrated by Frank Wiles.

WE are all detectives to-day. No sooner does a mysterious crime take place than all the popular newspapers in the land and a very large percentage of their readers begin to look for clues.

In the mid-Victorian novel of the sensational kind the detective was always a popular character. He was generally an unobtrusive person in plain clothes, who strolled about and smoked a cigar within easy gazing distance of the suspected party.

The man from Scotland Yard, the intelligent officer who had, as all Scotland Yard officers must do, risen from the ranks, was temporarily overshadowed when Mr. Sherlock Holmes took up the art of criminal detection along the lines of scientific deduction.

Long before the coming of Sherlock Holmes several weekly papers enjoying huge circulations had provided themselves with a "crime investigator." The newspaper "investigator," while apparently conducting inquiries on his own account, was generally in very close touch with certain official detectives, who, while giving the Pressman a good deal of information that there was no reason they should withhold from him, very frequently used him and his paper for quite legitimate purposes.

The journalist in this country who specializes in criminal investigation has to be far more circumspect than his Parisian *confrère.*

In France the journalist interviews witnesses and publishes their statements even while the case is *sub judice.* The French journalist is even permitted to interview the prisoner immediately after his arrest, and the French Press occasionally condemns the accused person long before the *juge d'instruction* has finished the preliminary inquiries.

Trial by newspaper is not popular with the authorities in this country, and the proceedings in connection with contempt of court are so unpleasant that the editors of our English journals have to curb the zeal of their young investigators. It is largely due to the irritation caused by the curbing of journalistic zeal in the investigation of mysterious crimes that of late years there has been a disposition on the part of certain newspapermen to belittle the intelligence of the detective police, to scoff, more or less good-humouredly, at the English detective system, and to compare it unfavourably with the French system.

The French system is, it may be admitted, more scientifically expert than ours. Many men of science have taken up criminology in France and devoted themselves to its development. We have no Bertillon attached to Scotland Yard. But, apart from their possession of more scientific methods, the official criminal investigators of France have a great advantage over their English *confrères.*

In France every person arrested is at once challenged to prove his innocence. He has not been in custody many minutes before he is closely questioned by the police officers in charge of him.

Here a person is at once told that anything he may say will be taken down in writing and used in evidence against him. He is warned, colloquially speaking, not to "give himself away." In France every effort is made to inveigle the prisoner into a confession of his guilt.

In France the police do not hesitate to arrest half-a-dozen people one after the other, in the hope of finding the right man among them. In England the police, knowing what

public opinion is in the matter, hesitate to arrest anyone without they have a certain amount of evidence to justify the arrest.

In connection with many of the crimes which so far as the public are concerned are still "mysteries," long and anxious consultations have been held by the chief authorities before it has been decided not to act on strong suspicion in making an arrest. The English police authorities have always been disinclined to charge a person against whom they are not able to bring evidence which would be likely to satisfy a jury of the prisoner's guilt.

The French police have not the same restraining influence. They can go on arresting and leave it to the investigating magistrate to interview the prisoner, badger the prisoner, examine and cross-examine the prisoner, denounce the prisoner, confront the prisoner with witnesses, inquire into his past life and his present associations, and generally to "turn him inside out" before deciding whether his case shall be submitted to a jury or not.

It is necessary to put the case for the English detective clearly, and to show the disadvantages under which he labours, before dealing with a certain number of cases in which English detectives have shown remarkable skill in solving the mystery of a crime and running the criminal to earth.

In many instances they have solved the mystery to their own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of the chiefs of the Criminal Investigation Department, and yet they have been compelled to leave the mystery unsolved so far as the public are concerned, because of one missing link in the chain, a link which must be supplied if a conviction is to be obtained.

In dealing, therefore, with cases in which conspicuous skill has been shown by our English detectives, I am compelled to omit a number of cases in which the police have solved an apparently baffling mystery, but, owing to their being unable to obtain first-class evidence necessary to justify an arrest and criminal prosecution, have been compelled to leave it, from the newspaper point of view, a mystery still.

One of the cleverest feats of deduction I remember—I am dealing chiefly with cases of which I have some little personal knowledge—brought the detective who performed it nothing but contempt and ridicule. I am referring to the Road murder, which was one of the great sensational crimes of the 'sixties.

At Road Hill House, Road, Somerset, lived Mr. Savile Kent, a deputy-inspector of factories, with his second wife, two children by his first marriage, and three children by his second. The youngest was a little boy aged four, Francis Savile Kent. The little boy's stepsister was a young girl of sixteen when the tragedy occurred which was to remain a baffling mystery for many years.

One June morning the nurse with whom little Francis slept woke up and discovered that the child was not in bed. Fancying that her mistress had come early in the morning and taken the child to her room, the girl went to inquire. Mrs. Kent was astonished. She had not seen her little boy since he was put to bed the previous evening.

Search was made of the premises. The drawing-room window leading on to the lawn was discovered open. Eventually the body of the child was found, with its throat cut, lying in a vault in an outhouse in the shrubbery at the end of the garden, which was rarely used, and to which, in the ordinary way, none of the family would go.

In the locality there was considerable gossip, utterly unjustified as later events proved, concerning Mr. Kent and the nurse, and the nurse was twice arrested and twice discharged for lack of evidence.

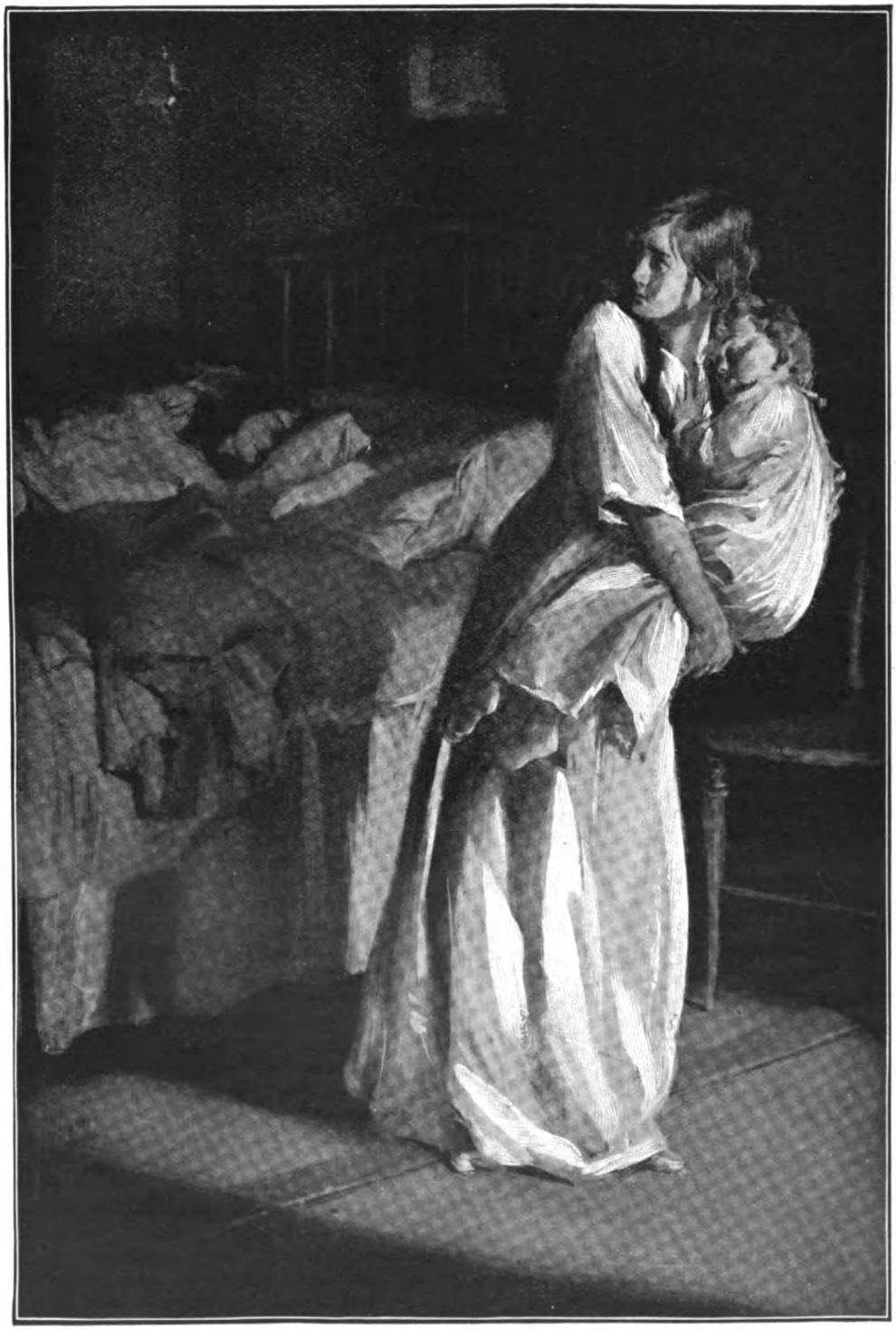
It was when excitement was at its height and the local police had made two false moves that Inspector Whicher, of Scotland Yard, was sent down to take charge of the mystery.

Among the things that came to his knowledge while listening to village talk was the fact that some years previously Constance Kent with her brother William had run away from home, having first of all put on some of her brother's clothes in order to disguise herself as a boy. To complete the disguise, she had cut off her hair.

The detective listened to the story without taking any great interest in it until he heard that the girl, after cutting off her long hair, had hidden it.

When she was brought back and asked by her father what she had done with her hair, she confessed that she had put it in a tin and thrown it into a vault in a disused outhouse in the shrubbery, the very outhouse in which the body of the murdered little boy had been found.

Instantly, Whicher realized that he had got a most important clue. Constance Kent had run away from home because she hated her stepmother. The moment he had heard the story Whicher made up his mind that it was Constance Kent who had committed the crime. She had killed the child because she hated her



"SHE HAD CREPT INTO THE NURSE'S ROOM IN THE NIGHT AND TAKEN THE CHILD FROM ITS BED."

stepmother, and she had concealed the body in the old hiding-place, *the one she had used before.*

Whicher's suspicion was strengthened by the fact that one of Constance Kent's night-dresses could not be accounted for.

He at once obtained a warrant, and Constance was brought before the magistrate, who, after hearing the evidence, discharged her upon her father's undertaking to bring her up again if called upon.

After the magistrate had come to his decision the crowded little court rang with the applause of the public.

The next day Whicher was taken off the case and recalled to the Yard, and from that day he was a humiliated man.

Five years afterwards Constance Kent, who had become an inmate of a religious institution, confessed one day to a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Wagner, that she had crept into the nurse's room in the night, taken the child from its bed, cut its throat, and concealed the body in the vault in the outhouse.

She was tried on her own confession and sentenced to death, the penalty afterwards being commuted to penal servitude for life.

Here is an instance of a remarkable detective feat resulting in the humiliation of the man who had made it. Whicher did not, unfortunately, live to see his character as a skilful detective vindicated. He was in his grave when the truth was revealed.

It was a clever detective feat performed by two officers of the C.I.D. attached to the police-station at Leman Street, Whitechapel, that solved the mystery of the murder of Miss Farmer. Miss Farmer, a middle-aged lady, who lived in Commercial Road, where she carried on the business of a newsagent and tobacconist, was found early one October morning in 1904 dead in the first-floor front room. A cloth had been forced into her mouth, which suffocated her.

On the morning of the murder a van-boy, who was having his breakfast at an early coffee-house just opposite Miss Farmer's shop, came to the door to see if his horses were all right. At that moment—it was 6 a.m.—he saw two young men walk past the door of the newspaper shop, look at it, walk on a little way, and then turn round and walk past it again.

The boy naturally did not attach any importance to the circumstance, but he noticed that one of the young men was short and stout and walked like a sailor, and that the other was tall and thin and carried himself in a soldierly manner. Having satisfied himself that his horses were all right, he went back into the coffee-shop and finished his breakfast. When the news of the early morning murder got about, the van-boy went to the police and volunteered his information.

The police did not attach very much importance to it. "From information received" they had come to the conclusion that the crime had been committed by a hawker who, early on the morning of the murder, had left a common lodging-house close by and had not been seen since in the neighbourhood.

One evening, while one of the detectives was hanging about near the public-house that the inmates of this particular lodging-house patronized, he strolled into the broad thoroughfare near at hand, and he saw an old woman standing at the side-door entrance to a house the front of which was a little shop. In the window there was a notice, "Rooms to Let," and all the rooms above the shop were in darkness.

The detective would have paid very little attention to the old woman had he not seen her look up and down the street and then suddenly withdraw into the darkness of the unlighted passage. As she did so he noticed a young man slip quietly through the doorway, the door being immediately closed behind him. The young man who had made this cautious and evidently-expected entrance into the little house was short and stout, and walked like a seafaring man.

"That young chap was expected by the old woman," said the detective to himself. "She left the door open for him, and he entered the place like a man who wanted to escape observation."

Then the detective crossed the road and looked up at the house. He noticed that a light had now appeared in the front room on the third floor. The detective thought the proceedings were suspicious, and that probably the young man was a thief and the old woman was a receiver.

While he was meditating Detective-Sergeant Leeson came along, and was informed of what had occurred. The two officers decided to keep observation on the house and wait events.

Presently the young man came out and jumped on to a tramcar that was passing. The two detectives also boarded the car; one went inside and the other on the roof. The tram was going in the direction of the docks, and it was at the Dock Terminus that the young man alighted. So did the detectives.

The young man joined a little group which was standing at the corner of a dimly-lighted

"HE NOTICED A YOUNG MAN SLIP QUIETLY THROUGH THE DOOR."

street. The group consisted of two women and a young man. When the young man who had been watched joined his "pal," the detectives noticed that the latter was tall and thin, and bore himself in an upright, soldierly fashion.

After conversing together for a moment or two, the group broke up and disappeared in the network of narrow courts lying at the back of the street.

The next day the detectives took rooms in a shop exactly opposite the one in which the old woman lived who had been visited by the young man with the seafaring gait. The police officers had the van-boy with them. They had now come to the conclusion that, whether the old woman was a receiver or not, she was the mother of the young man, a surmise which proved to be correct.

While they were keeping watch the detectives noticed that every evening at a certain time the old woman came to the door and looked up and down the street as though expecting someone.

On the third evening of the vigil a girl came along while the old woman was watching, said something to her, passed on, then turned round and walked away. One of the detectives ran downstairs and slipped quietly out into the street. He was going to follow the girl.

He followed her, and she unconsciously led the detective to the house in which the stout young man and the thin young man were living. The detective recognized the tall young man as having been through his hands for robbery, and he determined, whether his suspicions were right or not, not to lose sight of them again.

The two men, whose names were Wade and Donovan, and who were stepbrothers, were at once arrested and taken to Leman Street Police-Station.

Among the things found upon them when they were searched was a newspaper cutting. It was a piece of "latest news" in connection with the murder of Miss Farmer, and stated that the police were following an important clue and endeavouring to trace the whereabouts of a hawker who had left a doss-house in the neighbourhood early on the morning of the crime.

Directly the men were in custody, the police had little difficulty in finding plenty of evidence of their guilt. Wade and Donovan were tried and convicted at the Old Bailey in 1904 and executed.

But for the smartness of the two detectives in solving the mystery of the old woman who watched at the front door, and then disappeared, leaving it open, the mystery of the murder of Miss Farmer might have remained unsolved to this day.

Some time after the execution of the two men I was with Sergeant Leeson late one night in a low part of his district—I was writing "Watches of the Night" for the *Daily Telegraph* at the time—when a rough came up to us and, shaking his fist at Leeson, exclaimed, "You're the chap that hangs men, are you? Perhaps it won't be long before you get *your* outing dues!" The man was one of the Wade and Donovan gang.

But it was not one of the gang who tried to give poor Leeson his "outing dues." He was shot by the Sidney Street Anarchists, and so badly injured that he had to retire from the Force.

One of the cleverest detective feats that I can remember was accomplished a good many years ago by Detective-Sergeant Ottway of Scotland Yard.

A little girl of five had been discovered murdered in a wood on the outskirts of London. Lying near the child were some bricks with which the crime had been committed. There were no marks on the child's clothing to act as a guide to its identity.

When Ottway took charge of the investigation he travelled round the district in every direction to endeavour to ascertain where a child was missing.

Eventually he found a woman who lived in a little cottage, and who at once recognized the clothing of the child as that worn by the little daughter of a woman who had lodged with her. The woman had left, taking the child with her.

But the landlady was not able to give the detective any information which would aid him in his search. She remembered, however, that her lodger was in the habit of going away occasionally to meet her "husband," and that when she came back she always brought with her a large bunch of lilies of the valley.

The detective at once made up his mind that the clue to the murder was to be found where the lilies of the valley came from.

At that time the growing of lilies of the valley was a great industry in a certain part of Essex. The lilies of the valley district was not far from the scene of the murder, and so it was to that district that the detective determined to devote his attention.

After visiting all the principal growers he found that the men employed by a certain nurseryman were in the habit of giving a

bunch of the lilies now and again to the carman, who said that he wanted them to give to his sweetheart.

The carman was watched, and it was ascertained that he was a widower who had recently married again.

The landlady was brought on to the scene by Sergeant Ottway, and at once identified the carman's new wife as the lodger who had gone away with the little girl, whose body had afterwards been discovered in the wood.

Investigation showed that the woman had killed her child, as she feared it might be an impediment to her marriage with the carman.

The lilies of the valley that had been her lover's gift furnished the clue that enabled Sergeant Ottway to accomplish an excellent piece of detective work.

The brilliant feats accomplished by our English detectives do not always find their way into print. The dete tive who gives his evidence in court answers the questions put to him. He does not tell the court the frequently romantic series of adventures he has encountered in tracking down the criminal.

George Woolf, who murdered Charlotte Cheeseman on Tottenham Marshes, and was the last criminal executed at Newgate, had covered his tracks after he disappeared with the greatest ingenuity. He had enlisted under a false name unknown to anyone, and Detective-Inspector Martin only succeeded in running him down and arresting him just as the regiment was leaving for South Africa.

Before they succeeded in locating the fugitive, the detectives spent night after night dressed as street hawkers in common lodging-houses in North London. The story of the tracking down of George Woolf is one of the romances of criminal investigation.

In the case of the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her baby by Mrs. Pearcey—the body of the woman and her baby were found in a rough, unmade road in South Hampstead, and near them a broken-down perambulator in which they had been wheeled through the streets, probably with the intention of throwing them into a pond—the mystery was at once solved by the quick powers of observation of the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, Sir Melville, then Mr., Macnaghten.

Several people came to see the body of the woman while it was lying at the mortuary. Among them was a Mrs. Pearcey, who came with Mrs. Hogg's sister.

Sir Melville, who happened to be in the mortuary at the time, noticed a look in Mrs. Pearcey's face as she turned away from the body that instantly aroused his suspicion.

The women who had identified the victim as Mrs. Hogg had given their names and addresses. Sir Melville ordered two officers to proceed at once to Mrs. Pearcey's house and make a thorough search of the premises. The moment the officers entered the rooms occupied by Mrs. Pearcey they found the story of the crime writ large in letters of crimson hue.

In one of the famous "unsolved mysteries" of crime, the detective engaged on the case performed a remarkable feat, a feat which led to the arrest of a man, but carried him no farther.

Some years ago a young woman was brutally murdered in a railway carriage. The body was found lying on the floor of the compartment when the train drew up at the London terminus.

The girl had been killed by heavy blows about the head with some blunt instrument, but a careful examination failed to reveal any motive for the crime. There had been no robbery, nothing but a brutal murder.

The police theory of the crime was that it was the deed of a homicidal maniac who had entered the compartment at some station on the line near London while the girl was alone, and had, in a fit of homicidal mania, murdered her.

The only clue the police could obtain was that at about the time the train would stop at a certain station on the line, a young man had rushed past the ticket-collector at the head of the stairs without giving up his ticket. The police made an active search for this young man, and at the same time followed up various other suggested clues.

Every official at the stations the train had stopped at on its journey was examined, and detectives scoured the districts in the neighbourhood of the various stations in the hope of learning something that would be of service to them.

Weeks went on without result, and the police were denounced for their incapacity.

One day a detective had been making inquiries in a small town in a district near one of the stations at which the murderer might have alighted. He went into a post-office to send a telegram. The post-mistress was busy with a large parcel which had come untied, and which she was making secure again.

"How careless people are," she said, "in sending things through the post! A week or two ago I had a parcel of old clothes sent to an old lady here, and it was so loosely tied that the legs of the trousers were hanging out of it."

"Funny," said the detective, "to send old clothes that way."

"Yes," replied the post-mistress, "and such clothes! They were old and shabby and rain-soaked. Seeing that the young fellow lives with his mother, I can't think why, when he bought a new suit, as he evidently did, he couldn't have brought the old clothes home with him instead of sending them by post. But he's not quite right in his head, that's what's the matter."

That was enough for the detective. He gave the post-mistress his official card and at once obtained the address of the young man who changed his clothes away from home and sent the old ones back by post. The idea had come to him that he was on the track of the train murderer at last.

He made inquiries in the neighbourhood before going to the cottage in which the young man and his mother lived. He discovered that the young man was, as the post-mistress had said, not right in his head, and that he had been away from home at the time of the murder and remained away for some few days after it.

"But he often goes away like that," said the detective's informant. "He hasn't been quite right for a long time past."

"Queer in his head," said the detective to himself. "Goes away and sends his old clothes to his mother."

The detective, feeling confident that he was on the right track, called at the local station, saw the inspector, told him his views, and the two went together to the house of the young man.

The mother, quite a respectable-looking old lady, was at home. Her son was out, she said. The detective had come about a parcel. The postal authorities wanted to know if it had been safely delivered, as it had been found untied at the local post-office.

"Oh, yes; I got it all right, sir."

"Why did your son send you his old clothes?" said the detective, sharply.

"Well, there's no knowing what he won't do, sir. You see, he suffers with his head. He bought a new suit somewhere while he was away, and I suppose he thought he wouldn't carry the old one about with him."

"I see. Have you got it still?"

"No, sir. It was worn out. I burned it."

"Oh," said the detective, "I see. Well, while I'm making inquiries for the post-office I should like to make sure about it. Would you mind showing me his bedroom? Then I can have a look round and see that the clothes are not there, and report."

"Oh, yes, you can see it, if you like, sir."

The old lady led the detective and the inspector into her son's bedroom.

The moment the detective glanced round the room he gave a little cry of astonishment. On the mantelshelf of the bedroom was a photograph.

It was the photograph of the young woman who had been murdered in the train!

The detective took it up and examined it.

"This belongs to your son, I suppose?" he said to the old lady. "Do you know who it is?"

"Oh, yes, sir. That's the portrait of the young woman who was engaged to him, poor boy! She jilted him, and that's what made him queer in his head at times."

"Ah, and where did the young woman live?"

"Oh, quite close here," said the old lady, quietly. "She's in service."

"Where?"

The old lady gave the detective the address. He went there at once, and ascertained that the story was perfectly true. The girl to whom the young man had been engaged was in service at the house. The detective saw her, and was at once struck by a remarkable likeness to the murdered woman.

On these facts being communicated to the authorities, the police at once formed a new theory. The young man had found himself alone in a railway carriage with a woman who closely resembled the girl who had jilted him, and in an access of mania he had killed her.

The young man was arrested and brought before a magistrate and discharged. There was absolutely no evidence to justify his being committed for trial.

The crime is classed as an "unsolved mystery," but it was undoubtedly a remarkable detective feat, for a detective following up the slender clue of a parcel of old clothes sent through the post arrived at a house in which there was a young man who had in his possession a photograph of a girl who was "the living image" of the victim of the crime into which the police were inquiring.

There are many remarkable feats of detection to the credit of our police, who are so often unjustly accused of being inferior in their ability to their Continental colleagues. With certain of these I hope to deal at some future time.

Adventurous Hubbard

By W. Pett Ridge

Illustrated by W. Williams

A TWEED cap of the pattern worn by golfers, a Norfolk jacket of the kind worn by anybody, trousers turned up at the ankle, a pair of boots with indiarubber soles, and Mr. Hubbard set out, after the closing of his establishment, to seek adventure. He gave a twist to each end of his new moustache, grown during the holidays, and practised an imitation of the German Emperor. In Highgate Village he was known to many people; his reputation there was the reputation of one who would not hurt a fly, and he felt it necessary to get well away from the district. Therefore he went at a good pace down the hill, took a Twenty-seven motor-bus at the Archway Tavern, and, seated outside as it raced along Junction Road and Fortess Road, talked fiercely, denouncing an imaginary opponent in violent terms and challenging him to do his worst.

"You addressing your conversation to me, mister?" A man on the other side of the gangway leaned across clumsily.

"No," said Henry Hubbard, regaining mildness, "not to you."

"Then why not?"

"Because I don't know you."

"Wha's your reason for not knowing me? If my wife, bless her heart, had one like you, she'd drown it. And if she didn't, I'd drown her!"

A squabble on the top of a motor-omnibus would have been something, but Henry assured himself he was out for bigger game. The other passenger repeated the threat with alarming adjectives, and, changing suddenly, argued that he bore no animosity, pleaded that he was entitled to have his joke as well as anyone else, and before getting down at the Britannia pressed upon Hubbard's acceptance his evening journal. "I sh'll tell the wife I lost it," he remarked.

A trifling incident, but it managed to send the young man down into moodiness. Looking back, he endeavoured to persuade himself that he had comported himself with discretion, and only succeeded in regarding his conduct as unmanly. What was the use of the new moustache if it failed to assist him in aggressiveness, if it gave no help to vigorous behaviour? Was he to remain always a timid,

gentle-voiced young chemist, only notable for amiability? He made the newspaper into a bunch, and was about to throw it away, when the thought occurred to him that it might hit some innocent person. Henry Hubbard straightened it out, and, in changing (for luck) at Tottenham Court Road, glanced at the column headed "Stop Press."

"Plenty of it about," he remarked, gloomily. "Lots of things happening, but no earthly chance for anyone like myself to have a look in."

A lady passenger came up as the new omnibus reached the Horseshoe. The conveyance gave a jerk and Henry put out his hand to assist; she appeared to think he intended to snatch at the flat basket-trunk which she carried, and, in trying to guard it, slipped. He jumped, rescued her, conveyed her safely to the seat in front of his own. A lamp at the beginning of Charing Cross Road illuminated her startled features.

"Sorry, Miss Emerson," he said. "Merely acted upon the impulse of the moment."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" The young woman regained, with an effort, her self-possession, and held it for a moment only. "Fancy!" she stammered. "Last week, Cornwall; now here. Small world, isn't it?" She laughed in an hysterical way.

"I was thinking of you not so very long ago. Something on the placards——"

Miss Emerson, grabbing at the wicker basket-trunk, made a rush to leave the omnibus, and met the conductor. She explained hurriedly that she had mistaken the number, and he asked her where she really wanted to go. "I'm—I'm not sure!" she answered, glancing apprehensively at Henry Hubbard. The conductor struck twice at the bell, and she went down. "No wonder we love 'em," he remarked, bitterly, to the remaining passenger. Henry, as though to prove that eccentricity was not the possession of one sex alone, descended the steps swiftly, and jumped in a manner that paid no respect to the exhibited rules; picking himself up from the asphalt, he looked around and saw his Bude acquaintance running along a street near the warehouse that made no attempt to hide, from a considerable area, the circumstance that fruit was being preserved within. He followed the scent.

"No," answering her protest at the railings in Soho Square, "I'm not going to go away and leave you. Fate has thrown us together"—he felt he ought to have admitted his indebtedness for this phrase to one of his favourite detective books—"and I can see you are greatly upset about something. Down in Cornwall you were always calm and well-bred and ladylike. People used to say behind your back that you must have come from a good family."

"They were right," she asserted.

"Very well, then. Why is it that I find you in this agitated state? There's some mystery here, and," another quotation came to his mind, "I am determined to probe it."

A policeman went by and looked at them for a moment. Henry nodded to him casually; Miss Emerson held her companion's arm until the constable turned the corner.

"You told me," she said, with vehemence, "that you were a chemist at Highgate. Why couldn't you have been straightforward and spoken the truth? I shouldn't have thought any the worse of you for being a plain-clothes man. Ought to have guessed, I suppose, from hearing you always talk about the queer novels you were reading. Well," resignedly, "it can't be helped, and the only question is now, what are you going to do about it?"

"First of all," he said, gallantly, "I'm going to take charge of this package for you."

"Of course. But what then?"

He held the basket by the handle, and was surprised to find the contents heavy.

"Then," he replied, "I'm going to inform you that, although I may have fancied sometimes that I've got the makings of a detective in me, I am nothing of the kind. I am exactly what I told you I was."

"Is that a fact?"

"When my mother retired, she left the business in my charge. I live over the shop. An old woman comes in to see to my meals. I've got nothing to complain about, only that the life is just a trifle monotonous."

She gazed at him with a look of relief and admiration.

"Then I believe you were the only one down there who didn't exaggerate about themselves."

"But aren't you a society person?"

"I mean," explained Miss Emerson, hurriedly, "that you and I were the only exceptions. And I'm sure anyone who can tell the truth at a seaside boarding-house can be trusted with everything. I am going to ask you to do a favour for me, and if you do it without asking questions, why, you'll be repaid for it."

"Give your orders."

"Take this basket-trunk with you to Highgate. Keep it in some place—a safe if you've got one——"

"I have."

"——where it will be quite secure. Don't undo the straps on any account. In the course of a few days I shall call for it."

"I was expecting you'd suggest a task that meant some exercise of the intelligence. This job won't give me any trouble at all."

"Hope not," said Miss Emerson. "It would be a shame if—— Let me have your address." He put the package down to comply. "Don't let that go out of your hands on any account. Mind, I'm trusting you. If anything happens to it, and all that's inside it, everything will come out."

"Seems to be well fastened," said Henry Hubbard.

To his remark that he would now catch a Tube train home, she gave fresh instructions, and called a passing taxicab; her hand pressed his wrist with a gratitude that might have been taken for affection. The journey would have been one of unmarred content but for natural anxiety caused by the changing record on the dial.

Henry Hubbard, before breakfast on the following morning, took his keys and, in order to separate dreams from actualities, opened the door of the safe, and made sure that the basket-trunk was there. It occupied nearly all of the space, and he dislodged it in order to find his cash-box. A slight perfume that suggested violets came from it, and sent memory back to an evening at Downs View when the rain outside had given him opportunity of playing bridge patience with Miss Emerson. She wore, he remembered, that night a silk blouse that seemed to him the most attractive of its kind; he could see now the way it moved when she turned one of her last cards on the green table, and found it was the ace of trumps, ready and able to take his king.

"Your breakfast is on the table, sir," announced the housekeeper. "Don't let the coffee get cold; I'm off upstairs now."

The silk blouse was undoubtedly a part of the contents of the basket, and he yearned to see it. He unfastened one strap, and hesitated; he loosened the other strap, and the basket yawned. Within was a green morocco case of good size, bearing a monogram. Feeling around the edges, he happened to touch something, and the lid flew open.

Henry Hubbard closed the lid swiftly, fastened the straps with trembling hands, and, thrusting the basket into the safe, turned the lock and sat on the nearest chair. Snatching a handkerchief from his left sleeve, he rubbed at his moist face.

"In the very thick of it," he said, almost exultantly; "right up to the neck in it, at last."

The first drawback in being connected with romance was that appetite became affected. It had been one of Henry's mild boasts that he always made a good breakfast; he frequently gave this information across the counter, but here, at table, with the morning newspaper leaning against the coffee-pot and the dish-cover removed, he found himself unable to touch food. A glance at the bacon and eggs created a feeling of aversion. Henry Hubbard, turning his chair aside, devoted attention to the journal, and especially to a half column on page five. He read this very carefully, and then, placing the newspaper in the empty grate, applied a match to it.

"My best plan," he said, "will be to know nothing whatever of the circumstances."

The difficulty was to decide where to place Miss Emerson. Was she to remain high up in the topmost storey of his estimation, or would it be necessary to bring her down to the ground floor? For her sake, and in general interests that included his own, he resolved for the present to do nothing. Masterly inactivity—that was the phrase.

"Morning, sir," said the lad, arriving. "I see by the playcard as I come along that some of the light-fingered gentry——"

"Ponting," interrupted the lad's master, "be so good as to take down the shutters and sweep out with all convenient dispatch. You are, if my watch is to be trusted, three minutes late."

"I'll bet a penny they catch 'em," said Ponting. He brought a shutter. "Onless, of course, it was done single-handed." Another shutter. "Great thing to do is to keep a sharp look-out, and make sure they don't hop off abroad." Another shutter. "Might let me have a look at the paper, sir, when you've quite finished with it."

"The man forgot to leave it."

"I'll skoot round to the shop," said the lad, "and complain."

"Kindly attend to your own work."

Ponting mentioned to the last shutter that the governor was evidently ratty over something.

Henry Hubbard made up his lists of orders, interrupting the task when any lady went by the open door; Miss Emerson might call at any moment, and then it would be necessary for him to decide whether to give her a severe lecture or, in sporting vein, demand a share in the profits. Checking the lists, he found

them crowded with inaccuracy, retail prices given wrongly, quantities erroneously stated. He put the forms aside as a customer entered the shop.

"Mr. H.," said the caller, speaking in a confidential manner, "I want a private talk with you, if you can spare a few minutes, in the—— What have you smashed? Anything serious? ——in your shop parlour, if you don't mind."

"It isn't often, inspector," stammered Henry Hubbard, picking up the broken glass, "that you favour us with a call."

"It isn't often," said the officer, gravely, "that it becomes necessary for me to do so."

Ponting was called and placed in charge; the two entered the back room, and Henry had some vague idea of stunning Inspector Davison with a single blow.

"Now, what takes place in conversation between us two," said the officer, removing his peaked cap, "must be regarded as strictly *sub rosa*. I'm going to speak with great plainness, Mr. H., and I wish you to be equally frank with me. We've been on nodding terms for a good many years, and I've never heard anything about you that wasn't to your advantage. In fact, I think I can say that we are both of us respected up here, and we meet, therefore, on equal terms."

Henry glanced at the closed door. A sudden rush out through the shop would bring him into High Street, and there he could either take South Grove and Highgate Rise or sprint along Hampstead Lane. And so abroad.

"'MR. H.,' SAID THE CALLER, SPEAKING IN A TALK WITH

"The life of an inspector in a London division," the caller went on, "is not without its troubles and worries, and by all the rules these ought to be enough to meet the case. Last night, for instance, just as I was going off duty, a message came in about this Grosvenor Square business. You've read about it, I dare say, in the morning paper."

"Had no time," declared Henry, in a thin voice.

"A startling affair. It appears that——"

"I've been told the particulars."

"Oddly enough," said the inspector, "I know the lady by name and reputation."

"Miss Emerson?"

"No, no; not Emerson. Walstein, the name is. Mrs. Walstein, formerly a Miss Garcia. Very philanthropic, she was, before she married; but I understand her husband put a stop to all that nonsense. 'What we've

CONFIDENTIAL MANNER, 'I WANT A PRIVATE YOU.'"

got we'll keep,' is his motto, and I don't blame him."

"Apparently they didn't carry it out in the present instance."

"That's true," said the inspector, amused. "Someone else did that for them. Only question is, who? That's what we've got to find out."

Henry shivered.

"And"—going on—"as I was about to explain, that job kept me in my office at the station for a good half-hour after the time I ought to have got away. In spite of which, and other anxieties I needn't go into, the fact remains that I'm putting on weight every day, and this very morning I turned the scales at fifteen stone. Now, when a man of my position in the force turns the scale at fifteen stone, it's time for him to look round."

"That surely is just how he does look."

"Never you mind about that," said the inspector, slightly hurt. "The only reason for my call on you this morning is to find out whether or not in this chemist's shop of yours there is anything in a bottle or a box that you can honestly recommend me to take in order to get rid of what, in polite circles, is called superfluous obesity. And I ask you to be straightforward with me and tell the truth."

In any other circumstances Henry Hubbard would have found a wonderful specific on the glass shelves of one of the cupboards; his relief was so genuine that he assured Inspector Davison nothing but wariness in regard to food and drink, and a stern and regular course of exercise, would bring about the process of reduction. The inspector put on his cap, expressed thanks, and sighed his way through the shop.

Customers were rare that morning, and they found themselves received by Mr. Hubbard with a cheerfulness which caused them to declare the holiday had done him a wonderful amount of benefit; some contended the worst thing that could happen was to get into a groove—a complete change was what everyone required; they agreed in offering congratulations on the newly-acquired moustache. The housekeeper found herself repaid for the insult to breakfast by effective compliments to the midday meal. Ponting, restored to favour, only came under the whip of reprimand when, meaning no harm, he offered to shine the brass knob of the safe.

"Well, Harry," said the mother, entering, "and how have you enjoyed your holiday?

"And did that man carry on everything all right whilst you were away? And did you meet some nice people, and—— Oh, my goodness gracious, what ever have you done to your face?" She took one of the chairs near the counter and frowned. "Who told you," she demanded, "that you could grow a moustache, I should like to know?"

"Always knew I could grow one," he replied, "if I cared to do so."

"Go upstairs and shave it off this minute."

"But I've got used to myself with it on."

"I'm not in the habit of speaking twice," said Mrs. Hubbard, resolutely. "You are well enough acquainted with me to know that. Your poor father was always clean-shaven."

"These matters don't go by heredity," he pleaded. "Absence of a moustache isn't like gout or drink."

"AND DID YOU MEET SOME NICE PEOPLE, AND—— OH, MY

His mother pointed to the inner room and the staircase. Henry paused at the door, and seemed inclined to wave the flag of revolution; his mother, taking off her cloak, lifted the flap of the counter and said, sharply:—

"Don't be longer than you can help."

Twenty minutes later he returned to present himself for inspection, and to gain a few words of approval from his austere parent. Voices, rather shrill, came to him from the shop.

"Is this the gentleman," demanded Mrs. Hubbard, "that you say you gave your so-called travelling basket to last night?"

Miss Emerson surveyed Henry in a perplexed manner.

"No," she replied, "that's not the one. It looks like his brother."

"This is my only child, and he never had a brother."

"Are you sure?"

Mrs. Hubbard, declining to answer the

GOODNESS GRACIOUS, WHAT EVER HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?"

question, explained to her son the amazing nature of the young woman's application, adding that it was evidently a try on, and inquiring of him whether it would be better to send for the police. Henry gave a feeble gesture, intended to convey a preference for not giving advice off-hand on a nice and delicate point. He seemed, by reason of the change effected by the razor, to have lost something of his new powers of decision.

"I simply don't know what to do now," cried Miss Emerson, distractedly; "and I can't explain it to you as I would like to do. What will become of me doesn't bear thinking of."

"But why go around, my dear, handing over articles of personal property to gentlemen you know little or nothing about? I don't want to be harsh with you, because I can see you're upset, but really you're indulging in a habit that I can't find any excuse for."

"It isn't a habit," declared the girl, tearfully. "I've never done such a thing before, and I've never had occasion to."

"What was inside the basket, besides a change and so on?"

"Don't ask questions, please; I don't know how to answer them. One thing is quite certain, and that is I don't dare go home to Grosvenor Square."

Mrs. Hubbard leaned across the counter interestedly. "Wasn't aware you came from the West-end, madam. My husband used to be in a firm in South Audley Street when I first ran across him. Come along inside, and let's have a cup of tea together and a bit of a talk. And try to see that it's no use worrying about what can't be helped."

Henry called to Miss Emerson as she was going, somewhat reluctantly, to the shop parlour. "Your handkerchief, I think," he

"'THERE YOU ARE!' HE ANNOUNCED. 'THERE'S THE SWAG, AS WE CALL IT.'"

said, loudly. In an undertone he added, "The stuff is safe enough. Don't give yourself away." He felt proud to be using the word "stuff"; it suggested that he was no amateur.

The two ladies were evidently getting on well together, and he, serving packets of boracic powder and cold cream and magnesia and other items that Highgate required, wondered whether there was anything he would stop at in order to gain another smile of gratitude from Miss Emerson.

"Henry," said his mother, coming from the room, "the poor young lady has been sadly taken in by some scoundrel, but I've made her see that it will be useful in being a lesson to her for the future. It's quite likely I shall ask her to come to midday dinner at Crouch End next Sunday, and, if so, you must come along and meet her, and be as nice as you know how. Anyway, I'm going to see her down to the Archway Tavern and put her on the right motor. Good-bye, Henry, my dear. I should never have let you kiss me with that horrible moustache on."

The useful Ponting, acting upon directions, followed the two, and, overcoming difficulties, brought Miss Emerson back to the chemist's shop. Henry conducted her to the safe, and, first closing the door, took his keys.

"There you are!" he announced. "There's the swag, as we call it. Now the question is, do you know what to do with it? Honestly speaking, I don't. To be quite fair with you, this is the first time I've ever been mixed up in this sort of business."

"The evening papers were full of it last night," said Miss Emerson, inspecting the contents cheerfully; "and the daily papers were full of it this morning. I'm going to take them back now, ring at the door, and run off, leaving the basket there. The footman will take it in to mistress, and she'll open it in his presence. Then she'll telephone all round to the papers and to Scotland Yard, and to-morrow morning the posters will be, 'Missing Pearls Mysteriously Returned.' That's all arranged."

"But what's the advantage—where's the reason. Why don't you explain?"

"Haven't had the chance of explaining. Mrs. Walstein—I've been her lady's-maid for over two years now—she terribly missed seeing her name in print after her husband made her give up social work. This was all my idea, and it's worked out capitally. Thanks to you, partner," she added, brightly.

"I hope your mistress made it worth your while."

"So well worth my while that I shall be leaving soon to get married."

"Who to?" demanded Henry Hubbard, alarmedly.

"You!" replied Miss Emerson.

Royalty Before the Camera.

By ADOLF BAUMANN,

Court Photographer to the Emperor and Empress of Germany; the King and Queen of Italy; the King and Queen of Spain; the Czar and Czarina of Bulgaria; the King of Servia, etc.

Photographs by the Author.

I BELIEVE that the King of Spain smokes the biggest cigars made in the world. When he came to my studio in Munich, in 1902, to have his photograph taken he drew from his pocket a cigar which measured about fourteen inches in length, and which, at the middle, must have been about one and a half to two inches thick. King Alfonso's mouth is small, and the end of the cigar stretched his mouth considerably. He puffed away with inordinate enjoyment as he went prancing about the studio looking at photographs of various Royal relatives on the walls. Perhaps my face expressed the amazement I felt—I had never seen such a cigar before. Above all things it was in such curious contrast to the King—tall, thin, explosively impulsive in manner, almost feminine. At any rate, the King turned to his equerry and said:—

"I have no more cigars in my own case. Will you give Herr Baumann one of my special cigars from yours?" He explained to me, "They are my favourite brand—they are made in Havana. You will enjoy it."

Out of courtesy I accepted the gigantic cigar and permitted the equerry to light it. I had smoked many strong cigars in my time, but never any of equal strength. Made of excellent tobacco certainly, it was so strong I could take only a few puffs, and those for formality's sake; the cigar almost knocked me down.

KING ALFONSO WITH AN INJURED HAND.

"I WANT MY PICTURE TAKEN TO SHOW THIS INJURY. IT WILL BE AN HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH."

I suppose I am the only photographer who ever took a picture of King Alfonso injured. The King had come to visit the Court of Bavaria, after a visit to the Kaiser Wilhelm. He had been hunting all day, and the equerry explained that in shooting he had injured a finger by pulling the trigger. The King held up his hand, flaunting the bandaged finger with great pride.

"I want my picture taken to show this injury," he said. "I tell you, Herr Baumann, this will be an historic photograph."

After the photograph was taken the King reached into his pocket and drew forth a document.

"Herr Baumann," said he, "I am pleased with your work—I hope my own picture will be as good as others I have seen. Here is a gold medal as a token of our appreciation."

I had previously made, by order of the King, enlargements of photographs I had taken of his mother, Queen Christina, his grandmother, and other Royal relatives. The medal he handed me was of the Order of Isabella de Catolica of Spain. His bringing it personally showed

a thoughtfulness remarkably touching in a monarch.

I shall never forget the emotions I felt when Royalty first came to me, a humble and obscure photographer. I had begun photography as a small boy, and had worked in studios in most of the big cities of Europe. In 1883, at the age of twenty-four, I opened a small studio at Norderney, a summer resort on the North Sea. One day in July I was summoned to the Hotel Victoria to see Count Mirbach, ceremonial master for the Princess Wilhelm, now the Kaiserin of Germany. He told me the Princess desired a photograph taken and an appointment at my studio.

Marvelling at the good fortune that so unexpectedly befell me, I waited for Royalty at the time appointed. I wore, as customary, full dress, with white gloves. Finally a carriage, driven by a single horse, drew up before the studio. I went forward as the door opened, and a lady and child, accompanied by a nurse and Court dame, entered. This, then, was the Princess, the future Empress of the Fatherland. I saw a woman of delicate features, medium in height, with blonde hair and dark blue eyes. She had on a light dress of very simple pattern, covered with white lace. I saw she wore but one bracelet. She most graciously addressed me. Her voice was gentle and very soft.

"Herr Baumann, I have brought with me my eldest son."

THE CROWN PRINCESS—NOW THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY, WITH THE PRESENT CROWN PRINCE, THEN ABOUT THREE MONTHS OLD. THIS WAS ADOLF BAUMANN'S FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF ROYALTY.

She smiled at the little fellow in charge of the nurse—the present Crown Prince. "We want our photographs taken, and I so hope they will be good. You see, I wish to surprise my husband."

She did not seem at all like a princess—she was so unassuming and simple. My assistant made the preliminary preparations and the sittings began. We first took a number of the future Crown Prince. A lively little fellow, he jumped about in the chair, shouted, and seemed to have no end of fun. I snapped my fingers, and told him to look for the bird to fly from the camera. Finally the Princess, taking a rattle, stood beside me and shook it while I made the exposures. When the Princess sat down her lady-in-waiting "primped" her hair and smoothed out the folds in her dress.

"Is my face pleasant enough?" she asked. And again, "You see, I must not smile too much."

Altogether I took twenty-five exposures. The Princess asked me to bring proofs to her hotel. When I went there later she looked over the proofs and selected fourteen. I was informed that photographs showing her in a particularly smiling mood were religiously reserved for presentation only in her family; those designed for the public necessitating a seriousness and gravity of expression. Of those picked the Princess selected three which she said I might sell to the people. They showed her in a most austere mood. I later learned, from experience, that this is also a rule with the Kaiser; for all pictures designed for publication he assumes a stern, forbidding, martial expression—any showing him laughing, in his opinion, would lessen his dignity and the sense of his authority.

That I had taken a photograph of Royalty meant that I could command the patronage of army officers and the aristocracy. In September, at the close of the season at Norderney, I went to Berlin and opened a studio. In December, to my delight, I received a command from Count Mirbach to go to the Royal Palace at Potsdam. This meant that my work had proved exceptionally satisfactory. At eleven in the morning, on the day appointed, I waited at the door of one of the Royal chambers. I was in full dress, my assistant, also

in dress clothes, waiting outside in the hall. When the Princess appeared I bowed.

"Are you ready, Herr Baumann?" she asked.

"Yes, your Royal Highness," I replied.

"Come," said she; "we will go into another room; there is better light."

Here a sofa was arranged in the full glare of an open window. The future Crown Prince, naked, was lying on the sofa. The Princess informed me she wished pictures of the child taken.

"They are to be a Christmas present to my husband. Can you finish them by Christmas?" she asked.

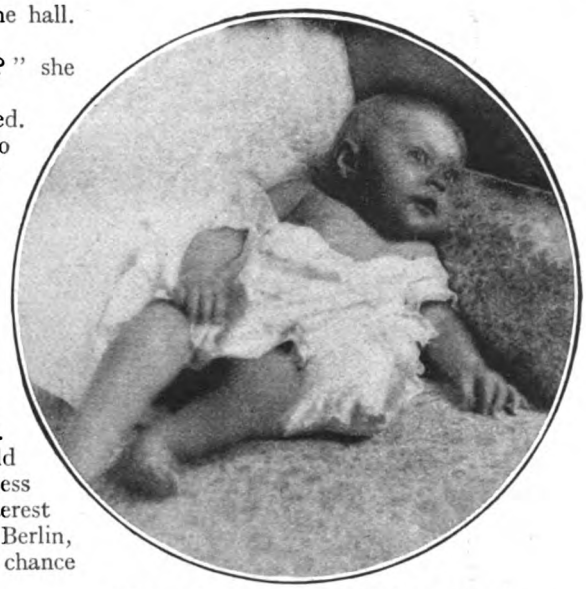
When I arranged the poses of the child and focused the camera the Princess spoke to me. She expressed great interest in Adelina Patti's performance in Berlin, and asked whether I had had a chance to hear the *prima donna*.

"I was fortunate to take a photograph of Patti, your Royal Highness," I said, "and she presented me with a ticket to a performance. There was a great demand for seats, your Royal Highness, and I was offered three hundred marks (fifteen pounds) for my seat. But I didn't sell the ticket—I went to hear Patti myself."

"You did right, Herr Baumann," replied the Princess. "Art is above money, and Patti is wonderful. You did quite right; you can make money in another way."

When the eight sittings were over her Royal Highness said, "You must have dinner here, Herr Baumann." I found this had already been ordered for me and my assistant in one of the officers' dining-rooms. The Princess was so pleased with the pictures that she ordered twelve dozen, and I was told I might sell photographs to the shops. From a business standpoint this was profitable to me. In all my relations with Royalty I made only the customary charges, the rates never at any time being discussed.

In 1885 I was officially appointed Court photographer to the Royal Family of Bavaria. This meant I had exclusive charge of taking the pictures of any member of the family and their Royal guests. A favourite visiting-place, there consequently came to Munich Royal personages from all parts of the Continent, whose photographs I took. In 1887 I received the diploma officially appointing me Court photographer to the German Emperor and Empress, as they had assumed the crown. Within the next ten years I was appointed Court photographer to the King and Queen of Spain, the King and Queen of Italy, King Leopold of Bavaria, Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and about twenty ducal Courts.



THE KAISER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT—
A PORTRAIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE WHEN ABOUT EIGHT MONTHS OLD.

The entire Royal Family of Bavaria were bitter against Wagner, and it was tacitly understood that his name should not be mentioned in their presence. They ascribed Ludwig's madness to Wagner's influence, and were enraged at Ludwig's having built the theatre for Wagner at Bayreuth. I remembered what the Pope had said concerning the effect of the music of "The Ring" on the King, and to-day, when the genius of Wagner is recognized over the world, it all seems a tremendous tribute to the unhappy monarch whose name at that time was anathema among his family. One exception, however, was Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania.

I have taken many photographs of this Queen, of all Royalties one of the most intellectual and gracious. I remember once when she came to me, elated and enthusiastic over a performance of "Tannhäuser" which she had heard the night before.

"There is no such music in all the world as this man's," she declared. "He is a great genius. It is phenomenal."

I have been asked which of the Royal women of Europe I consider, from the artist's standpoint, the most beautiful. I suppose

that of all the Infanta Eulalia of Spain was the most perfect from a standpoint of sheer physical beauty. I took many photographs of her and her sister, the Infanta Isabella.

Queen Helena of Italy proved vivacious and volatile; while she has great dignity she is gracious, laughing, smiling. She is by far the best-dressed queen in the world, the most *chic*, the most impeccably fashionable.

Queen Helena invariably wore dresses of light colours, always in the latest Paris fashions, and trimmed elaborately with gorgeous laces. She never wore any jewellery whatever. The Queen is very tall, with finely-chiselled features and a clear olive complexion. Her voice is low and musical, ripplingly vivacious.

Bowing, I would show the Queen to the place before the camera where she was to sit. She assumed postures with indescribable grace. Holding a silver hand-mirror, she would smile, alter her expression, and study the attitudes she desired.

"Is my hair all right?" she would ask.

Then she would preen stray tresses of her dark hair, press her eyebrows, and smooth out her dress.

I might say that, as is customary, I never spoke to Royalties unless first addressed. While one might think it necessary to assume a humble attitude, I found early in my experience that any sort of exaggerated respect or subservience is disliked. Royalties generally like to be treated in an everyday friendly way. In fact, breaking away from Court formalities, I think they found that having their pictures taken gave them an opportunity to be democratic.

"Do please tell me," Queen Helena would insist, "if my hands are placed well. Make any suggestion you like." The Queen wished to look well in her pictures, and she was frank in saying so.

QUEEN HELENA OF ITALY—
CONSIDERED THE BEST-DRESSED QUEEN IN THE WORLD.

After Queen Helena, one of the most charming of Royal women is the Princess Gisella, daughter of the Emperor of Austria and wife of Prince Leopold of Bavaria. Giving one's photograph as a Christmas present is a favourite custom with members of the Royal families. With this purpose the Princess came to see me for her first sitting. I was struck by her appearance. Tall, graceful, willowy, she wears wonderful dresses, all of the latest Paris modes. You would not call her face pretty, but her figure is exceptional. You could span her waist with the fingers of two hands. The Princess Gisella has undoubtedly the tiniest waist of any of the queens or princesses of Europe.

Queen Christina, mother of King Alfonso, spent much of her time in Munich; of all the queens, she was, perhaps, the gayest and most pleasure-loving. She was always going to or coming from amusements, constantly attended the opera, and chatted about the theatres and operas.

Whenever I saw her I mentally compared Queen Maria Theresa of Bavaria with Elizabeth of Hungary. The legend goes, as you probably know, that Queen Elizabeth gave most of her money in charity to the poor, and that one day, when she was departing from the palace with treasure, and her husband met her, she feared his displeasure at her largess. Heaven then miraculously changed her gifts into roses, which fell from her garment to the earth. The King of Bavaria is not averse to the Queen's charities—in fact, enters into them. The Royal Family of Bavaria is one of the most philanthropic in the world.

Queen Maria Theresa is perhaps the most charitable queen in Europe—I might almost call her the most humanely good woman in the world. She is interested in the poor, in great but quiet philanthropies, and of her own income she gives a large portion away. Head of the Red Cross Society in Europe, she is constantly engaged in raising money for this organization. I remember that once, when she came to be photographed, she said: "Herr Baumann, we are going to give a great bazaar for the Red Cross. I am personally much interested in its success. I wonder whether you would care to help us, and take pictures at the bazaar?" I was honoured to be asked, and worked for three days at the bazaar—without pay, of course. At the close the Queen came to me.

"I want to thank you, Herr Baumann," she said. "You have done good work, and you have helped in a great cause. That is the best we can do with our own lives—to help others. And this is a great humanitarian work. We don't do these things without reward, and if you have lost money it will all come back to you."

Prince Dr. Ludwig Ferdinand, an uncle of the King of Spain, conducts a large hospital in Munich at his own expense. He explained once, when he sat for a picture, that medicine interested him more than anything else. "There is really no pleasure in the empty honours of being born to Court—pleasure exists in service." Prince Ferdinand has made medicine a lifelong study, and is, perhaps, one of the best physicians in Europe. He is a tall, muscular, dignified man, with great world-love in his eyes—and something of a poet. He holds public clinics, treats hundreds of the poor, and gives his services and medicines without cost. For his own pleasure he plays the violin.

Some of my experiences as a photographer of Royalty have not been without amusement. I remember an afternoon when the Grand Duke Ludwig unexpectedly rushed into my studio. The Grand Duke is informal and jolly of manner.

"Herr Baumann," said he laughing, "I am

PRINCESS GISELLA OF BAVARIA
THE PRINCESS WITH THE SMALLEST WAIST.

QUEEN MARIA THERESA OF BAVARIA—ONE OF THE MOST CHARITABLE OF EUROPEAN ROYALTIES.

dying for a smoke. Will you let me?" In Europe Royalty does not smoke in the streets, as they consider it would lessen their dignity.

"Certainly, your Excellence," I said. So the Duke lighted a cigar and enjoyed a long smoke before going on his way.

On another occasion Prince Leopold brought his son, Prince Rupert, then four years of age and now the Crown Prince of Bavaria, to my studio. My son, then a wee tot, was there, playing with a decorated cane. This attracted the envious attention of the young Prince. Rushing across the room, the Prince seized the cane, and the two children had a lively tussle. But the Prince was the stronger, and while my son set up a howl he triumphantly bore off his prize.

THE GRAND DUKE LUDWIG—
OF WHOM THE WRITER TELLS AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.

PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND—
WHO IS ONE OF THE BEST PHYSICIANS IN EUROPE.

"You must give this back," his father insisted.

He made a wry face, as if about to cry.

"Well," said his father, "do not let us spoil the picture."

I quieted my own little boy, and while the Prince revelled in his possession I took the pictures. When they were ready to depart, his father tried to make him return the cane, but it had appealed to his fancy, and he began to scream and sob.

"Take the cane," I said.

My own little boy reluctantly consented to the gift. A few days afterwards an ornate and expensive cane arrived, a gift from the Prince to my son.

Her Highness the Princess Theresa of Bavaria came to me for a sitting immediately after she had returned from a long trip to the United States. She is a sister of the King, and one of the most intelligent princesses in Europe. Her mind is big, her comprehension of the world, politics, and art expansive. She has written a number of books. She

always spoke cordially when she came to me, and I listened with interest to her account of her trip. She had toured the country from New York to San Francisco, visiting all the big cities.

"I liked New York the best of the American cities, Herr Baumann," she said. "It is colossal, almost appalling in its magnitude. There you find all phases of European life mingled. It is American, and yet it possesses vestiges of Europe. It reveals great imagination. As for the United States, it is going to be the greatest country in the world, the most powerful country. It will command commerce, it will go ahead of all of us. I like the American women, Herr Baumann. They are not imprisoned by formalities, not restricted as we are. They have brains, and they have had a chance to develop them. More—even if they have not good figures, they know how to manage to appear to have them," she laughed. "Herr Baumann, of all countries I would prefer to live in America."

The novelty and awe I first felt when summoned into the presence of the Royal great wore away in my early days. Meeting kings, queens, and princesses soon became a commonplace. The glamour with which the popular mind invests Royal personages is mostly imaginary. They are simple human beings, hedged in and restricted by Court formulas, eager for freedom, and always desirous of being human. As much as anybody else they are interested in the state of the weather. I suppose queens, if they had to look after the household, would probably be absorbed in the price of beef. About great policies of national import, about economic and social movements, they hardly ever in public express themselves. In fact, these things are thought out by their Ministers and functionaries, and it is doubtful if they would have any original views to offer. A princess is paramountly interested in her new dress from Paris; a prince in his special brand of cigar. All are eager to look well before the camera, and one and all are conscious of the effect their pictures should have upon the public.

Looming out above all monarchs and personalities, that of the Kaiser stands distinct. While my impressions of many of my Royal clients have faded, not one detail of my interviews with Kaiser Wilhelm has left me. The Kaiser is original, a dominant personality, who thinks for himself and directs others. He even directs his own poses before the camera, not even permitting any suggestions from the photographer. He is always war-lord and ruler. As Court photographer to the Emperor and Empress, I was often summoned to Berlin to take photographs. On all these occasions the Kaiser insisted on personally paying the hotel bills for myself and assistants.

In contrast to his vigorous personality, and thus admirably mated, that of the Kaiserin stands out with unique and gentle charm. While the Kaiser speaks in a strident, dominant, sharp military voice, the Empress speaks in soft, low, gentle tones. Whereas the Kaiser radiates tremendous magnetism, and dominates, fills a room, the Kaiserin is retiring, simple, quiet in manner, beautiful, gentle, home-loving. I remember going to the Royal Palace to take a picture of the Kaiserin and the Princess Victoria Louisa, who married, in May, 1913, the Duke of Cumberland. As always, the Kaiserin was dressed simply, this time wearing a dress of white silk covered with black lace, and no jewellery. I remembered this later when I photographed the Kaiser, resplendent in uniform, and wearing a ring of inordinate size, of diamonds and sapphires. The Kaiserin desired her photograph taken with flowers in the background. She was very fond of flowers, she said, and liked them in photographs.

PRINCESS THERESA OF BAVARIA—
WHO CONFESSES THAT SHE WOULD PREFER TO LIVE IN AMERICA.

She assumed a posture near a stand of flowers, and unconsciously "primped" her hair. Otherwise she took no pains about herself. When it came to photographing the

Princess, she became interestedly anxious. "I am so eager to have a nice picture," she said. "I want a very nice picture, Herr Baumann."

She turned her daughter round this way and that. A hairdresser who accompanied them gave final touches to the Princess's hair. Kneeling down, the Kaiserin smoothed out the wrinkles in her child's dress. She made a terrible fuss.

"We must get all the wrinkles out," she said, giving a last tap to the rebellious dress. Then I took the picture.

My last experience in photographing the Kaiser is typical. I was peremptorily summoned to Berlin, and informed that the Kaiser desired a number of sittings. At that time the Kaiser was sitting to two painters, one Fleishman, the other an artist whose name I do not remember. With three assistants, I went to the palace one morning. We waited for five minutes in one of the anterooms. The two artists sat before their easels. Finally the door opened. The Kaiser, in the uniform of Hungarian Hussars, entered. He strode, head erect and with military step, into the chamber. His personality was electric. It filled the room, almost made the air crackle.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. His voice was resonant, commanding. In every gesture he showed the perfection of military bearing. His gaze devoured us. When the Kaiser speaks he looks direct and deeply into your eyes. You feel he reads your mind.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT, SHOWING HER IN HER FAVOURITE POSE.

"Where is the Court photographer?" he said.

I came forward.

"Where shall I stand? Where is the light best?" he asked. It was as if he were giving a military order. I signified the spot.

The Kaiser took his place. When he is photographed he voluntarily assumes the poses desired; he alters his expression as he wills; then he commands. He refuses to be photographed sitting; this position, in his opinion, lacking dignity. He likes photographs which reveal him with a tense, commanding expression. Before the camera, from what I have observed, his main thought is of the effect his picture shall have, first upon the army, and then upon the people. Because of the two artists who had begun work at their easels, I had difficulty in properly placing and focusing my camera. The Kaiser at once saw this.

"Baumann is nervous," said he. And, addressing the artists, he commanded, "Gentlemen, please make place for the Court photographer."

They retired. I moved the camera to various positions, working as quickly as possible, the three assistants handing me plates.

The Kaiser assumed one position after another, turning this way and that. He had already thought out the poses he desired; knew exactly what he wanted. Master of the situation even before the camera, he changed his posture and expression with the art

of a consummate actor. He was very particular about the curl of his moustache, often between exposures giving the ends a stiff upward twirl with his fingers. All his poses were indicative of military command. He changed his postures with bewildering rapidity.

"All right; go ahead, Baumann." It was like taking a moving picture. Plates changed between me and my assistants with sleight-of-hand agility.

"Enough!" finally declared the Kaiser. In forty minutes I had taken thirty-five different photographs, all in different positions.

"I hope the photographs will be the kind I like," he said. "I will then give you an order."

When I received the proofs back I found he had personally made the most painstaking changes for retouching. He was particularly fastidious that every vestige of creases be touched out from his clothes, especially the sleeves. Most of the photographs showed him serious and grim of visage. Evidently he was pleased. His order that time amounted to three hundred pounds.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S FAVOURITE PORTRAIT.

HIS MAJESTY LIKES PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH REVEAL HIM WITH A TENSE, COMMANDING EXPRESSION.

A number of enlargements were ordered for his regiments. Of all the photographs taken, those selected for this purpose represented him as being most rigidly commanding and formidably severe. Without question the Kaiser is a profound psychologist.

The Preacher

By Christabel Lowndes Yates

Illustrated by Hy. Coller

MRS. SEARLE looked at the clock again for the twentieth time, and decided that it was too late now for him to come. Perhaps he had changed his plans again, or more probably the Bishop had kept him for the night. In any case the last train must have come in long ago, and if he had come by it he would have arrived before. She shivered a little at the idea of the long, dark night alone in the house. How she hated and feared them, those long, dark, lonely nights when her husband was away.

Outside a hunting owl cried; in the house itself everything was still. She got up and went into the kitchen, put away the last few things, and made everything ready for the morning. Then she took off her apron, laid it neatly away, and made her last round of the house, locking it up for the night with the anxious care of a timid, lonely woman. Her day's work finished, she went upstairs slowly, a slim, worn, gracious figure that had once been beautiful, before life had been too hard.

She put the candle down on the dressing-table and opened one of the drawers. Inside it lay a little pasteboard box, such as cheap jewellers use, and in it, on the cotton-wool, lay three bright half-sovereigns. They were her birthday present from her mother, received that morning, and already as good as spent. A new hat first, of course; hers was very shabby, and she had wanted one for a very long time, and somehow, saint as he was, her husband never noticed that kind of thing. All day long, as she had swept and dusted, she had thought of that new hat; and with the money that was over she would be able to have new boots, too.

She slipped into bed, blew out the candle, and lay shivering. The silence of the old house seized upon her in the dark—a silence that rushed at her terrifyingly. The black darkness came down like a curtain that muffled everything but terror. Once she had tried to tell her husband of her fears, of the old house whose shadows crept and stirred in the emptiness; but he had stared at her uncomprehendingly, and after a moment he had told her to pray. It was the priest's answer, of course, but she had appealed to the man—her husband. To him it was the great panacea, but to her it only meant that he did not understand her need; the great aching void of loneliness that his constant journeys made in her life. She had stood in front of him, a delicate, slender figure, twisting her hands together dumbly, and wondering why it was she could never make him understand. As she stood there mutely, he rose up to his big, powerful height and had spoken as only he could. The genius of the man broke through him as he talked, and he seemed on fire with the huge truths within him. It was eloquence that had often stirred a vast congregation to its depths, but the little, shivering woman in front of him it left cold. She had heard it all so often before. It was her husband's one gift—the gift of words.

He was away now, taking a retreat, where for nearly a week a hundred rapt, adoring women had listened to him, confided in him, hung on him spiritually and mentally, all fascinated and hypnotized by his one extraordinary gift—the gift of words. And yet, to do him justice, it was more than that, for trembling through the stirring, moving eloquence of the priest, you felt, as you listened, the divine fire of the man. Though

the woman in her acknowledged the extraordinary force of her husband, she knew that it was the very fact of his genius that had broken her life. She did not want the priest —she wanted the man she had married, not this devouring flame of the spirit that had scorched and burnt away all the fine humanity of her husband.

Outside in the garden the hunting owl returned. His weird, haunting cry seemed to rouse the creeping terrors of the empty house. She shivered as she lay in bed, partly with cold and partly with fear. One o'clock struck on the wheezy old grandfather clock in the hall. At last from sheer exhaustion she fell asleep, the heavy, dreamless sleep of the bone-weary.

Some time later she started up in bed abruptly awake. It was still black-dark, and she did not know what it was that had roused her. She was too panicky to analyze what had happened. For a long staring second she sat so, shaking in every limb; then, like a great rent in the silence of the house, the door-bell jangled violently. Again it pealed, crashingly, with a savage insistence, and she sprang out of bed, terrified, seized a wrap, and ran to the head of the stairs.

"What is it?" she called. "Who's there? What do you want?" You would have known at once, from the agony of fear in her voice, that she was a timid, nervous woman, alone in the house.

A curious, thrilling, grating voice rang through the silence: "Oh, you're awake at last, are you? What do you mean by locking me out of my own house half the night like this? I've been waiting here——"

She ran downstairs quickly, her bare white feet making no sound on the worn carpet, and struggled breathlessly with the big, old-fashioned lock and the clumsy, heavy bolts. Then she opened the door and stepped back. A man came into the hall, his head thrust a little forward, a big, fur-lined coat hiding the powerful lines of him.

"I'm so sorry, Peter," she said. "I waited up for the last train, and when you didn't come I went to bed. I made certain you'd stopped the night at the palace."

"No, I didn't," he said. "I dined at the palace, and we sat talking late, and I came home in a taxi. They asked me to stay the night, but I thought I wouldn't. Here, Lucy, you pay the man. I've nothing less than a five-pound note."

"Oh, Peter," she said, "I've no money; I've come down to my last sixpence. You didn't give me any before you went away. You forgot." Her voice faltered, as though she had been caught in ill-doing.

"Oh, well, settle with him somehow," he said, and went into the sitting-room. For a second she stood still, wondering, then she remembered her little store. Her new hat would have to go now, and her new boots. It would take it all to pay for the long night journey, and there was no hope that Peter would ever give it her back. She hesitated a moment; the disappointment was very bitter; and as she waited he called out, "For Heaven's sake, pay the fellow and shut that door. It's bitter to-night, and that draught's awful."

She obeyed him as quickly as she could, shut and locked the door, and went into the room where he was.

"I got awfully cold in that taxi," he said. "It's so damp to-night. Get me a cup of coffee or something hot, there's a good girl. I must get some warmth into me. These last few days have been an awful strain on my voice, and I'm a bit afraid of my throat. I've a very heavy day to-morrow."

She went towards the grate doubtfully. In it were a few dying embers. The room was not very cold yet; it still held the dying warmth of the day's fire. She brought wood and paper and matches, and relit it; then she made him coffee, steaming hot and fragrant.

He sat where he was watching her with his curious, detached manner, and burning eyes— an odd, unusual figure in his big, loose overcoat lined with close black fur, and below it, half-seen, a cassock, belted at the waist with a sash. His hands were loosely clasped, his fine head bent a little forward. Even so, in that slack moment of exhaustion, he looked what he was—a fighter, a struggler for the eternal things.

As he ate and drank he talked. "The Bishop was most flattering to-night," he said. "He practically told me that the first really good thing that turned up was to be offered to me. We sat talking till very late. I wanted to get back early, with that heavy day to-morrow, but it couldn't be helped. I shall have to be off again at nine."

She looked at him nervously. "Oh, Peter, could I have some money before you go?" she said. "I haven't any—not any at all, Peter—and you'll be away a whole week."

He made a quick motion as of brushing away something distasteful, and leaned forward, a great, powerful fellow, and spoke with his big, burning eyes fixed on her. All the tremendous force of the man's personality was alive to subdue her.

"HER FACE WHITENED AS THOUGH DRAINED OF ITS VERY BLOOD, HER EYES STARED. 'TWO HUNDRED

"I promised the Bishop two hundred pounds to-night towards a slum church that he's anxious to build. That will mean self-denial for both of us."

Her face whitened as though drained of its very blood, her eyes stared. "Two hundred pounds!" she said, awed. "You promised him that!"

"I knew I could count on your co-operation," he said. "You must pull in your horns a bit. We must cut down expenses."

"We *can't*," she said, despairingly. "It's impossible, Peter. You give me so little. I have tried and tried to help you. I have always done my best——"

He held up his hand in a fine, patient gesture. "'Impossible' is a word that I do not acknowledge," he said. "I should not be standing where I am to-day if I had. I expect my wife to be a help, Lucy, and not a drag."

She looked round the poor, shabby room hopelessly; at the half-empty grate, at her thin, worn hands with the loose gold wedding-ring, and as she looked a tide of bitterness swept over her. She was very cold, and her

POUNDS!' SHE SAID, AWED. 'YOU PROMISED HIM THAT!'"

thin wrapper was no protection against the bitter chill of a winter's night. Her bare feet looked a sick grey on the carpet. She stared in front of her, despairingly, and the slow minutes crept on. The tiny sums that he gave her barely sufficed now even for necessaries; no reduction was possible. She lost herself in a maze of pitiful arithmetic—hopeless, despairing, futile. It was a long time before she looked up. Something—perhaps it was despair—gave her courage. She would tell him this time that she must have more, not less—that there was a limit to her endurance, that he owed her something—a duty, an allegiance. She hid her face in her hands for a moment, then she raised it. Her heart was beating thickly, and there was a faint stain of red in her cheeks bred of excitement. For a moment—meek, patient, gentle soul that she was—she was transfigured.

"Peter!" she said, in a breathless whisper.

He did not answer. He had fallen asleep. The beautiful, worn face was purified by it; the big, finely-modelled hands were loosely clasped. The saint was more apparent, the fighter submerged. There was something holy about him so, something sacred and apart. The man was removed by his sleep from the common plane and translated to a finer, more remote sphere. All the strength

faded out of her as she watched him. She realized his power so, his extraordinary gift of impressing his spiritual detachment upon the world.

Perhaps her intent gaze roused him. He stood up, stretched an instant, dropped his big fur coat, and went to the door. "Lock up, Lucy, there's a good girl," he said. "I must get to bed. I'm dog-tired, and I sha'n't do myself justice to-morrow unless I get some rest. This continuous work is an awful strain."

She blew out the candle, cleared away the coffee things by the firelight, hung up the heavy fur coat, and then, shivering, crept back to the dying fire, and crouched over it trying to get warm. When at last she stole up to bed, her husband was asleep. He was asleep still when in the grey dawn she crept down to get his early breakfast.

The morning was a rush. There was breakfast to get, the fires to light, his boots to clean, his bag to unpack and pack again with fresh linen, a hundred minute directions to be followed. Their intercourse was merely scrappy, detached demands, and her replies. At breakfast he read his correspondence, wrote brief directions on the backs of the letters, and left her to write the answers.

As he rose from the table she said, timidly, "Peter—the money."

"My dear girl," he said, impatiently, "I'm very sorry, but I told you last night that I'd nothing but a couple of five-pound notes, and I haven't time to write a cheque now. I can't take less than ten pounds with me. I shall only be away a week; surely you can manage till I come home!"

"But I haven't any money, Peter," she said. "Not any money at all."

"Oh, well, you'll be all right for a week," he said. "I sha'n't be longer." He pulled out his watch and looked at the time. "I had no idea it was so late. I must go at once, or I shall miss that train."

She stood in front of him, desperate, pleading. "You must give me some money, Peter," she said. "I won't be left like this again." Then her natural timidity asserted itself. "Please, Peter," she said, gently. "I don't want much."

He did not even answer. He brushed aside her pitiful strength and went out of the door with a set face. She leaned against the door-post and stared after him, but he did not look back.

After a few minutes she turned and went into the house. On the table in the dining-room were the remains of his breakfast. She was very hungry, and she sat down and poured herself out a cup of coffee and ate some toast. The dull resentment of years was rising in her. Opposite, on the wall, hung a fine photograph of her husband, taken for reproduction in one of the illustrated papers. The face might have served a sculptor as a model for strength. The strong, brutal force of it was extraordinary, and, balancing that, the wonderful spiritual earnestness of the man, the nervous power that had made him great. As she looked at the picture she felt that she hated her husband. It was symbolical, somehow, of the savage power that was crushing her out of existence. Her resentment rose to a dull anger. She thought of the empty house, of the pitiful discomfort of the week that would have to be lived through somehow. The struggle was growing harder every day, and she was growing weaker to face it. The courage and endurance had all gone out of her.

She had just finished her meagre breakfast when a knock at the door summoned her. The carrier had brought a great package for her husband. It was a parcel of books, and she undid them and piled them neatly on his writing-table as he wished. The receipt lay on the top. It was for twenty pounds. The little scrap of paper roused her to fury. It represented so much in pure luxury, and she wanted so little; in three months she did not expect him to give her so much to keep the house, and she knew that it was probable that not one-half of those books would ever be read.

She went back and quieted herself by clearing the table. Her serene, gentle nature was unused to these wild attacks of anger; they made her afraid of herself. Suddenly as she stood there, tray in hand, in the act of clearing away the breakfast things, there came a flash of clarity in her blind anger, and she knew that she had come to the end of her endurance, that she meant to end it all and leave him.

She put the tray on the table and sat down, staring and afraid. She was shaking and weak with the strength and knowledge of her vision. Then the certainty faded, and she began to play with the idea. Suppose she should leave him—what then? She could go to her mother's, and at first they would call it a visit, and then gradually people would grow to understand. She thought of the peace of her mother's house, where life had slipped by so easily in her girlhood. A wild, physical longing for the serenity of it crept over her—a sick, hopeless longing to be done with the

struggle of it all. She longed for the peace of her mother's house as people long for the peace of death.

If only she had had the money, the few shillings necessary to pay the fare; but he had left her nothing. A few stamps for his letters; nothing else.

But, for all her excitement and desperation, she kept her clarity of vision; she knew that she must leave him before he came back. If she had to tell him her natural timidity would reassert itself; she could never face him and threaten, she could only plead and be refused. There was something in the man himself that subdued her. Away from him she might be capable—a personality. In his presence she was merely a dumb automaton, without the power of expressing her own will. It was not exactly fear, it was that her own humble personality was in complete subjection to the powerful, domineering force of her husband.

As she sat at the table she stared down at the litter of things. Without noticing it, she stared at her husband's correspondence. Half-hidden under some papers a familiar writing caught her eye. It was a letter for her from her sister. She tore it open, and a postal order fell out—a belated birthday offering. She did not read the letter; it had dropped to insignificance. The main point was the price of her freedom.

The old, trapped feeling dropped away, her eyes shone steadily, there was a new purpose about her. She got up with quick, steady movements, finished clearing the table, washed and put away the dishes, quenched the fire, and then went upstairs to put on her shabby clothes. She flung a few things into a bag, but her possessions were so pitiful and scanty that she had little that was worth taking. There was much in the poor room that held memories. There was the bed they had chosen shyly together a few days before their wedding. Near it stood the cheap wardrobe that had held her wedding-dress for years. Looking round the room, it seemed to her that there was nothing in it that was not full of memories for her.

She dragged herself away from it at last and went downstairs, scarcely daring to look to right or left. In the little hall she paused; she could not remember if she had locked up safely. She made a last round to satisfy herself. When she returned she stood still a moment wondering if there was anything else. She was anxious to leave no part of her duty undone.

As she stood there quiet the old house became alive as it did in the silence of the night. It was as though it reached out little, clinging hands to hold and retain her by the force of the memories it held. She was so angry still that it cost her nothing to remember that she was leaving her husband, but she could not leave the house without a pang. If she had been of the type that yields to pain she would have turned back then and there, but she was not. Her pale face was a little whiter than usual, her grey eyes shone. She looked a little drawn—ethereal-ized. She picked up her shabby bag, walked quickly across the hall, and opened the front door. Then she paused abruptly. On the doorstep stood a beautiful woman, exquisitely dressed in a faint shade of violet.

For a second the two stood regarding each other; then Lucy stepped back. She had not really caught what the other woman said; her movement was an instinct, that was all. She was strung up to great things, and now that the web of little things had caught her she could not quite bring herself to realize what had happened.

The stranger spoke again. "Is Mr. Searle at home?" she asked.

"No; my husband is away," Lucy said, slowly. She had curiously the impression that this beautiful woman was a dream; that real things were happening, and that this interruption was unreal and fantastic.

"May I come in and speak to you, then?" she said. "I have come a long way. I am Mrs. Starcross, from St. Gillian's, where he so often preaches."

She paused as though expecting her name to be recognized, but to Lucy she was only one of the hundreds of women in all parts of the country who assembled wherever her husband preached, hung on his words, accepted his direction of their lives, and faded out of her husband's mind the instant they left him.

Lucy took her into the little dining-room. It looked a humble, faded place as a setting for this pretty, elegant woman. On the wall, as they entered, hung the brown photograph of Peter. Looking at it with this strange woman at her side, the face seemed more remote, colder—the face of a saint detached from life. She acknowledged the saintliness and the power and the glory of him, and told herself, with a little shiver, that it was this man that she was leaving because she could not bring herself to bear him any longer.

Mrs. Starcross was talking; she had a cultured voice, and she talked interminably, as though she liked the sound of it. She ran

"'ALL THE SAME, IT IS THE ONLY THING HE CARES FOR,' LUCY TOLD HER."

on with stories of Peter's wonderful power over souls, his wisdom, his penetration. It was a pæan of praise, and Lucy listened dumbly, her anger rising.

She knew it all so well, these tales of the marvellous power of her husband, told to her always by adoring strangers. To her now they seemed mythical, fabulous. The man she knew—and who should know if she did not?—was a hard, ambitious man, with a passionate thirst for success, who used souls as pawns in his game. That the power was there, and real, that his genius for his work was undeniable, did not matter two straws to her, because she was angry. The force in him that could make lives had broken hers; so she scorned and despised him.

At first she was unconscious how much this woman's talk inflamed her; she thought she was only realizing her pitiful shabbiness in the face of this dainty woman's elegance. Her gloves were almost too old to wear, and she thrust her reddened hands under the table-cloth so that her visitor should not see them.

At last Mrs. Starcross came to the point. Somewhere where Mr. Searle had taken a mission the people had made a collection with a view to making him a presentation. The original idea had been to give him a purse, but his last series of notable sermons had been scathing addresses on the subject of money, and Mrs. Starcross had been deputed to find out what he would like instead.

Lucy passed her hand across her eyes. She was tired body and soul, and this woman made her angry. A bitterness she did not know she was capable of welled up in her suddenly.

" It is very kind of you," she said, wearily. " If you ask my advice, I should say, ' Give him money.' "

Mrs. Starcross leaned forward with a little, eager gesture. " But he despises it ! " she cried. " He has said so."

" All the same, it is the only thing he cares for," Lucy told her.

The instant she had spoken she was bitterly ashamed, so ashamed that for the moment everything else was blotted out. The other woman talked, but Lucy did not hear what she said. From the wall opposite her husband's pictured face, remote and saintly, stared out beyond her. He was great, and she was a nonentity whose mean bitterness could only hurt herself. If she had been alone she would have wept; as it was she could only stand up in her shabby black, opposite that terribly elegant woman, and try to get her out of the house somehow.

As soon as she was alone she came back to the poor little room and hid her face. When she looked up again the face in the photograph on the wall seemed more remote than ever. " I didn't mean to, Peter," she said. " Only you have been so hard to me."

She put down her head on her arms, and waited so, and after a little she lifted it up, wiped her eyes, and went to the door. In the hall her sagging, bulgy little bag awaited her. She picked it up quickly and let herself out, walking with bent head towards the station.

It was evening, and late. Lucy was sitting in her mother's drawing-room after dinner. She was alone. Everything was very quiet and still, with that quality of silence that is only to be found in the houses of the old. Overhead occasional sounds, the heavy, springless steps of age, told Lucy that her mother was going to bed. Another of the long, peaceful days had dragged to a close. In a little while she too would go to bed, but not yet. She dreaded the nights because she could not sleep, she could only think.

Suddenly breaking across the peace of it all a bell jangled violently, and in a second or two a harsh, grating voice filled the little hall. It had curiously the effect of a big live thing in a dead place. She heard a question and the sound of a couple of quick steps, and her husband stood in the room.

" Well, Lucy," he said, " what does this mean ? " He held out a crumpled sheet of paper—her letter to him. " What does it all mean ? " he said again.

He stood before her like a judge, dominant as ever. Her face drained white, her eyes stared. She gripped her hands on the edge of the sofa, knowing that facing him like this she could never tell him, but knowing all the same that she had got to say something—it was her one chance. She fixed her eyes on the floor and could not even begin. Now that he stood before her like that she dared not even look at him. When at last she spoke, it was in a low, miserable voice.

" I couldn't stand it any longer, Peter," she said. " You left me time after time without any money, and I was so shabby the village people stared at me and pitied me. I had no decent boots, Peter, and they wouldn't mend any more. Mother sent me money on my birthday to buy clothes with, but you made me use it to pay your taxi. Think of it, Peter: thirty shillings for a taxi, and I had wanted boots for weeks. Time after time you left me nothing—not a penny in the house—and you dined with Bishops and great people, and I stopped at home and wondered if I could manage until you came back. Perhaps I was a fool to stand it so long, but you don't know what I have lived through, Peter."

She talked in great breathless sobs, tonelessly, avoiding him with her eyes. At last her voice trailed away into silence, but he did not speak. Frightened, she began again :—

" Peter, I was in despair ! If I appealed to you, you didn't listen. When you first told me to cut down expenses because you wanted more money for your work I dismissed the servants and did all the work of the house myself. It was a lot for me, Peter, brought up as I had been, but I did it for you willingly and gladly, though at first the work nearly killed me. But even that wasn't enough. You wanted more. I had given you all the best of myself, Peter, and I had nothing else. I nearly starved for you, and it wasn't enough——"

" Is that true ? " he said, interrupting her.

She thrust out her thin arms towards him. "Look at me," she said. "Think of what I was two years ago before you began to cut down expenses. I was pretty then, wasn't I? But I'm not pretty now. If they ever make you a Bishop, what sort of a wife should I be to brave it at the palace?"

"How is it that I have known nothing of all this?" he said, slowly.

She caught her breath hysterically. "Because you are a saint," she said. "Because the world around you means nothing to you, and the other world is everything."

"No, I am not a saint," he said. "It seems that I am not even a decent man. You have left me, Lucy, because you couldn't stand me any longer. Cox's wife left him, you remember, because he drank; another woman I know because her husband beat her. I'm not much better. No! I'm a thousand times worse. I'm a teacher—a visionary—and I'm supposed to be marked out for great things." His dark, burning eyes stared. He sprang to his feet and began pacing up and down the tiny room like some great caged beast.

"Lucy!" he said. "Think of the temptation, and pity me. Forgive me, if you can. They look up to me, they hear me preach, and I can rouse them like nobody else. I can stir them up and make them want to be good—even the bad ones, Lucy. And they do try. They come to me and they look up to me, and I talk and talk, and rouse up the soul in them, and it's all so *easy*. Hordes of them, hanging on my words, and all I've got to do is to talk—to tell them things that I honestly believe. Is it any wonder that ambition steps in sometimes? Is it any wonder, when these women come crowding round me, treating me as a great spiritual teacher, that sooner or later the ambition comes to climb? I'm the type of man ambition seizes hold of, Lucy. It's my great temptation. Every scrap of adulation that I get—and I get so little else—makes the fever worse, the gnawing desire to conquer and climb and get on. I was born a fighter."

He looked it every inch of him, his fine head thrown back, his shoulders squared, the whole force of the man apparent.

"And all the time I thought I was conquering," he said, "I was failing miserably: I was making you suffer, Lucy! What a lot they expect of the clergy. There's the work outside, fighting the sin and the dirt and the laziness, and all the rest of the devils, and you come home tired and have to fight the devil in yourself. There's no rest, no peace, no time to get tired. And every time you let go it's put down—not to faulty human nature worn down to snapping-point, but to some flaw in the Message. That's what I can't stand."

Suddenly he wheeled round on her. His voice, the whole queer, appealing force of the man, had had their effect. Her gentleness had returned, her wondering pride in the splendour of the man she had married.

"Lucy! Come back and help me to fight," he said. "Help me to make a decent man of myself. My work isn't only ambition. You know that, don't you? Come back with me, and help me to show in myself that I believe the things I teach. I don't ask you to forgive me; I'll *make* you do that."

She looked up, thrilled, her gentle face alight, her soft, pale hair shining in the lamplight.

He straightened himself, dug deep into his pocket, and flung a pocket-book in her lap. "That's not a bribe," he said; "it's an earnest—that's all."

"Oh, Peter!" she said, awed. She had seen the flimsy edge of a bank-note or two.

"I've got a free day to-morrow," he said, masterfully. "I shall spend it with you, shopping. There are all sorts of pretty things that you must have."

She stood up, trembling, and he came towards her, putting his arm round her. She hid her face on his shoulder and gave way to an April rain of tears.

As she stood there weeping the dominance faded out of him, and the knowledge of his failure came home to him with a bitter humiliation. As a man he might have stumbled, but his spirit moved on to great things. He lifted up his head; his eyes had a remote look, his lips moved soundlessly. He was, in spite of everything, a man set apart and consecrated, one who walked in the holy places and communed with his God.

After a moment she lifted up her head and looked at him proudly. "Oh, Peter," she said, "you are a splendid man, really. It is I who am not worthy. If ever they make you a Bishop——"

"I thought I had told you," he said. "The appointment has come. They wrote to me yesterday, and I accepted this morning. We are to move into the palace as soon as it can be got ready."

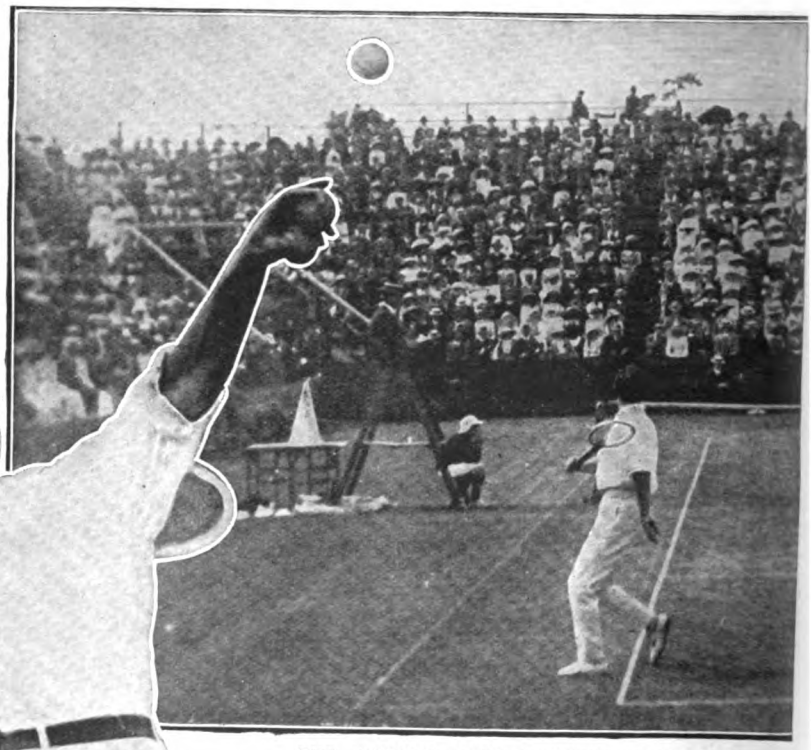
She drew back from him, staring, incredulous. "A Bishop!" she said, wonderingly. "Then the struggle is over."

"For you, Lucy," he said, humbly; "but for me the struggle has just begun."

"HE FLUNG A POCKET-BOOK IN HER LAP."

FIGHTS FOR THE

And the Leading Lawn-Tennis Players who have Fought for it.



THE HISTORIC GAME BETWEEN PARKE AND
IS SEEN MAKING THE WINNING STROKE—

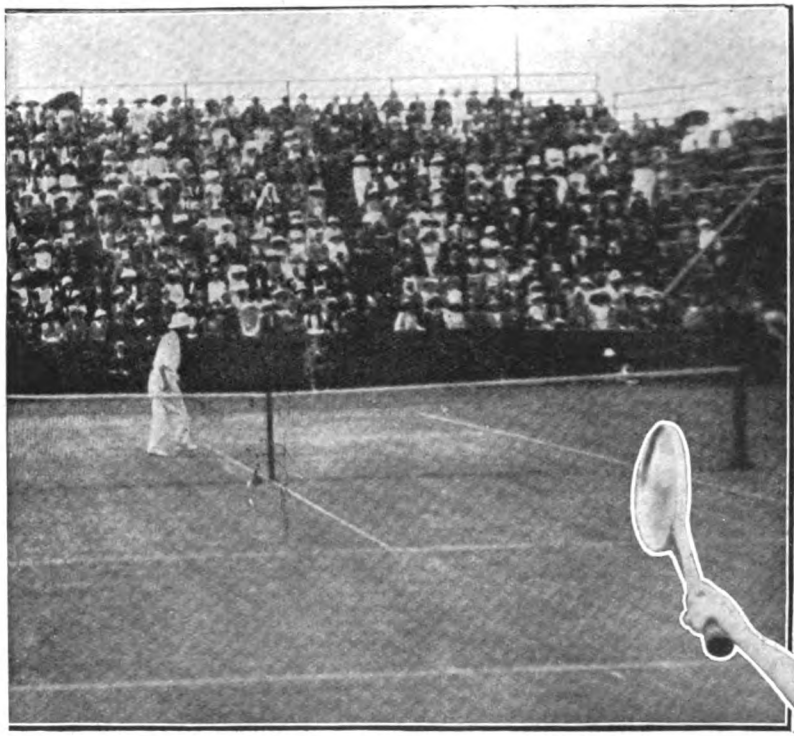
J. C. PARKE SERVING.
From a Photo. by A. Shortt.

IT has fallen to the happy lot of the writer of these brief reminiscences to take an active part for the past half-dozen years in that great and magnetic struggle for the international "ashes" of lawn-tennis known as the Davis Cup. To win this trophy is the fierce ambition of every important games-loving nation in the world. Its entry list is bigger and better than that obtained by any other sport, easily surpassing the triangular tournament of the cricketer and the international championships of the football player.

Naturally, one has many pleasant and treasured memories of the various countries visited and the famous players encountered in quest of this Cup on behalf of the Old Country. Into the mind rush fragrant recollections of a hundred and one things which make the heart of a player glad—the cannon-shot serves from the picturesque McLoughlin, the

DAVIS CUP.

By J. C. PARKE.

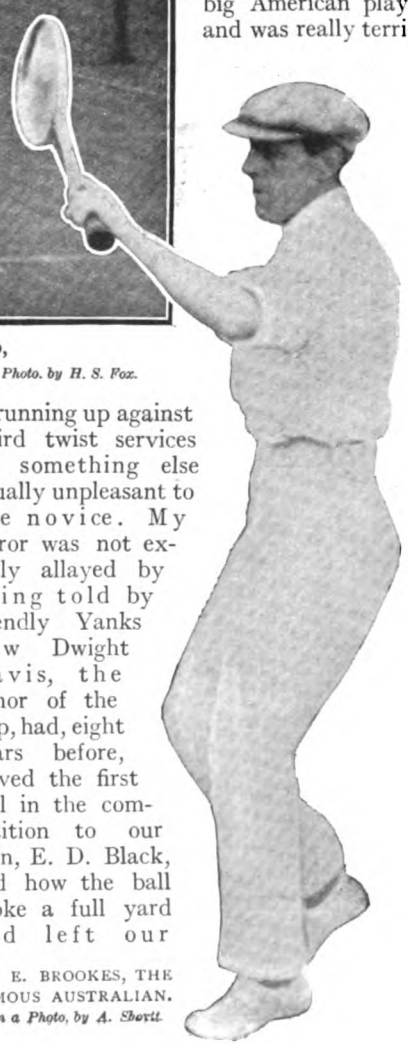


BROOKES AT MELBOURNE. PARKE, IN THE FOREGROUND, A BACK-HAND HALF-VOLLEY. NOTE THE BALL. *From a Photo. by H. S. Fox.*

dashing strokes of a Williams, the uncanny volleying of a Brookes, and the cheering of great crowds whose sportsmanship rose superior to the greatest of "national calamities."

Although it was six years ago, in August, 1908, that I received a wire from the Lawn-Tennis Association asking me to go to America with Major Ritchie for the preliminary tie of that season's competition, I can still feel the little heart-throb it produced. You may be sure, too, that I did not waste any time in sending off my acceptance. The selectors might have changed their minds, you know! One was not unduly elated, however, for I knew how many men must have been forced to refuse the honour before it came to my turn to be invited. Nevertheless, I was very proud of being asked to represent my country. I recall how both Ritchie and myself fully realized what a very slender chance of accomplishing our purpose there was. Even if we had not recognized this fact ourselves, the newspapers left us with very little doubt on the subject.

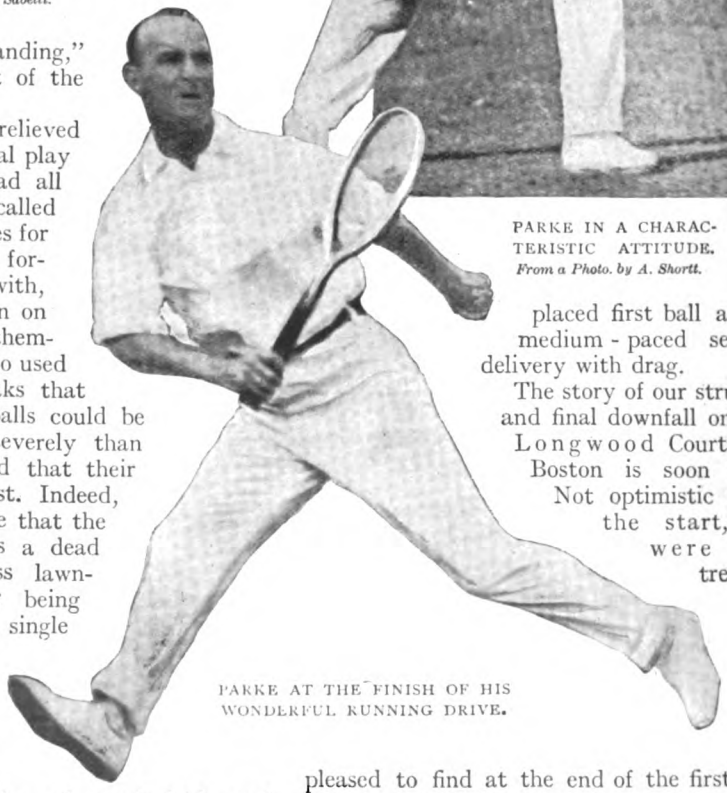
There were only nine days for practice after our arrival, but we surprised everybody—and ourselves—by putting up a much better fight than anyone expected. For a short time, indeed, we gave the Americans quite a nasty fright. Prior to this contest I had never even seen any of the big American players, and was really terrified of running up against weird twist services or something else equally unpleasant to the novice. My terror was not exactly allayed by being told by friendly Yanks how Dwight Davis, the donor of the Cup, had, eight years before, served the first ball in the competition to our man, E. D. Black, and how the ball broke a full yard and left our



N. E. BROOKES, THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN. *From a Photo. by A. Sherrit.*

PARKE AND R. N. WILLIAMS.
From a Photo. by B. Sabelli.

PARKE IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.
From a Photo. by A. Shortt.



PARKE AT THE FINISH OF HIS WONDERFUL RUNNING DRIVE.

representative "standing," much to the delight of the spectators!

However, I was relieved to find that in actual play the best players had all given up the so-called "American" services for the hard, straight forward variety, with, perhaps, a little spin on it. The Americans themselves had become so used to twists and breaks that they found such balls could be dealt with more severely than a fast service, and that their effectiveness was past. Indeed, I may mention here that the American service is a dead letter in first-class lawn-tennis, the writer being unable to name a single tip-top player who really depends upon it. Maurice McLoughlin's first service is purely speed, and his second a combination of speed, kick, and spin. The delivery of "Dicky" Williams, the other American "comet," is speed also, and even Norman Brookes has given up "twists and breaks" for a straight, well-placed first ball and a medium-paced second delivery with drag.

The story of our struggle and final downfall on the Longwood Courts at Boston is soon told. Not optimistic from the start, we were extremely pleased to find at the end of the first day that we stood level at one match all—Ritchie having beaten Wright very easily and myself put up a fairly decent fight against Larned. We lost the doubles against Alexander and Hackett, and on the

third day had to win both singles in order to succeed. These two final matches started almost at the same time and were played on adjoining courts, an arrangement which was rather upsetting to us players, for in the middle of an anxious rally there would come a burst of applause for some brilliant stroke—*on the other court!*

We started excellently, however, as Ritchie won the first four games off Larned and the set 6—4, while I was leading throughout my first set against Beals Wright, and won it at 10—8. We actually began to hope then, but Larned proved too severe for Ritchie, and, although I managed to annex the second set from Wright and even led 4—2 in the third and 5—4 in the fourth, I could get no nearer to victory.

The form of Beals Wright, the great American left-hander, in these matches was distinctly below par. I was, indeed, decidedly disappointed at his play after all I had heard about it, but formed a very high estimate of his fighting powers and pertinacity. This estimate was certainly not lowered when, at Liverpool, two years later, he again defeated me after I had led him two sets to love, 5—4, and 40—15! What a difference one stroke makes!

Although I was not, of course, present at the 1908 challenge round between America and Australasia, I have heard enough from an eye-witness to form an opinion that it was the most thrilling of the whole Davis series. All again depended on the play of the last day, which was terrifically hot, with that north wind blowing which is so abhorred in Melbourne. Brookes and Wright had a tremendous set-to. The Australian won the first two sets easily enough, and established a long lead in the third, only to be overhauled and beaten by 12—10 in the fifth set. At the end both men were actually staggering on the court, while the spectators were limp with the heat, but limper still from nervous excitement. The fate of the Cup rested on the final match, but Alexander's nerves gave way under the strain of waiting almost three hours in the pavilion while the Brookes-Wright match was being decided. Wilding consequently had a runaway victory.

F. B. Alexander, I may mention, was a delightful player to watch, being practically the prototype of his younger compatriot, R. N. Williams, who was over here last summer. He had a beautifully free style, and went for his ace each stroke. He enjoyed just the same wonderfully brilliant streaks that Williams displayed at Wimbledon, but marred them by just the same unaccountable lapses. Unfortunately, he has not taken any active part in first-class lawn-tennis since.

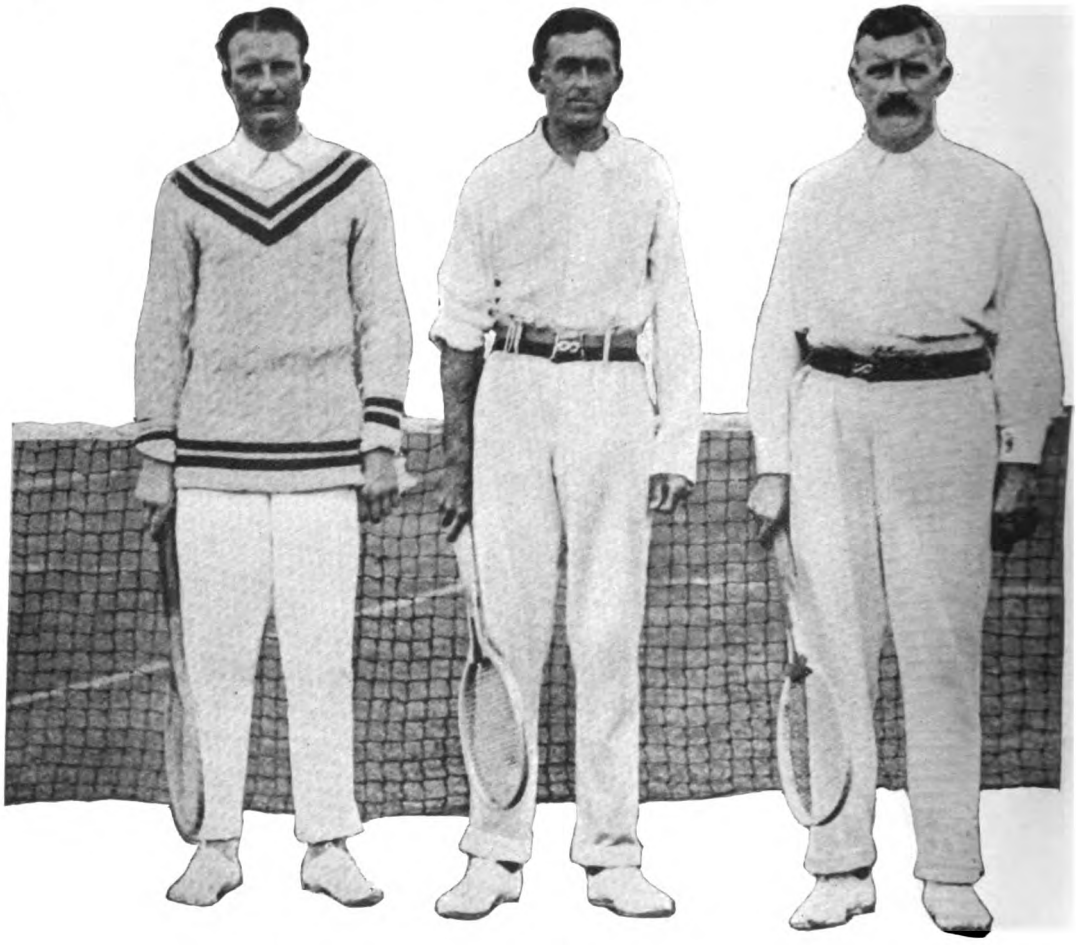
In 1909 I was again chosen to represent the Old Country, and visited America as captain of the British Isles team, which consisted of Dixon, W. C. Crawley, and myself.

The matches were played in Philadelphia, but I prefer to draw a kindly veil over them, for Dixon and I did not succeed in winning even a single set from Larned and Clothier. Larned really was wonderful, and I don't think I have ever been up against such force and accuracy combined. He seemed to be all that the Americans claimed for him, and praise can go no higher! His personality struck me as being rather like Wilding's. I felt he had made up his mind to beat me, and that he was going to do it, too! Both Wilding and Larned have the same unruffled temperament and extraordinary concentration. If a match were possible between Larned as he was then and Wilding as he is to-day it would be worth going any distance to see, and he would be a brave man who dared to predict the result.

Crawley and I ought to have won the doubles against Hackett and Little, as we led 3—0 in the final set, with my service to follow, but were finally beaten 8—6. Little did not play too well, no better, in fact, than when I met him in exhibition matches the previous season. I have often wondered how he obtained the high place in the Americans' eyes which he has done. On his day, of course, he might beat anybody, as he is of the "risk-all" order.

W. J. Clothier was another well-known American player that I played against on this visit. He beat me in the Cup matches in three straight sets, and struck me as one of the most methodical players I had ever met. But he never seemed to think beyond the actual stroke he was playing. The state of the score never worried him in the least. Indeed, he informed me after our match that he never knew that I was within a point of the last set.

On the strength of our performance in these doubles, Crawley and I thought that we were rather a good double pair, but after being beaten at home in the following summer by the Powells at Wimbledon, and by Zimmerman and Birtles at Edgbaston, we decided that we had been a little hasty in our conclusions! It was when we were coming off the court after being beaten by Hackett and Little that one of the American spectators remarked to me, "Well, you are jolly good sportsmen, at any



F. G. LOWE. A. E. BEAMISH. C. P. DIXON.

From a Photo. by A. Shortt.]

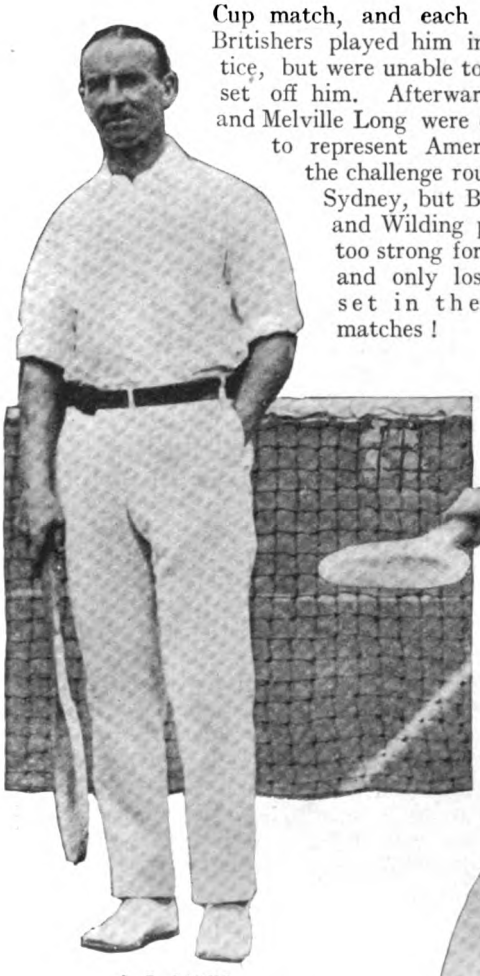
THE TEAM WHICH BROUGHT BACK THE DAVIS CUP FROM AUSTRALIA TO THE

rate!" To this I replied, "Thank you; we would sooner be that than good tennis-players," and really the remark consoled me quite a lot, for I felt our visit wasn't such a dismal failure after all if we had at least left that impression behind us.

I would like to mention here that I have always found the American crowds quite sporting and fair in their applause. The umpiring and the courts were beyond reproach, and the manner in which the executive looked after the comfort and entertainment of the teams could not be excelled.

In view of the claim put forward by the American captain when here last summer that his men could not be prevented from wearing spikes in the Cup matches, I should like to point out that in America I was forced, much against my will, to wear spikes. This was owing to the juicy nature of the grass over there, which is absolutely different from our close turf. I can quite understand that the Americans feel it is impossible to play on grass without spikes, which are decidedly a necessity on the other side. I think it was an extremely nice concession on the part of McLoughlin to wear rubber shoes in the challenge round at Wimbledon last year, out of deference to the wishes of our executive.

It was on this visit, too, that I first met the great McLoughlin. Even then, when only nineteen years old, he was wonderfully good. He had come from California to Philadelphia for the American championships practically unheard of, but worked his way to the final by sheer audacity and brilliance. He left Newport the most-talked-of boy in the United States. He was in Philadelphia before the



J. C. PARKE.
MOTHER COUNTRY IN 1912.

Cup match, and each of us Britishers played him in practice, but were unable to win a set off him. Afterwards he and Melville Long were chosen to represent America in the challenge round at Sydney, but Brookes and Wilding proved too strong for them, and only lost one set in the five matches!

I am not surprised at this, for Wilding—to say nothing of Brookes as a partner—is a really great player, and well worthy to hold the championship of the world on grass, wood, and rubble. The question which is now exercising all of us players is not how to defeat him, but how to tackle him with the hope of putting up a decent fight against his invincibility. Even when a beautiful plan of campaign has been decided upon, one is quite likely to find oneself playing, not on the lines which were planned, but on the lines Wilding desires. Personally, after close observation and from playing against him, I would suggest a determined attack on the champion's forehead from the base-line, with the unexpected shot to the back hand for a winner. On no account go to the net unless the opening is very attractive, for his top-spin drive will drop at your feet, and then woe betide the weak half-volley! On hard courts the above policy would be suicidal, but on grass I have never found any special difficulty in dealing with his drives. The hop is so long and slow that all his drives can be retrieved if you are prepared to run some twenty miles in five sets!

Theories are all very well on paper, but when the champion's personality faces you from the other side of the net, full of determination to win, it inspires you with the knowledge of this determination, and you at once feel the horrible inevitableness of it all.

DIXON SERVING "A SPECIAL."
From a Photo. by A. Shortt.

For two years (no contest in 1910, unchosen in 1911) I rested from international lawn-tennis warfare, but in 1912 was asked to go to Australia in quest of the Cup, which had then been in possession of the Island Continent for four years. Dixon, Beamish, and F. G. Lowe were the other members of the attacking party, but I don't think any of us had a real hope of success. We could scarcely flatter ourselves into believing that we were going to succeed where America's team of champions (Larned, Wright, and McLoughlin) had failed so hopelessly the previous year. In view of what happened and the stir it caused both in England and throughout the lawn-tennis world, the story of that campaign is worth telling in some detail. As one of the chief actors in the drama, I intend to set forth as clearly as I can the true and secret history of the whole affair. So here goes.

We arrived in Melbourne at its

gayest season, when the Cup races were on, and were simply overwhelmed with invitations to all sorts of amusements—most of which we accepted! Indeed, I think the Australians began to doubt whether we had come out to play tennis at all, or only to enjoy ourselves. We had a right royal time while it lasted, and I know I was at five dances in one week (if we hadn't been successful, I wouldn't dare to confess it now). But we cut out all festivities for three full weeks before the matches and settled down to serious work.

Things went fairly well with us until a week before the fateful day. Beamish was playing wonderfully well, and seemed to have shed all his erratic tendencies, and we hoped great things from him.

Dixon, too, appeared to be growing acclimatized, and thought he might touch his best form at any moment. I was improving steadily, though Lowe never did himself justice out there.

Then our misfortunes started with Dixon losing to Rice in the Victorian championships.

This reverse seemed to destroy the captain's confidence, and he went from bad to worse until, on the day before the match, he decided not to play, and nominated Beamish and myself for both singles and doubles.

As captain of the team, the final selection of the players was left entirely in his hands, and I think this responsibility also worried him.

Our second misfortune was that Beamish developed a chill which completely upset his eyesight, and it would have been ludicrous to watch his attempts to hit the ball if it hadn't been so very serious to us. On the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday he improved a little, but remained very shaky, and could not display anything approaching his previous practice form.

Though Dixon had nominated his players on Wednesday morning, he had still the right to change them at any time before play commenced, so we held a very sad and gloomy meeting that Wednesday evening to decide who should be the second player in the singles along with myself. It was only with very serious misgivings on all our parts—especially Dixon's—that we induced him to play himself instead of Beamish. The draw did not turn out as we wanted it to, for I had to start the contest against Brookes, with Dixon following against Heath. We should have preferred the writer to commence operations against Heath, though the draw eventually turned out to be much more fortunate as it was.

I can't say that I was at all nervous beforehand, for I had no hopes of beating Brookes, and was only determined to do my very best against him. We thought, of course, that our sole chance of success lay in winning both singles against Heath and pulling off the doubles.

On the Thursday morning, the first day of the contest, I received a letter with the Melbourne post-mark, containing a card to which were fastened two four-leafed shamrocks, and in a feminine handwriting were the words, "Play up. Good luck." Of course, I wasn't going to neglect such an obvious mascot, and I promptly stitched them on the breast of the tennis shirt I was going to wear. Then I spent the rest of the morning writing letters home, thinking about the match as little as possible.

The history of the game is well known—how Brookes won the first three games to as many points; how the spectators were rather sorry for the poor lone Irishman getting such a hammering so far away from home; how I gradually pulled level and won the first set 8—6, the second 6—3, and actually led 5—1 in the third. I don't believe I slacked off, but I had an unlucky streak when winner after winner went just over the lines, and Brookes made a glorious effort which thoroughly earned that third set at 7—5.

For some awful moments I wondered was it going to be a repetition of my matches against Wright, but then cheered myself with the thought that my physique and training were bound to tell. They did. After fighting to 2 all in the fourth set, I won the next four games and the match. The winning stroke was a fitting climax to what everyone called a sensational match—a swinging backhand half-volley which passed Brookes like a streak of lightning and raised a cloud of chalk on the side-line. My four-leafed shamrocks had pulled me through!

It was my first win in a really big match, a delightful feeling, but by far the nicest moment came when I was going off the court at one corner, and the crowd on both sides rose and cheered me. They knew perfectly well that the match practically meant the loss of the Cup, so it just shows what a splendidly sporting crowd they were. I have never played before a better one, and I never hope to. While I was dressing in the pavilion, and afterwards outside, I'm sure a hundred men whom I had never seen before came up one after the other and congratulated me. How was it done? I knew, of course, how Wright had played when beating Brookes, but I also knew that my lobbing was too unreliable to attempt

the same game, so I decided to depend on hard driving, combined with retrieving everything possible, remembering how I had seen S. H. Smith defeat Brookes at Edgbaston with his terrific drives. I knew Brookes disliked short returns to his feet, as, indeed, what volleyer does not? But I found out also that a ball hit back straight on his body was seldom severely dealt with. Therefore, instead of trying for a dangerous winner off his difficult services, I was content to play them back as straight for his body as I could, and very often I got a return from which I passed him clean.

I had extraordinary luck, too, of which I must give just one instance. A backhand half-volley, which one intended to be a spectacular passing shot, was miss-hit badly and turned out to be a beautiful low lob and a winner all the way! I doubt if anyone even suspected what a horrible fluke it was, for it occurred at a stage when folk were expecting me to do queer shots, and I tried hard to look as if I did that shot every day of my life.

The court on which all this happened, I may point out, was laid on a cricket-ground, and had been specially prepared months beforehand. A thick layer of river soil was first spread over the surface, and this was sown with the finest English grass seed. Enormous care was taken, with the result that it was the best court I have ever played on, with the one exception of our own precious centre court at Wimbledon. It ran even that very close. Huge wooden stands were erected round the playing arena at a cost of nine hundred pounds, to accommodate at least eight thousand spectators. On the final day there was not an inch of space vacant, hundreds being turned away. Most of the reserved seats were sold at ten shillings each, and the total takings were just short of three thousand pounds. That shows what they think of lawn-tennis in Australia.

Virtually, the fate of the Cup hung on the match between Dixon and Heath, for on our respective forms I was counted pretty certain to beat the latter. I hadn't been in the least nervous up till then, but I made up for it while I sat and watched Dixon lose the first set 7—5 to Heath, after leading 5—3 and 40—15. We all wondered had we made the mistake of our lives in persuading him to play, but in the end our confidence in his well-known court-craft was justified, for our captain won the next three sets 6—4, 6—4, 6—4. He gave us some more horrible shocks, though, by twice serving a double fault when within a point of the match! It was now fairly obvious that my match with Heath would be the decider, and so it turned out, for Brookes and Dunlop proved much too good for Beamish and myself in one of our erratic moods, and though Dixon put up a splendid fight against Brookes, he had to acknowledge defeat in three straight sets. The play in the final match could not be described as thrilling, for I had decided to keep steady and to let Heath lose points rather than to try to make them myself. It was fairly close, however, and I know I was very relieved to see the final ball sail over my baseline. I remember giving my shoulders an unconscious shake to free them from the load of anxiety which had been on them for two beastly days and two even more beastly nights.

I had another ovation from the magnificently sporting crowd as I went off the court, and I cannot too highly praise the splendid way in which they took their defeat. Their executive had everything in readiness, and dispatched a congratulatory cablegram to our L.T.A. the moment the match was over. It would have been difficult to find four more pleased men in the whole world than Dixon, Beamish, Lowe, and myself that evening.

I had one rather amusing experience on the Friday evening after our defeat in the doubles. I went into the barber's shop which was next door to our hotel at St. Kilda to have my hair cut. I had to wait some time before being at last installed in the chair of honour, and there the barber left me to discuss with some friend at the door the chances of "Pretty Polly for the Hurdles." Naturally, my temper was not improved, so, when he asked me if I had been at the match, I saw a chance of getting my own back. I asked, "What match?" and he replied, in rather a tone of scorn at my ignorance, "The tennis match, of course." I then admitted I had been there, and he at once asked, "How did Parke play?" I replied, truthfully, "Oh, pretty poorly," so he said that Parke couldn't be as good in doubles as he was in singles. I suggested that in my opinion he wasn't much good in singles either, and after discussing the subject fully we arrived, to our mutual satisfaction, at the sad conclusion that he (Parke) was a highly-overrated player.

Then, just as I was going out of the shop, I turned round and remarked, "Oh, by the way, I'm Parke." His eyes and mouth opened to their fullest extent for some seconds before anything happened, then a torrent of explanation burst forth. I finally left him outside the door of the hotel still apologizing.

On our return to Melbourne at the end of the tour we were given a farewell dinner and each presented with a beautiful little model kangaroo, some five inches high and made of solid silver from the famous "Broken Hill" mine. These were subscribed for by no fewer than two hundred and fifty Victorians, and were said to be in token of our having "captured the Kangaroo." Just another proof of what enthusiasts they are out there, and it's the sort of proof which makes one glad to have lived and met such sportsmen.

The contest against America at Wimbledon last July is so fresh in everybody's memory that I need not dwell long on it.

England relied on the "old brigade," Gore, Barrett, and Dixon, with myself to support them.

Barrett was suffering from a groggy knee, which made it doubtful up to the last minute whether he would be able to partner Dixon in the doubles. His playing in the singles was out of the question, and but for this fact I have more than a suspicion that I should not have been played at all. In the end it was decided to play Dixon and myself in the singles, and Dixon and Barrett in the doubles. Peculiarly enough, the draw turned out exactly the same as at Melbourne eight months earlier. I had to start off with America's strongest player, McLoughlin, and to finish against Williams. I pointed out the coincidence to McLoughlin, and as a joke warned him to beware. He didn't seem unduly terrified! However, it turned out to be a very "serious joke," for I just succeeded in scraping home by 7—5 in the fifth set after two and a half hours' strenuous play. I had profited by my previous experience against McLoughlin in the semi-final of the championship, and also learnt some things when watching Wilding defeat him in the challenge round of the championship. I tried the same tactics as Wilding used to the best of my ability.

One noticed that McLoughlin's ground strokes were all designed to meet a volleying attack, and that if I remained at the back of the court he had not a winning drive of any kind. I determined to content myself on my own services with staying back and returning all his shots with a sufficiently good length to prevent him from coming to the net, and to wait for his errors. Never an ardent volleyer myself, I was even more reluctant than usual to go to the net, unless the opportunity was too attractive to be resisted. Of course, I stood just behind the base-line to receive his services, and endeavoured to play the returns short over the net to his feet, seldom trying for an outright winner. It was very much the same game, in fact, as I had employed against Brookes, only I found the body shot was inclined to be treated in a more unkind manner. I abandoned it after one or two trials.

The doubles on the Saturday was a tremendous disappointment to us players and to the spectators also. When talking over our chances beforehand we had thought that the doubles was the one match we *ought* to win, but after being within a single point of it, victory was snatched out of our hands.

The rest is soon told. Dixon, after struggling hard in the first set against McLoughlin, was beaten in three straight sets, and the Cup gone again after being in this country for less than five months. I defeated Williams in a nightmare sort of match which took the full five sets. Williams on the court always reminds me of a schoolboy out for a holiday, and it was quite impossible to take his tennis seriously when the fate of the Cup had been already decided. Undoubtedly he showed signs over here of developing into a finer player even than McLoughlin. His game is a much more evenly-balanced one, and he does not rely solely on a terrific service backed up by brilliant volleying.

Both the Americans' temperaments are splendid match-winning assets, and, considering that their combined ages come to fewer than forty-six years, their coolness and knowledge of the game are quite wonderful. They are two of the most natural and unaffected players I have ever met.

One more personal reminiscence.

By the morning post on the Friday when I played McLoughlin at Wimbledon I received a small greenstone pig, with its legs in a perfect state of dilapidation. Of course, I carried it in my pocket while playing the American star, and again on the Monday against Williams, and each time it just pulled me through. After my shamrocks and my pig, no one will ever convince me that there is anything in the world more efficacious than a really good mascot!

SUSPENSE

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LEAKE R·B·A

THE dining-room of the Mortimers' house was by no means an apartment reserved only for meals. It was the centre of the family life, where Alan Mortimer, its nominal head, read his newspapers, scribbled his infrequent poems and articles, or burnt the notes from editors that accompanied their rejection; where, moreover, the wife and daughter of the genius enjoyed what comfort they could in such corners as were not littered with manuscript; and to which Edward Mortimer, the rising hope of the house, returned as little as was conveniently possible. Just now it presented a very characteristic appearance. At the head of the large table sat Mr. Mortimer, senior, his forehead supported on his hands, forgetful of the world in his rapt perusal of a copy of the *Evening Register*, one number of which he had selected from a pile of others at his elbow. Amongst the matters to which he was blind was the fact that Miss Irene Mortimer, assisted by the parlourmaid, had arrived at that point of the table-laying for supper whence it could be carried no farther while he occupied his present position.

"Let me see," Irene was saying to herself, just under her breath. "Mother and father, that's two; me, three; Mr. Gibbs, four; Miss Trixie, five; and Mr. Edward, six." She made a hurried calculation. "And for to-night, Amy, as it's his party, you must lay Mr. Edward at the top, where father is."

Amy faltered. "I didn't like to disturb the master."

"I'll do that," said Irene, with the calmness of efficiency. She placed a hand upon the velvet-coated shoulder of her parent.

"Father!"

Mr. Mortimer grunted impatiently, without looking up.

"Father, dear," continued Irene, "I don't want to worrit you, but you really are quite dreadfully in the way there."

At this the other raised his head, revealing a pale and thought-clouded face under a profusion of neglected hair streaked with grey. It was this, together with the absence of collar, and the velvet jacket, which combined to produce in Mr. Mortimer a vaguely "artistic" appearance, upon which his family rather prided itself.

"Eh?" he muttered. "I'm sorry, my dear, I didn't notice."

"Nobody's going to be cross," said Irene, "so don't look miserable. Here, come over here for a bit." In her practical way she had shepherded him to a chair beside the fire before he had time to protest. "Now you're all right. And there are the rest of your papers, though why you should want to read five at once beats me!"

"My dear!" Touched on his enthusiasm, the spirit of the elder Mortimer was roused to instant activity. "It's this wonderful new series of articles that I told you about yesterday——"

"I believe," said Irene, "you did mention something of the kind. Are they nice?"

"Nice? Ye gods! What a word! They're wonderful! There are to be six altogether, ending to-night. That's why I've been running through the first five again before the paper-boy comes. He's about due now."

Irene was instructing Amy in whispers, and gave but a half-hearted attention to her parent's rhapsody. "Are they funny?" she asked, absently.

Mr. Mortimer acknowledged this only with a glare. "The title," he said, "is 'Personality and Crime.' Of course, that's old enough. But it's the point of view. There's one passage here that I was reading to your brother that seems to me absolutely inspired. Whoever wrote it is a genius."

"Don't they give the name?"

"No." Mr. Mortimer was turning over the pages. "It's only the last that is to be signed. We might know any minute now. Ah! here it is. Speaking of temptation, he says ——"

But what he said was not destined to be read aloud just then, for at that moment Amy, who had opened the door, stepped back to admit the enthusiast's wife. Mary Mortimer was a woman who might once have been beautiful, and whose face, lined with years of struggle and anxiety, had still both charm and dignity. Her manner was quiet to repression, but every now and then a keen observer might have detected signs in it, a catch in the voice, or a nervous movement of the hands, that betrayed a great and growing anxiety.

"Mr. Edward isn't back yet, is he, Amy?" she asked, as she entered.

"It's only just past his time, mother," Irene interposed, before the maid could reply.

"Of course, dear. Still, if he should be at all late we can wait supper a little."

Irene scouted the idea. "As if Ned would be late to-night, of all nights!" she cried.

Here Mr. Mortimer, who was suffering from the natural irritation of the frustrated reader-aloud, broke in peevishly.

"What on earth is to-night that there should be all this fuss about it?"

"Father!" Irene turned upon him with mock indignation. "You don't remember that it's the birthday of your future daughter-in-law!"

"You mean what's-her-name?"

"Exactly. In other words, Trixie. The future Mrs. Edward. This banquet is in her honour. She's coming, and young Gibbs from Edward's bank. It's a party."

Mortimer groaned. "Oh, dear!" he complained. "I suppose that means a collar, eh?"

"Well," Irene favoured her parent with an ingratiating smile. "If you could rise to that display of magnificence——"

As usual she gained her point. "Humbug, I call it," said Mr. Mortimer. But he rose as he spoke. "Don't let the boy pass while I'm upstairs, that's all," he commanded, at the door.

Mrs. Mortimer had seated herself by the fire. At the last words she looked up quickly, almost suspiciously.

"What boy?"

"Oh, nothing," said Irene. "Only the evening paper. Father's so queer," she added. "Reading seems to him quite as if it mattered."

The elder woman had relapsed again, and was staring into the fire. "Your father's an exceptionally clever man," she said, with mild reproof.

"That's what's the trouble," answered Irene. "If he wasn't a genius he'd be able to do something. And Edward's just such another. How long d'you suppose he'll stop at that bank?"

"Irene!" Once again Mrs. Mortimer looked up quickly, and this time the sudden fear on her face would have been patent to anyone less absorbed than the girl. "What—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Only, you know what Ned is. He's the wonderfullest person in the world, of course. But he is a bit vague for a bank clerk, isn't he?"

"You ought not to say things like that, Irene."

"Sorry, mum. But you know how often Edward gets moods. Last night, for instance, when father would read aloud to him out of the *Evening Register*. He looked so queer. Almost as though he were frightened of something."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Mortimer rebuked her daughter with unusual sharpness. "Why should he be frightened?"

"That's what I say. But he did go perfectly white. When father was reading that bit about temptation."

"Temptation!" It was the face of Edward's mother that was white now. She screened it from the girl with a hand that shook ever so slightly.

"I thought perhaps Edward was ill," continued Irene, thoughtfully. "Because, come to think of it, he hasn't looked himself lately. Perhaps they work them too hard at that bank. He never tells us anything that goes on there, does he?"

"No, nothing," said Mrs. Mortimer, without turning.

"I believe," went on Irene, "that that affair of poor young Hughes running away upset Edward far more than he showed. One

of his friends proving a thief! And they used to see a lot of one another at one time. Poor little Hughes! He wasn't altogether a bad sort, either. It must have been terrible for his people."

"Oh!" Mrs. Mortimer answered her, and her voice was startling in its sudden passion. "That's what one always says, without realizing in the least what it means! Can you fancy them, as I have done lately, that evening when he didn't come home? All night they waited, and he didn't come. And in the morning there was a telegram telling them what had happened. Up till then they might have saved him. Perhaps one may even have suspected, and not dared to speak. And then it was too late. He was disgraced; his very name was to be hidden away out of their lives and forgotten, or, if it was mentioned by accident, to become a shameful thing, a thing that hurt. That's what it means!"

"Why, mother!" Irene had received the outburst with bewildered astonishment. Then in her practical way she added, "I don't believe people realize things like that if they're quite well."

Mrs. Mortimer had recovered her self-command; she seemed anxious to make the girl forget its momentary loss. "I'm all right, dear," she said, quickly. "Only sometimes things like that come home to one, that's all. And as for what's keeping Edward, he may have gone to call for Trixie himself, and bring her on."

"Of course!" declared Irene. "And they'd be sure to come the longest way, being engaged."

It was in the midst of the relief diffused by this theory that the front-door bell was heard. "That can't be them," said Irene. "Ned wouldn't ring."

"Who—who can it be?" At the sound, all Mrs. Mortimer's recovered calmness had deserted her; her face had become ashen.

"You are a jumpy old thing, mother!" laughed Irene. "You're worse than Ned." She listened. After a moment a man's voice was audible in the passage. "I thought so. It's young Mr. Gibbs from the bank; he'll liven us up."

It was clear that the young gentleman who was immediately afterwards announced was of a character not to belie her words. Mr. Gibbs, albeit of tender years, and just at present a sufferer from slight nervousness, was clearly one accustomed to shine in society. He shook hands briskly with the two ladies.

"Hope I'm not too early," he said. "But I knew old Ned would be here, anyhow."

"Then you knew wrong," said Irene, archly. "Edward hasn't got back from the office yet."

Mr. Gibbs was astonished at this news.

"Not back?" he repeated. "That's queer."

"Why?"

"Well, only because he's had all day to get back in." He explained: "You see, it was this way. I was out at the sub-office. When I turned up about four, I heard that Master Ned hadn't been at the bank all day; they sent him off as soon as he arrived."

"I didn't know you business men got holidays like that," said Irene.

"We don't as a rule, worse luck. But of course this time there was a reason for wanting the clerks out of the way. Someone from headquarters to go through the books. What you might call a surprise party!"

Mrs. Mortimer had been considering him attentively.

"Did they suspect anything wrong?" she asked now, in such an unexpected tone that Gibbs started.

"You never can tell with these chaps," he said. "They get ideas, that's where it is. Perhaps it would be some little wrong entry they'd find; perhaps nothing at all. But they're never satisfied."

"Thank you." She turned away as though the subject were closed. But on Irene's attention being distracted by the entrance of Amy, Mrs. Mortimer again approached the visitor. Her manner now was oddly timid, almost appealing.

"Forgive me, Mr. Gibbs," she said. "But will you tell me something quite honestly? How does my son get on—with Them?"

The kindly Gibbs looked his embarrassment.

"Why," he protested, "Mortimer's a rare clever chap; we all know that in the office. And one of the very best."

"You mean"—her eyes searched his face—"that they don't like him?"

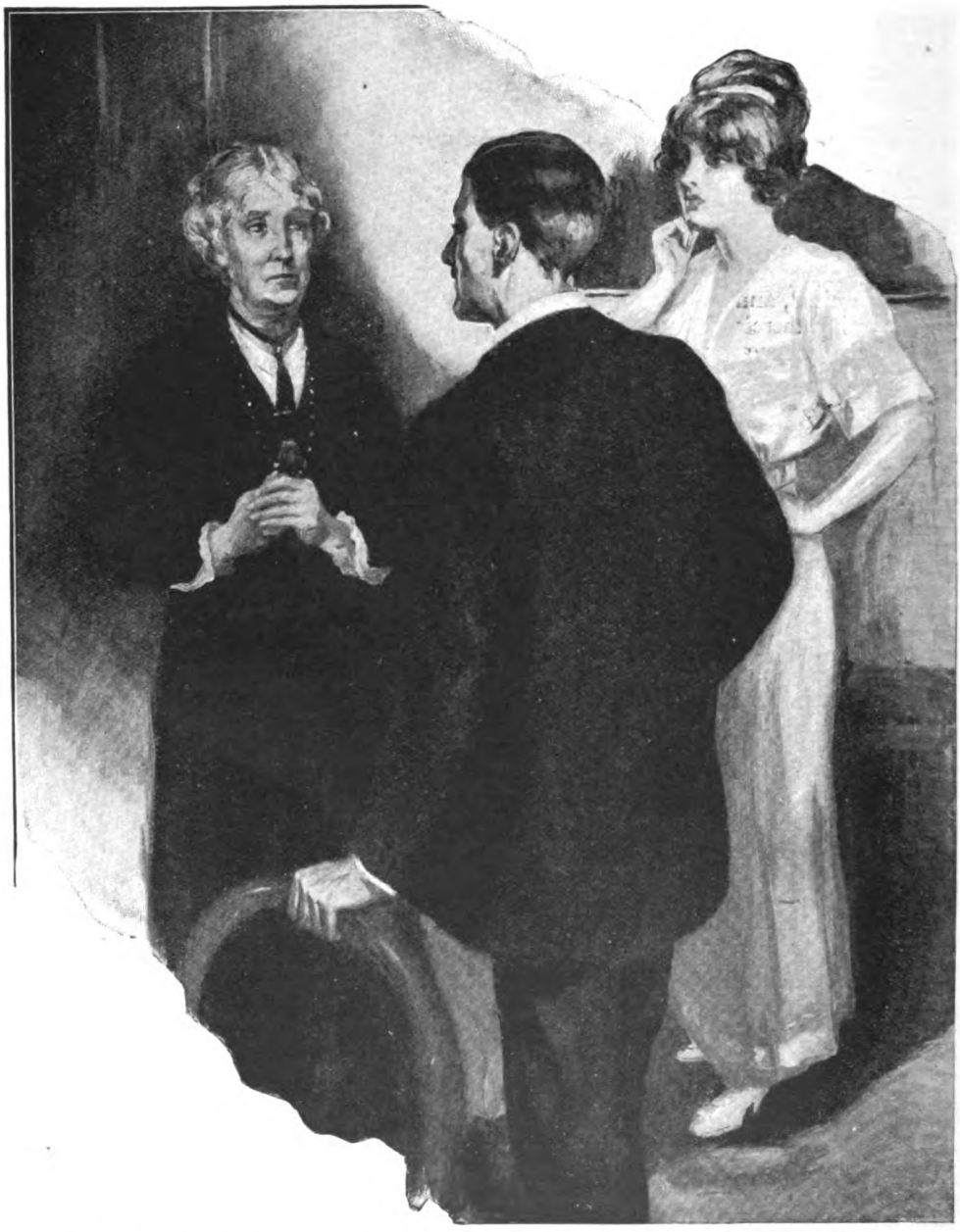
"Oh, not so strong as that. But—well, I suppose we all have our little prejudices."

"But you know of nothing definite that they could have against him?"

"Certainly not," protested poor Gibbs. "What could there be? Oddly enough, though," he continued, becoming communicative, "now Ned isn't here, I was going to ask you if he'd had any little bother on his mind lately."

Irene had again joined the group.

"Edward is engaged to be married," she announced, proudly.



"'DID THEY SUSPECT ANYTHING WRONG?' SHE ASKED, IN SUCH AN UNEXPECTED TONE THAT GIBBS STARTED."

"I meant worse than that."

"Well, really, Mr. Gibbs!"

"Oh, of course I didn't mean——" The visitor had become pink with confusion, but friendship urged him forward. "Only two or three of us noticed that he's been looking cheap and—and anxious these last few weeks."

"There, mother!" Irene was beginning. "What did I——"

But to her great astonishment Mrs. Mortimer interrupted her.

"It's kind of you to ask," she said; "but, indeed, we know of nothing."

"Well," answered Gibbs, "I'm sure I'm

pleased to hear that. It can't be anything serious, or you'd have noticed it before anyone."

"Yes," said Edward's mother, earnestly. "Of course we should. Before anyone. And "—she repeated the words with emphasis —" we've noticed nothing."

To Irene this naturally seemed mysterious. But before she could ask for any explanation a diversion was caused by the re-entrance of her father, collared and generally tidier. His mind, it was evident, still dwelt upon one preoccupation.

"Ned and that paper-boy both late together," he grumbled.

"I don't think you know my husband, Mr. Gibbs," said Mrs. Mortimer, with an air of relief.

Gibbs also hailed an addition to the group as likely to be helpful; the evening did not seem destined to rank amongst his triumphs.

"How d'you do, sir," he asked, shaking hands effusively. "I think everyone knows the writer of—of that book you wrote."

Mr. Mortimer stared in pleased astonishment. "So you've read that, eh?" he exclaimed. "Capital!"

"Well," answered the guest, ingenuously, "not to say exactly read. But I've often seen it on the shelf at the free library. It's always there."

Mr. Mortimer said nothing—eloquently.

"There's another ring," observed Irene, as the sound of the front-door bell cut into a somewhat oppressive silence. She turned to her mother. "Shall I go?" she asked. "Amy's busy."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mortimer. Then, in a quick undertone, "No, wait a minute. No, go at once!"

"Why, mother, you're absolutely shaking," Irene whispered, playfully. "One would think we'd never given a party before. And it's all going beautifully."

She flashed an apologetic smile upon the company, and went out quickly into the hall, leaving Mrs. Mortimer standing alone beside the fire. Irene had been right; she was certainly trembling. She laid a hand upon the mantelshelf to steady herself.

Meantime Gibbs had turned again towards his host.

"Sad thing that about poor old Hughes," he observed, conversationally.

Mortimer grunted, unappeased.

"Found on the line this morning, they tell me," explained Gibbs. "They say it was that business of his son's absconding that made him do it."

Some trick of the firelight, perhaps, playing on the face of her who listened made it seem to work convulsively.

"I don't hear about such matters for choice," growled Mr. Mortimer.

"To be sure," agreed Gibbs. "Still, I just mentioned it."

These people were undeniably difficult to talk to, he thought. However, thank Heaven, here was someone entering who looked rather more alive.

This was Trixie, a conventionally pretty young woman of the fluffy and doll-like type, the affianced of Edward. Both her manner and her costume, a low-necked evening dress of silk, were not wholly free from the suspicion of a desire to show off before the family she was about to enter.

"Edward hasn't brought her," announced Irene, ushering in the visitor.

"Oh, dear me, no!" cried the lady. "Nobody brought me, I assure you. Not worthy of such an honour. I expected to find his lordship here."

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were greeted.

"Then you haven't seen him?" asked the latter, kissing her future daughter-in-law.

"Not since yesterday. And he was pretty humpy then. Hardly said good night at all."

"It is queer," mused Irene. Then more briskly, "Trixie, dear, this is Mr. Gibbs, from Edward's bank. Miss Willard, Edward's *fiancée*."

Mr. Gibbs bowed.

"Really," he said, gallantly, "I'd no idea. But I'm sure I don't see why he should have kept it dark."

"We've been engaged quite a while now," said Miss Willard.

"What do you think of the cake?" asked Irene, by way of making conversation.

"Charming, charming," murmured Trixie, in a society voice, intended to show that sugar-icing was to her slightly *démodé*. "I've had so much attention from everybody to-day that I declare I'm quite spoilt."

Simple-minded Irene looked pleased.

"Cook thought there should have been little candles on the top, one for each year," she said, thoughtfully. "Would you have liked that better?"

"Hardly suppose there'd have been room," volunteered Mr. Gibbs, just to show his interest.

"Really, Mr. Gibbs!" Trixie withered him. "One isn't positively a centurian, if that's what you mean."

Irene kissed her hastily.

"There," she entreated, "don't be cattish, if he is a bit late. Perhaps he is getting a present for you."

"Oh!" Some secret memory seemed to mollify Miss Willard. "I've had that already."

"We haven't seen it."

"I know you haven't." This still more consciously.

Irene's curiosity became clamorous.

"Is it something to wear?" she asked, eagerly. "Have you got it on?" Meeting with affirmative but mysterious nods to both questions, she added, entreatingly, "Oh, Trixie, do show it to us—if—if you can."

It was the last words that appeared to overcome Miss Willard's scruples.

"No gentleman," she replied, with hauteur, "would give me anything to wear that I couldn't show. Only I promised Edward——" She lowered her voice. "Well, just you, then," she said, and half furtively from under the lace of her low bodice produced a pendant, which she handed to Irene.

The latter took it with a cry of astonishment.

"How lovely!" she almost gasped. "And they're real, aren't they? Mother, dad, do just look what Edward's given to Trixie!"

Heedless of the other's cry of protest, she had run to her father and displayed the glittering treasure. Even he, who had been again impatiently turning the pages of the *Evening Register*, was impressed.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, taking the gift in his hand and surveying it with astonishment. "Where did Mr. Edward get the cash for this bauble, I should like to know? He seems free with his money, anyhow."

Trixie looked vexed, and a little confused.

"It was only because I admired it in a shop," she faltered.

From the moment of her greeting Mrs. Mortimer had said nothing to the girl. But now, with the pendant in her hand, she came close to her and asked:—

"Has he given you many presents like this lately?"

Somehow, for all their quietness, the words seemed to cause an uncomfortable thrill in the little room. It was as though they were charged with ominous meaning. Trixie stammered and hesitated. She was blushing and already beginning to look cross.

"One or two," she said, defensively. "There's nothing to be astonished about. Edward's very fond of me."

"Naturally!" volunteered Gibbs, plunging; but nobody heeded him.

"You needn't imagine," she continued, "that I encourage him in extravagance. I'm sure I was quite vexed about it at the time. Please give it me back. I ought never to have let anyone see it."

"Why?" asked Irene, as Mrs. Mortimer, in silence, handed the jewel back to the girl, from whose face she had not once taken her eyes.

"Edward made me promise not to. He didn't want people to know that he'd got more money than usual just now."

Because three of the four listeners were watching Miss Willard, they did not see how the fourth shrank from these words as from a blow.

"Lucky devil!" murmured Gibbs.

"It was to be our secret at present," Trixie finished.

Then Mrs. Mortimer spoke. "And you keep it—like this!" she said. "How can you tell what might depend on it?"

The vehemence of her tone startled them all.

"Really, Mrs. Mortimer——" Trixie stammered, while Irene looked at the speaker with a sudden anxiety. What, she wondered, was making her usually quiet mother so odd to-night. This was the second time——

"You're frightening Trix," she observed, with gentle reproof.

"I'm sorry." Mrs. Mortimer had mastered herself again, as though realizing the effect of her outbreak and alarmed by it. "You mustn't mind what I say to-night. I'm tired."

Doubtless that was the explanation, thought Irene, relieved.

"We're all tired and hungry, and inclined to get cross through waiting for our supper," she proclaimed, in her cheerful voice. "I shall have it up without waiting another minute!"

She had left the room almost before the last words were uttered; practical Irene seldom suffered the loss of an unnecessary second between resolve and action. Mr. Gibbs, confused and more than a little uncomfortable, had tactfully taken up a copy of the *Register*, and was affecting to be absorbed in its perusal. Mr. Mortimer had turned to the window, and, drawing back the blind, was gazing out at the gas-lit street. Trixie and Mrs. Mortimer were thus isolated.

"Edward knows I happen to be very fond of real diamonds," continued the former, in what was almost a whimper. "So, naturally, he took the first opportunity——" She blew

"YOU HEARD WHAT HIS FATHER SAID JUST NOW. WHERE DID HE GET THAT MONEY? DO YOU KNOW?"

her ridiculous little nose. "No reason why I should be snapped at!"

Mrs. Mortimer was regarding her with a look in which there was both wonder and a kind of terrified pity.

"I'm sorry I flew out at you," she said at last, speaking low and quickly. "But, oh, my dear, you do love the boy, don't you? You're glad and proud that he chose you to be his wife?"

"I chose him just as much," corrected Trixie, still aggrieved.

"Then can't you understand how important it may be? You heard what his father said just now. *Where did he get that money?* Do you know?"

Impossible now to mistake the earnestness of her anxiety.

"I—I didn't ask," faltered Trixie. "We were having such a jolly afternoon I wasn't going to spoil the fun with questions of that kind!" But, at sight of something in Mrs. Mortimer's face, she added, quickly: "Edward isn't in any trouble, is he?"

For a moment his mother did not answer. Then:—

"Even if he were," she said, "wouldn't it 'spoil the fun' to tell you?"

"What—what do you mean?"

"Would your love for him be strong enough to share it? Even if it were worse than trouble, if it were disgrace?"

"Oh—I—I don't know." The doll-like face was a-quiver now with agitation. "I hate to think of things like that. There isn't anything going to happen, is there?"

The elder woman turned away with a half-audible groan. "I don't know either—yet," she answered.

"Supper!" cried the brisk voice of Irene, who at this moment appeared, bearing a covered dish, which she placed upon the table. "And the paper-boy's in the road, father. I've sent Amy out for one."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, rousing himself from his abstraction. "At last we shall know who the fellow is!" He turned with a slightly superior air to the others. "I don't suppose it interests you people much; but, mark my words, this is an evening to be remembered."

"A very enjoyable evening, I'm sure," observed Gibbs, vastly relieved that, as he put it to himself, the family skeleton seemed to have blown over.

"Well," said Irene, "I'm glad you'll know before supper, father, or you wouldn't have eaten anything."

"Ah!" agreed Gibbs. "I've often had just that feeling myself with the special editions—'All the winners'—and you simply daren't go out and buy one!"

Irene pinched his arm gently. "It's a good thing for you," she said, "that father didn't hear that comparison."

Father, as a fact, had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the expected journal. He did not notice how, while these sentences were being spoken, Trixie had moved close to Mrs. Mortimer. For all her affectation and silliness, there was good somewhere in the girl. "Tell me what it is," she whispered. "What you're afraid of. I want it to be mine, too."

For a moment Mrs. Mortimer caught her hand and squeezed it. Then she turned to face the door. "Wait!" she said.

Amy was coming into the room. She carried the *Evening Register* and a telegram.

"Ah! here we are!" cried Mortimer. "At last!"

"And there's this," said Amy, holding out the message.

"Oh, father!" Irene exclaimed. "A telegram! Perhaps it's from Ned to say why he's so late."

Mr. Mortimer was fumbling with the paper. "Open it, somebody," he growled. "I can't attend to it at this moment."

Irene took the envelope. "I expect it's just that he's been detained at the off—— No," she broke off, recollecting; "it can't be that, can it? Here, mother, will you see?"

Mrs. Mortimer was standing motionless. Something in her bearing struck her daughter even then as strange; on her face was the look of one who sees fate approaching. "Open it," she commanded, only just audibly.

There was a moment's pause as Irene tore the envelope and Mr. Mortimer rustled the pages of his journal. Then simultaneously a cry broke from them both.

"Mother! Father!" exclaimed Irene, devouring the telegram with her eyes. "It is from Edward. And d'you know what he says——?"

"Never mind what he says." The amazed, incredulous voice of Mr. Mortimer broke in upon her. "It's what it says here, in the paper, about him!"

He stammered incoherently. Astonishment seemed to have taken away his breath. No one noticed Mrs. Mortimer in that moment.

Then, "Listen!" he cried, and began to read aloud. "'We have pleasure in disclosing the identity of the brilliant young writer, Edward Mortimer, who will henceforth join our staff.' That means our Edward! Oh, but it can't be true!"

"True!" Irene's cry echoed his. "Of course it is. Absolutely. This is what he says here: 'Left bank. Permanency *Register*. Starting three hundred. Wait supper. Edward.'"

Mr. Mortimer seemed dazed. "My son wrote them!" he was murmuring, incredulously. "My own son!"

"Lucky devil!" said Gibbs, for the second time; adding, with generous warmth, "but he deserves it!"

"Our Edward!" cried Irene. The room was full of little exclamations. "No wonder

"THEN, 'LISTEN!' HE CRIED, AND BEGAN TO READ ALOUD."

he looked queer when father read his own things aloud to him! Trixie, aren't you just bursting with pride?"

"Rather!" answered Trixie, whose eyes were very bright. "But I always knew he'd be famous some day." She turned triumphantly to Mrs. Mortimer.

"There!" she said, "what do you say now?"

Edward's mother had not moved or spoken. But as they looked, they saw a strange thing. All her self-control seemed to desert her. She gave a great, sobbing cry. "Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

Then she fainted.

GLADYS COOPER TELLS HER STORY.

CAN never remember the time when I did not cherish a secret desire to go on the stage, for even before I was in my teens and used to be sent to bed at the unpleasantly early hour of about seven o'clock, I used to lie awake hour after hour longing for the days to come when I should be considered old enough really to *know* what I wanted to do in life.

In those days—and now they seem quite far away—of course I never dreamt that I should be allowed even to try to realize my ambition, and sometimes I almost despaired of joining the profession.

However, my first engagement—and I shall never forget my delight at securing it—arrived when I was offered the opportunity of playing Miss Ellaline Terriss's part on tour in "Bluebell in Fairyland." I was seventeen at the time, and I believe the offer was made to me because someone had been kind enough to tell the manager of the company that "I looked the part."

As Luck would have it, Fate afterwards decreed that I should be saved the years of touring which fall to the lot of so many members of the profession. To a certain extent I have always felt a little bit sorry for this, for, in many respects, touring is quite good fun—and besides, it introduces one to minor sidelights of stage-life which one seldom has an opportunity of seeing in a London theatre.

Thus I remember an amusing incident occurring in a certain town in the Midlands in a fairy play which had visited the theatre at which "Bluebell" was playing, the week before we arrived. The stage-manager, whose duty it had been to engage a certain number of supers, himself told me the story, which serves to show that a certain feeling of jealousy exists among supers as well as among those who play more important parts.

In the fairy play in question the stage-manager had to engage a number of supers to represent a set of dominoes, each man having to wear on his back a board marked with a different number. After the first night a discontented super handed in his resignation.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished stage-manager. "Don't you receive your half a crown a night like the others?"

"It isn't the money I'm bothering about at all," replied the super, in tones of virtuous indignation; "but I'm one of the oldest artistes belonging to the theatre, and you ought to have made me the double-six; instead of that I am the lowest number—the double-blank. Rather than submit to such injustice I prefer to leave the theatre!"

At the end of the run of "Bluebell in Fairyland" I went to the Vaudeville, where I played a "thinking" part in "The Belle of Mayfair" for a while, afterwards going on to the Gaiety to play in "The Girls of Gottenberg," in which I understudied Miss Jean Aylwin, being lucky enough to play the part on a number of occasions.

Strange to say, in those early days I was not the least bit nervous. The first time, indeed, that I played Miss Aylwin's part, I looked upon the opportunity much in the same way as Peter Pan looked upon Death—"as a great adventure." Whether or no this lack of nervousness was an advantage I should not like to say. Anyway, in those days I did not know what nerves were, and I believe I would willingly have taken up the *rôle* of Juliet at a West-end theatre at a few minutes' notice without suffering a pang of doubt.

Still, there is much truth in the old saying which tells us that "fools rush in where angels

fear to tread." Anyway, I have since paid in full the penalty of not feeling nervous as a beginner, for to-day whenever I undertake a new *rôle* I suffer positive torture, not only on the first night, but for many nights afterwards.

After "The Girls of Gottenberg" I still remained on at the Gaiety in "Havana" and "Our Miss Gibbs," later on migrating to Daly's. So that, in one way and another, it will be seen that I had no little experience of musical comedy. I had quite enough experience, in fact, of this branch of stage work to make me realize how extremely difficult a matter it is to score a big success in musical comedy, which calls for the possession of certain qualities which are seemingly almost as rare as the "Rokeby Venus," for few people will deny that really first-class musical-comedy actresses are exceedingly scarce.

From a Photograph by] **AS BEAUTY IN "EVERYWOMAN."** [*Foulsham & Banfield.*

The first comedy part that came my way occurred in "Half a Crown," which unfortunately did not prove a great success. For my own part, however, I have never had any reason to

GLADYS COOPER (ON LEFT) AT THE AGE OF 8.
From a Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street.

AT THE AGE OF 10.
From a Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street.

regret the chance it gave me to learn a new branch of the theatrical business, for Sir George Alexander happened to see me in it, and shortly afterwards engaged me to play the part of Cecily Cardew in Oscar Wilde's ever-popular work of genius, "The Importance of Being Earnest."

This was my first real success in comedy, and it helped me in my career more than words can express. Indeed, it helped me so much

that, with few intervals, I have been hard at work ever since—so hard, in fact, that sometimes I have simply longed for one of those real holidays, miles from anywhere, in some quiet spot, where postmen never deliver letters, where telephone calls have never sounded their unwelcome tingle, and last but not least, where photographers are barred from taking photographs.

I remained on at the St. James's to play in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy, "The Ogre," and not long afterwards had the novel experience of playing two parts in one night. This chance came about in this way. At the time I was playing the part of the Hon. Muriel Pym, the ultra-modern young grand-daughter who astonishes her grandfather by displaying up-to-date knowledge of the House of Lords, and correcting her peer brother in that wonderful success, "Milestones," at the Royalty Theatre.

Now in "Milestones" I did not appear until the last act, and when Mr. Arthur Collins asked Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie to allow me to play the part of Beauty in "Everywoman," at Drury Lane, in addition to my other part at the Royalty Theatre, consent was willingly given, as I should have plenty of time to play Beauty at the Lane and arrive at Dean Street to take up the part of the Hon. Muriel Pym.

But, unfortunately, time waits for no woman. In the ordinary course of events it was expected that the third act would end just before ten o'clock, which would give me ample time to get to the Royalty and take up my part as the grand-daughter in the last act, for which the curtain rose just before ten-thirty.

First nights, however, are almost invariably a little longer than other nights, and "Everywoman" was no exception to the rule, so that, as luck would have it, I was still dying on the stage at Drury Lane at ten-seventeen, instead of being in my dressing-room at the Royalty. My understudy, moreover, was all dressed and ready to go on when I arrived at the theatre at ten-twenty-two, but at ten-twenty-seven I was on the stage, having changed in five minutes, and not having kept the curtain a second.

But, heavens! what a rush it was. It was worse than being a quick-change artiste. In the first place, I found it very tiring, and in the second, until I got used to it, I seemed to have to lie dead far too long to be pleasant. Indeed, as one night I lay on the stage at the Lane, I remember offering up a silent prayer that I might be saved from catching a cold, for I felt that, from the audience's point of view, a most incongruous effect would be

WHEN 6 YEARS OLD.
From a Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street.

AGE 15—A PORTRAIT TAKEN DURING SCHOOL DAYS.
From a Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street.

produced were I to sneeze while I was supposed to be dead.

However, after that one great shock, things worked out quite well, and I soon got into the way of playing two entirely different parts in one night, which perhaps was not altogether surprising, for to appear in two plays in one night was even then no new *rôle* for me, as I had previously played the leading parts in "The Inconstant Lover" and "The Pigeon," which were both in the same bill at the Royalty.

Of the leading parts I have played, it may be of interest if I say that those I like best have been Cecily in "The Importance of Being Earnest"; Violet Robinson, which I played in "Man and Superman," at the Criterion; and Dora, in the successful revival of "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's. Of the three, I give my vote to the wronged heroine Dora, for the reason that it gives an actress a chance of really strong acting, of running over the whole gamut of the emotions, especially in the strong scene between the young husband and wife.

I have often been asked, by the way, whether I really thought that "Diplomacy," by Sardou, the great master of the French theatre, the man of ingenious plots and wonderful *coups de théâtre*, would prove a success as a revival after so many years. Frankly, I may say at once that I always thought it would, for, after all, "Diplomacy" is a play based on the primary sentiments, and for really good plays of this kind there seems to exist a persistent demand.

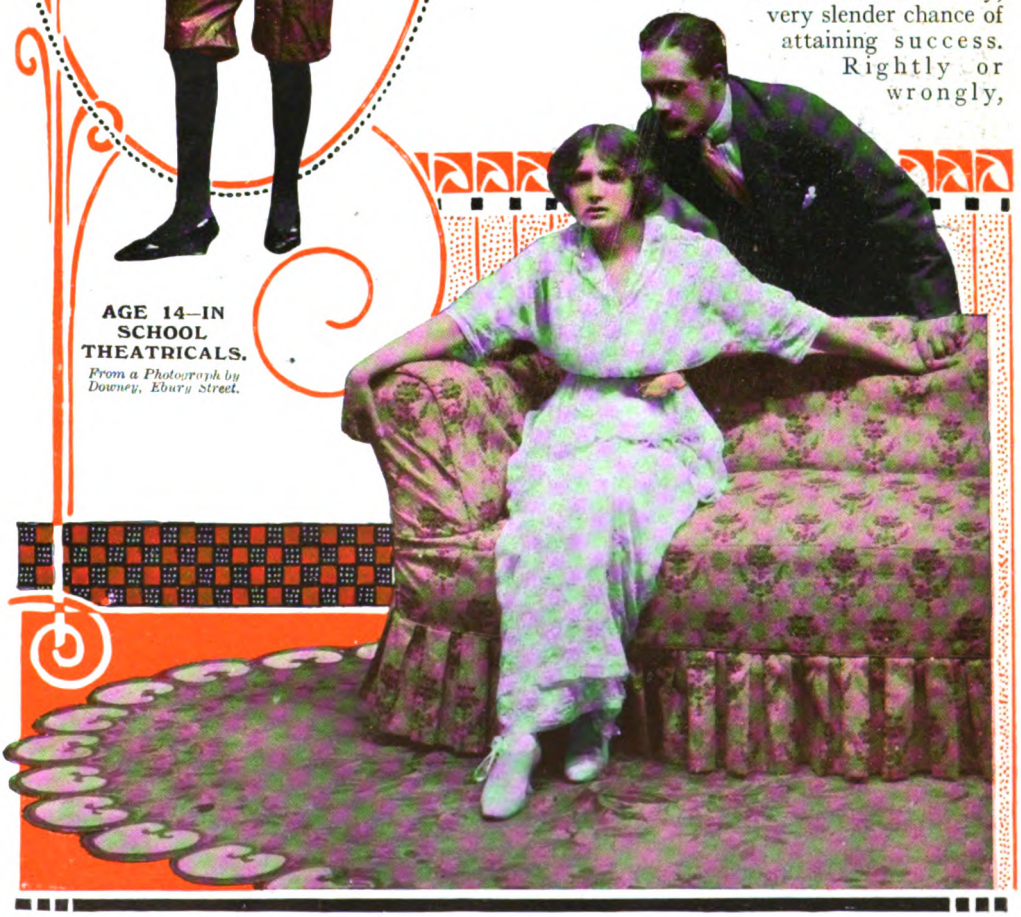
In "Diplomacy," you see, there are no impudent youngsters cheeking their fathers and mothers, or

HER FIRST PART—AS BLUEBELL, IN "BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND."
From a Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street.

impossible people standing up in the drawing-room spouting Nietzsche and Socialism and things of that sort. No; you have fair adventurers who call themselves countesses, and stolen plans of vast international importance, and a young man hoping against hope and in the face of the blackest circumstances that his bride of to-day has not been varying the pastime of getting married with thieving for a foreign Power. And surely, when ingredients of this sort are skilfully mixed and served delightfully, and flavoured by a master of the dramatic art, no audience could ask for more! During the run of "Milestones" and "Diplomacy" I must have received literally thousands of letters, and, at a modest estimate, well over a hundred calls from girls fired with ambition to go on the stage, who applied to me for advice on their chances of success, mainly because they had heard that I was quite young, and would, therefore, no doubt, sympathize with their desire. Now, many people I know declare that the average girl without influence in the theatre has but a very, very slender chance of attaining success. Rightly or wrongly,

AGE 14—IN SCHOOL THEATRICALS.

From a Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street.



A SCENE FROM "DIPLOMACY."

From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

IN "MILESTONES."
From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

however — and I am convinced, myself, that I am right—I do not agree with this point of view at all. I think the really independent girl who will make up her mind to learn her business, bear up against disappointments in her early days, and will generally attack the managerial magnates with courage and determination, backed up by the knowledge that she really "knows her business," has an undoubted future on the stage to-day.

In my humble opinion the reason why it has become the fashion to declare that the stage is overcrowded in these days lies, not in the fact that the stage *is* actually overcrowded, but that there are too many "hangers-on" to the profession who have never taken the trouble to learn the A B C of the business.

But for girls of ability and ambition there are chances on the stage which rarely occur in other professions. At the same time, I do honestly think that it is a grave mistake for any girl to go on the stage unless she has small independent means of her own, or a home and relations to provide her with a small amount of pocket-money to enable her to "look for" engagements in comfort.

Yes, I do think that it is a grave mistake to label the stage "overcrowded." Overcrowded it may be with "dalliers," but with real workers who have the ordinary common sense to realize that in every walk of life one has to serve an appren-

ticeship before the "good times" come, it is assuredly not overburdened.

In my own case, as one who is duly thankful for such success as has come my way, I hasten to say that, young though I am, I have crowded an immense amount of hard work into my few years on the stage. Indeed, I am not exaggerating when I say that, were my average day to comprise forty-eight instead of eighteen working hours, I should not have five spare minutes in which to sit down and twiddle my thumbs.

So here let me say that I have one secret desire which I am afraid will never be realized until I earn an Old Age Pension or break down in training, or something of the kind—and that is, to be able with truth to describe "How I spend my day" as follows:—

Scene: My luxurious drawing-room in Park Lane.

IN "EVERY-WOMAN."

From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

Enter interviewer. I am found lying on a sofa by the window overlooking the park, wearing a five-hundred-guinea tea-gown and writing out cheques for every deserving charity between here and the North Pole.

Interviewer (alertly): "Pray, Miss Cooper, I should like to know how you spend your day."

Your humble servant (*loq.* languidly): "I hardly know. It is so exciting. Living in Park Lane, I awaken at ten, and my maid brings me my chocolate in a silver cup (upon such occasions as she has mislaid the golden one), while my black page hands me my letters. I rise at eleven, and have a milk bath, then rest for half an hour afterwards in powdered rose-leaves. I then devote some little time to interviewing my boot-makers, dressmakers, hatmakers, jewellers, and stockbrokers, buying or not as the fancy takes me.

"About half-past twelve I drive in the park, and I am always at home soon after one, where my little daily luncheon-parties of twenty or so are much talked of, and more than interesting. I always endeavour to gather there all the greater celebrities, as well as the lesser lights.

"At night I play the lead both at His Majesty's Theatre and at the St. James's, and afterwards in a twenty-minutes' sketch at the Coliseum, so as to show no favour to one particular house. I dine

IN "THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA."

From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

lightly before my work on caviare and a *soufflé*, or the like, and if I return home to supper (for I do not *always* go to the Ritz) I fare on something equally light and nourishing, and then, when I have had a radium bath, I go to rest and dream of to-morrow and its triumphs."

That interview would not untruthfully describe my average working day—perhaps?

You may possibly remember that in the intervals between various theatrical engagements that have come my way I have played for several months in vaudeville, appearing in a number of sketches with Mr. Seymour Hicks, and touring with him in the provinces. I always feel that I learnt a great deal about the art of acting during my stay in the music-hall world, for to obtain one's effects in vaudeville is an entirely different thing to appearing on the legitimate stage. One's methods have to be so much broader and, to a certain extent, one has to "rub in" one's points in vaudeville more than is necessary in a theatre.

One of the most amusing experiences I have had lately occurred through my being selected to act as judge on that great domestic problem, "What constitutes an ideal husband?" at the recent Simple Life Exhibition held at Caxton Hall.

The following rules for the guidance of aspiring men who entered the competition were drawn up by the promoters, and very sound rules they are, well worth the attention, I am sure, of every married man:—

"Make a habit of entering your home with a smile. Little presents, words of love, and compliments make a woman's life worth living. Remember always that a woman works as hard as you do, and in many cases harder."

To the competition itself I cannot refer, for at the last moment I was prevented from attending, but I can at least say that the winners were really very, very nice indeed, and that I afterwards heard that, if only they were half as nice at home as they were at the Exhibition, their wives should have found married life one long halcyon existence.

There was, however, an incident after the competition which I should like to tell you. I had just arrived home one afternoon, when a note was sent in to me by someone who said he had been unavoidably prevented from joining in the competition, and, although he knew that he could not win a prize now, he would much like to have my opinion on his merits as a husband.

What could I do? I sent out word to say that I had not been present, but he said that didn't matter, and that he had travelled five hundred miles to get my opinion. After that, of course, I couldn't be rude enough to say that I would not see him for a few minutes, and so a few seconds later, accompanied by a lady dressed in black, he was shown into the drawing-room. Without wasting any time he at once commenced.

"I have ten thousand a year and give my wife half," he said. "I never go away for a week-end without bringing her back a small diamond tiara or pearl necklace, or some trifle of the kind. Whenever my wife wants to go away for a holiday I always let her go wherever she likes, give her an additional cheque to pay her expenses, and never ask questions as to how she spent it. I never stop out late at night when she wants me to be at home—and I always give her the brown egg at breakfast."

By this time I was beginning to think that I had at last happened upon the really perfect husband, and it had just occurred to me that it was such a pity that he had not been snapped up by some nice girl on the stage, when I ventured to ask his wife one or two questions.

"Oh," he said, as I asked her whether this eulogistic account of his merits as a husband was quite true, "that's not my wife; she's my nurse and keeper. I'm a lunatic, and should be better in a home."

With which frank statement he grabbed his nurse by the arm, uttered a fiendish chuckle which certainly sounded like the last chuckle in lunacy, and rushed out of the room. Later on I heard who the two practical jokers were, and, as I knew them both quite well, I should here like to say that their skill in make-up must have been truly wonderful; for, while they were in the room, I never had the slightest suspicion as to their real identity.

And now I am sure you will be getting bored to death by this rambling account of my short theatrical career. What does the future hold in store for me? I wonder! But as I can't tell you, and you can't tell me, and as the gods never give away their secrets, I can only leave this to Fate, and also express an earnest wish that my lot may never be to face an audience so small as that which graced a certain provincial theatre at which a once well-known actor was recently playing.

Before the curtain rose he glanced through the peephole at the almost empty house. "How many people are there in front?" asked the stage-manager. "Well," replied the once-famous artiste, "we are still in the majority."

May such never be my luckless fate!

A MAN OF MEANS.

III.

The Episode of the Theatrical Venture.

By C. H. BOVILL and P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

Roland Bleke was a young clerk in a provincial seed-merchant's office when he acquired a large fortune by most unexpected means. He is now, in the following instalment of this entertaining series, proceeding to spend it.

IT was one of those hard, nubbly rolls. The best restaurants charge you sixpence for having the good sense not to eat them. It hit Roland Bleke with considerable vehemence on the bridge of the nose. For the moment Roland fancied that the roof of the Regent Grill-room must have fallen in; and, as this would automatically put an end to the party, he was not altogether sorry. He had never been to a theatrical supper-party before, and within five minutes of his arrival at the present one he had become afflicted with an intense desire never to go to a theatrical supper-party again. To be a success at these gay gatherings one must possess dash; and Roland, whatever his other sterling qualities, was a little short of dash.

The young man on the other side of the table was quite nice about it. While not actually apologizing, he went so far as to explain that it was "old Gerry" whom he had had in his mind when he started the roll on its course. After a glance at "old Gerry" —a chinless child of about nineteen—Roland felt that it would be churlish to be angry with a young man whose intentions had been so wholly admirable. "Old Gerry" had one of those faces in which any alteration, even the comparatively limited one which a roll would be capable of producing, was bound to be for the better. He smiled a sickly smile and said that it didn't matter.

The charming creature who sat on his assailant's left, however, took a more serious view of the situation.

"Sidney, you make me tired," she said, severely. "If I had thought you didn't know how to act like a gentleman I wouldn't have come here with you. Go away somewhere and throw bread at yourself; and ask Mr. Bleke to come and sit by me. I want to talk to him."

That was Roland's first introduction to Miss Billy Verepoint.

"I've been wanting to have a chat with you all the evening, Mr. Bleke," she said, as Roland blushingly sank into the empty chair. "I've heard such a lot about you."

What Miss Verepoint had heard about Roland was that he had two hundred thousand pounds and apparently did not know what to do with it.

"In fact, if I hadn't been told that you would be here, I shouldn't have come to this party. Can't stand these gatherings of Nuts in May as a general rule. They bore me stiff."

Roland hastily revised his first estimate of the theatrical profession. Shallow, empty-headed creatures some of them might be, no doubt, but there were exceptions. Here was a girl of real discernment—a thoughtful student of character—a girl who understood that a man might sit at a supper-party

without uttering a word and might still be a man of parts.

"I'm afraid you'll think me very outspoken—but that's me all over. All my friends say, 'Billy Verepoint's a funny girl: if she likes anyone she just tells them so straight out; and if she doesn't like anyone she tells them straight out, too.'"

"And a very admirable trait," said Roland, enthusiastically.

Miss Verepoint sighed. "P'r'aps it is," she said, pensively; "but I'm afraid it's what has kept me back in my profession. Managers don't like it; they think girls should be seen and not heard."

Roland's blood boiled. Managers were plainly a dastardly crew.

"But what's the good of worrying," went on Miss Verepoint, with a brave but hollow laugh. "Of course, it's wearing, having to wait when one has got as much ambition as I have; but they all tell me that my chance is bound to come some day."

The intense mournfulness of Miss Verepoint's expression seemed to indicate that she anticipated the arrival of the desired day not less than sixty years hence. Roland was profoundly moved. His chivalrous nature was up in arms. He fell to wondering if he could do anything to help this victim of managerial unfairness.

"You don't mind my going on about my troubles, do you?" asked Miss Verepoint, solicitously. "One so seldom meets anybody really sympathetic."

Roland babbled fervent assurances, and she pressed his hand gratefully.

"I wonder if you would care to come to tea one afternoon?" she said.

"Oh, rather!" said Roland. He would have liked to put it in a more polished way, but he was almost beyond speech.

"Of course, I know what a busy man you are——"

"No, no!"

"Well, I should be in to-morrow afternoon, if you cared to look in."

Roland bleated gratefully.

"I'll write down the address for you," said Miss Verepoint, suddenly business-like.

Exactly when he committed himself to the purchase of the Windsor Theatre, Roland could never say. The idea seemed to come into existence fully grown, without preliminary discussion. One moment it was not—the next it was. His recollections of the afternoon which he spent drinking luke-warm tea and punctuating Miss Verepoint's flow of speech with "yes's" and "no's" were always so thoroughly confused that he never knew even whose suggestion it was. All he knew was that he left the flat the accredited champion of its owner, the Perseus who was to rescue this theatrical Andromeda from the rock of obscurity to which a series of monsters in the shape of managers had chained her. It was bewildering and, when he allowed his mind to dwell on the probable cost of the rescue, not unmixedly pleasant. But for the moment the romantic side of his character was so much in the ascendant that his native prudence was almost completely stifled. His exuberant fancy was playing lightly round the rosy vision of himself bearing away this divine creature from the competing bachelor peers of England, and the fact that in a single afternoon he had committed himself to an outlay of an indefinite number of thousands of pounds had not yet had time to take its proper place as a factor in the situation.

The purchase of a West-end theatre, when one has the necessary cash, is not nearly such a complicated business as the layman might imagine. Roland was staggered by the rapidity with which the transaction was carried through. The theatre was his before he had time to realize that he had never meant to buy the thing at all. He had gone into the offices of Mr. Montague with the intention of making an offer for the lease for, say, six months; and that wizard, in the space of less than an hour, had not only induced him to sign mysterious documents which made him sole proprietor of the house, but had left him with the feeling that he had done an extremely acute stroke of business. Mr. Montague had dabbled in many professions in his time, from street peddling upwards, but what he was really best at was hypnotism.

Although he felt, after the spell of Mr. Montague's magnetism was withdrawn, rather like a nervous man who has been given a large baby to hold by a strange woman who has promptly vanished round the corner, Roland was to some extent consoled by the praise bestowed upon him by Miss Verepoint. She said it was much better to buy a theatre than to rent it, because then you escaped the heavy rent. It was specious, but Roland had a dim feeling that there was a flaw somewhere in the reasoning; and it was from this point that a shadow may be said to have fallen upon the brightness of the venture.

He would have been even less self-congratulatory if he had known the Windsor Theatre's reputation. Being a comparative stranger in the Metropolis, he was unaware

that its nickname in theatrical circles was "The Mugs' Graveyard"—a title which had been bestowed upon it not without reason. Built originally by a slightly insane old gentleman, whose principal delusion was that the public was pining for a constant supply of the higher drama, and more especially those specimens of the higher drama which flowed practically without cessation from the restless pen of the insane old gentleman himself, the Windsor Theatre had passed from hand to hand with the agility of a gold watch in a gathering of racecourse thieves. The one anxiety of the unhappy man who found himself, by some accident, in possession of the Windsor Theatre, was to pass it on to somebody else. The only really permanent tenant it ever had was the representative of the Official Receiver. The record run achieved there was one of ten nights, and four of these would never have happened if the company had discovered at an earlier date that the gentleman who was supposed to be responsible for their salaries had left by the Wednesday boat for America.

Various causes were assigned for the phenomenal ill-luck of the theatre, but undoubtedly the vital objection to it as a Temple of Drama lay in the fact that nobody could ever find the place where it was hidden. Cabmen shook their heads on the rare occasions when they were asked to take a fare there. Explorers to whom a stroll through the Australian bush was child's play had been known to spend an hour on its trail and finish up at the point where they had started.

It was precisely this quality of elusiveness which had first attracted Mr. Montague. He was a far-seeing man, and to him the topographical advantages of the theatre were enormous. It was farther from a fire-station than any other building of the same insurance value in London, even without having regard to the mystery which enveloped its whereabouts. Often after a good dinner he would lean comfortably back in his chair and see in the smoke of his cigar a vision of the Windsor Theatre blazing merrily, while distracted firemen galloped madly all over London, vainly endeavouring to get someone to direct them to the scene of the conflagration. So Mr. Montague bought the theatre for a mere song, and prepared to get busy. Unluckily for him, the representatives of the various fire-offices with which he had effected his policies got busy first. The generous fellows insisted upon taking off his shoulders the burden of maintaining the fireman whose permanent presence in a theatre is required by law. Nothing would satisfy them but to install firemen of their own and pay their salaries. This, to a man in whom the instincts of the phœnix were so strongly developed as they were in Mr. Montague, was distinctly disconcerting. He saw himself making no profit on the deal—a thing which had never happened to him before. And then Roland Bleke occurred, and Mr. Montague's belief that his race was really chosen was restored. He sold the Windsor Theatre to Roland for twenty-five thousand pounds. It was fifteen thousand pounds more than he himself had given for it, and this very satisfactory profit mitigated the slight regret which he felt when it came to transferring to Roland the insurance policies. To have effected policies amounting to rather more than seventy thousand pounds on a building so notoriously valueless as the Windsor Theatre had been an achievement of which Mr. Montague was justly proud; and it seemed sad to him that so much earnest endeavour should be thrown away.

Over the little lunch with which she kindly allowed Roland to entertain her, to celebrate the purchase of the theatre, Miss Verepoint outlined her policy.

"What we must put up at that theatre," she announced, "is a revue."

What they would be far better advised to put up, Roland felt, was a board with "To be Let" painted on it in the largest possible lettering.

"A revue," went on Miss Verepoint, making as she spoke little calculations on the back of the menu, "we could run for about fifteen hundred a week—or, say, two thousand."

Saying two thousand, thought Roland to himself, is not quite the same as paying two thousand, so why should she stint herself?

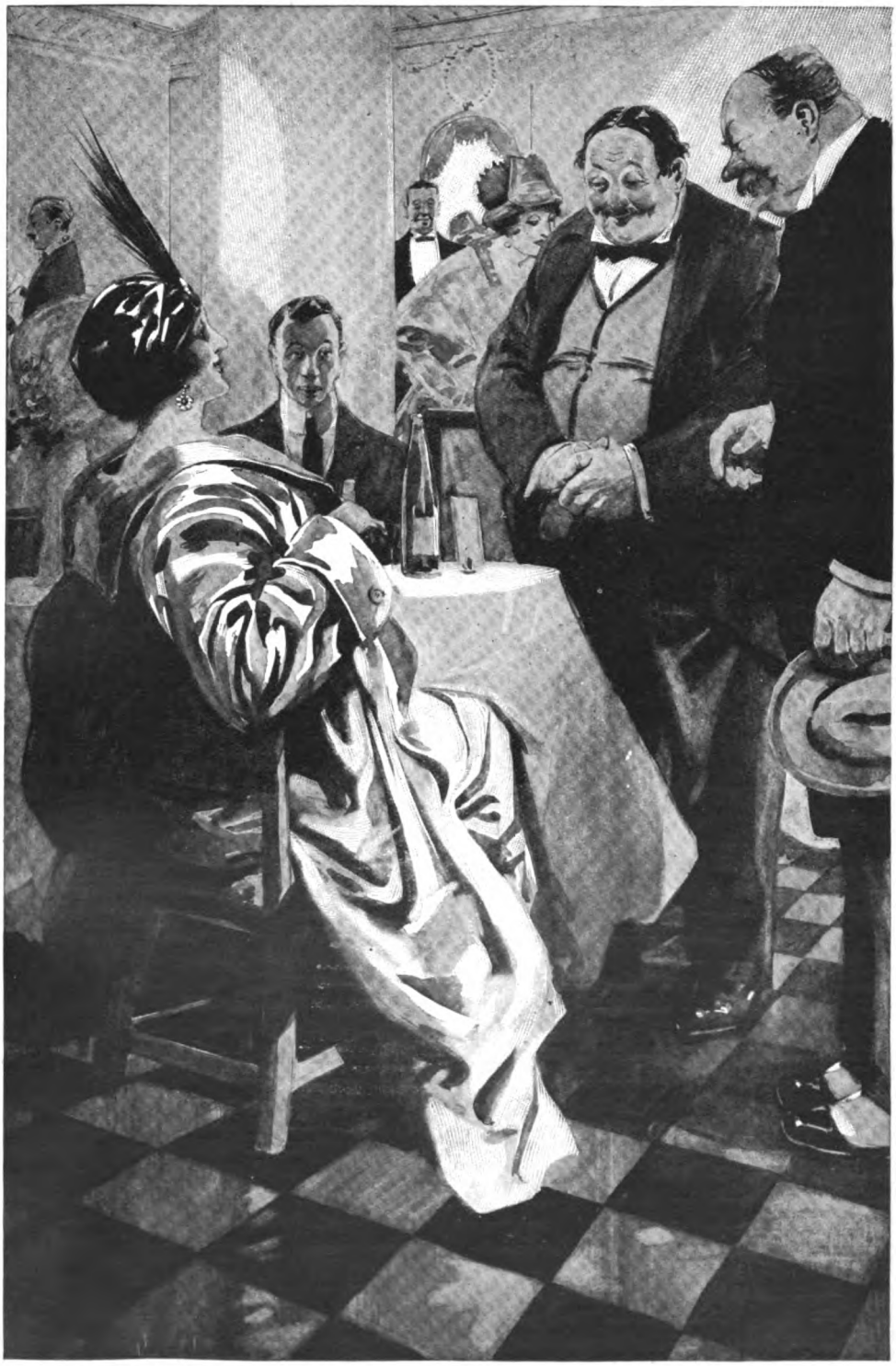
"I know two boys who could write us a topping revue," said Miss Verepoint. "They'd spread themselves, too, if it was for me. They're in love with me—both of them. We'd better get in touch with them at once."

To Roland there seemed to be something just the least bit sinister about the sound of that word "touch," but he said nothing.

"Why, there they are—lunching over there!" cried Miss Verepoint, pointing to a neighbouring table. "Now, isn't that lucky?"

To Roland the luck was not quite so apparent, but he made no demur to Miss Verepoint's suggestion that they should be brought over to their table.

The two boys as to whose capabilities



"THE TWO BOYS PROVED TO BE WELL-GROWN LADS OF ABOUT FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY RESPECTIVELY."

to write a topping revue Miss Verepoint had formed so optimistic an estimate proved to be well-grown lads of about forty-five and forty respectively. Of the two, Roland thought that perhaps R. P. de Parys was a shade the more obnoxious, but a closer inspection left him with the feeling that these fine distinctions were a little unfair with men of such equal talents. Bromham Rhodes ran his friend so close that it was practically a dead-heat. They were both very fat and somewhat bulgy-eyed. This was due to the fact that what revue-writing exacts from its exponents is the constant assimilation of food and drink. Bromham Rhodes had the largest appetite in London ; but, on the other hand, R. P. de Parys was a better drinker.

"Well, dear old thing!" said Bromham Rhodes.

"Well, old child!" said R. P. de Parys.

Both these remarks were addressed to Miss Verepoint. The talented pair appeared to be unaware of Roland's existence.

Miss Verepoint struck the business note.

"Now you stop, boys," she said. "Tie weights to yourselves and sink down into those chairs. I want you two lads to write a revue for me."

"Delighted!" said Bromham Rhodes. "But——"

"There is the trifling point to be raised first——" said R. P. de Parys.

"Where is the money coming from?" said Bromham Rhodes.

"My friend, Mr. Bleke, is putting up the money," said Miss Verepoint, with dignity. "He has taken the Windsor Theatre."

The interest of the two authors in their host, till then languid, increased with a jerk. They unbent quite a lot.

"Has he? By Jove!" they cried. "We must get together and talk this over."

It was Roland's first experience of a theatrical talking-over, and he never forgot it. Two such talkers-over as Bromham Rhodes and R. P. de Parys were scarcely to be found in the length and breadth of theatrical London. Nothing, it seemed, could the gifted pair even begin to think of doing without first discussing the proposition in all its aspects. The amount of food which Roland found himself compelled to absorb during the course of these debates was appalling. Discussions which began at lunch would be continued until it was time to order dinner; and then, as likely as not, they would have to sit there till supper-time in order to thrash the question thoroughly out.

The collection of a cast was a matter even more complicated than the actual composition of the revue. There was the almost insuperable difficulty that Miss Verepoint firmly vetoed every name suggested. It seemed practically impossible to find any man or woman in all England or America whose peculiar gifts or lack of them would not interfere with Miss Verepoint's giving a satisfactory performance of the principal *rôle*. It was all very perplexing to Roland; but as Miss Verepoint was an expert in theatrical matters, he scarcely felt entitled to question her views.

It was about this time that Roland proposed to Miss Verepoint. The passage of time and the strain of talking over the revue had to a certain extent moderated his original fervour. He had shaded off from a passionate devotion, through various diminishing tints of regard for her, into a sort of pale sunset glow of affection. His principal reason for proposing was that it seemed to him to be in the natural order of events. Her air towards him had become distinctly proprietorial. She now called him "Roly-Poly" in public, a proceeding which left him with mixed feelings. Also, she had taken to ordering him about, which, as everybody knows, is an unmistakable sign of affection among ladies of the theatrical profession. Finally, in his chivalrous way, Roland had begun to feel a little apprehensive lest he might be compromising Miss Verepoint. Everybody knew that he was putting up the money for the revue in which she was to appear. They were constantly seen together at restaurants. People looked arch when they spoke to him about her. He had to ask himself: Was he behaving like a perfect gentleman? The answer was in the negative. He took a cab to her flat and proposed before he could repent of his decision.

She accepted him. He was not certain for a moment whether he was glad or sorry.

"But I don't want to get married," she went on, "until I have justified my choice of a profession. You will have to wait until I have made a success in this revue."

Roland was shocked to find himself hugely relieved at this concession.

The revue took shape. There did apparently exist a handful of artistes to whom Miss Verepoint had no objection, and these —a scrubby but confident lot—were promptly engaged. Sallow Americans sprang from nowhere with songs, dances, and ideas for

effects. Tousled-haired scenic artists wandered in with model scenes under their arms. A great crowd of chorus ladies settled upon the theatre like flies. Even Bromham Rhodes and R. P. de Parys—those human pythons—showed signs of activity. They cornered Roland one day near Swan and Edgar's, steered him into the Piccadilly grill-room, and over a hearty lunch read him extracts from a brown paper-covered manuscript which, they informed him, was the first act.

It looked a battered sort of manuscript, and, indeed, it had every right to be. Under various titles and at various times, Bromham Rhodes's and R. P. de Parys's first act had been refused by practically every responsible manager in London. As "Oh! What a Life!" it had failed to satisfy the directors of the Empire. Re-christened "Wow-Wow," it had been rejected by the Alhambra. The Hippodrome had refused to consider it, even under the name of "Hullo, Cellar-Flap!" It was now called "Pass Along, Please!" and, according to its authors, was a real revue.

Roland was to learn, as the days went on, that in the world in which he was moving everything was Real Revue that was not a Stunt or a Corking Effect. He floundered in the sea of Real Revue, Stunts, and Corking Effects. As far as he could gather, the main difference between these things was that real revue was something which had been stolen from some previous English production, whereas a stunt or a corking effect was something which had been looted from New York. A judicious blend of these, he was given to understand, constituted the sort of thing the public wanted.

Rehearsals began before, in Roland's opinion, his little army was properly supplied with ammunition. True, they had the first act, but even the authors agreed that it wanted bringing up-to-date in parts. They explained that it was, in a manner of speaking, their life-work: that they had actually started it about ten years ago when they were careless lads. Inevitably, it was spotted here and there with smart topical hits of the early years of the century; but that, they said, would be all right. They could freshen it up in a couple of evenings; it was simply a matter of deleting allusions to pro-Boers and substituting lines about Marconi shares and mangel-wurzels.

"It'll be all right," they assured Roland; "this is Real Revue."

It was not only the ammunition that was lacking; the army itself was far from being at full strength. Unless each of the present corps of artistes played several parts simultaneously, he could not see how the work was to be staged at all. Pitying experts corrected his views on this point. This, they explained, was precisely where the stunts and corking effects were to come in.

"Right here," said the American producer, "I bring on the gurls. During this scene they've been arkupying the back row of the orchestra chairs, dressed as young fellers about town—same what you call nuts. At the cue they come up the joy-way in a bunch, flashing searchlights at the audience and singing, 'You were here with another gurl last night.' It's a corking effect. They did it in N'York last fall. That gives your comedian time to get off and change and come on again as Mrs. Pankhurst."

In times of trouble there is always a point at which one may say, "Here is the beginning of the end." This point came with Roland with the commencement of the rehearsals. Till then he had not fully realized the terrible nature of the production for which he had made himself responsible. Moreover, it was rehearsals which gave him his first clear insight into the depths of the character of Miss Verepoint.

Miss Verepoint was not at her best at rehearsals. For the first time, as he watched her, Roland found himself feeling that there was a case to be made out for the managers who had so consistently kept her in the background. Miss Verepoint, to use the technical term, threw her weight about. There were not many good lines in the scrip of Act I. of "Pass Along, Please!" but such as there were she reached out for and grabbed away from their owners, who retired into corners, scowling and muttering, like dogs robbed of bones. She snubbed everybody, Roland included. The only gleam of brightness about her performance was that she must have reduced the weight of Bromham Rhodes and R. P de Parys at the rate of quite a pound a day.

Roland sat in the cold darkness of the stalls and watched her, panic-stricken. Like an icy wave, it had swept over him what marriage with this girl would mean. He suddenly realized how essentially domestic his instincts really were. Life with Miss Verepoint would mean perpetual dinners at restaurants, bread-throwing suppers, motor-rides—everything that he hated most. Yet, as a man of honour, he was tied to her. If the revue was a success, she would marry him; and revues, he knew, were always successes. At that very

moment there were six "best revues in London" running at various theatres. He shuddered at the thought that in a few weeks there would be seven.

"TURNING TO FACE HIS ASSAILANT, HE FOUND HIMSELF MEETING THE GENIAL GAZE OF MR. MONTAGUE, HIS PREDECESSOR IN THE OWNERSHIP OF THE WINDSOR THEATRE."

He felt a longing for rural solitude. He wanted to be alone by himself for a day or two in a place where there were no papers with advertisements of revues, no grill-rooms, and, above all, no Miss Billy Verepoint. That night he stole away to a Norfolk village, where, in happier days, he had once spent a summer holiday—a peaceful, primitive place where the inhabitants believed in witchcraft, disbelieved in drainage systems, and could not have told real revue from a corking effect.

Here, for the space of a week, Roland lay in hiding, while his quivering nerves gradually recovered tone. He returned to London happier, but a little apprehensive. Beyond a brief telegram of farewell, he had not communicated with Miss Verepoint for seven days, and experience had made him aware that she was a lady who demanded an adequate amount of attention.

That his nervous system was not wholly restored to health was borne in upon him as he walked along Piccadilly on his way to his flat; for, when somebody suddenly slapped him hard between the shoulder-blades, he uttered a stifled yell and leaped into the air.

Turning to face his assailant, he found himself meeting the genial gaze of Mr. Montague, his predecessor in the ownership of the Windsor Theatre.

Mr. Montague was effusively friendly, and, for some mysterious reason, congratulatory.

"You've done it, have you? You pulled it off, did you? And in the first month—by George! And I took you for the plain, ordinary mug of commerce! My boy, you're as deep as they make 'em. Who'd have thought it to look at you? It was the greatest idea anyone ever had—and staring me in the face all the time and I never saw it! But I don't grudge it to you—you deserve it, my boy! You're a nut!"

"I really don't know what you mean."

"Quite right, my boy!" chuckled Mr. Montague. "You're quite right to keep it up, even among friends. It don't do to risk anything, and the least said soonest mended."

He went on his way, leaving Roland completely mystified.

Voices from his sitting-room, among which he recognized the high note of Miss Verepoint, reminded him of the ordeal before him. He entered with what he hoped was a careless ease of manner, but his heart was beating fast. Since the opening of rehearsals he had acquired a wholesome respect for Miss Verepoint's tongue. She was sitting in his favourite chair. There were also present Bromham Rhodes and R. P. de Parys, who had made themselves completely at home with a couple of his cigars and whisky from the oldest bin.

"So here you are at last!" said Miss Verepoint, querulously. "The valet told us you were expected back this morning, so we waited. Where on earth have you been to, running away like this, without a word?"

"I only went——"

"Well, it doesn't matter where you went. The main point is, what are you going to do about it?"

"We thought we'd better come along and talk it over," said R. P. de Parys.

"It's curry day at the Savoy," put in Bromham Rhodes, helpfully.

"Talk what over?" said Roland. "The revue?"

"Oh, don't try and be funny, for goodness' sake!" snapped Miss Verepoint. "It doesn't suit you. You haven't the right shape of head. What do you suppose we want to talk over? The theatre, of course."

"What about the theatre?"

Miss Verepoint looked searchingly at him. "You don't mean to say you really haven't heard! Don't you ever read the papers?"

"I haven't seen a paper since I went away."

There was an impressive silence. The three looked at one another.

"Well, better have it quick and not waste time breaking it gently," said Miss Verepoint. "The theatre's been burnt down—that's what's happened!"

"Burnt down?"

"Drink this!" said Bromham Rhodes, hospitably, extending his glass.

"Bear up," said R. P. de Parys, relighting his cigar.

"Burnt down!" repeated Roland.

"That's what I said, didn't I? The Suffragettes did it. They left copies of *Votes for Women* about the place. The silly asses set fire to two other theatres as well, but they happened to be in main thoroughfares, and the fire-brigade got them under at once. I suppose they couldn't find the Windsor. Anyhow, it's burnt to the ground, and what we want to know is what are you going to do about it?"

Roland was much too busy blessing the good angels of Kingsway to reply at once. R. P. de Parys, sympathetic soul, placed a wrong construction on his silence.

"Poor old Roly!" he said. "It's quite broken him up. The best thing we can do is all to go off and talk it over at the Savoy over a bit of lunch."

"It's curry day," said Bromham Rhodes.

"No," said Miss Verepoint. "We can talk it over much more quietly here."

R. P. de Parys and Bromham Rhodes groaned hungrily. It was certainly true that they could talk it over more quietly without the accompaniment of neighbouring Germans crooning over their soup, but it was not their idea of a talking-over at all.

"Well," said Miss Verepoint, "what are you going to do—rebuild the Windsor or try and get another theatre?"

The authors were all for rebuilding the Windsor. True, it would take time, but it would be more satisfactory in every way. Besides, at this time of the year it would be no easy matter to secure another theatre at a moment's notice.

To R. P. de Parys and Bromham Rhodes the destruction of the Windsor Theatre had appeared less in the light of a disaster than as a direct intervention on the part of Providence. The completion of that tiresome second act, which had brooded over their lives like an ugly cloud, could now be postponed indefinitely.

"Of course," said R. P. de Parys, thoughtfully, "our contract with you makes it obligatory on you to produce our revue by a certain date; but I dare say, Bromham, we could meet Roly there, couldn't we?"

"Sure!" said Rhodes. "Something nominal—say a further five hundred on account of fees—would satisfy us. I certainly think it would be better to rebuild the Windsor, don't you, R. P.?"

"I do," agreed R. P. de Parys, cordially. "You see, Roly, our revue has been written to fit the Windsor. It would be very difficult to alter it for production at another theatre. Yes, I feel sure that rebuilding the Windsor would be your best course."

There was a pause.

"What do you think, Roly-Poly?" asked Miss Verepoint, as Roland made no sign. Roland, though, had been putting in some very earnest thinking, and now his mind was made up.

"Nothing would delight me more than to rebuild the Windsor, or to take another theatre, or do anything else to oblige," he said, cheerfully. "Unfortunately, I have no more money to burn."

It was as if a bomb had suddenly exploded in the room. A dreadful silence fell upon his hearers. For the moment no one spoke. R. P. de Parys woke with a start out of a beautiful dream of prawn curry and Bromham Rhodes forgot that he had not tasted food for nearly two hours. Miss Verepoint was the first to break the silence.

"Do you mean to say," she gasped, "that you didn't insure the place?"

Roland shook his head. The particular form in which Miss Verepoint had put the question entitled him, he felt, to make this answer.

"Why didn't you?" Miss Verepoint's tone was almost menacing.

"Because it did not appear to me to be necessary."

Nor was it necessary, said Roland to his conscience; Mr. Montague had done all the insuring that was necessary—and a bit over.

Miss Verepoint fought with her growing indignation, and lost.

"What about the salaries of the people who have been rehearsing all this time?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry that they should be out of an engagement, but it is scarcely my fault. However, I propose to give each of them a month's salary. I can manage that, I think."

Miss Verepoint rose. "And what about me? What about me? That's what I want to know. Where do *I* get off? If you think

"'DO YOU MEAN TO SAY,' SHE GASPED, 'THAT YOU DIDN'T INSURE THE PLACE?'"

I'm going to marry you without your getting a theatre and putting up this revue you're jolly well mistaken."

Roland made a gesture which was intended to convey regret and resignation. He even contrived to sigh.

"Very well, then," said Miss Verepoint, rightly interpreting this behaviour as his final pronouncement on the situation. "Then everything's jolly well off."

She swept out of the room, the two authors following in her wake like porpoises behind a liner. Roland went to his bureau, unlocked it, and took out a bundle of documents. He let his fingers stray lovingly among the fire insurance policies which energetic Mr. Montague had been at such pains to secure from so many companies.

"And so," he said softly to himself, "am I."

Next Month: "*The Episode of the Live Weekly.*"

CYRIL MAUDE MAKES UP AS GRUMPY

The Psychology of Old Age in Grease-Paint.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

From Photographs by White, New York.

The following interview was obtained while "Grumpy" was running its phenomenal course in America, and we think our readers will find it of very special interest at the present moment.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE REACHES HIS DRESSING-ROOM AN HOUR BEFORE THE PLAY BEGINS FOR HIS DIFFICULT MAKE-UP IN "GRUMPY."

TO get under the skin, as it were, of Mr. Maude's octogenarian make-up, it was agreed that I should meet the actor at six-thirty one evening and walk with him to the theatre to watch the transformation into Grumpy. Entering the star's dressing-room, his secretary arose quickly and bowed, and then pointed to an array of letters.

THE ADJUSTMENT OF THE WIG ONCE COMPLETED, MR. MAUDE IS READY FOR THE AGEING PROCESS.

"Mostly letters telling me what a great actor I am, and winding up with a request for seats," remarked the actor. "The thought and time some people put in trying to deadhead their way into the theatre, if put to actual work, would net them four times the cost of the tickets."

Pointing to a large, old-fashioned arm-

chair drawn close to one side of his make-up table, Mr. Maude asked me to be seated, and without further ceremony started to remove his street clothing. Jumping into Grumpy's undershirt and black trousers, Mr. Maude picked up his wig and, after carefully combing it out, placed it on his head and began adjusting it. The work of making-up had begun, and I was to have unfolded to me before my very eyes the psychology of old age in grease-paint.

There before me on the make-up table lay several sticks of grease-paint of different colours. Like everything else in this world, an actor's make-up, for any part whatsoever, must have a foundation, or base, and this Mr. Maude began to spread over his face, using a camel's-hair brush. Before doing this, however, he had rubbed cold cream all over his face, forehead, and neck, to prevent the skin from becoming irritated, and in order to give a smooth foundation for the grease-paint. The base consisted of what is known as flesh-colour, which looks like a combination of yellow and dull old-rose. The actor put on the make-up foundation of flesh-coloured paint all over his face.

" So far it is the same for any make-up," remarked Mr. Maude, " but as the character, Grumpy, is an aged man of an irritable disposition, it is presupposed that he is bilious, so I use pink and yellow grease-paint to give a sallow appearance, and in order to get into the general tone of the make-up for this part.

" Britton, will you warm the grease ? " the actor called to his valet, in an aside.

" Before applying the bilious mixture, the first thing to do to get old in a part is to put on white hair. So I put on my wig, after carefully combing it. Much care must be taken to gum it on well, especially around the ears and on the back of the neck. Then I comb it again, so that it will set right. The adjustment of the wig once completed, I am ready for the ageing process.

" Is the grease warmed, Britton ? "

" Yes, sir, it's ready," replied the valet.

" Very good. Careful, now, don't knock over the candle," cautions the actor. The candle was the " stove " on which the food for " make-up " was warmed.

Mr. Maude then applied the warmed grease, carefully working in the pink and yellow mixture over his forehead, then his cheeks—first the left, and next under the chin. He rubbed it into the skin well with the tips of his fingers. Having put on the dull yellow over the foundation, a sallowish tint was secured that piled on thirty years in thirty seconds !

ACQUIRING THE OLD-AGE WRINKLES—IT TAKES AT LEAST FIFTEEN MINUTES TO SECURE THE PINCHED AND WITHERED PALLOR OF THE OLD MAN'S NOSE.

" The main thing in making up for an old man," says Mr. Maude, " is to find the old-age shadows in the face and accentuate them. Everyone has old-age shadows, even a baby ; but it naturally is hard to find them in a young person. With wrinkles it is a different matter. All babies have wrinkles—sometimes even more pronounced than in very old persons.

" I had a hard time in finding the old-age shadows in the face of the little boy I made up in the part for the juvenile performance of Grumpy. But I found them all right. I believe if we could only read our facial shadows we would be able to tell just what the future holds in store for us. But, then,

that is neither here nor there. You want to know how I take on forty years in forty minutes. That is the time it takes me to step out of my own skin into that of Grumpy."

Mr. Maude then piled on the grease over his old-age shadows—the hollows of the cheeks, the sunken recesses of the eyes, the caving-in of the mouth from the loss of teeth, and the withering of the flesh around the chin and throat.

"Let me see your old-age shadows," he said, as he scrutinized my face. "Well, they're there, but you're one of those age-defying blonds. Do you know, there's a subject for you—the *duplicity of blondness*. Why is it that, as a rule, blond women take on age and blond men appear to have drunk deep of the fountain of youth? Think about it."

THE WHOLE EXPRESSION OF THE EYES, TOO, MUST BE CHANGED —A MOST DIFFICULT TASK IN MAKE-UP.

Beginning by painting in the rings under the eyes and the depths of the eye-sockets with a mixture of black and brown, using a camel's-hair brush, Mr. Maude works around the edge of the eyelids and then paints the corners of his lips. Continuing to paint in the shadows, using a light brown colour, he makes a sort of Roman "J" on each cheek, the lower part of the character running under the chin and meeting that from the "J" reversed on the other cheek. Next he draws a line straight across the chin, about midway between the mouth and the point of the chin. Then follows a series of curved lines from either cheek, extending down under the chin and meeting there. He next paints in the deep wrinkle lines in the forehead and down the centre at the top of the nose, as well as the two curved lines, one on either side of the mouth, extending from the nose. Following this the actor makes a sort of fringe border of little lines about half an inch long running up from the edge of his upper lip. With the same fine camel's-hair brush he then puts on about half-a-dozen thin, curved lines under the eyeballs, offshooting at the sides of the face.

Having coloured the old-age lines and outlined the old-man wrinkles, he comes to one of the most difficult and important effects to be produced by means of grease-paint—the denoting of extreme old age in the nose. Mr. Maude spends at least fifteen minutes getting the pinched and withered pallor of an old man's nose in his make-up for Grumpy.

After painting in outline the side nose-shadows and then darkening in with what appears to be a blending of chrome yellow and madder brown, Mr. Maude begins to put in the "high lights" preparatory to lining. By lining is meant denoting the shadows and wrinkles that give age and

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HOW COMPLETELY THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS SECURED BY THE GREASE-PAINTS HAVE CHANGED THE EXPRESSION OF THE EYES.

character to the make-up. For the high lights he takes a medium-sized camel's-hair brush, using yellow grease-paint in order to make it sallow-bilious and to give age to the face. He then puts in the high lights under the eyebrows and at the sides of the nose, as well as on the fronts of the cheeks. After putting on the crows'-feet, using the same yellow, Mr. Maude puts blue under the eyes, to help to accentuate their depths, and then he dims them from above with a little red. This ages the appearance of the eyes tremendously. Having done this, the actor dims the whole make-up so far with a yellowish powder which dries it all out. For this he uses an ordinary big powder-puff.

"The next step is to paint the ears," says Mr. Maude, "and I must tell you of an incident that causes me always to remember to do it. You know, very few actors ever think of painting their ears.

"During his last few years Irving was fond of coming into my dressing-room at the Haymarket Theatre to talk with me while I was making-up. At first I was afraid of him, and rather shy at having so great an artist sitting by and watching me prepare for my characterization. One day I was speaking to him about the Actors' Orphanage. He waited, without a single interruption, until I had finished, and then he said :—

"'Yes, but you haven't rouged your ears!'"

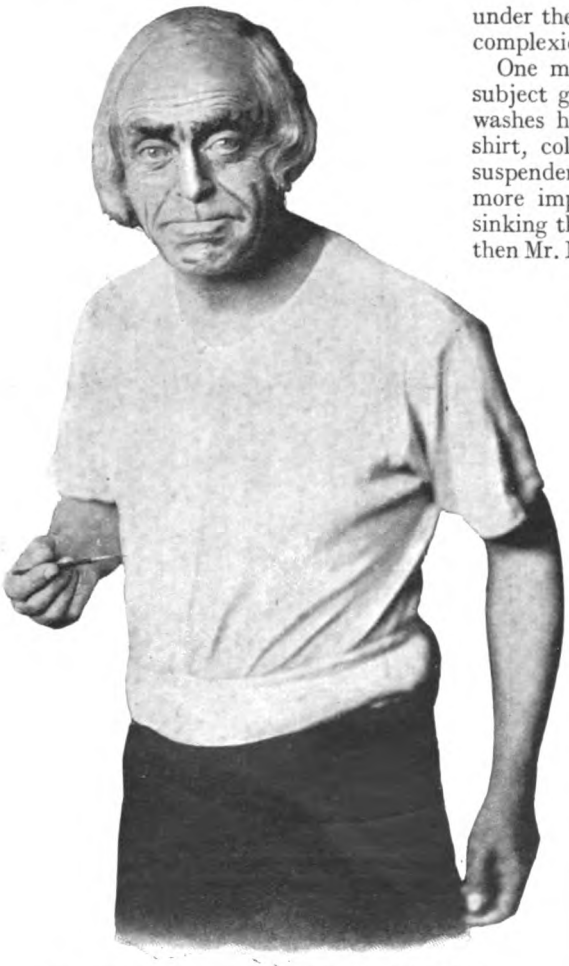
Having another look in his little magnifying mirror, the actor begins to line his eyes with a thin, pale streak of blue just along the edge of the upper eyelid. He uses a small stub of a brush for this, as well as for completing the lining of the eyelashes, which he will do later on.

For the lower eyelashes he uses black grease-paint. The lashes are very slightly touched, as a great deal of care is necessary to prevent the paint from getting into the eyes. Next the eyebrows are rubbed over with a black water mixture known as mascaro. It is put on with a baby's toothbrush. The outer corners of the eyebrows are slightly elevated, giving a touch of the sardonic. Also the actor slightly takes up the points of the eyebrows by the nose. The edges of the eyebrows are now whitened with white grease-paint to make them in keeping with the age of the character. This done, the actor whitens the edges of his own hair where the white wig falls over, so that in case the wig slips a little to one side it will not be noticeable to the audience. Then he touches this with powder to prevent the grease from getting on the wig.

NEXT, THE PARCHED AND SHRIVELLED LIPS OF A MAN EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OLD ARE IMITATED—THE DEEP FURROWS AND LINES ON THE FOREHEAD HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE.

The actor now begins to line—to outline the old-age shadows and to put in the old-man lines. First, over the nose, between the eyes; then at the outer corner of the eyes, one thin line only. Next the crows'-feet around the eyes, using a reddish-brown water colour with a camel's-hair brush. He then lines the forehead, then the sides of the nose in front of the cheek, and puts on the downward lines on the cheeks beside the mouth. These lines he finishes off with the tip of his little finger. And, by the way, Mr. Maude, all through the process of making-up, uses the tip of one of his fingers as a palette!

To bring the lines out more—that is, to make the wrinkles deeper—he underlines the red lines with thin white ones, and to avoid



THE TRANSFORMATION FROM A MAN COMPARATIVELY YOUNG TO ONE EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OLD IS HERE NEARLY COMPLETE.

any harshness he sometimes applies a little rice-powder mixed with yellow ochre. This, however, it is not always necessary to do.

After completing the lining, the actor makes up his lips. First he puts on some lip-rouge of a carmine colour, and then defines it with flesh-coloured grease-paint. To denote old age, he makes the sides of the mouth droop down, and in order to give the lips that parched and shrivelled appearance of a man eighty-three years old, he draws some thin blue lines crossways on the lips and then powders them dry.

"Now for the finishing touches," says Mr. Maude. "Even poor old Grumpy must have a certain amount of colour in his face, and so I put a little red grease-paint on the tip of my index finger and dab it about in sort of dots under the eyes and over the cheeks. An old man's complexion, you know, is rather mottled."

One more look at his facial make-up and the subject goes to a corner of his dressing-room and washes his hands. Then he puts on his white shirt, collar, and black neck-tie, draws up his suspenders, and puts on his waistcoat. One more important line is added to his make-up by sinking the nose and eyes deep into his face, and then Mr. Maude whitens his hands with a solution of glycerine and oxide of zinc mixed with lavender-water, and known as "skin-white." This dries into the skin almost immediately, and then he paints the veins with blue grease-paint. This is most important with Grumpy. He now paints dark shadows between the fingers to give the idea of there being little blood in his hands. After powdering his hands he adds a little more of the white stuff to his knuckles without putting any powder over them. This gives a decidedly bony appearance. Mr. Maude now puts on the rings Grumpy wears, and as Britton helps him on with his coat he grips his lips together just as the call-boy warns him that it is nearly time for his first entrance.

FINISHING THE ILLUSION BY GIVING THE ARMS AND HANDS THE WITHERED APPEARANCE OF EXTREME OLD AGE.

THE TASK COMPLETE — MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS GRUMPY, PROBABLY THE GREATEST OF THE MANY TRIUMPHS IN MAKE-UP EVER ACHIEVED BY THIS POPULAR ACTOR.

Stepping to the stage from his dressing-room, Mr. Maude sits down at a small table placed close to his entrance, in the wings. This table has on it the actor's tray of grease-paint and his magnifying hand-mirror. As he waits for his cue, he puts on whatever final touches may be necessary to his senile make-up.

There is more time than we at first thought, as the performance is being played a little slower than usual, and Mr. Maude, for the moment, pulls himself out of Grumpy's skin to tell of some queer happenings behind the scenes.

"Do you see that young man over there?" he asked. "Well, he's a very earnest young actor, and was so anxious to learn all he could about making-up that my stage-manager succeeded in persuading him to make-up his tongue! He's never got over that taste in the mouth, which he declared was far worse than that of any 'morning after' he had ever experienced.

"But the most curious thing in my memory happened while we were rehearsing for a grand performance of 'Caste' at the Haymarket. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was very absent-minded, and when he came to the theatre that day he entered by the front of the house, walked across the stage, took a cab at the back of the theatre around to the front again, and this time realized where he was!"

Mr. Maude had another anecdote on the tip of his tongue when he caught his cue and entered gruffly upon the scene, leaving me standing in the wings.

Cyril Maude has played a host of old-men parts, beginning to play old men when a very young man. He says he was about to stop playing old men, feeling that he was getting old himself, when he came across the play "Grumpy," and he fears that he may have to be Grumpy for the remainder of his life!

"Sparkling Biacrene."

By F. ANSTEY,

Author of "Vice Versâ," "The Man from Blankley's," "The Tinted Venus," "The Brass Bottle," etc., etc.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier.

"NO bad news, dad?" Nora Laverack inquired, with some anxiety. It was a hot morning in July and, as they sat at breakfast together in the dining-room at Martley Hall, she was struck by the cloud on her father's usually cheerful countenance as he read one of his letters.

"No, my dear, no. At least, not exactly. A letter from your Cousin Arthur, that's all."

"*Arthur!*" And Nora's short upper lip curled disdainfully. "What has *he* been boring you about?"

"Oh, well, he wants me—but you'd better read it for yourself."

Peter Laverack was a widower, and Nora was his only child. He had been in business as a cotton spinner, but had retired some years since to lead an easy and pleasant existence as a country gentleman.

From Nora's manner and appearance one would have taken her to be at least nineteen, but in reality she was eighteen months younger. She was a wilful and rather spoilt young person, and on the departure of the last of her much-enduring governesses had persuaded her easy-going father that she was competent to take charge of his establishment. This had not affected his comfort, for though she could do as she pleased with Mellish, the elderly butler, and the other men-servants, from Burt, the chauffeur, down to the stable-boy, who were her willing slaves, the housekeeper and cook continued to manage their own departments with only a very nominal and casual supervision from Nora.

So her father was quite contented; he was proud of his pretty daughter, and in the habit of confiding his affairs to her. As may have been inferred, Nora had no particular affection for her cousin Arthur. He was some years older than she, and she had hardly seen him till recently, but she had heard quite enough of his industry and his many other admirable qualities to prepossess her against him. Then, after a course of study at the Leeds College, in the chemistry department, he had come to live at Norchester, having obtained a post there as chemist in the dyeworks of Josiah Waghorn and Co. Norchester was about eight miles from her father's home, and Arthur had a general invitation to spend his week-ends there, though he had seldom taken advantage of it. When he did, Nora had found him distinctly dull. It was true that he would not have been by any means bad-looking if he had not worn such large round spectacles; but he neither rode nor played games, and did not seem to care for anything much beyond his chemical work and his lectures to artisans on popular science and Social Reform. She had a suspicion that, in spite of the fact that her hair was "put up," he considered her still a flapper and beneath his notice. But here she did him an injustice; Arthur, like most people, thought her older than she was, and with a little more encouragement would gladly have paid court to his charming but somewhat brusque young cousin. Nora did not know this, and if she had, it might not have conciliated her. So it was with a very languid interest that she began his letter, which was as follows:—

21, MARKET SQUARE,
NORCHESTER,
July 21st, 1913.

DEAR UNCLE PETER,—As I may have mentioned to you, I have for some months past devoted all my leisure to experiments with a view to discovering a formula for a non-intoxicating beverage that would surpass all those at present in favour, and I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have at last succeeded.

Waghorn, who is in warm sympathy with my object, allowed me the use of the laboratory after working hours, but at first all my efforts ended in failure. It was not till I happened to hear of the Pipuana plant that I began to get on the right track. This plant grows on the banks of the Amazon and in other parts of Brazil. Its seeds contain an alkaloid similar to theine and caffeine, only far more powerful, and, after procuring a supply of them, I commenced operations. My great difficulty was to neutralize the natural flavour of the seeds, which is somewhat acrid and pungent, but this I have now quite surmounted, and the result is a drink which is not only most invigorating but exceptionally agreeable.

It is, of course, an aerated beverage, and I have called it "Sparkling Biacrene," a name suggested by a

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classical scholar, and derived from two Greek words meaning "Fountain of Strength."

Waghorn was so delighted that he forwarded a sample to an old friend of his—a Mr. Polesworth, who has a large mineral-water factory in the South of London. He has not positively decided as yet to take up my invention, but has given Waghorn to understand that he might be prepared to do so if I could provide a certain share of the preliminary expenses. This I could not do until I come into the money father left me on attaining twenty-five, which will not be for another year. But I believe that, as my trustee, you have power to advance any sum if you think it would be for my advantage. Now, Mr. Polesworth will be passing through Norchester next Friday, and stays the night with Waghorn, who has kindly arranged to bring him to dine with me here that evening. He thinks it would be more politic for me and not himself to be the host. Well, I want you, if you possibly can, to come and meet them. It would be a great pleasure and honour to me, and also to them, if you do, and besides, it would give you an opportunity of hearing any proposal Mr. Polesworth may have to make.

The feature of the entertainment will naturally be my "Sparkling Biacrene," of which I am having a quantity bottled expressly, and I am in great hopes that, after giving it a trial, you will be convinced that it is quite as pleasant and infinitely more wholesome than any alcoholic liquor.

We dine at 7.15, which will give us a longer evening. Quite informal, so don't dress.

With love to Nora,

Your affectionate nephew,

ARTHUR CAPRON.

"Of course you're not going!" said Nora.

"Yes, I am. I must. Can't hurt the boy's feelings by refusing. Besides, I consider it a positive duty to go."

"Oh, I shouldn't bother about *that* if I didn't want to do it," remarked Nora, with perfect accuracy. "It doesn't sound a very rollicking party. Wasn't this Mr. Waghorn Mayor of Norchester, or something?"

"Yes. Pompous fellow—bit of a wind-bag—but well-meaning enough. Earnest Radical, and all that. However, *I* don't mind meeting him."

"Well, if you stayed at home you'd have to dine all alone next Friday, as I've promised to go to tennis with the Stapletons and stay to supper. And, at all events, you won't get a bad dinner at Arthur's. You always say Mrs. Perkin isn't a patch on Martha."

Martha had left Martley to marry a grocer of the name of Dimes, and it was over their shop in Market Square that Arthur Capron had taken lodgings.

"It isn't the food I'm worrying about—it's the drink. This beastly what-you-may-call-it of Arthur's. But it's got to be faced—no getting out of it. No, my dear, no more coffee for me, thanks. I'd better go and write to him at once and say I'll come."

"I said we'd ride at eleven this morning. Shall you be ready by then?"

"I don't know. Perhaps—if I feel up to riding at all. He's spoilt my morning for me, confound it!"

"I wonder," Nora thought to herself, as her father went off to his study in very low spirits, "if Martha knows dad's coming. I think I'll run over to-morrow and see her. She may have forgotten how he likes things. He *shall* have a good dinner, poor old darling!"

Nora found time to go to Norchester on the following afternoon, and that evening at dinner she endeavoured to cheer her father by remarking, "I've been to see Martha to-day, dear. She was frightfully bucked about your dining there to-morrow."

"Was she?" said Peter, grimly.

"She took me up to see Arthur's sitting-room," continued Nora. "He was out. She showed me the Biascream. It was under the sideboard, all ready. Four bottles of it!"

"Four bottles!" It was all he could do to suppress a groan. "Good Lord!"

"Well, two bottles and two siphons. I tasted a little; and really, dad, it was much better than I should have expected from Arthur. Deliciously sweet!"—which, to Nora, was a powerful recommendation—"and such a pretty pale straw colour!"

"*I* shall be a pretty colour on Saturday!" said Peter, with a visible shudder. "But I don't want to hear any more about the stuff. Let me forget it while I can."

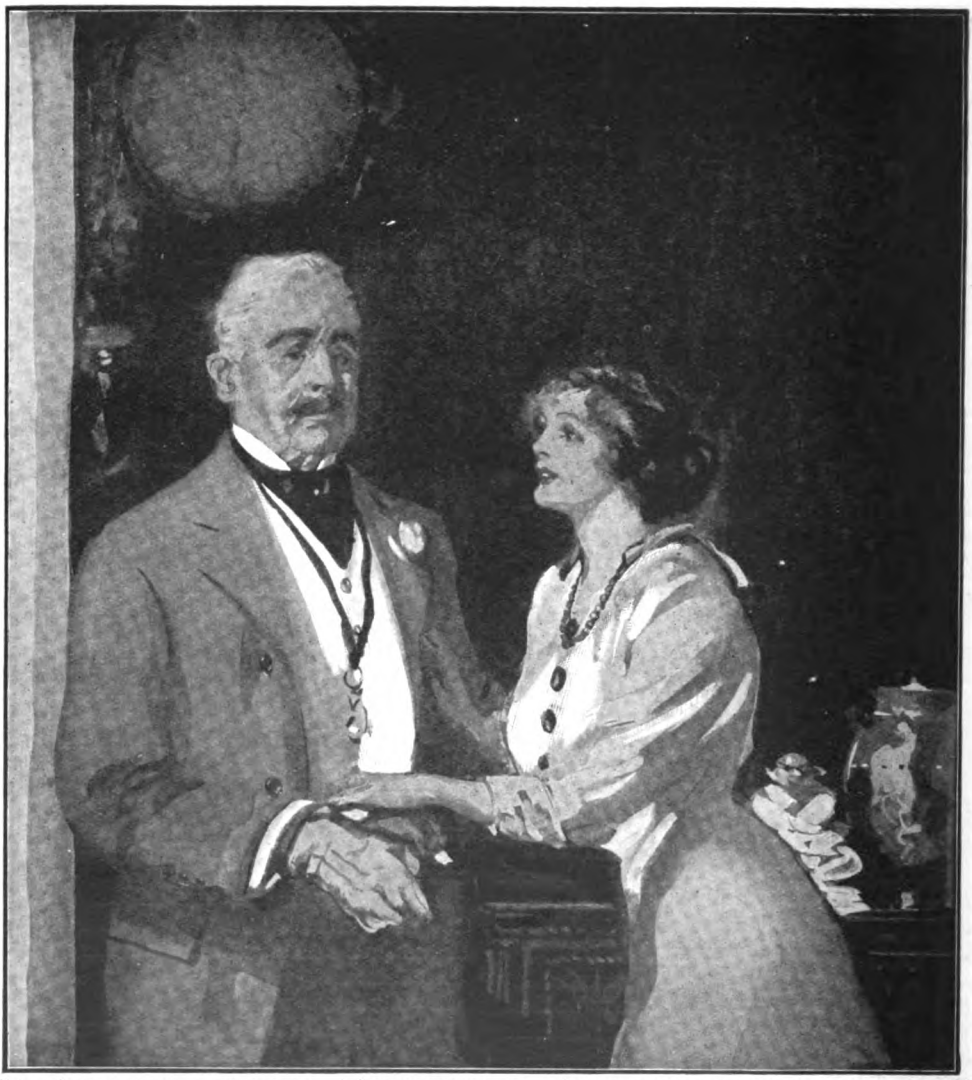
He returned to the subject himself the next morning, while he was getting ready to drive over to Petty Sessions at Clodford. "You'll be gone by the time I'm back," he said, "so I shall have nobody to see me off this evening. That infernal Biacrene will be the death of me. I know it will!"

Nora laughed. "You're really too funny about it, dear! When I've told you it's quite nice!"

"Nice! You're not old enough to understand yet!" he said, pettishly. "But I may tell you that the slightest thing upsets my liver the next morning. And here's your cousin expecting me to swallow this unholy chemical preparation for a whole evening!"

"You can ask for wine instead," suggested Nora. "Dimes is sure to have some."

"*I* sha'n't trouble him for any of it," said Peter. "Why, I've almost given up dining out because there's hardly a house in the county where they give you wine that's fit for a pig to drink. May get it from Dimes, for all *I* know! But Arthur isn't likely to provide anything but his own brew, and if I *am* to be poisoned, it may as well be by one of the family!"



"'NO,' SAID PETER, HEROICALLY. 'I'VE PROMISED, AND I'M NOT GOING TO BACK OUT OF IT NOW.'"

"I didn't know," cried Nora, with sudden concern. "Dad, dear, if you feel like *that* about it, don't go! Look here, write a note to say you can't, and I'll go round in the car and leave it at Arthur's rooms for you."

"No," said Peter, heroically. "I've promised, and I'm not going to back out of it now. If I'm laid up afterwards—as I fully expect I shall be—I must put up with it."

"Poor dear!" said Nora to herself, as she watched him drive off in the dog-cart with an air of one resigned to martyrdom. "He's going to make himself ill, and all to please that wretched Arthur!"

Peter had, certainly, in his anxiety to impress her with his self-sacrifice, rather exaggerated his danger than otherwise, but he felt it acutely, nevertheless. The prospect of having to sit through an entire meal with no other liquid sustenance than what he privately termed "Arthur's devil's-brew" had been a kind of nightmare to him.

It weighed on his mind as he sat on the bench, and at lunch with his fellow-magistrates; it haunted him after his return that afternoon to a home where there was no Nora to console him; and it was only as the time drew near when he must start for Norchester that a very simple and obvious expedient occurred to him. He would save himself from drinking any more of this Biacrene than was absolutely necessary by

taking with him a hunting-flask with a little whisky in it.

So, provided with this antidote, he was feeling comparatively calm when his car deposited him at the grocer's shop in Market Square as the Town Hall clock struck the quarter-past seven. Dimes, in his Sunday best, opened the private door and ushered him up the narrow stairs to Arthur's sitting-room, where his fellow-guests were already assembled.

It was a pleasant bow-windowed room, furnished in the homely Early Victorian manner that characterizes most lodgings.

Arthur, a fresh-coloured young fellow, with untidy chestnut locks and enthusiastic eyes, magnified by a pair of powerful lenses, welcomed his uncle with grateful effusion. Mr. Josiah Waghorn, ex-mayor, alderman, and eminent citizen and dyer of Norchester, was a portly, florid personage, whose brindled hair rose in an imposing crest; a small spade beard touched with grey grew close up to his lower lip, the upper being clean-shaven. His greeting showed a happy mixture of deference and condescension. "You and I, Mr. Laverack, belong, politically speaking, to opposite camps," he remarked, "but I welcome this opportunity of meeting you on what I may call neutral ground and shaking you by the hand. Indeed, I may say that it was at my suggestion that our young friend here gave us the pleasure of seeing you."

Peter expressed his gratitude for so happy an inspiration as warmly as was possible, and was then presented to Mr. Polesworth—a spare, colourless man, with thin, sandy hair parted in the middle, a small, querulous mouth, and a little nose like a parrot's bill, on which he wore a gold *pince-nez*.

"An old school-chum of mine," said the alderman, clapping him heartily on the shoulder. "And a right good sort. As good as they make 'em!" he added.

Mr. Polesworth looked as though he regretted he had come, but he said little till they had sat down to table, when he requested, in a high-pitched voice, that the windows might be closed, as he felt a draught.

The windows were shut accordingly, which, the evening being oppressively warm, Peter thought an unnecessary precaution. He noticed that there were hot-house flowers and fruit on the table, and also the two siphons he had already heard of from Nora. They were of generous size, and contained a pale yellow gaseous fluid, which he eyed with the gloomiest apprehensions. Sooner or later he would have to take some of that—but the recollection of the nunting-flask in his breast-pocket gave him comfort and courage.

Arthur, however, perhaps from an author's diffidence, refrained from drawing any attention to his beverage, and it was not until the joint had been served that Mr. Waghorn made an opening. "Deliciously tender lamb, this, and admirably cooked! Like the salmon! Capron, my boy, you're giving us a banquet fit for the gods, sir; fit for the gods! But even the gods, we are told, were in the habit of taking nectar with their meals—and this is thirsty weather. I should like a little of that Biacrene of yours, if Mr. Laverack will kindly help himself and pass the siphon."

The dreaded moment had come at last. Peter, with a sinking heart, pressed the trigger of the siphon, which, fortunately for him, proved so free that only a modicum of the Sparkling Biacrene remained in his wine-glass.

"I'm afraid, sir," said Arthur to Mr. Waghorn, after having drenched the table-cloth in his turn, "this siphon is rather out of order. Try that one instead."

The other siphon, however, was even less satisfactory, as it could only be induced to part with a very little of its contents at a time, and that with protesting splutters and gurgles. Still, as Mr. Waghorn tolerantly remarked, there was enough to give an idea of it.

"Capital, Capron!" he declared, with a smack of the lips. "Even better than I thought. It has more *bouquet*. I shall be interested to hear how it strikes your good uncle."

It struck the good uncle—though he was doubtless prejudiced—as perhaps the sickliest and most mawkish liquid it had ever been his ill-fortune to encounter. But, in consideration for Arthur's feelings, he hastened to pronounce it excellent, and owned that its bouquet was unfamiliar to him.

"I used soluble essence of bananas, uncle," said Arthur, proudly. "I thought of pine-apples at first, but this is more delicate."

"Bananas, is it?" said Peter, beginning to see his way to the whisky and soda. "Bananas? H'm!"

"Merely the flavouring, Mr. Laverack," put in Waghorn, who seemed to have appointed himself advocate-in-chief for his young chemist's invention. "But, of course, the main ingredient is the pipuana—a most valuable herb, Polesworth. Marvellous restorative and stimulant, as Capron can tell you."

"Well, it's said," Arthur informed him, "that natives of Brazil who chew pipuana

seeds require no solid food for days afterwards." (This Peter thought not at all improbable.) "They also make a sort of drink of it, which is not only extremely exhilarating, but enables them to resist the miasma of the swamp districts."

Mr. Polesworth's only reply to this was "Indeed!"

"The fact is, Capron, my boy," said Waghorn, after wrestling once more with the reluctant siphon, "the fact is, this is something that can't be properly appreciated by driblets, which seems to be all we can get out of these precious siphons!"

This Arthur was compelled to admit. But, he said, reassuringly, there was a further supply of the Biacrene on the sideboard in patent-stoppered bottles. These, as he had slightly varied the formula by increasing the percentage of pipuana, he was proposing to reserve till dessert.

The alderman being very distinctly of opinion that there was no time like the present for them, Dimes was ordered to substitute the two bottles for the refractory siphons, and each—with the exception of Peter—filled his tumbler and drank—but not much.

"Y-yes," said Waghorn, with an effort. "Yes. Most refreshing. Perhaps it's not *quite* so—a little too much on the dry side."

Arthur owned that it might have been improved by adding a little more syrup.

"Still, when all's said and done," Waghorn conceded, after taking a few more sips, "there's a quality about it that—that's quite out of the common. What do *you* say, Polesworth?"

"Is it supposed to be a sparkling drink?" inquired Mr. Polesworth, drearily, "because there doesn't seem to be much sparkle in it."

There was none whatever, and Arthur, looking crestfallen, said he had certainly expected his system of aeration would have proved a greater success.

"A little foam powder would have corrected that," Mr. Polesworth observed, in a thin, dispassionate voice; "given it the rich, close, sparkling head that, for trade purposes, is the first essential."

"Well, well," said Waghorn, diplomatically, "a few little improvements like that—which could easily be done in a thoroughly up-to-date factory like *yours*, Polesworth—and this will be an ideal table beverage. There's absolutely no saying what a demand you'd have for it!"

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Polesworth, guardedly. He seemed to Peter to have decided already that there was no money in "Sparkling Biacrene," and he felt more drawn to him in consequence. He was not likely now to suggest that any of Arthur's capital should be entrusted to him for so unpromising a speculation, which would relieve Peter himself from the painful necessity of refusing.

"Why, halloa, Mr. Laverack, how's this?" said Waghorn, suddenly. "You haven't filled *your* glass yet! Allow me, my dear sir—allow me!"

Peter was resolved that no persuasions should induce him to risk a second trial of so uninviting a mixture.

"Thanks, thanks," he said, as he shielded his tumbler, "but I daren't. It's the bananas I'm afraid of. Never could touch a banana. Always disagree with me!"

"Nonsense!" cried Waghorn, after drinking a little more of the Biacrene. "There's hardly any banana in this—only just the slightest *soupçon*. It can't possibly do you any harm!"

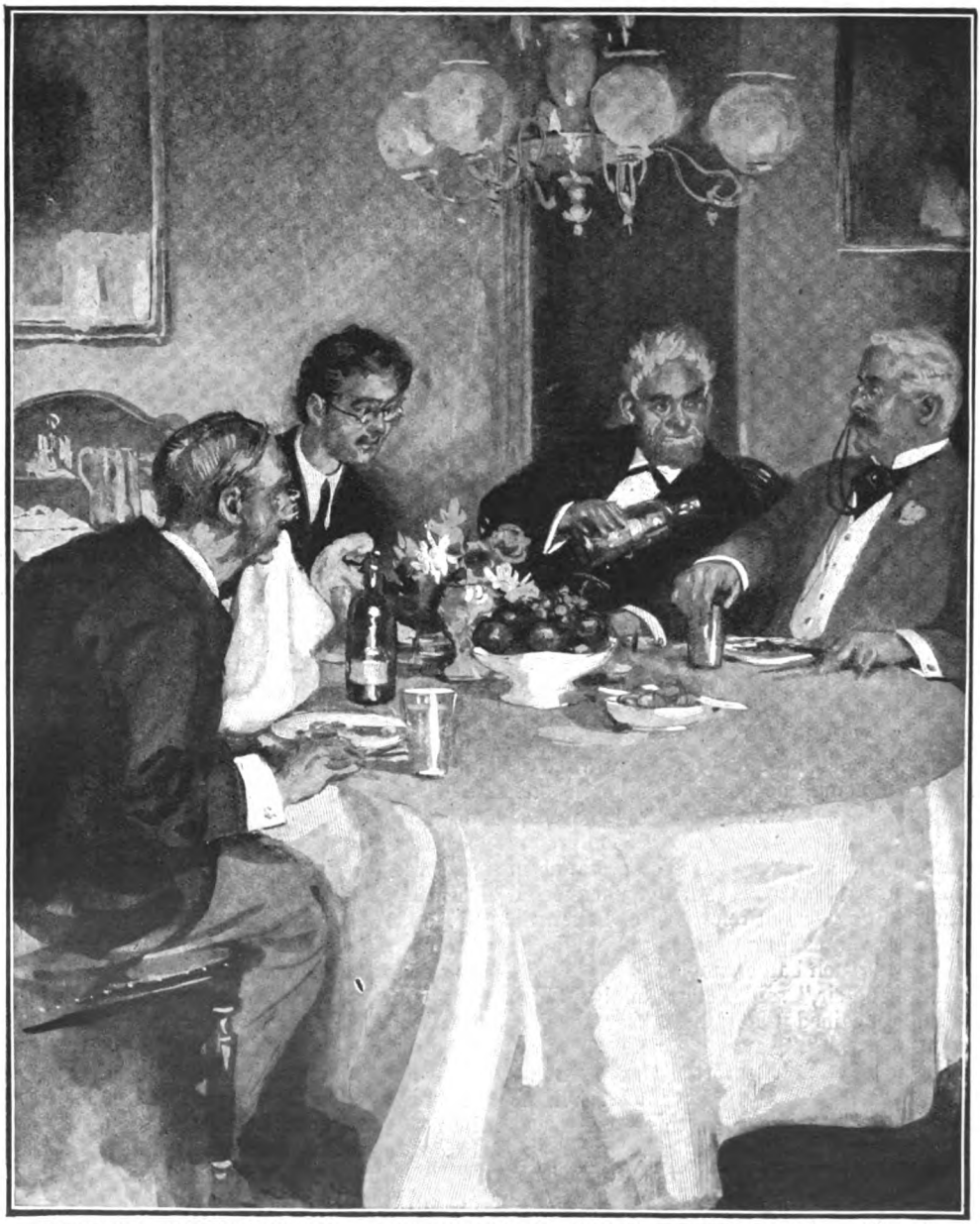
Peter knew better. "Very good of you," he said, "but I won't trouble you. If you'll allow me, Arthur, my boy, I'll take a little whisky and soda instead. No, no," he protested, hurriedly, as Arthur was ordering Dimes to bring up a bottle of both from the shop, "not *whisky!* Only soda. Got some whisky with me."

After the soda-water had been brought and he had produced the flask, he observed grim disapproval in the alderman's expression.

"Hope I'm not shocking you, Mr. Waghorn," he said. "But at my time of life, you know, a man gets to know what suits his constitution—and I feel this is better for me."

"I should be sorry indeed to interfere in the slightest degree with any man's constitution," said Waghorn, with impressive solemnity. "A man's constitution lies between himself and his Creator, and I'm content to leave it there. But allow me to say to you, as I've said on the platform hundreds and hundreds of times, that it's the greatest mistake and delusion and fallacy to suppose for a single instant that any man on the face of the earth is ever the *better* for alcohol. On the contrary, the shoe, as the vulgar say, is entirely on the other boot—he's better *without* it. Take myself; I've always enjoyed the most robust health—and not a drop of spirituous liquor has passed my lips since the day I was born. I believe there are several others in this hall—I mean room—who can tell you the same."

"Certainly," cried Mr. Polesworth, briskly—he seemed to be brightening up. "By all means. Never touched it in all my life!"



"'THANKS, THANKS,' HE SAID, AS HE SHIELDED HIS TUMBLER, 'BUT I DAREN'T. IT'S THE BANANAS I'M AFRAID OF.'"

Arthur said he had once or twice drunk a glass of beer, and it had made him wonder how people could really enjoy it.

"Mind you," continued the alderman, "I've taken no pledge. There was no occasion in *my* case. Whether I'm differently constituted from other persons, or whether I've got more strength of mind and principle, I don't know. Fact remains that intosh—that is, intox—icating stimulants never had slightest temptation or attraction for me. I'm total abstainer, Mr. Laverack, not because I'm bound by any oath, but by temerament, sir; by temerament. That's a thing any man alive might be proud being able say, but I *can* say it, and I *do* say it, and——" Here he struck the table, "I challenge any person present to contradict me!"

He was so flushed and excited that it occurred to Peter that Arthur might have been a little over-lavish with so unknown an ingredient as this pipuana. It certainly seemed to be quite a powerful stimulant.

By this time dinner was over, and Dimes, with orders to serve coffee in half an hour, had left the party to enjoy their dessert. Peter brought out a cigar-case, which he was about to hand round; but Arthur and Waghorn were non-smokers, and Mr. Polesworth gave such a moving description of the effect of other people's tobacco on a sensitive throat that Peter had no alternative but to forego his cigar.

"Bad habit, smoking," observed Waghorn, as he refilled his tumbler. "What's more, it leads to drinking, and drinking to intemerance. Intemerance," he proceeded, with a noticeably thicker articulation, "is thing I've never been able unnerstand. No patiensh with man who gives way to it—I don' care if it's first time or five hunreth time, it's all the same. Man who does shows he's utterly lacking in self-respect and self-control and norroby trusted. Still," he added, more tolerantly, "I can make 'lowances for *him* as not a—not a"—he took great pains over the next word—"reasolable being. I'll tell you sort o' man I can *not* make 'lowances for—man who *is* a reasolable being, or considers himself one, and despises wholesome nollalcolic bev'rage like this. Man who's so degraded he prefers whisky 'n soda. Yes," as Peter stared in blank surprise at this wholly unexpected attack, "it's *you* I'm referring to, Laverack, and I tell you, as man to man, you ought be 'shamed set such bad example!"

"My good sir," said Peter, mildly, "I've already explained that I'm taking this for reasons of health."

"I know berrer!" retorted the alderman. "I can see through *you*, Laverack. I'll tell you why you're 'fraid of this—this—what rest of us are drinking. As Conservative and friend of liquor traffic, you know well's I do this—this bev'rage is going to deal smashing blow to all strong drink!"

"Knock whisky into a cocked-hat!" cried Arthur, with a rather foolish laugh. "Make beer take a back seat! That's what Sparkling Biacrene's going to do!"

"And that," said the indignant Waghorn, addressing Peter, "*that's* why you've been trying your best to run it down and set berrer men than you against it! I've always had greatest contempt for you, Laverack. One o' the idle rich, that's what *you* are, sitting on bench and sending poor men to prison for picking up rabbits! But I didn't know before you were such a mariglnant enemy to teetoralism——"

"I'm not," said Peter, anxious to avoid a scene. "So we needn't quarrel over it."

"We will not qu'oll," said Waghorn, "but you'll 'low me to say that after the mean, unnerhanded way you've behaved, you're norra gerrilman. Norra gerrilman in any sense of the word!"

"He's my uncle!" struck in Arthur, his pebble spectacles flashing fiercely. "I can't permit even you, Mr. Waghorn, to insult my uncle at this table. And unless you 'pologize immediately, I shall—I shall feel very much 'noyed."

"I don' rememmer saying anything that could poshbly be taken as offensive," said Waghorn, and his glazed eye showed some surprise. "I cerrainly hadn't slightest intention in the world to insult any uncle of yours. Mush be mishtake. I haven't shingle word shay 'gainst you, Mr. Laverack. Norr a man living I ennertain higher reshpec and regard for. Gimme your hand!"

Peter gave it to him, and he retained it in his, repeating, "You're goo' fellow, Laverack. Gobbless you, Laverack. Less say no more about it!" for a much longer time than was at all necessary or desirable.

He let it go at last, and then, to Peter's dismay, rose unsteadily.

"Gerrelmen," he said, "charge your glashes. Both borrels empty? My mishstay!"

He had the pleasant task of proposing the health of their dear young host (which set the dear young host giggling helplessly). A better fellow and a better chemist never breathed. His extraordinary scientific knowledge had not only introduced improvements in dyeing processes, but led him to invent the truly marvellous beverage, the name of which he need not repeat, and which had been set before them that evening.

"I've enjoyed it immenshly myself," he added, "and I b'lieve I may say my dear ole friend Polesworth here appreciated it as highly as I did!"

Peter had concluded from the repressed smile on Mr. Polesworth's face and his studious abstention from taking part in the proceedings of late that he was not only aware of the insidious effect of Biacrene, but proof against it. But that was before he discovered that he was absorbed in a futile attempt to peel a peach with the nut-crackers. He looked up from it now, still smiling. "If you want to know what I think," he said, "I

don't think much of it. No body in it—wishy-washy stuff."

Waghorn sat down heavily. "You've used 'zackly the ri' expression," he said. "You're *perfelly* c'rect—it *is* wishy-washy. I've been feeling all along it wasn't as 'xilarating as I expected. But you can *put* some body in it, Polesworth. He's desherving young chap—worked so hard for Cause! Give him a chance. You *are* going give him chance, aren't you, Polesworth?"

"It won' do, Josiah!" Mr. Polesworth replied, with an expression that was intended to convey consummate shrewdness, but merely achieved imbecility. "You don' get at me like that, ole boy!"

"It may be my last requess, Polesworth," said the other. "You may never see me again—I'm not feeling s' well as usual. When I'm dead and gone he won't have a fren' in the world—his uncle's no fren' to him." Waghorn was very nearly overcome by his own pathos here. "And you'll be sorry then, Polesworth; sorry you refused last requess of dying man!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Polesworth, apparently touched by this appeal. "Time enough to decide whether I refuse or not when I've talked it over with Laverack there and heard what *he's* got to say. Not jus' now, though, I want to listen to the music." A piano-organ, which had entered Norchester that afternoon, had just struck up in the Market Square. "Dance-music!" he remarked, beating time, "makes me feel uncommonly lively. Used to be beautiful dancer in my young days. Dare say I haven't forgotten all 'bout it even now. Lemme see if I remember step." He got up with this intention, but shot almost immediately into a sitting position on the floor. "Qui' imposs'ble dance," he said, resignedly. "Carpet too beas'ly slippery. It doesn' marrer—talk businesh instead."

Mr. Waghorn had also risen. "No wonner you couldn' dance, my dear Polesworth," he said, as he held on to his chair. "Why, floor's all on a slope! While you're talking business with good fren' Laverack, I think I'll have lil' snooze." And with this he fell on the sofa and was soon wrapt in profound slumber.

Meanwhile Mr. Polesworth had made himself quite comfortable on the carpet, with his head resting on the elbow of an easy-chair. "Do you know, I've taken qui' a fancy to you, Laverack," he murmured, beaming affectionately at the disgusted Peter. "Pleased to go into businesh marrers with you in a fren'ly spirit. But you must come and sit on floor by me, 'cause I can't raise my voice above whishper."

"Excuse me," said Peter, impatiently, as he rose and walked to the window. "I'm afraid that, under the circumstances, it's useless to discuss any business at present."

"*Why* won' you go into it with him, uncle?" said Arthur, joining him. "You 'pear to me to be delib'rately trying dish my proshpects!"

"You've done that for yourself, sir!" said Peter, indignantly. "How the devil you could have the impudence to represent this Biacrene of yours as a temperance beverage is beyond *me!*"

"You're prejdished 'gainst my Biacrene—you can't see any good in it!" complained Arthur. "But I've had the pipuana an'lyzed—an'lyzed it myself, and it's wonnerful plant—no harm in it wharrever!"

"I judge by results. I don't suppose your friends can have had much more than a pint apiece—and look at the condition they're in!"

"They're all ri'! Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but it's warm evening. They're shimply bit overcome by the heat."

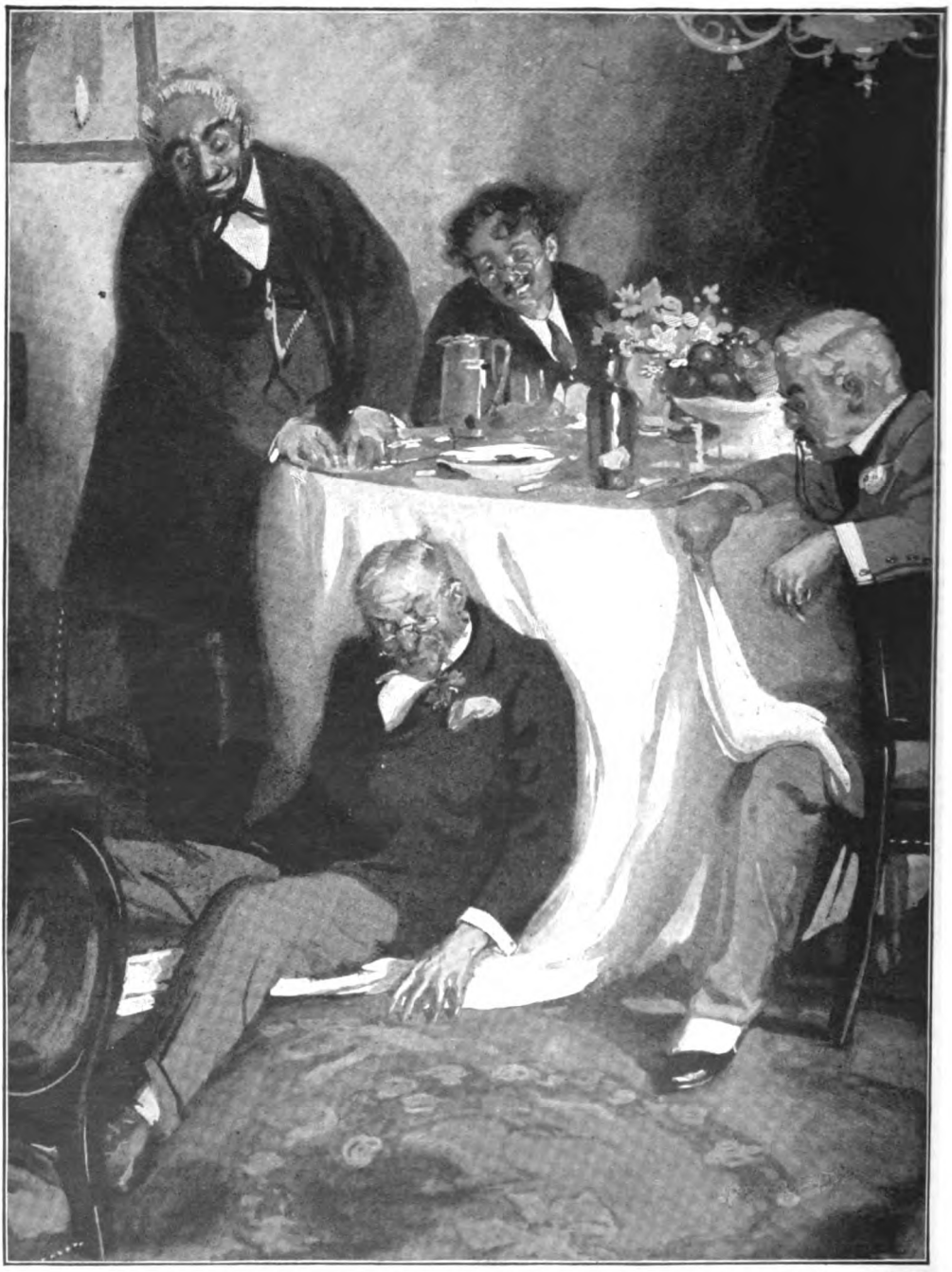
"Humbug, sir; humbug! You're almost as bad as they are. I should be sorry indeed for your cousin to see you like this!"

"*I* shouldn'," said Arthur. "I like seeing Nora. Wish I'd been in when she called this afternoon. She brought me all these," and he indicated the fruit and flowers on the table. "Do you know, uncle, I think Nora's beginning to be fond of me at last. She warrered my winnow-boxes. Must ha' been Nora, Mrs. Dimes said. Now I ashk you, ash man o' the world, would any girl who wasn't fond of a fellow go and warrer his winnow-boxes? And she left a lerrer for me too—such a nice, 'fectionate lerrer, uncle!"

"Affectionate, eh?" said Peter, with a sudden wonder whether Nora's disdain for her cousin might not after all have been assumed.

"She wanted me do something for her. What *was* it? I r'memmer now. I wash to give you note from her d'rectly you arrived. I purrit on mantelpiece so's to be sure I shouldn' forget, and I very nearly forgorrit after all! Here it is. Joll' lucky I 'memmered it in time!"

Peter took the letter from him. The envelope was marked in big letters, "Important. Read at once." Probably some impertinence of Nora's, but he had better see what it was, and he opened it by the window, where the dying light just enabled him to read it with difficulty. It ran:—



"HE SHOT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY INTO A SITTING POSITION ON THE FLOOR."

Cheer up! You'll be as right as rain if you only take what is in the two bottles with screw stoppers. I've filled them with champagne and poured Arthur's stuff into the window-boxes. Nobody knows. Don't touch the siphons. Say you prefer it to the others. Yours in haste, NORA.

He thrust this communication hurriedly into his pocket with a strangled oath, but it was some time before he grasped the full horror of the situation. So it was not the Biacrene, after all—it was champagne of some

unknown brand which these irreproachable persons had been led to consume to their own undoing! And the champagne had been secretly supplied by his own daughter! How could he allow the unfortunate Arthur to be held responsible? On the other hand, how could he clear him without incriminating Nora? His head whirled as he tried in vain to think it out.

If Waghorn, Polesworth, and his nephew were discovered in their present deplorable condition, nothing could avert a scandal. They would be humiliated—most undeservedly humiliated. What the consequences might be to himself he could not trust himself to think. And Dimes would be here very soon now. After he had once entered and seen the party it would be hopeless to hush it up. It was hopeless now—unless he could think of something. But what could he do?

All this rushed through his mind as he stood staring blankly at the unlighted gasalier which hung from the ceiling, as though he were looking to it for inspiration. It did not seem likely to be suggestive, and yet an idea came to him nevertheless. A desperate idea enough; he could not hope it had more than the faintest chance of succeeding, but it might be just worth trying. If it were to be done at all it must be done at once, and he must do it alone.

"Does Nora say anything 'bout me? Aren't you well, uncle?" said Arthur. "I'm feeling rather queer myself."

"It's the heat of the room, my boy," said Peter. "But Mr. Polesworth seems to feel it most. We'd better get him into your bedroom."

It was not easy to prevail on Mr. Polesworth to rise, but eventually Peter manœuvred him and Arthur into the adjoining room, where he shut them in with the recommendation to place their heads in a basin of cold water.

Then, feeling secure from observation, as Waghorn was still peacefully snoring on the sofa, Peter went to the gasalier and turned every burner full on. He waited till the air was impregnated with the fumes, and then, as he heard Dimes's step on the stairs, he turned every tap off but one, and that he left slightly askew. He had just time to do this and throw himself into an arm-chair as Dimes opened the door.

"Air!" gasped Peter. "Open the window, quick! I'm choking!"

Dimes set down the tray and threw open the window, after which he did his best to resuscitate his wife's former master. Peter took as long a time in coming round as he could. There were sounds of stumbling and splashing from the bedroom which indicated that the other two were not completely themselves as yet. At length he permitted himself to remark feebly that he "felt as if he had been all but suffocated."

"And good reason, too, Mr. Laverack," said Dimes. "When I come in there was a smell o' gas enough to knock you down! Must be a leakage somewhere, though I dunno 'ow *that* can be. Seems to come from the gasalier. . . Well, *there*, now! If one o' them taps ain't got turned accidental! . . . Were the other gentlemen took bad too, sir?"

"I—I can't say," said Peter, sitting up. "Ah, there's Mr. Waghorn on the sofa, I see. You'd better attend to him next. I'm better now, but—but I think I'll be going. Must have air. Thanks," as Dimes gave him his hat and coat. "Never mind about seeing me out, and—and don't forget to explain to Mr. Arthur and his friends how you discovered the cause. They'll be most grateful to you, I'm sure."

He knew that he ought to have waited and explained it himself, but he simply had not the nerve to stay in the house another moment. His car was not outside, having first had to take Nora home from her party, and, as he could not stand about in the Market Square till the motor returned for him, he went to the Crown and ordered a conveyance, but even then there was some delay before it was ready for him. So it was fairly late before he reached the Hall, boiling with rage and impatient to have it out with Nora, who had already gone to bed. Peter was thus obliged to bottle up his wrath till the morning. He passed a sleepless night, tormented by harrowing doubts whether, by tampering as he had with the gasalier, he might not have fastened suspicion more surely on himself. Altogether, it was in no very fatherly mood that he met Nora at the breakfast table.

Miss Nora, however, was provokingly unconscious of being in disgrace. "Morning, daddy!" she cried, cheerfully. "How are you feeling after Arthur's dinner? You're not *looking* very bright."

"I'm feeling infernally annoyed, if you wish to know," he retorted. "No, I don't want to be kissed. I wonder you can expect it—after what you've done."

"Do you mean about the champagne? *Darling!* You're *not* going to be stuffy about *that*, are you?"

"What on earth induced you to play such a silly trick?"

"It wasn't a trick," she said. "I wasn't going to let you be poisoned if *I* could prevent it."

"Poisoned? Nonsense! Who said anything about my being poisoned?"

"Why, you did, if you had to drink that stuff of Arthur's. And I knew *champagne* wouldn't do you any harm."

"Oh, you *did*, did you? I should like to know where you bought it." It had just occurred to him that such a purchase by her could hardly have escaped remark.

"I *didn't* buy it. I got it out of Mellish. It was some you had put out—a big bottle and a small one. I thought that would be enough."

"Enough? I should think it *was* enough!" said Peter, snappishly. ("So it was my Pol Gautier, 1906, they were lapping up last night!" he thought.) "Then you must have told Mellish what you wanted it for," he said, aloud. "You told me nobody knew!"

"I told him I wanted it for a poor man who couldn't drink anything else," she replied. "I meant *you*, really, but he thought it was one of my invalids."

"You can't have carried two bottles of champagne into Arthur's lodgings without being noticed!"

"But I did. I smuggled them in in a box of flowers and told Martha I would arrange the table myself. I was afraid she'd give me away if she knew."

"She must have suspected if she heard the corks pop," said Peter.

"There wasn't any 'pop.' I knew I couldn't open champagne bottles, so I made Mellish do it for me and put in screw corks. You see, dad," concluded Nora, triumphantly, "I'm not so silly as you supposed. I thought all that out very carefully."

"It doesn't seem to have occurred to you that it might be drunk by the others."

"I thought after you'd read my note *you'd* see *they* didn't get any. I had to leave *something* to you, dad!"

"As it happened," he said, "I never read your note till too late. I drank whisky and soda myself—and those unfortunate devils got the champagne!"

"Oh!" cried Nora. "But I don't see why they were *unfortunate!*"

"Don't you? Didn't you know they were all total abstainers?"

"No. How *could* I know? But if they are, why did they drink it?"

"They thought it was Biacrene. And—it's as well you should know this, Nora. When people are unaccustomed to wine, a very little will—er—go to their heads."

"*Dad!*" she exclaimed. "You *don't* mean that it made them—*tipsy?*"

"It did indeed—deplorably so," he said, gravely. "I shouldn't have told you if I wasn't sure that, for your own sake, you will never repeat it. And you see now the mischief you've done!"

"What? *Arthur! And* Mr. Waghorn! Oh!" And it must be reluctantly stated that this impenitent young woman went off into peals of unseemly mirth, which revived her father's exasperation.

"You may laugh," he said, bitterly, "but I can tell you it will be no laughing matter for me if they ever find out. There'll be the deuce and all of a row—they'll be furious. I shall be lucky if I don't have to leave the county. And it will be all *your* doing!"

Till then Nora did not seem to have realized the seriousness of her indiscretion, but now she was instantly reduced to penitence, and almost to tears. "Oh, dad!" she cried, remorsefully. "I'd no idea it was so bad as this. But they sha'n't blame *you*. I'll tell them it was me!"

"Do you suppose they'd ever believe *I'd* nothing to do with it?" he said. "No, no—*that* won't mend matters. There, there," he added, more mildly. "There's nothing to cry about. Fortunately, I hope I've managed to put them on the wrong scent." And, with some pride in his own resourcefulness, he described how he had employed the gasalier for that purpose. "A good deal will depend on Dimes," he concluded. "Still, I believe we are fairly safe. Why, who can that be?" he broke off, suddenly, as a large covered car swept into the drive and past the dining-room windows. "I—I hope to goodness it isn't——" The next moment Mellish entered.

"Mr. Arthur, Mr. Waghorn, and another gentleman have called to see you, sir," he announced. "I've shown them into the study."

"Quite right," said the wretched Peter. "Say I'll be with them in a minute or two." He turned to Nora with a ghastly face as soon as they were alone. "It's all up!" he said. "They wouldn't have all come over like this if they hadn't found us out. I always knew they would! And now I—I suppose I must go and have it out with them."

"Not without *me!*" said Nora.

"No, no—stay where you are. If you come, you'll give yourself away. I know you will!"

"No, I sha'n't, dear. Not unless I'm obliged. And I'm not going to let you go in alone—so there!" And, as it was not easy at any time to prevent Nora from doing anything she had a mind to, Peter allowed her to accompany him. He crossed the hall to his study with a painful sensation of giving at the knees, and it was a relief on entering to find himself greeted by his visitors with cordiality instead of the storm of reproaches he had expected.

"We must apologize for so early a call, Mr. Laverack," began the alderman, after Peter had introduced Nora, "but my friend Polesworth has to get up to London this morning, and was most anxious to see you first, and so was Capron here. So I motored them over. I was anxious myself to hear that you are none the worse for last night. Able to get up, I'm glad to find, though not looking as well as I could wish to see you. No doubt, Miss Laverack, your worthy father has told you of the unfortunate *contretemps* that marred what was otherwise a most enjoyable evening?"

Nora, in a very tremulous voice, admitted that she had heard something of it.

"We all had a very narrow escape from being asphyxiated," said Waghorn. "The room was gradually filled with gas from one of the burners which, as that excellent fellow Dimes discovered, Mr. Laverack, had not been completely turned off. The surprising thing is that none of us noticed it at dinner, but I suppose our minds were occupied by pleasanter subjects."

"That must be the explanation, no doubt," said Peter. He could see that Nora was shaking all over, which he attributed to a very proper sense of her position.

"Your poor father, Miss Laverack," continued Waghorn, "was the worst sufferer. He was compelled to leave us at an early hour, but we were all more or less affected. I myself was unconscious for a short period, and I understand that Mr. Polesworth and your cousin were quite light-headed."

"It was the most curious sensation, Nora," said Arthur; "I felt exactly as if I'd taken laughing gas."

"I lost control of my legs," put in Mr. Polesworth, in his high-pitched voice. "But my head was perfectly clear. I was quite able to discuss business matters, as perhaps you remember, Mr. Laverack?"

"Perfectly," said Peter. He caught an agonized look in Nora's eyes as she groped blindly for her pocket-handkerchief, and was horrified to discover that the emotion with which she was quivering was not at all what he had imagined.

"You will be glad to hear," said Waghorn, "that friend Polesworth is now so convinced of the value of Sparkling Biacrene that he is going to manufacture and put it on the market, without requiring your nephew to provide a single penny. That's so, isn't it, Polesworth?"

"Quite," said Mr. Polesworth. "I consider it ought to have a great success, not only as a tonic and pick-me-up, but as a pleasant and exhilarating table beverage."

"I—I suppose, Mr. Polesworth," Peter's conscience obliged him to ask, "you are not basing your opinion on" (he dared not look at Nora here) "on those two bottles you drank at dinner?"

"If I judged by those, my dear sir," replied Mr. Polesworth, "I should have declined to take it up at all. I was by no means favourably impressed by them."

"Nor I," said Waghorn. "Whether the fumes of the gas had affected it, I don't know, but it struck me as dull, insipid stuff. But after you left us, Mr. Laverack, we tried the siphons again. They were still recalcitrant, but we managed with a little patience to get a drink out of them. And *that*, sir, was not only delicious, but it pulled us together! All traces of headache and lassitude from the vitiated air disappeared like magic, and Polesworth and I woke up this morning as fresh as larks. Er—I'm afraid Miss Laverack is feeling a little indisposed," he added, as Nora, with an incoherent apology, suddenly hid her mouth in her handkerchief and fled through the French window.

"It's nothing," said Peter. "She's rather high-strung, you know. And she—she's been a little anxious about this business, that's all."

"I see," said the alderman, with a glance at Arthur. "I see. Very natural, I'm sure."

Arthur smiled with self-conscious complacency. "Dear little Nora!" he thought, as faint sounds as of hysterical sobbing reached his ears from the direction of the shrubbery. "I'd no idea she was as fond of me as all this!"

The CHAIN

By C. R. HAINES.

Consisting of Forty-One Individuals

THE FOLLOWING "CHAIN" OF PORTRAITS DEMONSTRATES, WE BELIEVE FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE ASTOUNDING FACT THAT THE OVERLAPPING LIVES OF NO MORE THAN FORTY-ONE INDIVIDUALS HAVE

THE Greeks had a game, called the torch race, in which relays of runners carried a lighted torch to the goal. It will be amusing and perhaps instructive to represent the past generations of men from the twilight of history till the present time as runners in such a race, each one passing on the torch of life to a successor before his own death. It has not been an easy task to exhibit a catena of overlapping lives from 1300 B.C. to A.D. 1900, and if the dates and ages of the individuals selected are not in some cases as certain as could be wished, allowance must be made on account of the inadequacy of the early records.

We cannot do better than begin with RAMESES THE GREAT (1), one of the most remarkable men in history, who reigned over Egypt for sixty-seven years, being born about 1300 B.C. and living to be nearly a hundred. He carried his victorious arms to the Lebanon Mountains, and the record of his personal prowess at a great battle on the Orontes, recorded by the Homeric pen of the Court poet, Pentaour, is still to be seen carved in stone at Luxor and Karnak. And not only do we know his sculptured lineaments from numbers of statues, but Rameses actually exists in the flesh to this day in the Museum at Cairo. He was the "king that knew not Joseph," and his daughter Bent-Anat rescued from the reed-beds of the Nile a still greater personality:—

MOSES THE LAWGIVER (2). His successful leadership of a disorganized mob of Israelites from bondage under a powerful monarch across the desert to Palestine stamps him as one of the greatest military leaders ever seen. At his death at the age of a hundred

OF LIFE

Illustrated by Charles Folkard.

from 1300 B.C. to A.D. 1900

BEEN SUFFICIENT TO LINK THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS WITH THE PRESENT DAY, WHILE NO MORE THAN TWENTY-ONE LIVES HAVE BEEN REQUIRED TO COVER THE WHOLE OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA!

and twenty, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." His mantle descended on—

JOSHUA THE SAVIOUR (3), the fiery and irresistible warrior who stayed the sun at Bethhoron, and after subduing Canaan passed from among men at the age of one hundred and ten.

ELI (4) must have been born well within the lifetime of Joshua. On hearing the ill news that the Israelites had been defeated by the Philistines and the Ark of God taken, he fell back from his seat and died at the age of ninety, about the year 1120 B.C.

SAMUEL (5), one of the saints of the Hebrew Calendar, the aged Eli's acolyte, comes next. He enjoys the unique distinction among all the individuals on this list of having, after his death at a ripe old age in 1060 or thereabouts, "revisited the glimpses of the moon" when evoked from the dead for Saul before the fatal Battle of Gilboa. He is followed by his anointed king—

DAVID (6) (1085-1016), whose winning personality, in spite of his sins of unfaithfulness and blood-guiltiness, holds every reader of the Bible. His very inferior son—

SOLOMON (7) (1053-976), a proverb for wisdom and sensuality, succeeds David, and is followed by the noble old High Priest—

JEHOIADA (8), who held the lists of life gallantly for one hundred and thirty years, dying at last in 858.

Before his death SHALMANESER II. (9), a great Assyrian king, had begun a reign the whole of which was spent in war. The very year in which he died—

followers of Christ. All that is known of him points him out as one of the most perfect characters the world has ever seen. Though he lived only seventy-two years, from 560 to 488, that brief lifetime altered the destinies of humanity. Some of his ashes have lately been discovered buried under a tope, or mound, in North India. Turning again to Greece, we find—

SOPHOCLES (14), the tragic poet, whose realistic play, "Œdipus the King," has lately been revived in London. He danced as a boy at the *fêtes* in honour of the Battle of Salamis, which saved the civilization of Europe. He died, aged ninety, in 405.

HIPPOCRATES (15), the famous physician of Cos, was a contemporary of the poet for fifty years, but he did not die till 357. There is still to be seen in the island where he was born a gnarled and decaying sycamore tree, under which the venerable old man is said to have sat and taught.

Another Greek, PHILEMON (16), the comic poet, took up the torch of life as it was falling from his relaxing fingers, and carried it for one hundred years. He died laughing, which can be said of only one other historical personage — Ragnar Lodbrok, who, though imprisoned in a pit full of serpents, met his death in unconquerable pride with the boast, "I die laughing!" Our next link in the chain is—

ARCHIMEDES (17), the incomparable (287-212 B.C.). If there is any truth in the doctrine

JEROBOAM II. (10) ascended the neighbouring throne of Israel, being the only successful and satisfactory king which that unhappy monarchy ever knew. The date of his death, 771, brings us within the earliest authentic date in European history—the date of the first Olympic games in 776.

So far we have ten generations for five hundred and twenty-four years. The next to take up the running in this life race is—

ROMULUS (11), our old friend, the founder of Rome in 753, who lived from about 777 to 717. He gives place to the Greek—

EPIMENIDES (12), the great poet, seer, and healer of Crete. Summoned to Athens in 596, he purified the city from plague. A long sleep of fifty years in a cave so refreshed him that he lived from about 720 to 560, a span worthy of our own Thomas Parr. Next comes—

SAKYA MUNI, THE BUDDHA (13), a still higher name, whose followers even now outnumber the

of reincarnation, his soul must have entered the body of Newton, for it might be said of him, too, that he *ingenio superavit humanam gentem.* After maintaining the defence of his native Syracuse for more than eighteen months against the invincible legions of Rome by inventing novel and disconcerting engines of war — such as burning-glasses that set fire to the Roman galleys in the harbour—he was found on the capture of the city so intent on a mathematical problem as to be oblivious of the disaster, and was killed by a Roman soldier unaware of his identity. His place is taken by a typical Roman patriot—

MARCUS CATO (18) (234-149 B.C.), who ended every speech in his later life with words that have become proverbial—viz., "Carthage must be destroyed," words which every German patriot, when he toasts "The Day," applies to England. Rome still holds the field with our next representative—

GAIUS MARIUS (19), the only free Roman who was seven times Consul, and the saviour of Rome and her civilization from destruction by the Gauls. Here we go back to the long-lived Jews, to the great—

HILLEL (20), the teacher of Gamaliel, the teacher of St. Paul, whose hundred and twenty years of probity and learning conduct us from 110 B.C. to A.D. 10. Here we reach the Christian era with our second series of ten generations, covering nearly eight hundred years. The new era is opened by a wonderful character—

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA (21), the pagan Christ, who, born about the same time as St. Paul, studied philosophy at Tarsus, but was compelled to leave it because of its immorality. He was credited with miraculous powers. Dying about 130 in extreme old age, he passed on the torch of life to—

GALEN (22), the greatest of old-world physicians and a great man in every sense of the word, and the only pagan writer to speak well of the early Christians. About the time of Galen's death (A.D. 203)—

PLOTINUS (23), the celebrated Platonist philosopher, was born in Alexandria, and in the year of his death (265) came upon the scene the first on our list from the barbarian lands beyond the bounds of the Empire—

HERMANRIC THE OSTROGOTH (24), who only came

to the throne at the age of eighty, but had vitality enough to last out till he was one hundred and ten, leaving as his successor in the race another Barbarian king—

ATTILA, the "Scourge of God" (25), whose devastating career lasted from A.D. 376-500.

Now at last we come to our own country, and bring forward—

LLEWARCH HÊN (*i.e.*, the Aged) (26), the Welsh prince and poet, who spans the immense gap between 500 and 650 or thereabouts.

THEODORE OF TARSUS (27), Archbishop of Canterbury, and the real founder of the English Church, next catches up the flickering torch and carries it on bravely for nearly ninety years till 690. A true Anglo-Saxon—

THE VENERABLE BEDE (28), follows him, one of the bright stars of our firmament, to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of our ancestors. He died in 725, when—

ALCIUN (29), the next link in our chain, was five years old. He was the first great English scholar and teacher with a European reputation, whose services were requisitioned by Charlemagne. Before his death was born, in Eastern Europe, the oldest king of whom history tells—

PIASTUS OF POLAND (30), who, though he lived one hundred and twenty years, reigned only thirty-seven, from 824-861. The last few years of his prolonged reign were contemporaneous with the infancy of incomparably the greatest Englishman and the most perfect man of whom there is any record, the Saxon—

ALFRED THE GREAT (31), whose short life came to an end in 900, leaving to his countrymen the imperishable memory of a character in which even malignity and envy could find no flaw.

The third decade of names has carried us over the whole nine hundred years of the Christian era. Next in order stands—

ABDURRHAMAN III. (32), the magnificent Khalif of Cordova, a sort of Arab Solomon, who died in 961, leaving—

FIRDAUSI (33), the famous Persian poet, who had just celebrated his majority, to carry on the running till 1025, when he died, aged eighty-five.

Here we return to Spain to the Cid—

DON RODERIGO DIAS DE BIVAR (34), the great Christian hero and champion against the Arabs. He went the way of all flesh in 1100, aged about seventy-five. About the same year was born our only English Pope—

NICHOLAS BREAKSPEAR (35), who rose from the position of a menial in a convent to be Vicar of God upon earth as Adrian IV. He is followed by another ecclesiastic, a certain—

CANON OF LUCERNE (36), only known to fame as having lived a prodigious number of years, from 1258 to well on into the fourteenth century.

An amazing trio of Englishmen make up the next three prolonged links—

SIR RALPH VERNON (37), 1300-1445;

JOHN TRUSSINGHAM, of Much Wenlock (38), who told the rector of that place that he was eighty at the Battle of Blore Heath in 1459, and yet he did not die till February, 1543, as was recorded in the registers of Much Wenlock; and

HENRY JENKINS, of Bolton-on-the-Swale, Yorkshire (39), the doyen of English long-livers, who as a boy of thirteen was sent in charge of a horse-load of arrows for our fighters on Flodden Field in 1513, and did not die till 1670, having lived to see on the throne Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II.

EDWARD HALL (40), a Cheshire man, carried on the tradition of longevity for one hundred and ten years till 1767, passing the torch of life on to a humble postman of Scarva, County Down, Ireland,

ROBERT TAYLOR by name (41), who reached the goal, dying in 1899, aged one hundred and thirty-five.

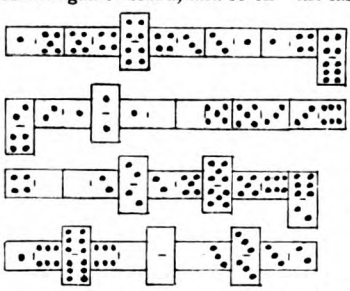
So the last nine lives have covered a thousand years.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

195.—A NEW DOMINO PUZZLE.

I WONDER how many of my readers know that if you lay out the twenty-eight dominoes in line according to the ordinary rule—six against six, two against two, blank against blank, and so on—the last number must always be the same as the first, so that they will really always form a circle. It is a very ancient trick to conceal one domino (without your friend knowing it) and then ask him to arrange all the others in line without your seeing. It will astonish him when you tell him, after he has succeeded, what the two end numbers are. They must be those on the domino that you have withdrawn, for that domino completes the circle. If the dominoes are laid out in the manner shown in our illustration and I then break the line into four lengths of seven dominoes each, it will be found that the sum of the pips in the first group is 49, in the second 34, in the third 46, and in the fourth 39. Now I want to play them out so that all the four groups of seven (when the line is broken) shall contain the same number of pips. Can you find a way of doing it?

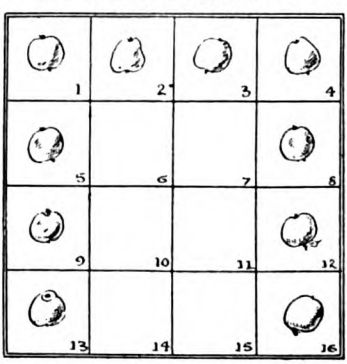


196.—TO BE SOLVED MENTALLY.

IF ten hen-pens cost ten and tenpence, and ten hens and one hen-pen cost ten and tenpence, what will ten hens without any hen-pens cost?

197.—THE TEN APPLES.

THE puzzle here is to take off nine of the ten apples in this way. You may take up an apple and pass it over one apple to the next square beyond, if that square is unoccupied, and remove the apple that you passed over. But you cannot move diagonally. It will at once be seen that, as the apples are at present placed, no move is possible. Before play, however, you are allowed to remove any one apple to any vacant square you like. Then you must take off the nine apples in nine leaping moves, as explained.

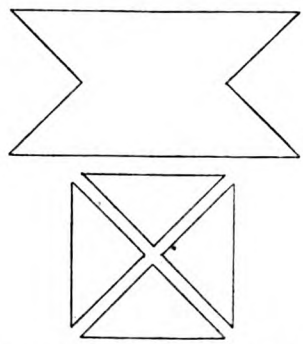


198.—A CHARADE.

My *first's* my head (my tail is just the same).
My *next* lives in a hill; you'll know its name.
My *third*—whate'er the sum may be, you'll show
My *whole* is just equivalent, I know.

199.—THE GREEK CROSS.

HERE is an easy little puzzle for my more juvenile readers. Place the five pieces, shown in the illustration, together so as to form a symmetrical Greek cross.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

191.—THE ARTILLERYMEN'S DILEMMA.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	3	6	10	15	21	28
1	4	10	20	35	56	84
1	5	14	30	55	91	140

Here the first row contains the natural numbers in their order. Every number in the second row represents the sum of the numbers above from the beginning to the number just over it. The third row is formed in the same way. In the fourth row every number is the sum of the number just above it and the preceding number. All the numbers in the second row are triangular numbers; the balls can be laid out on the ground in triangles. The balls in the third row will form triangular pyramids; and those in the fourth row square pyramids. This shows, by the way, that every square pyramid is composed of two triangular ones. If we continue the above table to 24 places we shall reach the number 4,900 in the fourth row. As this number is the square of 70, it will exactly fulfil the conditions. I do not believe there can be any other solution, though a rigid proof is extremely difficult.

192.—WHO WAS FIRST?

BIGGS, who saw the smoke, would be first; Carpenter, who saw the bullet strike the water, would be second; and Anderson, who heard the report, would be last of all.

193.—A CALENDAR PUZZLE.

THE first day of a century can never fall on a Sunday; nor on a Wednesday or a Friday.

194.—A TRICK WITH DICE.

ALL you have to do is to deduct 250 from the result given, and the three figures in the answer will be the three points thrown with the dice. Thus, in the throw we gave, the number given would be 386, and when we deduct 250 we get 136, from which we know that the throws were 1, 3, and 6.

The Prince and the Tailor.

Retold from the German by W. J. L. KIEHL.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

IN Alexandria there lived a tailor named Labakan, who was wonderfully clever with his needle. Sometimes he would work away with such zest that his needle became red-hot and his thread actually smoked!

The raiment at which he worked at such times was so splendidly made that it was fit for any Sultan to wear.

One day the Sultan's brother happened to be passing a few days at Alexandria, and as one of his finest caftans had been torn on the journey he sent the coat to the tailor's shop to have it repaired. Of course, this delicate work could be entrusted to no one else but Labakan. He stood for a long time in contemplation of the princely caftan.

How beautiful it was! How well he, Labakan, would look in it! "If I wore such a robe I myself should look like a Prince," he mused.

Tempted by this thought he put on the caftan, and it fitted him perfectly! Now he felt so exalted that he could no longer remain in a town where his Royal demeanour was not appreciated, so he resolved to go out into the world to seek a position fitted to his majestic appearance. He tucked his few

savings into his belt and, covered by the friendly darkness, slipped out of the town unperceived.

In all the places he passed his priceless caftan and majestic bearing made him the observed of all observers, and many were the questions he had to answer, especially the ever-recurring one, why such a great personage as he seemed to be was travelling on foot. This remark so bored him at last that he bought himself a horse, but, as his savings were too small to allow of his buying a good one, he had to be content with quite an old nag. This, however, suited him far better than a spirited animal, for he had never learnt to ride, so the gentle, slow pace of his steed was just what he wanted.

He had been journeying in this way for some time when he was joined by another traveller, a pleasant-looking youth who rode a fine, spirited horse. The young stranger told Labakan that he was the nephew of Elfi Bey, who on his deathbed had confided to him that he, Omar, was the son of Saaud, the Sultan, and that he had been placed in his charge while still an infant because astrologers had foretold that disaster threatened him if he remained at his father's Court before his twenty-second year. The Sultan had therefore sworn not to see his son again before his twenty-second birthday. He, Omar, was now travelling to the Obelisk of El Seruya, where, on the fourth of the month, which would be the twenty-second anniversary of his birth, he was due to meet his father. As a token of recognition he had to give him the dagger he wore in his belt, saying, "Here am I whom thou seekest." If the answer was, "All praise to the Prophet who has preserved thee," he would know that he had indeed found his father.

Labakan marvelled at this story, and began to regard with envious eyes this Omar on whom Fate had bestowed all the things he so wished for himself. These thoughts left him no rest; all night he dreamt of them, and when he awoke early the next morning and saw Omar so peacefully sleeping beside him, he was seized with a blind fury and resolved to snatch for himself all the advantages that an unkind Fate had denied him. The dagger that was to be the token of recognition he stealthily drew from the sleeper's belt. Then he quietly saddled Omar's horse and rode away as fast as he could to reach El Seruya first.

Two days after his flight Labakan saw the famous obelisk, near which was encamped a small band of horsemen. One of these, a venerable-looking old man with long white beard, bore every mark of being the leader. He wore a caftan of gold brocade, and on his head was a turban sparkling with precious jewels. Labakan dismounted and bowed low before this venerable greybeard, at the same time handing him the dagger with the words, "Here am I whom thou seekest."

"All praise to the Prophet who has preserved thee!" answered the old man, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks. "Come, embrace your father, my beloved son Omar!"

Our tailor was touched by the old man's joy, and it was with mingled feelings of shame and happiness that he sank into his arms.

But speeding across the plain as fast as Labakan's old horse could carry him now came the real Omar, waving his arms and shouting. "Wait!" he cried, as he reined in his horse. "Do not be taken in by the false words of an impostor. I am Omar! Do not let anyone misuse my name!"

So saying, he sprang from his horse and rushed towards Labakan. The Sultan and his followers were astounded at this turn of events, but Labakan was the first to regain his presence of mind, and, shrugging his shoulders, he turned to the Sultan.

"You must not take seriously what that madman is saying; he is more to be pitied than blamed, for he is only a poor, half-witted tailor of Alexandria."

These words drove Omar to a frenzy. He sprang forward to fling himself upon Labakan, but the Sultan's attendants held him back.

"I see you are right, my son," cried the Sultan. "This poor man has indeed lost his reason. Here!" he called to his attendants; "bind this poor, mad creature and place him on one of our dromedaries. We will take him home with us and see what our physician can do for him."

They mounted and set off at once on their way to the Sultan's dominions. After many days' journey the cavalcade reached the capital. The whole town was gaily decorated and everyone acclaimed the young Prince. In the throne-room of the palace the Sultana sat awaiting her son. She had not looked upon him since infancy, but in dreams she had seen him so often that she was sure of recognizing him at once. The sheikhs and Emirs did low obeisance as the Sultan, leading Labakan by the hand, passed majestically down the long hall to the foot of the throne.

"Praise be to Allah and his holy Prophet," he cried happily. "Here I bring you our long-lost son."

The Sultana started to her feet, eagerly scanning the features of the young man before her. "But," she faltered, "that is not our son. Ah, no! that is not the figure, those are not the features shown me in many dreams by the holy Prophet!"

"What woman's nonsense is this?" cried the disgusted Sultan. "To talk of dreams when here is the reality! This surely is our son, for he brought me the token and uttered the words agreed upon."

At this moment there was a great commotion at the entrance, and Omar, who had escaped from his guards, crushed through the throng and threw himself before the throne.

"Cruel father," he cried, "I can endure this no longer! I would rather die here at your feet!"

"THE SULTAN BECAME VERY ANGRY, AND ORDERED HIS

The Sultana had scarcely glanced at the new-comer when she threw up her arms, crying, "This, this, and no other, is my son! This is he whom the Prophet has shown me in my dreams!"

But the Sultan became very angry, and ordered his guards to seize "the mad tailor," as he called Omar, and not let him escape again on pain of death. He took no heed of the Sultana's protests, and she, seeing all her efforts vain, fell swooning into the arms of her women, who carried her to her apartments.

The Sultana felt so certain that Omar was her true son and Labakan only an impostor that she thought all night long of some scheme by which she might make the truth plain to her husband. Together with an old Circassian slave-woman, who had heard the whole story of the meeting at El Seruya from her fellow-servants, she devised a way of convincing her husband of his error.

The Sultan, who loved his wife very dearly, and was sorry he had been so violent the day before, came early that morning to inquire how she was.

Long ago she had learnt how to manage her husband, so she did not say a word against Labakan, and gave the Sultan to understand that she would be willing to welcome him as her son, "only," she added, "on one condition. You know," she continued, "what silly notions we women often have!"

GUARDS TO SEIZE 'THE MAD TAILOR.'"

"Ah, yes, indeed! I know all about that," laughed the Sultan, indulgently.

"Well," she went on, "I make one condition, and I want you to promise now at once that you will comply with it."

"All right," said the Sultan, wishing to atone for his unkindness of the day before. "All right, I promise. Now let me hear this famous condition."

"It is this," returned the Sultana. "I want to submit both these young men to a trial of their skill; others would perhaps let them shoot with bow and arrows, or throw the javelin, but anyone can do that! I want them to do something far more difficult. They must each sew me a caftan, and we shall see which makes the best."

"What a ridiculous idea!" cried the Sultan. "But, as no one of my race has ever yet broken his word, it shall be done as you wish."

Everything was now arranged for the grand test. Labakan and Omar were locked into separate rooms with enough silk for making a caftan. They were given scissors, needle and thread, and everything else they required. Their meals were sent in to them, and they were given two days in which to perform their task. To Labakan the Sultan had excused himself on the plea that it was a whim of his mother's to try his skill, and he, well pleased that she should have chosen a thing he knew so thoroughly, worked with a will, so that when, on the evening of the second day, the Sultan and Sultana came to inspect the work, he proudly spread his caftan out before them.

"See here, my honoured parents!" he cried. "I'm sure you will be delighted with this caftan. I've put my best work into it, and feel certain that even the Court tailor cannot surpass it."

The Sultan gasped with astonishment, and as they left the room the Sultana said, sweetly, "It is certainly a most wonderful caftan that your son has made. I wonder which master-tailor taught him to sew?"

The Sultan answered never a word, but led the way to the next room, where Omar sat in sullen idleness. He had not touched needle or thread, and the precious silk lay in a tangled heap on the floor.

"My son," began the Sultana, "we have come to see what *you* have made of your caftan."

"I?" cried the Prince, with scorn. "I haven't touched the wretched thing! Elfi Bey taught me to wield the sword and the spear, but never the use of the needle!"

The Sultana turned to her husband and whispered, "Is it not plain enough now who is the Prince and who the tailor?"

The Sultan thoughtfully stroked his long white beard. He hated to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and yet, after this test of the needle, the gravest doubts beset his soul. These doubts left him no rest, so he resolved to go to the fairy Adolzaïde, who, through the long centuries, had always counselled his ancestors on momentous questions. This fairy lived in a grove of cedars in the midst of a large forest not far from the city, and none, except those of Royal blood, ever ventured to approach her retreat. So the Sultan rode forth alone, and when he neared the sacred grove he dismounted in

reverential awe of the mysterious Presence. At his approach one of the cedars opened, and a veiled figure, all in shimmering white, floated forth to meet him.

"I know your errand, O Sultan," she spoke, in silvery accents, "and I will make manifest to

"TO HIS AMAZEMENT THE CASKETS FLEW OPEN OF THEIR OWN ACCORD."

everyone who is the Prince and who the impostor! Take these two caskets," she continued, as she handed the Sultan two small ivory boxes richly encrusted with gold and pearls, "and let the young men each choose one of these. The choice will reveal

their true identity beyond the shadow of a doubt!"

And before the Sultan had recovered from his awestruck surprise the fay had vanished.

He examined the caskets and found they were both exactly alike except for their inscriptions. The one bore in letters of diamonds, "Wealth and Happiness"; the other, also in diamond letters, "Honour and Glory." Which to choose? He had to confess that even he himself would have some difficulty in making up his mind. He then tried to open them, but try as he might it was quite impossible, so he had to restrain his curiosity.

On his return to the palace the Sultan gave orders to call his whole Court together in the great assembly hall. Close to the throne a slave set down two tables, and on these the Sultan, with his own hands, placed the precious caskets. He then mounted the throne, and the Sultana took her place beside him, and all the Court assembled. Then he commanded that first the "Prince," as he still continued to call Labakan, and then the "Pretender," should be conducted into his presence.

Labakan passed proudly down the hall, prostrated himself before the throne, and inquired what might be the Sultan's pleasure.

"My son," answered the Sultan, "there are those who question your right to this title. To set such doubts at rest you must make your choice of one of yonder caskets. The one you choose contains the proof of who you are."

This speech made Labakan feel anything but comfortable. For a long while he stood before the caskets without being able to make up his mind. They were equally beautiful, equally precious. He read the inscriptions; then, after deliberating for a while, he laid his hand upon the casket inscribed "Wealth and Happiness."

"O mighty Sultan!" he cried, "what can be greater than the happiness of finding in you my father, or what can be more precious than the wealth of your affection for me? Wealth and happiness are what I choose!"

"Very well," nodded the Sultan. "Presently we shall see whether you have chosen wisely. Now step back among the spectators." Then, turning to the slaves who stood near awaiting his orders, he said, "Bring in the other claimant."

Omar was now led before the throne. He, too, was told by the Sultan to make a choice between the caskets. His choice was made instantly. He placed his hand on the "Honour and Glory" casket. "These last days have taught me how unstable is wealth, how transient is happiness; but, untouched by adverse fortune, the flame of honour burns in every courageous breast, and the bright star of glory does not set when happiness wanes! Though my choice may cost me a kingdom I choose honour and glory!"

Amid the breathless silence of the multitude the Sultan commanded that the caskets be opened. And, behold, to his amazement they flew open of their own accord.

All the sheikhs and Emirs craned their necks, and all crowded as closely about the throne as they dared in their curiosity to see what the caskets contained.

In Omar's casket lay a small crown and sceptre! In Labakan's nothing but a needle and thread!

The Sultan took the small crown in his hand, and, wonderful to see, it grew in size until it was as large as a regal crown. He set it upon Omar's head, and, kissing him on the brow, bade him seat himself at his right hand. "My true son," he sighed, "how could I be so blind as to think for a moment that yonder impostor was my own flesh and blood?"

Omar said nothing, but smiled into his mother's happy eyes; both knew that but for her motherly love he would most certainly have been supplanted by the tailor.

Labakan, covered with shame, slunk out of the hall unhindered, glad to have escaped with his life.

CRUMBS OF THOUGHT.

THE man who attacks a new dish even nowadays is not without apprehension, but what must have been his courage who first ventured upon an egg or an oyster! Had that egg or that oyster been rotten, the course of human development might have been changed. One at least of our great explorers is without a monument.

EDUCATION should put an edge upon the blade, not wear away the steel.

GOOD books like fine wines, are to be taken leisurely, paused over, dwelt upon and enjoyed. They are not to be gulped down like medicines.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is a form of suicide.

"EAT, drink, and be merry"— a simple and delightfully wicked prescription; but try to follow it and you'll find Hygiene setting the table, Physic waiting and Dulness making the jokes.

SOME men are so anxious about the means of living that they leave themselves no time to live. They keep on tuning their instruments, but never strike up a tune.

THE soil where weeds cannot grow is not likely to produce flowers.

THE dress suit seems to be the most democratic of modern institutions. It is cheap and ugly and levels up all conditions of men from the waiter to the Duke. In this useful arrangement of black and white modern society mourns over its own want of originality.

THE man who is always finding fault with his razor would do well to let his beard grow.

THE agreeable man never asks questions, avoids the use of "I," never offers advice, and never recommends anyone to read a book.

By ADAM RANKINE.

Illustrated by T. J. Overnell.

THE rich man would not let Lazarus lie long at his gate nowadays. We are much too alive to our own comfort and are afraid of infection. Lazarus would be bundled off to an infirmary; a bazaar would be got up for his benefit, and the rich man's name would appear in the newspapers. He would get rid of a nuisance and gain a reputation.

THE occasional tips of fortune are more thought of than the regular salary of virtue.

TEACHERS are not so anxious that we should learn to use our eyes as that we should see through their spectacles.

SUCH is the modesty of men that they always expect their wives to be better than themselves.

FINE words are wasted on commonplace thoughts: No artist carves a turnip or engraves on tin.

OUR forefathers were good men according to their lights, but their lights are not ours, and there is no reason why we should still read by candle or rush-light.

THEOLOGY provides the frame but Piety paints the picture.

MISTAKES are often made worse by the effort to correct them. It is not the slip but the effort to save which fractures the bone. How many blunders would escape detection, if we were not at pains to draw attention to them. In trying to erase the blot we make a hole in the paper.

THE formation of habit is a transference from current to capital account.

WHEN the laws of society and considerations of self-interest no longer suffice for guidance, there still remain the higher ideals of duty and religion. If the compass fails we must steer by the stars.

PICTURE STORY COMPETITION—RESULT.

"THE TWO RED SUITS."

By C. C. HARDY.

(5, Union Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.)

In our March Number appeared nine pictures, and our readers were asked to write a story introducing these nine incidents in their due order. The most ingenious solution of this extremely difficult puzzle was the following:—

1.

WHEN the steamship *City of Birmingham*, carrying a cargo of merchandise, called at Durban in the early summer of 191—, an unusual incident was seen to occur. Two passengers, an old, white-bearded man and a pretty girl, his daughter, left the boat accompanied by the captain. Much speculation was indulged in by the casual loiterers at the docks, for the *City of Birmingham* was not a passenger boat, and certainly did not boast accommodation suitable for a lady. All cause for wonder was, however, soon dismissed by the news that the strangers had been picked up from a sailing vessel which had been sighted a few days before, after some very rough weather.

In reply to distress signals a boat was put off (1), and it was found that the sailing vessel, on board of which were the owner and his daughter, had been so battered by the storms that it would be unable to make any headway for some days. The sails were in ribbons, the rudder was torn away, and, worst of all, the hull had sprung a leak.

The owner, who was an old man by the name of Gerard Thomson, seemed very impatient at the prospect of delay, and eventually managed to persuade the captain of the *City of Birmingham* to take himself and his daughter on board and leave them at Durban.

Gerard Thomson had in his youth spent many years in South Africa, where he had made his fortune, like many others, out of diamonds. For years now he had lived in England alone with his daughter, for his wife had died soon after their only child's birth. Of late years he had been tempted into rather heavy speculation on the Stock Exchange, and, although he was moderately successful for a time, the day came when, acting on the advice of an incompetent friend, he invested heavily in shares which turned out not to be worth the paper they were printed on. His friends were surprised at the fortitude with which he bore his loss, but they were still more surprised when they heard that he was going back to South Africa. If they had known his real object in going they would have been still more astonished. When out there in the early 'eighties he had been working in partnership with a man named Richard Fortune. This man he found out later to be a scoundrel, and they parted company. Not, however, until they had had a violent quarrel, and Thomson had to flee from their camp by night to save himself from the treachery of Richard Fortune and his confederates.

In order that his escape should not be impeded, Thomson hid a large number of his diamonds near the camp, and there they had remained to this day; the place was known only to himself and a man who escaped with him, and who was afterwards employed by him as a secretary for a few years after he came to England. This man, although treated with great kindness, had shown his gratitude by attempting to forge his master's signature, and was now serving a long term of imprisonment on Dartmoor.

To regain these diamonds was, then, the reason for Gerard Thomson's journey to Durban, but even here the ill-luck which seemed to dog his footsteps still followed him. On his first day on land he was seen and recognized by his old partner, Richard Fortune. As a matter of fact this was scarcely strange, for Fortune had read of Gerard Thomson's movements in the papers, and he alone guessed what his motives were in suddenly departing for South Africa.

He had managed to discover long ago that the diamonds Thomson had in his possession when he left the camp had not been sold, for Thomson had had to start working afresh and in comparative poverty.

But Marjorie Thomson also met someone the first day they were in Durban. This was a young man named George Nesbit, whom she had known two years before in London. He had been for the past eighteen months on a hunting expedition in the wilder parts of the country with a friend, and rumour in London ball-rooms said that this expedition was the direct outcome of a seemingly hopeless passion that he had conceived for the fair Marjorie. The latter, however, was undoubtedly glad to see him, and it was arranged that the four should dine together that evening.

Nesbit had not heard of Mr. Thomson's loss, owing to his absence from home. He was, however, so sympathetic that eventually Mr. Thomson took him into his confidence and told him the whole story.

Nesbit, of course, at once offered his help and that of his friend, Bruce Cunningham, encouraged, no doubt, not only by the prospect of some excitement, but also by the expectation of some rides with Marjorie, who had announced her intention of accompanying the party.

As a result of this, one day three weeks later the party of four set out from a little village about a hundred and fifty miles north-west of Durban. Mr. Thomson seemed to have a wonderful memory, considering the length of time that had elapsed since he left the country. With the aid of a plan which he had made years ago he directed their progress so unerringly that by noon he was able to announce that they were quite half-way to the spot where the diamonds were hidden. They now made a halt for lunch and rested for about an hour.

When they resumed their journey the sun was lower in the sky, but it was still very hot. They were riding along a piece of veldt studded here and there with groups of large rocks. Suddenly Marjorie uttered an exclamation and pointed to a piece of rising ground a mile or two to their right. There, silhouetted against the sky, was the figure of a man on horseback, but even as they looked at him he seemed to whip up his horse, and disappeared on the other side of the hill. Marjorie's father was alarmed at the possibility of their being followed, but the others managed to reassure him, in spite of a feeling they all had that something was wrong. However, a more alarming thing occurred

soon. They had come to a long, gradual slope, and, encouraged by the old man, the three young members of the party quickened into a rousing gallop, intending to wait for Mr. Thomson at the bottom. They halted, however, sooner than they had intended owing to Marjorie dropping her whip, and, looking round, what was their astonishment to see old Mr. Thomson seated motionless on his horse with his hands high above his head, while advancing towards him at a run was a man with a rifle in his hands. With a shout they turned and galloped back, Nesbit and Cunningham pulling out their revolvers. The man immediately turned and ran back, but at that moment they perceived that he was not alone. Nearly a dozen men were kneeling in the long grass, with rifles in their hands, at intervals of between fifty and a hundred yards, so as to form almost a complete ring about them.

As soon as the three had rejoined the old man, they dashed for a clump of rocks near by, and made preparations to defend themselves. The situation filled them with surprise, for they had no idea that anyone knew of the object of their expedition.

To Richard Fortune this attack was due, for after losing what money he had by gambling he was now a member of a large gang of ne'er-do-weels in Durban. He had followed the party with his gang, with the object of cutting Mr. Thomson off from the party and discovering from him the whereabouts of the stones.

2.

This, as we have seen, was frustrated, but Richard Fortune was not the man to let a little thing like that stop him. He had these men in his hands and intended to get his information at any cost.

Our friends, however, were lucky in their choice of a place of defence. The group of rocks stood on a little knoll, with only one side accessible to a climber. From the top of the slope on this side the two younger men held a commanding position, while they were all able to get adequate shelter behind the rocks.

Their attackers soon saw that their only hope was to start a fusillade, and very soon shots began to be exchanged between the two parties (2). The advantage now, however, was all with the defenders, and from their security they accounted for three or four of their enemies within a few minutes, all more or less slightly wounded, while shots were spattering harmlessly on the rocks around them. The attackers soon had enough, and a handkerchief was hoisted on a gun-barrel as a sign of their wish for a peaceful conversation.

Richard Fortune now made his great mistake. He came himself to speak to them, and old Mr. Thomson, although he was now almost fainting from the shock and excitement, recognized him at once. He knew now in what danger they stood. This man would stick at nothing, and Mr. Thomson determined for the sake of his daughter that he would accept any reasonable terms. Nesbit, however, when he knew the old man's wishes, took the part of spokesman, and eventually was able to secure a guarantee of safety if they returned to the village and thence to Durban.

So three days later they arrived back in Durban, with the old man and his daughter both ill from the trying experiences they had passed through. Fortune also was back in Durban, but he kept out of their way, and did not let the grass grow under his feet.

Mr. Thomson was found to be very ill, and when a nurse was required here was Fortune's chance. He sent a sister of one of his confederates to apply for the post, and was henceforward kept posted with all details of the old man's progress. When Mr. Thomson knew that he could not recover he sent for a solicitor. On the solicitor's heels arrived Fortune, who was secretly introduced into the room by the nurse just in time to hear Thomson's faint voice dictating a statement (3).

3.

From behind a screen he heard that the diamonds were hidden in a place known only to himself and his late secretary, Eric Tudor, now serving time in His Majesty's prison on Dartmoor. His own plan he had destroyed, and the only way to discover the diamonds' hiding-place, if he should die, would be to obtain information from Tudor. Always an eccentric man, he now lived up to his reputation by refusing actually to disclose their hiding-place, hoping that he would recover and be able to proceed with the search himself. If he had described it, he would have saved Fortune a lot of trouble, but the latter was content, and, leaving the house, made preparations immediately to leave for England by the next boat.

The next day a piece of luck befell him. One of his gang, who had taken a room in the hotel on the same floor as Thomson's in order to watch them, passed their sitting-room window in a stroll along the balcony, as Marjorie was standing at an open writing-desk. As he watched, he saw a carefully tied-up paper fall to the ground from the desk (4), unobserved by the girl, who was occupied in looking through some other papers. She left the room for a few minutes and he took the opportunity to possess himself of the paper. It was the statement Fortune had heard the day before. Here was a piece of luck! Without the statement Marjorie would be powerless in the event of her father's death, and the field would be left clear for Fortune to make his inquiries at his leisure.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Thomson died on the day that Fortune left for England. Marjorie, Nesbit, and Cunningham were the sole mourners at his funeral, and the former made arrangements to leave for England at once to live with some of the few relatives she had living. When the statement was not to be found Marjorie took it to be only another piece of the ill-luck which had dogged them ever since she could remember, and made up her mind to try and forget that such things as diamonds existed.

4.

Not so Nesbit. He was determined to find them in some way or other. He had won for himself, though unknowingly, quite a secure place in Marjorie's affections, and in promising to write to her he assured her that he was going to prosecute the search until the diamonds were found.

5.

The first thing he did was to find out Fortune's whereabouts. When he heard he was on the way to England he knew he might wait patiently. Fortune evidently knew something, but to obtain the diamonds he would have to come back to South Africa. So Nesbit waited. Then at last some news came. England rang with the news of the great Dartmoor murder. A man named Eric Tudor, imprisoned for embezzlement, had escaped in a fog while returning to the prison after a day's work. The next day he was found on a high tor, with a dagger in his heart (5). Only one man who read the news guessed the solution of the mystery, and he waited.

The mere conviction of a scoundrel was not enough for him. He wanted to return to England with the diamonds, to take them to their fair owner, and to receive the reward he hoped he had earned.

As he expected, Fortune arrived back in Durban at the end of August, and immediately made preparations for what he pretended was a hunting excursion in the country. The old route was travelled again, but this time it was Fortune and his men who led, and Nesbit who followed. On they went past the scene of their former affray, on into a rocky part of the country where Nesbit had never been before. And at last Nesbit knew that the place had been reached, for a camp was made and they settled for the night. Nesbit passed the night in a tree, and in the morning was early on the watch again for their first movements.

These, when they came, were unexpected, for they turned back towards Durban, and he at last rightly came to the conclusion that they had camped on the exact spot where the diamonds were hidden. This was a disappointment, and seemingly an insuperable difficulty, so he dolefully followed the party back to their starting-point, the village he had been at earlier in the year, and thence on to Durban again. Now, however, he had a stupendous bit of luck. He was out fishing one day in a small boat, when, owing to some unaccountable negligence on his part, his boat was upset by the wash of a large steamer, which crashed the little craft into one of the buoys which stand outside the harbour at Durban. He was fortunately able to clamber on to this buoy, and sat there for some time without much hope of being rescued. He was just weighing the comparative merits of waiting until he was seen, and "chancing his arm" in a swim for shore, when a low humming sound made him look upwards.

6.

A few of the more wealthy residents in Durban had lately indulged in waterplanes, and one of them was just approaching the buoy up the coastline.

With the aid of a few shouts he was able to attract the attention of the pilot and his companion (6), and very soon the machine was rocking gently on the water a few yards away. He was quickly seated in the machine, which was occupied by a friend of his and his pilot, and they were soon flying shorewards. For a long time he was wondering why the pilot's face seemed familiar to him, and it was not until they had landed that he realized that he had seen him twice before. Those two occasions were his two trips into the country in search of the diamonds.

7.

The man, who was a rough-looking fellow, was obviously confused at meeting Nesbit face to face, and when questioned at first made no reply. When at last, however, he did reply, his answer was a surprise.

He was all for saving his own skin, and was anxious to turn King's evidence. Nesbit's way now seemed clear. He at once wired to England for Marjorie to come out and claim her property. Before she arrived news came that Fortune was in negotiation with a wealthy Jew in Durban for the sale of the diamonds. The Jew, however, lived up to his national reputation, and the bargaining took so long that Marjorie was in Durban before the stones were actually handed over.

8.

Little remains to be told. Marjorie and Nesbit, their witness and the solicitor who had drawn up Mr. Thomson's statement, arrived at the Jew's house one morning a few minutes after Fortune himself had entered, and they soon showed him that the game was up (7). Handing over the stones he took the next boat for England, which was rather a risky proceeding. He took one or two of the larger diamonds with him, unknown to the real owner or her friends, who did not know the actual extent of the treasure. But the money he made out of these was not of much use to him. As he drove in his car out of his house one evening he was stopped by the police (8) and arrested for the murder of Eric Tudor. He later paid the penalty usually inflicted in this country on those who take the life of a fellow-man.

As for Marjorie, she is now Lady Nesbit (9), our hero having come into a peerage on the death of an uncle whom he scarcely knew.

She sometimes says that her family is proverbially unlucky, but that she seems to have struck oil at last.

9.

CURIOSITIES.

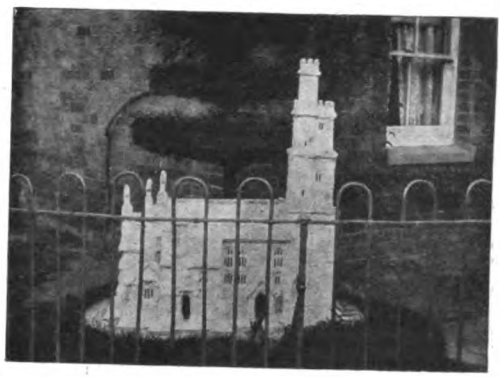
[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

CAN A SMOKE-STACK BE ARTISTIC?

THERE is very little about this view of a minaret or a monument to suggest anything so utilitarian as a smoke-stack, yet that is what it is. The structure surmounts a power-house in Salt Lake City, and is about one hundred feet high. The lower section is built of highly ornate stonework, and four balconies make it appear like an observation tower. The swelling dome and shaft are of iron. The effect is so graceful and the surroundings so very attractive that most visitors would never suspect that it is a chimney.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

A SNAIL-SHELL CHURCH.

IN the front garden of a cottage in the little village of Eastington, near Stonehouse, is the curious model of a church shown in the photograph. It was constructed many years ago by the present occupier of the cottage, and is composed of thousands of snail-



shells securely cemented together. The model is an excellent representation of the village church situated near by, and naturally attracts great attention from visitors.—Mr. E. J. Lavell, 115, Bedford Hill, Balham, S.W.

A MONSTER DUCK'S EGG.

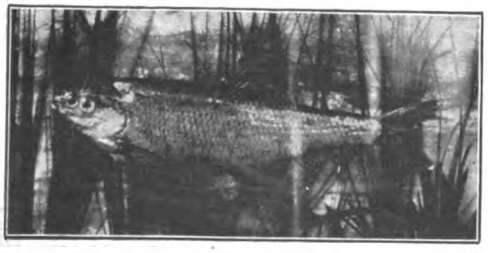
DURING a visit to Germains, Kelvedon Common, the residence of Mrs. Simpson Shaw, Dandie Dinmont terrier breeder and exhibitor, the monster duck's egg here shown was one of several on the visitors' breakfast-plates on Easter Sunday, being embellished by a caricature of her Champion Alpin Slitrig by the hostess. The egg, which is here reproduced the exact size of the original, weighed five and a half ounces and was nine and a half inches round its extreme length.—Mr. F. W. Paul, 98, Finsbury Park Road, N.

THROWING THE CHAKRI.

IN front of the mausoleum of a holy saint—Mohamed Ghous—a fair is held annually on the outskirts of Gwalior town, about the middle of the rainy season. The most noticeable feature of the fair is the chakri-throw. A chakri is a piece of iron something like a spindle, over which a long piece of string or thread is rolled. The player throws high into the air the iron chakri (literally, a roll), holding one end of the string in his hand, and gives it a swing and jerk in such a clever manner that the chakri, on coming down, rolls up the thread again on itself, and is caught in the hands of the thrower. The art has been dexterously practised by a class of people for ages past, and some members are so renowned that they cut a good figure at the scene. It is most interesting to watch the thrower fling the chakri up high, catch it in his hands on return, and continue sending it up again and again till the throw becomes as high as seventy feet above the ground. There is absolutely no spring or lever attachment in the chakri. Nabbo is the champion thrower.—Sri Ram, B.A., Morar, Central India.

FISH WITH THREE EYES.

WHILE fishing at Windsor I caught a dace, which I was very much surprised to find had three eyes, two being in the normal position and the third



lower down on the side of the nose. I wonder whether such an unusual experience has happened to many other STRAND readers?—Mr. Thomas Kenyon, 13, Tyers Street, Lambeth, S.E.

A PROBLEM FOR BRIDGE-PLAYERS.

BY VLADIMIR DE ROZING

Hearts—King, queen, 6.
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 6, 3.
Clubs—Queen, 6, 2.

Hearts - 10, 7.
Diamonds—8, 7, 2.
Clubs—King, knave, 9, 8, 7.

	A	
Z		Y
	B	

Hearts—Knave, 9, 5, 2.
Diamonds—King, queen, 10, 9.
Spades—Queen, knave.

Diamonds—4.
Clubs—Ace, 10, 5, 4, 3.
Spades—8, 5, 4, 2.

Clubs are trumps. A has the lead. A and B are to make eight tricks from ten.

[*The solution will be given next month.*]

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

ANAGRAM LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—*Enclosed* are my *congratulations* on the latest *addition* to your *bill of fare*, which I *sincerely* trust you will *continue*. I *simultaneously* with *presumably* a large *majority* of your readers find much *pleasure* in *deciphering* these *anagrams*, and *emphatically* hope you will not let *circumstances* or the *obstacle* of *exigencies* of space cause their *cessation*. They *constitute* real *relaxation* after a day of *heart-breaking* and *nerve-racking* toil, and one is *congenially* diverted in *attempting* to *disentangle* them. It would *undeniably* be a *misfortune* to *thousands* if by any *oversight* they were *discontinued*. It is an *achievement* to be *anticipated* with some *confidence* that, as a *result* of this *petition*, you in your *omnipotency* will *produce* a *manifesto* making these *delightful* little *teasers* a *periodic* event. If *reassurance* of public *satisfaction* at these *measures* is *necessary*, one or more *referendums* to the *innumerable* host who *patronise* the *magazine* would be *confirmation* enough.—Yours, *etcetera*,

Contributor.

A BREAKFAST-TABLE PROBLEM.

$$\begin{array}{r} 52 \times 12 \\ 12 \\ \hline 624 - 312 \\ 312 \\ \hline 312 + 462 \\ 462 \\ \hline 89)774(8 \\ 712 \\ \hline 62 \end{array}$$

The solution rests chiefly in finding out that 12 is the multiplier, as it is a single line sum, and so 10, 11, and 12 are the only possible ones; 10 and 11, however, would give 2 as unit in the answer. This gives the signs for 1, 2, 4. The egg-cup is seen to be 3, as one larger than 4 would give over 1,000 above it, but it has only 3 signs. That shows the tea-cup to be 6, and dividing 624 by 12 gives 52, showing the cream-jug to be 5. The same process works it out to the conclusion.

THE PARROT PUZZLE.

THE proverb illustrated is: "Honesty is the best policy." (On ST is the best Polly—see?)

ROYALTY BEFORE THE CAMERA

Clever Detective Feats: By GEO. R. SIMS

A Splendid Character—But Always in Hot Water—

FRY'S Cocoa

See Page 22.

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SIX PENCE

AN · ILLUSTRATED · MONTHLY

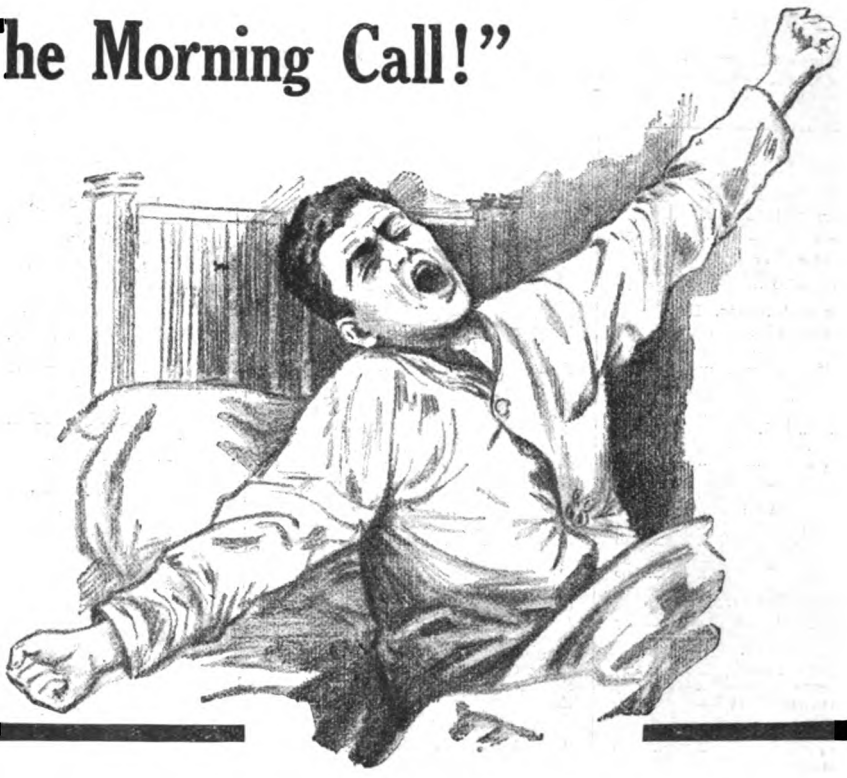
HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

WAITING FOR YOU
BY TAKING

BEECHAM'S PILLS

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, SEE PAGES 2 AND 4.

"The Morning Call!"



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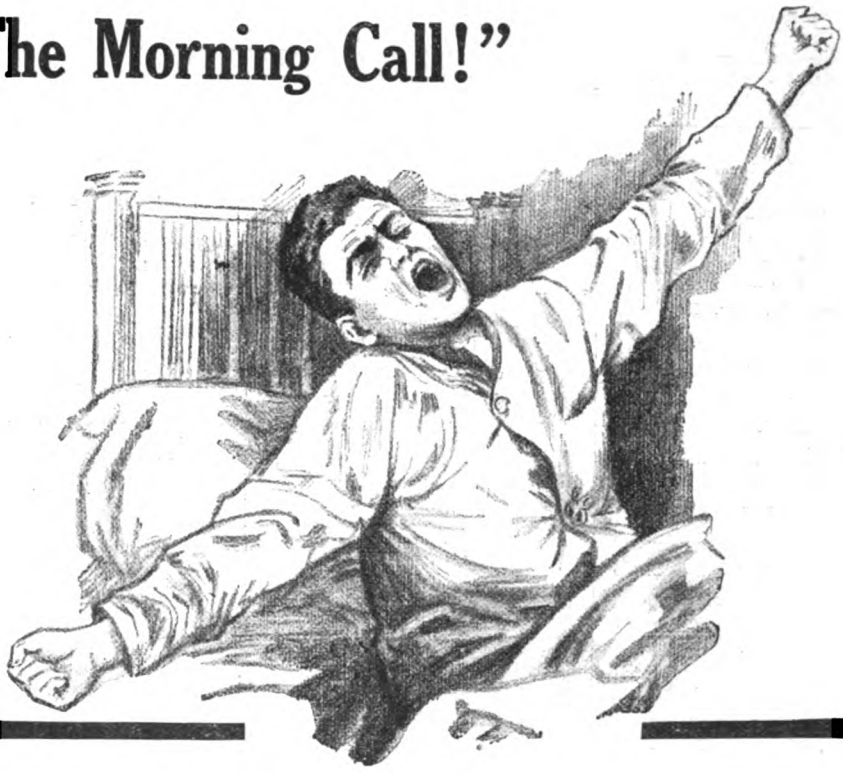
"The Morning Call!"



In the morning, when every minute is valuable, the "7 o'clock" safety razor is a friend indeed. The keen freshly-stropped blade ensures a comfortable shave. The "seven o'clock" is the only Safety Razor at less than one guinea that can be stropped without removing the blade.

Self-contained, not a single loose part.

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Stropped in the way that has stood the test of centuries.

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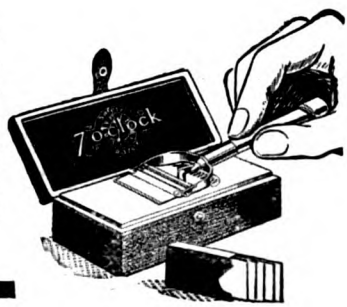
Quadruple-silver-plated razor complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated) **10/6**



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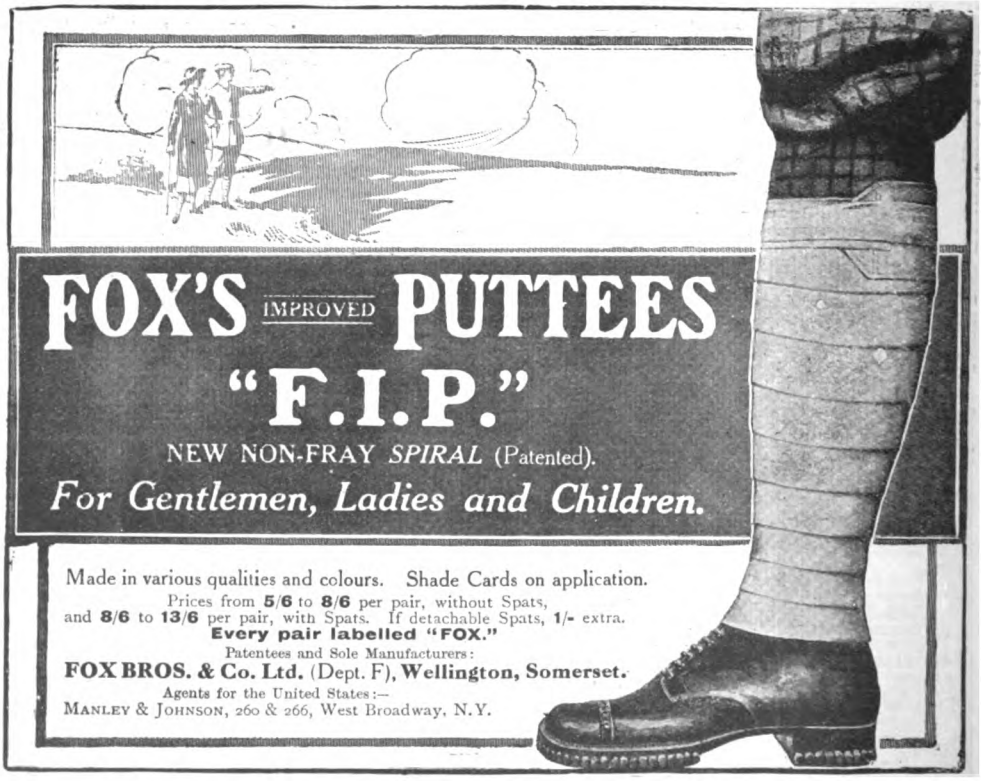

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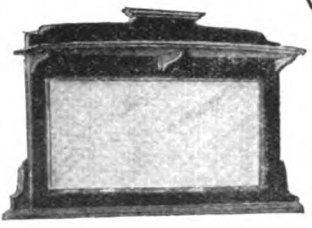

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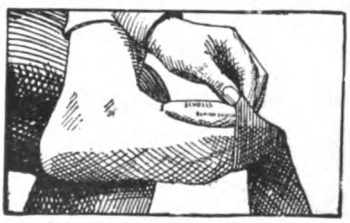

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Scholl's **BUNION REDUCER** shuts out all air, retains the natural warmth and moisture, and reduces the enlargement by absorption. It gives instant relief to the most painful bunion, enables one to wear smaller shoes with comfort and without having the shoes distorted. Made in three sizes — small, medium, and large—for right and left feet.

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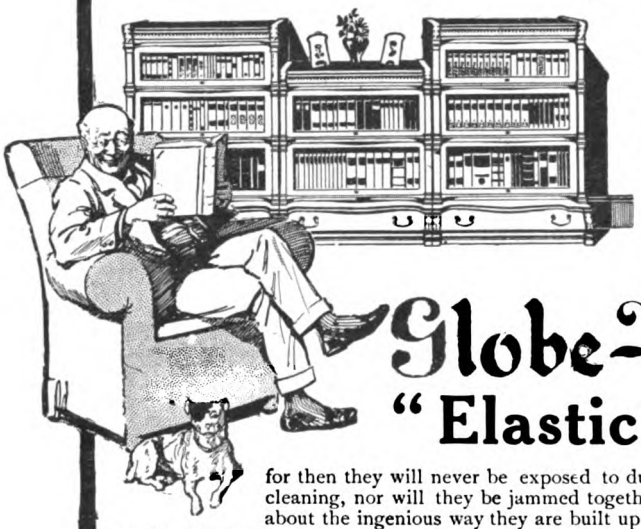

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Have you had your "Hair-Drill" outfit yet? If not, send for it to-day, for in addition to securing everything necessary for bringing back your hair to all its former health and beauty, you will learn how you may participate in the great £10,000 profit-sharing beauty gift and obtain entirely Free of Charge a handsome, fully-equipped Toilet Dressing Case.

WHAT THIS GREAT BEAUTY GIFT MEANS TO YOU.

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The other side of the case contains a box of "Cremex" Shampoos, a pot of the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream, and a tablet of "Astine" Complexion Soap. "Cremex" makes the hair grow in health and abundance under the finest possible conditions.

For banishing wrinkles, blotches, and pimples, and giving the skin the bloom of natural health-comfort, nothing equals "Astine" Vanishing Cream. "Astine" Soap is both a skin tonic and cleanser.

There are no conditions whatever governing the gift except that you collect the coupons, found packed with all Edwards' "Harlene" Co.'s preparations, or if you find no coupons save the wrappers.

The Toilet Dressing Case will be found invaluable in the Boudoir or when travelling. It makes a lovely present for a bride, a handsome birthday gift for either lady or gentleman.

USE THE COUPON TO-DAY FOR A FIVE-FOLD BEAUTY GIFT.

In return for the Coupon below and 3d. in stamps for postage, Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20–26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C., will send:—

(1) A trial bottle of "Harlene" for growing beautiful hair.

(2) A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for ridding your scalp of scurf, dandruff, and irritation, and for assisting the beneficial effects of "Hair-Drill."

(3) The "Hair-Drill" Manual of directions, showing how 2 minutes' exercise daily will grow hair in abundance.

(4) A supply of "Astine" Vanishing Cream, the use of which frees the skin from blemishes; and

(5) Full particulars of the great £10,000 Profit-sharing Celebration Scheme.

"Harlene" is sold in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of 7 powders (single 2d. each), and "Astine" Cream in 1s. and 2s. 6d. pots, by all Chemists, or direct post free on remittance. Foreign postage extra. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

GREAT PREMIUM GIFT COUPON

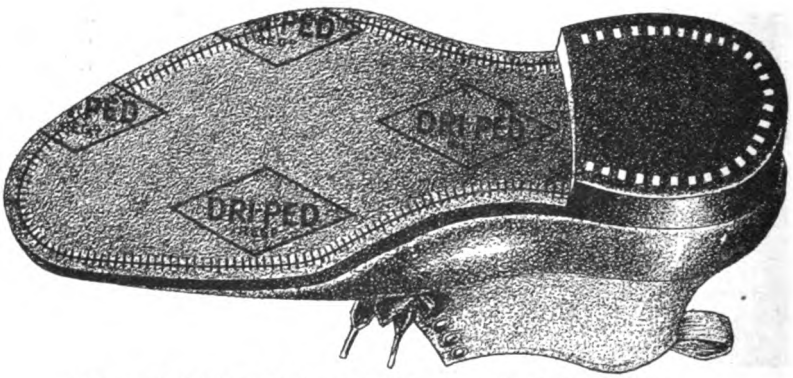
Fill in and post to Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

It will bring you a five-fold Beauty gift, including full particulars of a great £10,000 Beauty Gift Distribution. Enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any address in the world (Foreign Stamps accepted).

Name.....

Address.....

.....



NEW BOOTS THAT NEVER NEED RESOLING.
JUST WHAT YOU WANT FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS.

Ask your Dealer for "DRI-PED" soled new boots. They're Wear-proof!

"DRI-PED" is the sole leather you have always wanted and never yet been able to find. But it has lately been discovered, and its name is "DRI-PED." Have it now on your boots, new and old. Do not wait until they want re-soling, but secure "DRI-PED'S" amazing Double Wear Service on the new boots you are just going to buy for the holidays. "DRI-PED" is wear-proof; *the original 'DRI-PED' sole often actually outlasting the "upper."* It is no uncommon thing for "DRI-PED" Sole Leather to wear 12 and 15 months and even longer. "DRI-PED" is wear-proof because it is wet-proof. It never rots or cracks, but is light, flexible, non-squeaking, and never slips.

"DRI-PED" is the one ideal sole leather for everybody's boots; for all occasions. It is best for business men, professional men, for climbers, walkers, golfers, for all types of sportsmen and sportswomen. Nothing could be better for children's footwear. On every day, both summer and winter; for all conceivable duties and pleasures that keep you out in the open, be properly shod!—wear "DRI-PED" soles. You can then face the worst under-foot conditions and nastiest weather imaginable, with perfect security and comfort.

To get Biggest Boot Value; to get greatest comfort; to get longest wear; to save money————Get "DRI-PED."

No matter what make or shape of boot you buy—insist upon having "DRI-PED" soles.

Slight Extra Prices for Re-soling.
Children's extra per pair, up to 9d.; Ladies' extra per pair, up to 1/-; Men's extra per pair, up to 1/6. NOTE—These extra prices are based upon previous charges of 2/- Children's, 2/9 Ladies', 3/6 Men's. Where less or more has been previously charged, a slight variation to above prices may be expected.

FREE.—"*How to double Boot Life.*" Ask your dealer for above "DRI-PED" Booklet. If he cannot supply one, or "DRI-PED," give us his name. We will send a booklet direct, and see you get "DRI-PED." WILLIAM WALKER & SONS, LTD., "DRI-PED" Advertising Department, County Buildings, Cannon St. Manchester.

DRI-PED REG?

Beware of Substitute Soles
that let in water and wear like paper. You must see that each sole is

Stamped in Purple
to get genuine "DRI-PED." Do not be influenced against "DRI-PED" by dealers who have not got it, go to the nearest "DRI-PED" Dealer and try it for yourself.

DRI-PED Regd

THE "SUPER"-LEATHER FOR SOLES

690

FOOT'S "EUREKA" TRUNKS

NO CRUSHING.
NO CONFUSION.

Any article is instantly get-at-able and can be removed without disturbing the remainder of contents. The Bottom is as accessible as the Top. Separate compartments for Linen, Clothes, Hats, Boots, &c. Carries the garments in perfect order, and economises space by the systematic method of packing. No rummaging for clothes—no heavy trays to lift. Drawers divided to suit customers' requirements.

Made with 2, 3, or 4 Drawers, in Four Qualities and Various Sizes.

Prices from 60/-

Write for Booklet, "TRUNKS FOR TRAVELLERS," No. 3.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.

(Dept. T. 3), 171, New Bond St., LONDON, W.

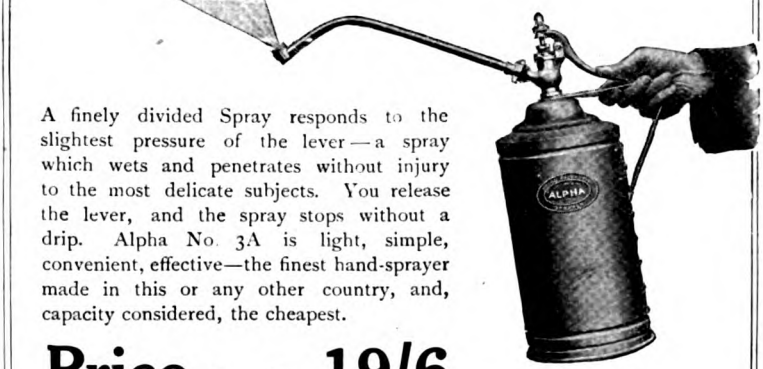
THE finest wash for all outdoor plants is Carmona Spray. It kills Greenfly, Caterpillars, and Red Spider, and controls all Mould and Mildew.

CARMONA SPRAY

Mixes for use in the economical proportion of 1 part to 100 parts water. It is a fine combination of accepted insecticidal and fungicidal ingredients and others originating from the Carmona laboratory. There has *never* been a better or cheaper Spray.

From all Seedsmen in tins, with measure attached, 6d.; pint, 1s. 6d.; quart, 2s. 3d.; ½-gallon, 4s.; gallon, 7s. 6d. Send for Free Booklet on Plant Pests & Diseases.

Here's the Finest Sprayer for Garden Use



A finely divided Spray responds to the slightest pressure of the lever—a spray which wets and penetrates without injury to the most delicate subjects. You release the lever, and the spray stops without a drip. Alpha No. 3A is light, simple, convenient, effective—the finest hand-sprayer made in this or any other country, and, capacity considered, the cheapest.

Price - - 19/6

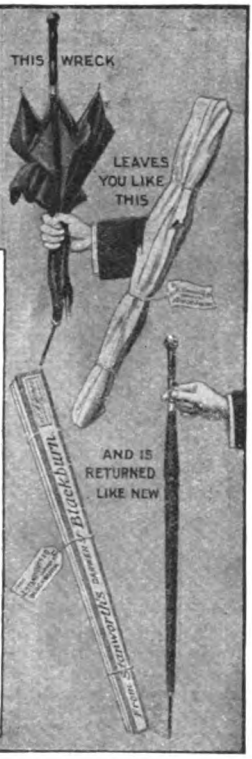
Foot Pump - - 4/6. Strainer Funnel - - 1/6.

Send for Free Booklet.

ROBINSON BROS. LTD., 42, West Bromwich; and London: 100, Long Acre, W.C.

ALPHA SPRAYER No. 3A.

STANWORTHS' „ "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS.



Just Wrap Your OLD UMBRELLA

in paper and post to us to-day with P.O. for **5/-**. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our No. 18 "Defiance" Silk Union, and securely packed in strong cardboard box.

Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra. A postcard will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from **2/6** upwards.

J. STANWORTH & CO.,
Royal Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.

Wholesale List of Covers & Fittings for the Trade sent on receipt of Trade Card.

BREECHES

Suitable for Riding, Golfing, Fishing, Walking, and all outdoor pursuits.

21/- to £3-3-0

THESE Breeches have been a speciality with us for many years. That we have given complete satisfaction in quality, fit and style is proved by numerous testimonials we have received from all over the world. We welcome visitors to our splendidly equipped showrooms, where we always have a large stock of seasonable materials to select from, whether for Breeches, Suitings, Overcoats, or Hunting or Riding Garments; but in case it is not convenient to personally inspect our cloth, **we have every facility for despatching patterns anywhere.** Our simple self-measurement forms enable customers to measure themselves so accurately that we can guarantee with our unique methods of cutting to give the same entire satisfaction as if the garments were tried on. We make a special feature of Colonial business, not only in Breeches, but in every other branch of high-class tailoring.

Send at once for our fully illustrated Fashion Catalogue, together with patterns of any cloth you desire and our self-measurement forms, which will be sent free of charge.

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TAILORS & BREECHES MAKERS
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Order Your Next Suit Direct from

BRADFORD

The City Suit.

The Home of the Cloth Industry.

You will save money and get better value. There is no need to fear disappointment in fit—we have specialised in making suits through the post for over 30 years now. Further, we guarantee satisfaction or refund your money & send all goods car. pd. in U.K.

Business Suits

(as illustration, in Fancy Tweeds or Indigo Blue Serges.)

47/-

Let Us Send You Patterns post free

together with a copy of our Catalogue of Styles and our Self-measurement Form, which ensures a perfect fit. We have a large assortment of the latest and smartest materials from **37/-** to **75/-** to measure.

WRITE TO-DAY!

Colonial and Foreign Orders carefully executed.

Address—THE

Bradford Manufacturing Co Ltd

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THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS

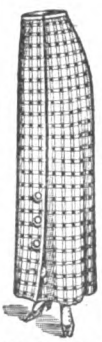
Design No. 464. 10/6

GIRL'S COAT & SKIRT.

Made in a good wearing **Navy or Black Serge.** Smartly cut **Coat** with belt, trimmed buttons. **Corslet Skirt,** trimmed buttons to match Coat.

Sizes	6	7	8	9
Skirt lengths	30	32	34	36in.

Price only 10/6. Any Size.



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5/11

LADY'S SMART BLACK & WHITE CHECK SKIRT.

Made in a medium size check in soft material. Excellent value. Buttons unfasten at side. Stock sizes 36, 38, 40, and 42in. lengths, and 22, 24, and 26in. waist. Price **5/11**, carr. paid.

SEND FOR ONE OF THE UP-TO-DATE SKIRTS.

Write to-day for New Catalogue No. 16 of Spring Fashions in Ladies' Costumes, Coats, Sports Coats, Skirts, etc., Free on Application. Showrooms open until 7.30 p.m.; Saturdays, 1 p.m.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., **The London Manufacturers,**
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THE SUNBEAM'S SPLENDID SYSTEM.

Inside its dust-proof Gear Case the Sunbeam's Chain revolves, and lubricates its Links. But it does more—much more—for it continuously oils the Speed Gear as well. Complete freedom from Dirt and automatic Lubrication, these are the Essentials for an all-weather Bicycle, and the Sunbeam is the only Bicycle that has them.

The 1914 Sunbeam Catalogue is sent free on application to—

J. MARSTON, Ltd.—4, Sunbeamland—Wolverhampton.

London Showrooms: 57, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.; 157-158, Sloane Street, S.W.

L. & C. Hardtmuth's

'MEPHISTO'

INDELIBLE PENCILS

Copying & Manifolding

For Best Results

use the pencils that carry the strongest guarantee of goodness—the name of Hardtmuth. The "Mephisto" gives satisfaction every time and all the time. It makes clean, permanent originals and splendid copies, either through carbon paper or on the press.

2d. each. Made in 2 degrees. Medium, 1/8 per doz.; Hard, 1/9 per doz.

Of all Stationers.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd., LONDON.

Note the P.S.

Used in Royal Palaces and in the "Stately Homes of England."

'ZENITH'

CANE FURNITURE

Send for beautifully illustrated Catalogue, and note the exquisite styles of "Zenith" Cane Furniture for Dining-Rooms, Lounges, Verandahs, Conservatories, Gardens, Yachts, etc. "Zenith" Furniture is absolutely high-grade. It is built for durability, lightness, and comfort, and is quite different from the "cheap" cane furniture offered by imitators. It can be obtained from all Stores and Furnishing Houses, but first send for Catalogue of Styles.

P.S.—This Catalogue is of interest to every home-lover, as well as to proprietors of Hotels, Restaurants, etc. Write for a copy now.

Zenith Cane Furniture Works, Leicester.

"Look At My Hair Now—Look At Its Colour."

When your mirror tells you that your hair has indeed regained its vigour you will be thankful that you did what you are going to do now—that is, to write for a full-size 4/6 bottle of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' true hair grower Tatcho for 1/10, or in the alternative to send round to your own Chemist for a 1/- bottle—and see the difference.

"LOOK at my hair now—look at its colour," said Mr. Geo. R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, when interviewed regarding his discovery of the wonderful Hair Grower.

In thousands of homes Mr. Sims' words are being reiterated to-day.

Will you give Tatcho the chance to do its work on *your* hair?

Tatcho is not only the one true Hair Grower—it will enable you to regain and retain the natural colour of your hair without having recourse to outside dangerous "aids."

Beware of the danger of using unproved "remedies." They may perhaps alter the colour of the hair *at the expense of making you look luaicrous*, but what is the use of it if they destroy the hair itself?

You cannot be too careful about what you put on your hair. You know how delicate hair is, how easily it comes out, and a moment's reflection will tell you the terrible risk you run if you start experimenting with unproved "remedies," even if you get them for nothing.

It is your own hair upon which the experiment is made, not somebody else's, and if the damage is done you are the one who suffers, nor can you easily replace the hair which has been destroyed.

Give all doubtful "remedies" a wide berth. Restore the volume of your hair and retain its natural youthful colour with the genuine, true remedy Tatcho. You will need no outside aids.

Tatcho restores and retains the colour of the hair for the same reason that it increases its luxuriance. Tatcho feeds the hair itself, makes it stronger and more plentiful, and with returning strength comes renewed colour.

If your hair is falling or turning grey, if the raven is shot with white or the brown with silver, get Tatcho—*and see the difference.*

Dr. Phillips, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., ex-Mayor of Bath, Alderman and J.P., writes from Sydney House, Sydney Gardens, Bath:—

"I am taking this opportunity to say a good word for Tatcho. I have used it for years, and it has been of the greatest value. Although I am getting aged I have a fair crop of hair left. I have recommended Tatcho to many others, and all have been satisfied. This is an unsolicited testimonial, and I give it entirely 'off my own bat.' You are at liberty to make use of this. Anyone may refer to me. I assure you I have never given a testimonial of any kind before."

NOTE.—Tatcho's ally, the new style Tatcho Hair Health Brush, the most valuable hair brush ever invented, may be had Free. Send a post-card for particulars to the Chief Chemist.

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS.

TATCHO'S OFFER.

In order that every reader of this magazine, wealthy or thrifty, may profit by Tatcho, the Company created under the auspices of Mr. Geo. R. Sims has decided to renew the special concession offered to readers in last month's issue, namely, to send a full-size 4s. 6d. bottle Carriage Paid for 1s. 10d.

The immense success and the splendid results achieved by this special offer have shown that grateful recipients, by recommending Tatcho, have saved the Company large sums, which would otherwise be spent in advertising.

Cut out the special coupon below—to-day—now. Send only 1s. 10d. In a month's time you will see from the wonderful change to the better in your hair that Tatcho has well repaid the months—maybe years—of anxiety you previously had—probably after spending pounds to no effect, while experimenting with so-called "remedies."

This Coupon brings you a 4/6 Bottle for 1/10.

We authorise our Chief Chemist to send to the applicant who forwards this Coupon a regular ***4s. 6d.*** *bottle of TATCHO (enough for at least one month), carriage and packing paid to the applicant's own door, at the nominal price of* ***1s. 10d.***

Dr. Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co

5, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

"White's famous "County" WATCH

WATCH MAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.

£5:0:0

Solid 12 ct Gold Cases

WHEREVER the Flag flies, **there** you find the **"COUNTY"** Watch. Its peculiar merit is that it keeps just as good time in Canada as in Great Britain—it is as **accurate** in Australia as in Canada—as **reliable** in India as in Australia—and as **dependable** in South Africa as in India. All temperatures, all conditions of wear are provided for and successfully met. Hence it enjoys an Empire-wide reputation.

The chief points which the Improved **"COUNTY"** Watch embodies are:—

A splendidly finished ¾-plate Keyless **Lever** Movement, jewelled in all actions, Breguet Spring and **Real Cut Chronometer** balance, adjusted for variations in temperature. In strong and **Solid 12-ct.** *(English Govt. stamped)* **Gold Cases,** Half-Hunting (as sketch) or Full Hunting, polished plain, upon which an elegant monogram can be engraved for 8s. extra, **£5.** Mailed at the Company's **Own Risk** to any part of the world, carefully timed and tested, upon receipt of Draft, Cash, or Money Order. **18-ct. Gold Cases, £8 8s.** Also supplied in Heavy Sterling Silver Cases, **£2 10s.**

The **"County" Albert,** a splendid Solid Gold Double Curb Chain, Government stamped, **£3 5s.**; Solid 15-ct. Gold, **£5 15s.** *Superb Value.*

A POSTCARD—AND ITS SEQUEL.

Guide Book, illustrating the Company's latest productions in Watches, Chains, Rings, Bracelets, post paid anywhere, mentioning THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

COLONIAL ORDERS

engage special attention and are executed with promptness and the utmost fidelity. Colonial clients secure articles of the *greatest merit* at an almost incredible saving as compared with *Colonial* prices. Insured postage, British Colonies, 1/6. Elsewhere, 5/-.

BUILT LIKE, LOOKS LIKE, KEEPS TIME LIKE A £20 WATCH.

"THE FINEST VALUE IN THE EMPIRE"

H·WHITE Manufacturing Co. 104, MARKET ST NEXT TO LEWIS'S MANCHESTER.

TEVIA TWEED

The Business Man — the Professional Man — the Sportsman — will find their every need fully met in

Tevia SCOTCH Tweed

The Brand that Stands for Quality.

A tweed that rises sheer above its competitors by its general excellence in purity, weave, and individual colourings.

It keeps its distinguished appearance from first to last—and wears longer than ordinary tweeds.

The trade mark on every length protects you.

"There's not an inch of cotton in a mile of Tevia."

H11

TEVIA TWEED TRADE MARK

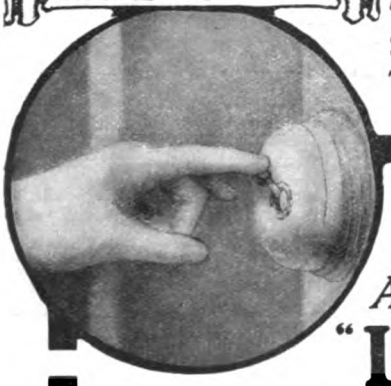
Wholesale only:

Stewart Bros. & Co., 136, Ingram Street, Glasgow.

THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO—

"YOU SIMPLY SWITCH ON THE LIGHT!"

TO LIGHT UP THE ENTIRE HOUSE



The
AUTOMATIC
"LISTER-BRUSTON"
ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT
STARTS & STOPS ITSELF!

From William Hyde, Esq., (of Hyde's Queen's Brewery, Ltd. Brook's Bar, Manchester) Siddington, Cheshire:
"I am pleased to inform you that the 80-light Electric Lighting Plant supplied to me at Siddington, Cheshire, is a decided success. I think the self-starting arrangements, the control, & the small space occupied by the few accumulators is about the last word in Electric Lighting Engineering"

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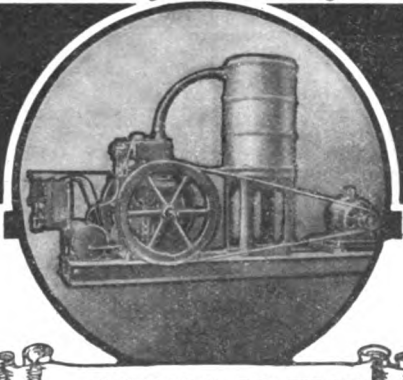
R. A. LISTER & Co Ltd



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NO ENGINEER: NO LARGE AND COSTLY BATTERY: NEARLY 1,000 PLANTS IN USE

CAN BE SEEN WORKING DAILY AT 47, VICTORIA ST., WESTMINSTER LONDON, S.W.

—& THIS IS THE PLANT THAT DOES IT

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE

IS A DEVELOPMENT OF THE ORIGINAL PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

Player's Navy Cut de Luxe is the outcome of many years experience and is probably the best Pipe Tobacco yet offered to the Public. It is perfectly accurate to describe it as being manufactured from not only the best growths of Virginia, but from the selected leaves of those best growths.

PACKED ONLY IN 2-OZ. PATENT AIR-TIGHT TINS at 1/2

AND 4-oz. PATENT AIR-TIGHT TINS — AT 2/4 —

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and are sold in two strengths— MILD AND MEDIUM

MILD (Gold Leaf)	MEDIUM
100 for 3/-	100 for 2/3
50 for 1/6	50 for 1/1½

Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices.

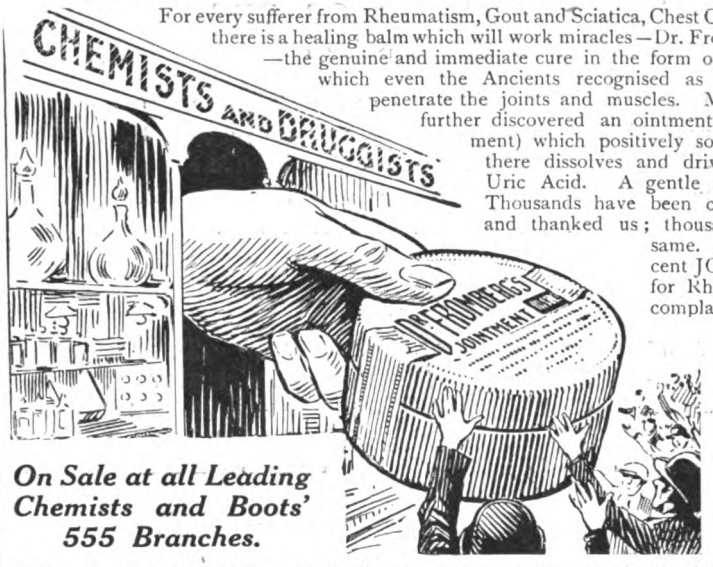
IN PACKETS AND TINS FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

THE WORLD'S BEST CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM

SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURITIS, CHEST COLDS.



For every sufferer from Rheumatism, Gout and Sciatica, Chest Colds, Neuritis, Lumbago, there is a healing balm which will work miracles—Dr. Fromberg's JOINTMENT—the genuine and immediate cure in the form of an ointment, the form which even the Ancients recognised as being the only way to penetrate the joints and muscles. Modern science has still further discovered an ointment (Dr. Fromberg's Jointment) which positively soaks into the joints and there dissolves and drives out the deposits of Uric Acid. A gentle rub gives instant relief. Thousands have been cured, and have written and thanked us; thousands more will do the same. Dr. Fromberg's beneficent JOINTMENT is the cure for Rheumatism and the other complaints mentioned.

On Sale at all Leading Chemists and Boots' 555 Branches.

1/1½ PER BOX
Also in 2/9, 4/6 & all Jars

Each package contains full and simple directions, also a recent large batch of 75 grateful and unsolicited testimonials, and Dr. Fromberg's valuable FREE BOOK on Rheumatism and all above diseases.

INSIST ON

DR FROMBERG'S JOINTMENT FOR OUTWARD USE

Sole Proprietors: THE MIDLAND DRUG COMPANY, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

Sufferers should send for Special Sample Box, which will be forwarded post free for 1/- P.O., with full particulars of treatment. Address—

MIDLAND DRUG CO.,
Dept. 49,
NOTTINGHAM.

GRATEFUL LETTERS DAILY.

Salford Priors, near Evesham, 18th April, 1914.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing to inform you how very grateful I am for the Joint Preparation I have been using. It has done me a great deal of good. Last August my wife had something come in her knee; it was most painful for some time. I saw for the first time your Joint Preparation advertised. I sent for a 1/- Sample Box. Before my wife used half of it the pain left her knee. She has been free since. I have very severe attacks of Sciatica. I was laid up nearly five months last year. I was at Llandrindod Wells the whole of April, 1913, taking the Baths and Waters. The Sciatica came on again the early part of this year. I at once sent for a 4/6 jar of your Preparation. I have stuck to it. I am pleased to say that I can get about well. It is the best thing that I have had for Sciatica. I have recommended it to a good number of my friends. Any case of ordinary Rheumatism the Preparation will move in a night. My first attack of Sciatica lasted seven months, so you can see I have bad attacks. Your Joint Preparation is a wonderful thing.

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,
Jos. Hy. YARNOLD (Retired Police Officer).

To readers abroad this Sample Offer is open for 1s., post free, and the Midland Drug Co. will accept untorn, clean, unused, and perfect postage stamps of their own country to the value of 1s. Extra postage (on jars only) to readers abroad as follows: 2s. 9d. Jars, 9d.; 4s. 6d. Jars, 1s.; 11s. Jars, 2s.

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS

These Values of Absorbing Interest

are the productions of one of the largest and most progressive Scottish Firms, who have a high reputation for value, dependability, and promptness of despatch.

This Suit, Ready to Wear,
27/6

A Guaranteed Fadeless Shirt,
4/6

NOTE.
Carriage is paid on all goods throughout the United Kingdom and money refunded if they are not satisfactory.

THE "CRESTO"-CHALLENGE.
A SHIRT THAT WILL NOT FADE.
Guaranteed to maintain its colour and freshness to the end.
Even the most drastic tests of the washtub or exposure to tropical sun leave the delicate colourings unaffected.
The "Cresto"-Challenge Shirt is the exclusive specialty of Pettigrew & Stephens. Stocked with single, double, and stiff cuffs, and made with coat sleeve and pocket stud hole at back.

4/6 each; Three for 13/-.

Also supplied in Coat Shape at same price.
Post free to any part of the United Kingdom.
In ordering, please state whether sleeves are required long, medium, or short, and give size of collar worn.

Write for Patterns (36 to select from), post free.

Our New Catalogue, "How Shall I Dress?" will be sent post free to any part of the world.

The bunch of patterns and easy self-measurement form free by post.

THE "STRAND" FLANNEL SUIT.
A stylish and comfortable Suit for holiday, seaside, and country wear, made of a reliable flannel, thoroughly soap shrunk, fashionably cut and tailored, and finished on the same lines as our Four Guinea Suits.
Every suit is guaranteed that should it shrink or fail to meet with whole-hearted satisfaction it may be returned and money refunded. The Colourings include New Self Browns, Lovats, Light and Mid Greys, Grey Stripes, Navy with White Stripes, and other fashionable weaves.

READY TO WEAR, 27/6
Made to Measure, 32/6.

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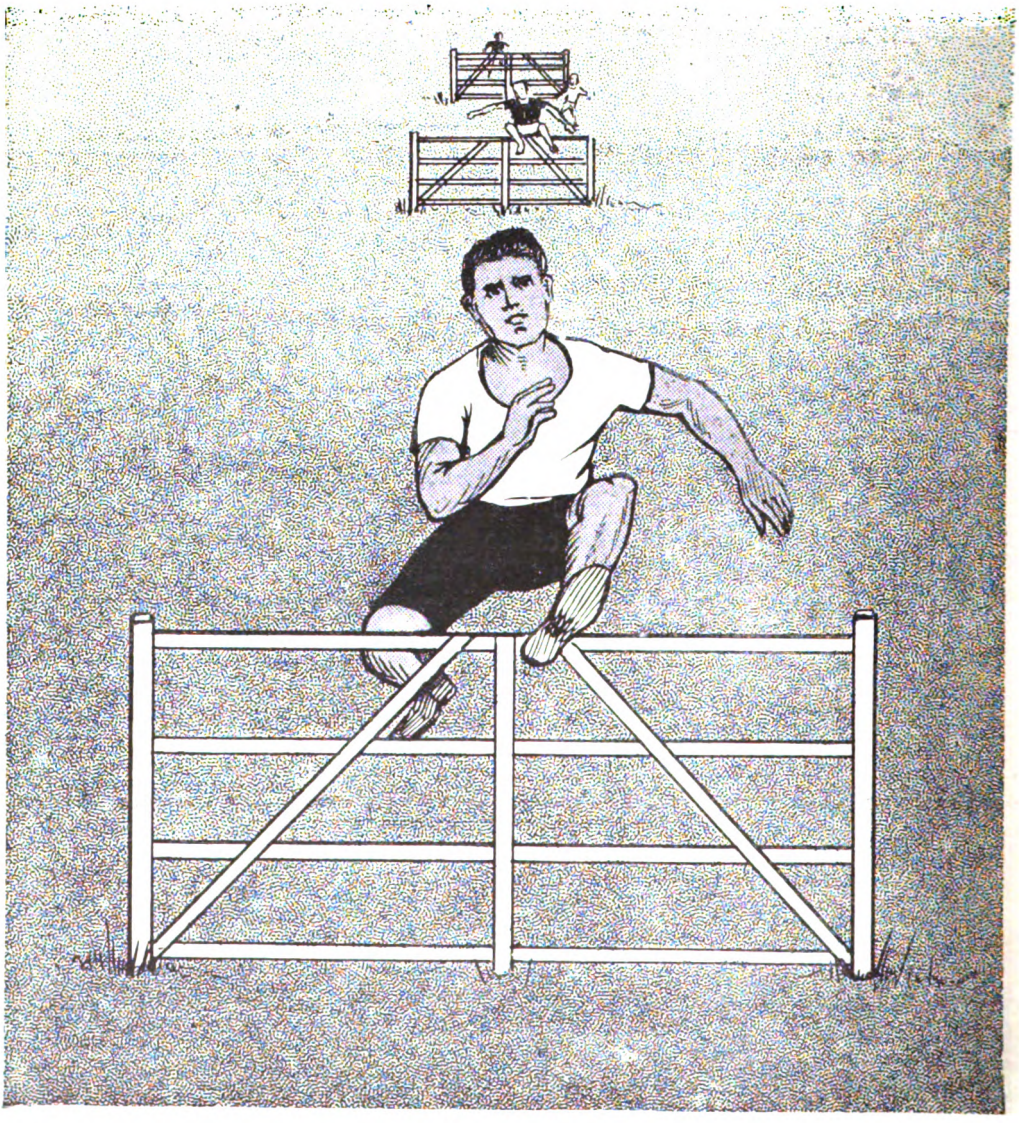

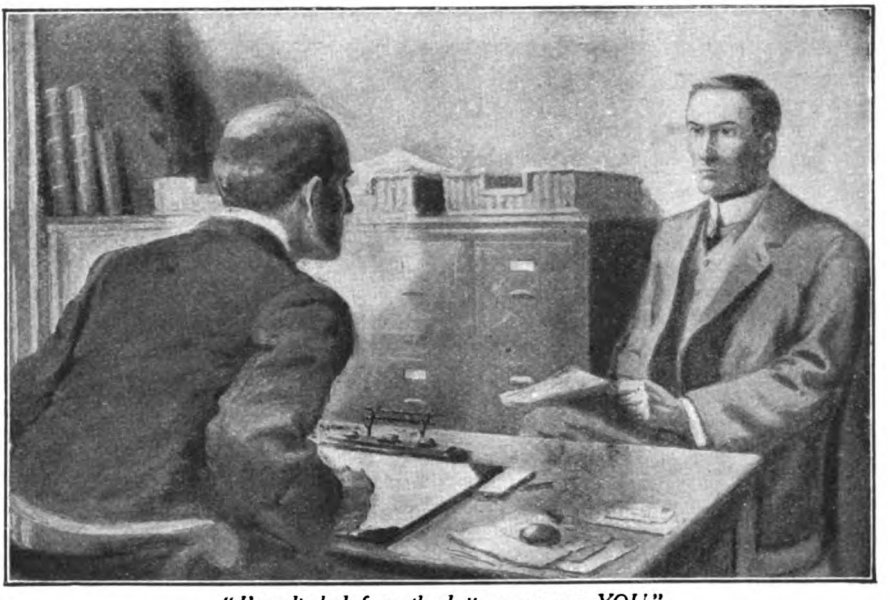

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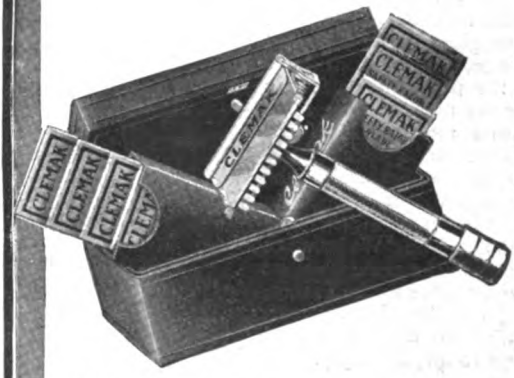

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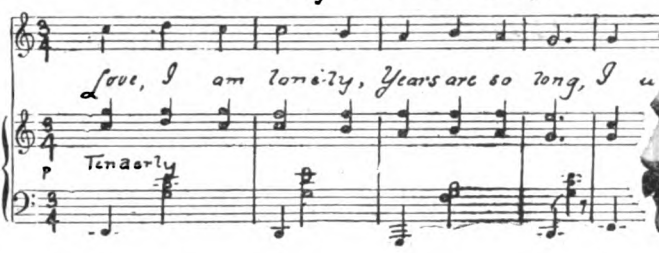

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Photo by Debenham & Longman, Cheltenham.

3rd March, 1914.

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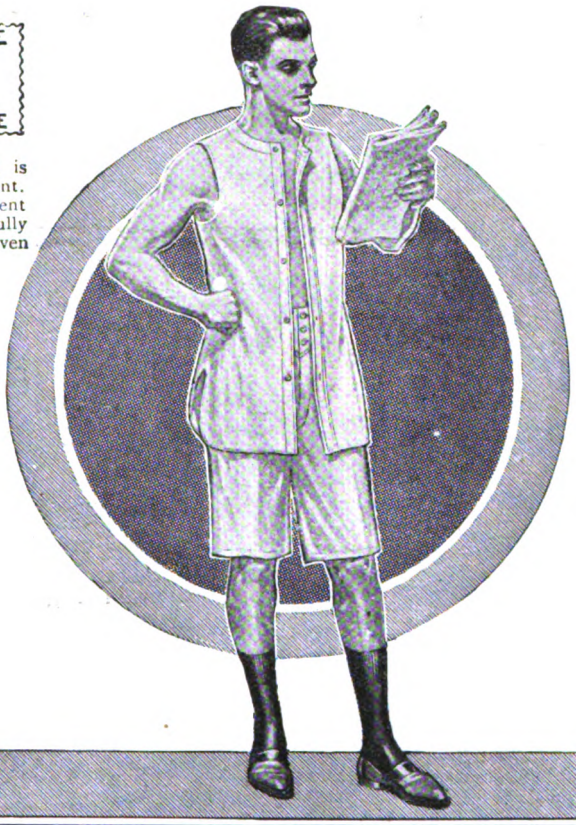

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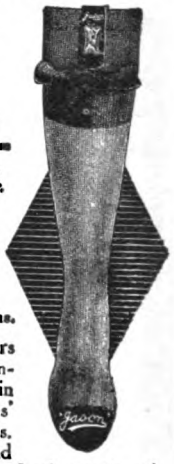

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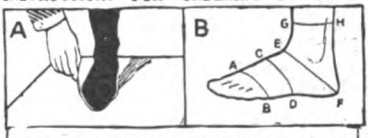

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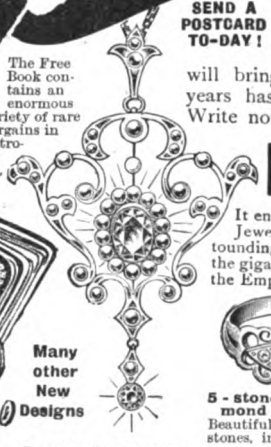

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The smiling old Skipper's Head is on every tin—and that alone is a sure promise of something extra good inside. **"Sailor"** *Slice is salmon at its best.* Even fresh salmon does not taste so delicious. For **"Sailor"** Slice is cooked in sealed tins in order to retain all the valuable natural juices and to preserve the true natural flavour.

Sailor
SALMON SLICE

7d. and your grocer's name and address will bring you a half-tin, post free, if he does not sell it.

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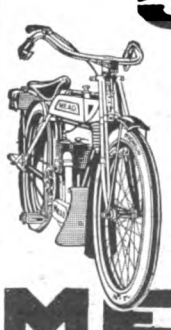

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The Wear is on the "RONUK," Not on the Linoleum.

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Business men, especially, can't afford to let discoloured teeth spoil their appearance. Use the Zepto Tooth Pencil to remove the effect of smoking. Also invaluable to *all* men and women for removing tartar. Prevents decay, purifies breath, improves health.

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5

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F.H&W's The Hall Mark of Quality Your Guarantee

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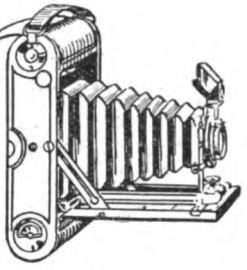

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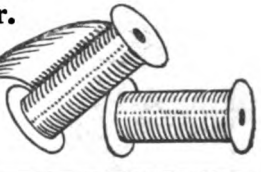

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The great advantage of these garments is that they always present the **Appearance of Ordinary Walking Attire.** Made with our self-adjusting "Maiturnus" Band, and REQUIRE NO ALTERATION WHATEVER. *TAILOR MADE to Measure.* Black, Navy, Brown, Wine, Green, and Royal Vicuna Cloth, Light and Dark Tweeds, also in finest quality All-Wool Serges, Habit Cloths, Tweeds, etc. Our Latest Catalogue of other designs in Maternity attire, with patterns, post free. When ordering, state length, back and front, waist and hip measurements of your ordinary skirt, *also present measurements.* —Manageress—
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25/- **42/-**

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Breakfast placed in Cooker overnight ready in morning. Food cannot be spoilt by careless servants.

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Full detailed booklet post free from—

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PROTECTIVE KNICKERS.

The GREATEST INVENTION for the comfort of women.

Made in Three Sizes.

Longcloth	**3/6**
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DO NOT accept **IMITATIONS** which will only disappoint you. Every real knicker bears the Trade Mark "LABODEX," and Patent Number 8314/12.

The waterproof is seamless, non-rubber, and will wash in boiling water, soap, and bleaching soda.

Stocked by Harrods' Stores, D. H. Evans, Hyam & Co., Marshall & Snelgrove, Peter Robinson, Pontings, F. Gorringe, H. C. Russell, Ltd., Selfridge's, Stagg & Mantle, Tudor Brothers, Swan & Edgar, Whiteley, etc. *If any difficulty in obtaining, write to:*
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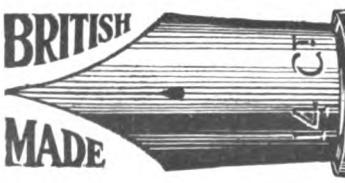

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Money back if not satisfied. 36-pp. Catalogue free.

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Remove Unsightly Outbreaks—Banish All Your Skin Troubles

FREE OF COST

Certain it is that Eczema is a disease and a very serious one. It manifests itself in the appearance of an eruption on the skin. There are different forms of Eczema—dry—weeping—chronic—gouty—all more or less of an inflammatory nature, sometimes accompanied by fierce burning and itching, at other times mild but obstinate and persistent. The appearance of an eruption is not the initial disturbance but the outcome thereof, and the treatment required must be one which reaches right down to the root of the trouble. Ecsōlent Compound is easily absorbed by the skin, and although gently laid on the surface its penetrative properties enable it to get right down to the root of the trouble, and we may add that it gets there every time. Ecsōlent Compound kills the root of the disease and at the same time strengthens the nutritive properties of the skin, and thus produces a complete healing effect. Ecsōlent Compound is like oil on the troubled waters, it soothes the irritated surface, allays all inflammation and brings about a degree of comfort hitherto unknown. Send the Coupon and get a Free Sample.

GLORIOUS TRIUMPH

Read the Successes

Mrs. Williams writes:—"7, Lillian Street, Aberavon, S. Wales, March 31st, 1914.—Dear Sirs,—I have suffered for the past eight years with Eczema, but Ecsōlent Compound, I am glad to inform you, has completely cured me and healed all my wounds. I would not be without it for anything."

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Miss J. Karulus writes:—"47, Mornington Crescent, London, N.W., March 23rd, 1914.—Dear Sirs,—I use Ecsōlent Compound regularly, and find it of great use for the complexion, as well as for any skin trouble."

Ecsōlent Gives Relief

Mr. G. H. Hodges writes:—"160, London Road, Romford, Essex, March 21st, 1914.—Gentlemen,—I find great relief in using Ecsōlent Compound for Eczema. In fact, Ecsōlent has done more good in five or six weeks than any other remedy I have tried during the last two years or so."

Truly Wonderful

Mrs. M. B. J. writes:—"129, High Street, Crediton, N. Devon, March 24th, 1914.—Gentlemen,—May I express to you my gratitude for the benefit I have derived from using your Ecsōlent remedies? Five years ago I had a very long and serious illness, and have since suffered from chronic inflammation of the sole of the foot, which has caused me great pain. I have often had to stay for weeks at a time in bed, as I could not stand. I cannot say how many remedies I have tried—they were all useless, but the first small jar of Ecsōlent Compound quite took away the pain, and practically cured the foot after all these years of suffering. The efficacy of Ecsōlent Compound is truly wonderful. I am more thankful than I can express."

Such is the glorious triumph of Ecsōlent Compound; and we do not hesitate to state that such consistent success has never before been known. The world is grateful, and former sufferers are glad to let others know of the great good to be derived from the use of Ecsōlent Compound.

Commence Ecsōlent Compound Free of Cost at once, for it has cured innumerable cases of Eczema of the scalp, the face, the hands, the arms, the legs, the lips, and the body; Pimples, Boils, Piles, Eruptions, Itching, Prickly Heat, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, Ulcers, Sores, Cracked Lips, Cuts, Burns, and other skin troubles.

Refuse all substitutes; they are worthless. Insist on having genuine

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The World's Greatest Skin Remedy

Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9 per Jar.
Large Stocks are held at the 550 Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists.
Or direct and post-paid from Ecsōlent Compounds, Ltd., Ecsōlent Buildings, London, N., 1/2½, 2/10½ per jar.

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Cut out and send this Coupon to—

Ecsōlent Compounds, Ltd., Ecsōlent Buildings, London, N.

I have not tried Ecsōlent Compound. Send me a Free Sample.

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Strand Mag., June, 1914.

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These Durobelle Patterns are Lovely!

Send a postcard to-day and examine these wonderful Durobelle patterns at leisure in your own home. Every yard is guaranteed fadeless, and will be replaced free if colour fades. Invaluable for curtains and upholstery. Also largely used for washing frocks and blouses.

Durobelle Casement Cloths at **8½d.** to **1/11½** per yd. Reps and Damasks, **2/2** to **4/6.** Coloured Madras Muslins, **1/6½** to **2/9.** Also fadeless Casement and Dress Cloth, 31ins., **6½d.**; 50ins., **1/0½** yd.

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To explain all about Durobelle, the proprietors have issued a beautiful 100-page book in colour photography. Carpets, linos, lace curtains, and linens are also shown in this art production. Write now for a copy — free.

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ALLENS SANITARY Corquet

Warm as a carpet — costs less — Clean as linoleum — costs no more —

Corquet never gets cold and cheerless like linoleum, yet it can be washed and kept clean just as easily. It has the soft and springy "feel" of a pile carpet, yet it does not harbour dust. It is noiseless to the tread, and does not jar the nerves when walked upon. In short, the ideal floor-covering for the ideal home.

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Corquet is made in seven self-colours; also printed designs. It is much thicker than linoleums at the same price. Price 2/3 square yard.

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This Baby has had

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

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Read what his mother says:—

Woodward's Gripe Water contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium, or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

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Yours truly,
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"No more darning for you, mother."

Madam, why does your family wear stockings and socks that need darning every week? Here is hosiery that doesn't need darning.

If any of your six pairs of Carl Freschl *Holeproof* Hosiery fail in six months they are replaced free of charge.

And notice the style, the light weight, the softness. See if you ever wore hose that looked or felt better.

"Carl Freschl" Holeproof Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children.

Sold by leading Drapers, Hosiers, and Outfitters. Socks at 6/6, 9/- and 12/6 per box of half-a-dozen pairs. Ladies' Stockings a 9/- and 12/6, guaranteed for six months. SILK (3 pairs guaranteed for 3 months)—Gents' Socks, 9/- per box of three pairs. Ladies' Stockings, 12/6 per box of three pairs. IF your dealer does not stock them, send postcard for nearest agent to:—

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Look for the Signature— Carl Freschl

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Loose-Cover Easy Chair

THE Berkeley Loose-Cover Easy Chair is specially designed for Bedrooms and the Drawing-room. It is dainty in appearance, yet strongly constructed upon a sound Birchwood frame. The sides and back are gently curved, giving extreme comfort, and the seat is sprung with best steel-coppered springs.

Covered in Casement Cloth and fitted with a charming Cover in Cretonne of your own selection.

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On receipt of 2/6 with order we will send the chair carefully packed and carriage paid direct to your door in England or Wales, and if it is not completely satisfactory, you may return the chair at our expense, and we will refund your money.

27/6

(Complete with loose cover.)

Or 2/6 with order and balance 4/- monthly.

Send postcard to-day for patterns of Cretonnes, sent post free with full particulars.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, Ltd.

(Specialists in Easy Chairs),

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'Phone 1814 City. Established 1857.

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And so lengthen the life of your trousers and ensure a smart appearance?

The trousers are clipped at the bottoms, and the weight of them automatically adjusts the Hanger so that they hang straight and perfectly balanced, removing all creases and bagginess. Over half-a-million **"KLIPTO" HANGERS** are now in use.

PRICES:

Single Hangers cost	**9d.**
Six Hangers for	**4/-**
Six Hangers and Special Wardrobe Bracket ...	**4/9**

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As Used by Royalty

These Toe Springs can be worn at night without inconvenience

Sent Post Free in Plain Wrapper. **Price 3/9 each** Money returned if not approved of.

Send Outline of Foot for Size

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POND'S RESPHOOT SUPPORTS CURE AND PREVENT SPRAINS, ACHES AND PAINS IN THE FEET

Invaluable for long walking or standing

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Thousands have been cured Worn unobserved in any boot

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links the linen to its owner.

Used with or without heating, whichever kind is preferred.

It won't wash off

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CURES WITHOUT PAINFUL OPERATIONS, LANCING, or CUTTING, in all cases of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Fatty or Cystic Tumours, Piles, Fistula, Polypus, Poisoned Wounds, and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curing all Chest and Bronchial Troubles. **Send Penny Stamp for Sample.**

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It is self-digestive to an extent entirely under control. After 10 minutes' standing the self digestion is getting nicely on the way. After 15 or 20 minutes it has further advanced. You stop it by simply boiling up. It is interesting, and more than that—Benger's Food is a power in the hands of the intelligent man or woman because it can be made to suit infant, invalid or aged person.

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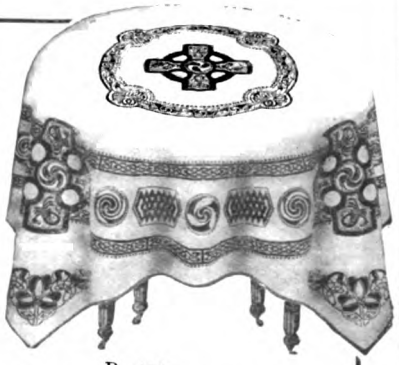

P. 439.
Celtic Ornament (Circular).

Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.
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13/6	**16/11**	**20/3**	**23/8**

Table Napkins to match the above cloth, ¾ by ¾ yd., at **22/6** per doz.

Afternoon Tea Cloths.
Linen, Hand-Embroidered.
36 inches square.
3/9, 4/3, 4/11, 5/3, 6/6, 7/9, 9/6 each.
40 inches square.
5/9, 7/6, 9/-, 10/6 each.

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REAL REST.

Press the Button— that's all.

Simply press the button and the back will decline or automatically rise to any position—release the button and the back is securely locked. The Leg Rest adjusts to various inclinations and can also be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

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"COLONIAL" STRAP WATCH

SPLENDID TIMEKEEPER.

Guaranteed for all Climates, Solid Silver Cases, Screw Bezel, **Damp and Dust Proof.** Superior Lever Movement. Fully Jewelled, **£2-2s.**

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DRESS FABRICS

BETTER VALUE THAN EVER

is being offered by John Noble, Ltd., in an unusually large and charming selection of new Summer fabrics.

Large box of patterns sent on approval POST FREE.

These patterns comprise practically every known fabric, including: **COTTON DRESS FABRICS.**

Crepes, Bedford Cords, Whipcords, Mercerised Novelties, Drills, Zephyrs, Dress Linens, Galateas, Nurse Cloths, &c.

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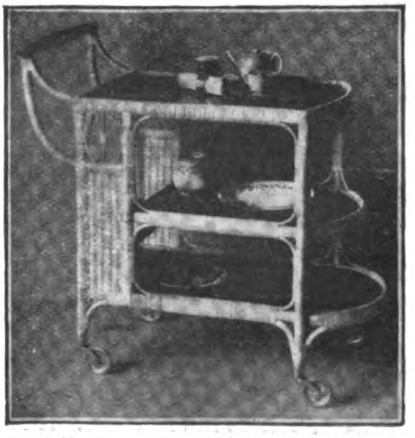

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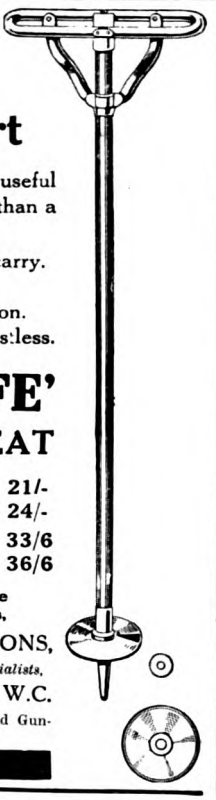

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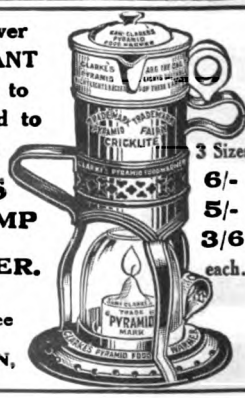

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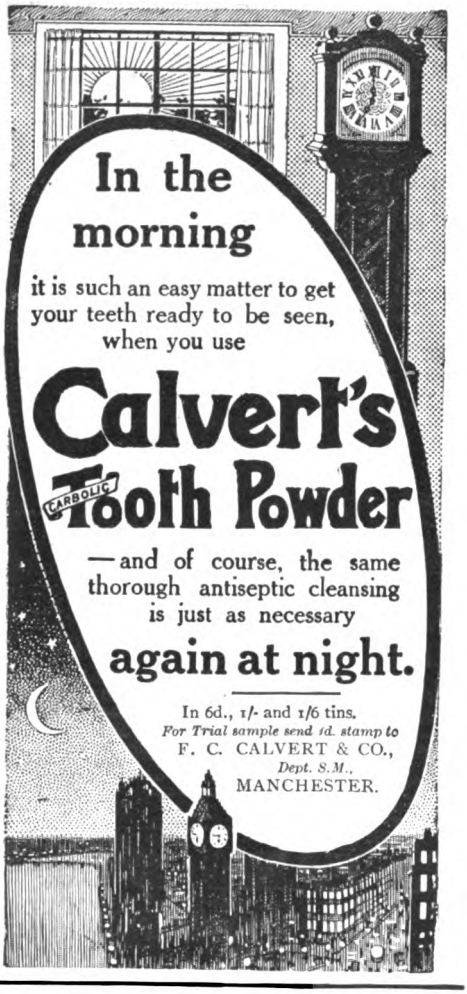

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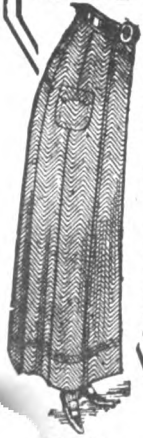

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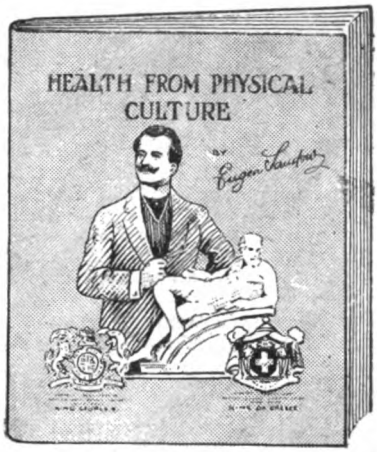

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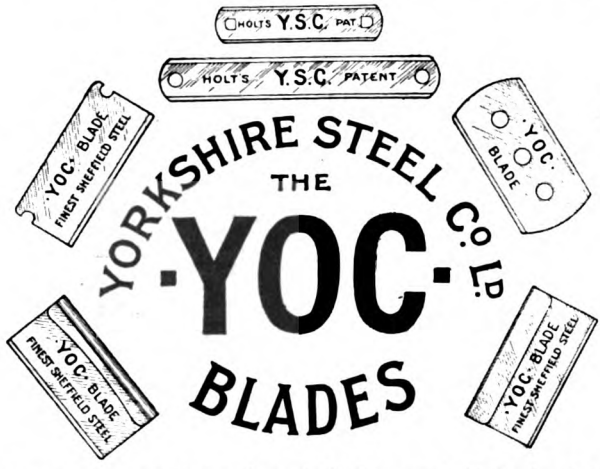

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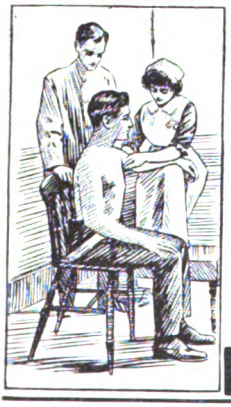

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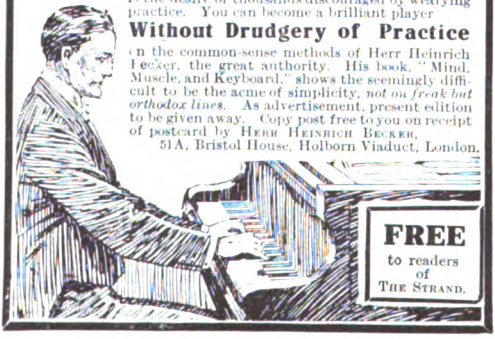

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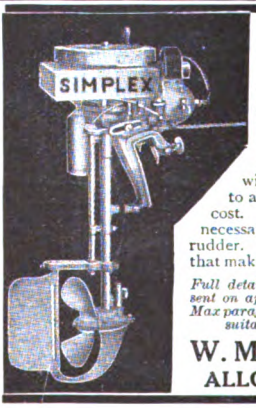

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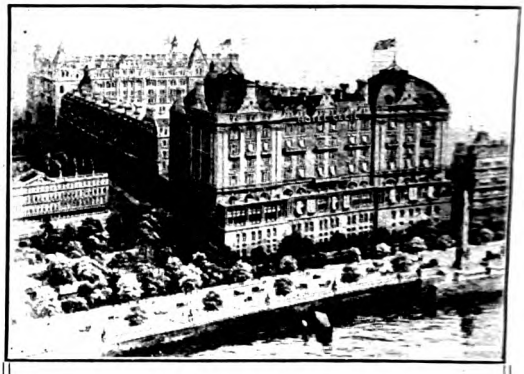

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The 50 or more factories in Europe make some 20,000 cheap watches daily—they are sold in every city in Christendom at prices ranging from 1/6 to 6/-.

These watches are beautifully dressed and *cheap in price* but rarely bear the Maker's name or trade mark; they have no definite guarantee and are unknown to the buyers—**"THEY ARE MADE TO SELL."**

Exhaustive tests which have recently been carried out prove that as delivered to the retailers, from 25% to 50% of these Continental Watches are **WORTHLESS** and good trade authorities state that at least 75% are returned for repairs.

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A Hammock Chair easy to carry, and convertible at will into a Lie-down-lounge, Beach-rest, or Shooting-seat. Take one to the seaside and save chair hire. It goes on a railway rack, pram, or bike.

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As useful at home as away. Send for one to-day; enclose 7/6 P.O. and name of your dealer.

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100 PIECES Pure White CHINA, 21/-

Includes a complete Dinner Service for twelve, a complete Tea-Breakfast Service for twelve, Hot Water Jug, Teapot, and a set of three Jugs. All to match, pure white, each piece thin and dainty, beautifully finished, and fit for any table.

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Money back if not delighted. Why not have your china bright and fresh from our kilns, and at half the price you usually pay? Our catalogue, showing in colours a really nice selection, with testimonials from all parts of the world, will be sent to you Post Free.

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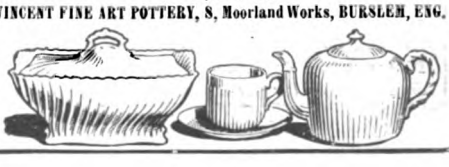

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Natures Health Giver

is not a drug. It has no direct action on any organ of the body. Whilst drugs relieve the *symptoms* of indigestion, Bragg's Charcoal removes the *cause*.

The action of Bragg's Charcoal is quickly to absorb and carry out of the system the waste products thrown off in the process of digestion. Unless these harmful by-products are speedily absorbed and rendered innocuous they ferment, and that fermentation is the cause of digestive troubles. Bragg's Charcoal removes the cause—drugs cannot.

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SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE, sent to any address on receipt of 3d. for postage. Please mention "Strand Mag."

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For life is not merely to live—but to live well, work well, sleep well and really look well.

Clear your Blood

Get rid of Internal Poisonous Waste and Your Skin and Complexion will soon improve. Clear Your System Before Breakfast—Clear Your Blood—Flush Your Kidneys—Free.

Rosy Cheeks and a Clear Skin—Always in the Best of Health.

No More Bad Complexions.—Every reader who appreciates the value of a good appearance will be delighted at the opportunity offered herewith—free of charge—of testing the benefit of internal hygiene as an infallible means of clearing the blood—clearing the system—clearing the kidneys—and thereby clearing the skin and improving the complexion. If the Kutnow's Powder plan of internal hygiene is properly carried out, it cannot fail to purify the blood, and in that event it must clear the skin and improve the complexion.

No More Skin Eruptions.—The man or woman who takes Kutnow's Powder occasionally is never troubled with pimples, boils, blackheads, spots, rashes, or that horrible skin disease—Eczema—which is so unbearable. It stands to sense and reason that if your system is clogged up with the waste refuse and poisonous debris, some of the putrid poison must find its way into the blood. These poisons are circulated all over the body, and find an outlet through the pores of the skin in irritating and disfiguring eruptions. Internal hygiene is the only remedy.

No More Pale or Sallow Faces.—Thinness of blood and want of healthy colour in the cheeks can be remedied only by clearing the system of its poisonous impurities which emanate from the stagnant bowels or the obstructed kidneys. When the system has been cleared, it is certain that every internal organ will feel the benefit. The fires of life then burn briskly because the internal flues have been swept clean. There is a speedy accession of vigour, and if you look in the mirror you will soon notice the skin getting clearer and clearer, and the ruddy glow of healthy colour quickly follows. Kutnow's Powder expels blood poisons.

No More Skin Poisons.—The woman who neglects to periodically flush and clear the system of its stagnant poisonous waste, does it at the expense of her freshness, her complexion, and her good looks, to say nothing of the headache, offensive breath, disordered digestion, and the risk of the new peril of Appendicitis. When she has allowed her system to become clogged up with putrid matter, she soon has to fly to the meretricious aid of the charlatan beauty doctor, who is quite willing to draw big fees and only foolishly covers up a diseased skin.

No More Constipation.—Constipation is the greatest enemy of all to a woman's health and appearance. If the sewer or drains of your house are clogged up with foul debris, what is your remedy? You immediately flush, cleanse, and disinfect. Well, why not apply the same common-sense remedy to your internals when they get clogged through constipation? Try it, free of charge, and note how much fresher you feel! It sweetens the breath, cleans the tongue, clears the brain, banishes your headache, clears the blood, and improves the complexion.

No More Kidney Troubles.—Nature holds out the danger signals of Kidney and Bladder troubles in good time if we would only notice. A thick, brick-dust, cayenne-pepperylooking sediment which can be seen in the vessel in the morning is a warning that the kidneys want flushing, if one would avoid gravel, calculi or stone, and other incurables. Internal hygiene is internal cleanliness. It is a scientific fact. It is simple. It is practical. It is effective. It is common-sense. You can test it free of charge by sending for a free package of Kutnow's Powder—post-paid. It's bound to do you good.

TO IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION

Take Refreshing Kutnow's Powder—Free of Charge.

To EVERY READER of "THE STRAND."

Personal.—What would you give, aye, what would you not give for the radiant glow of fresh, attractive colour in your cheeks—the choicest colour which pure blood and a vigorous circulation can give you? What would you give to feel the rich life-giving stream of purified blood coursing through every vein and artery of your body? Instead of looking sad, sallow, sickly, anæmic, dull and depressed, what would you give to see the flush of health in your cheeks, and to see Vivacity sporting herself at the casement of your eyes? Well, you need not give much—only one minute of your time—fill in the Coupon—get the free package of Kutnow's Powder—and learn how to get well and really look well. Try before you buy is an excellent maxim: it combines prudence with common-sense. The test alone will prove beneficial, but if you continue, say twice a week for a time, you will soon be gloriously well.

To S. KUTNOW & CO., LD.,
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STRAND MAGAZINE, June, 1914.

Post this Coupon in open envelope with ½d. stamp.

AFTER FREE TRIAL *you can buy Kutnow's Powder at any Chemist or Stores at 2/9 per bottle, or post free for 3/- from Kutnow's London Office to any place in U.K. Reject any suggested substitutes.*

TO KEEP THE SYSTEM IN HEALTHY ORDER

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH.

HINTS BY A PHARMACEUTIST.

THE wise man attends to health; he is interested in its problems, earnestly desires it, and does those things which gain and preserve it. When nature fails he seeks the aid of science.

In their initial stages most ailments are more distressing than serious. Relief follows the adoption of right measures. A prevalent form of indigestion is connected with a deficiency of the digestive juices, pepsine and diastase. We call it acidity, heartburn, flatulence, fermentative dyspepsia, or fulness and discomfort after meals, etc. The following formula, noted for its absorbent properties, gives prompt relief; you can almost say that it is prescribed by Nature herself. Thus: Pepsin ($\frac{1}{6}$ grain), malt extract ($\frac{1}{2}$ grain), diastase (1-16 grain), charcoal ($\frac{1}{2}$ grain), talc ($\frac{1}{2}$ grain), in one tablet. Take one or two tablets with each meal. Supplied in boxes at 1s. (72 tablets) and 1s. 9d. (144 tablets).

Going the pace, in any form, wears out the nerve force. Don't fall to pieces; stop, rest, and try the following: Nux vomica extract ($\frac{1}{4}$ grain), iron and quinine citrate (2 grains), gentian extract (2 grains), in one pill. Take one pill after each meal; you will be brighter one hour after the first dose. A sample box costs 9d. (36 pills), or a full-sized box 2s. 6d. (144 pills). If you suffer from mental depression and nervous debility try this instead: Phosphorus (1-100 grain), nux vomica extract ($\frac{1}{4}$ grain), damiana extract (2 grains), pure ovo lecithin (1 grain), in one pill. Take one or two pills after each meal. This formula acts like magic. Costs 1s. 6d. (36 pills) or 5s. 6d. (144 pills).

Treat a chill on the kidneys by a hot bath and antiseptics, such as suitable proportions of nitre, juniper (diuretic), methylene blue (analgesic), etc. Wash these down with a glass or two of water, and thus form a cooling and germicidal solution which soothes and heals the bladder, kidneys, and associated parts as it flushes through them. This treatment, simple as it is, prevents and relieves backache, gravel, cystitis, arthritis, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., and wards off more serious trouble. Try it. A neglected cold has cost many a life. A valuable antiseptic as above indicated is now conveniently dispensed by Shadforth Prescription Service (formula 281), and supplied in boxes at 1s. (72 pills) and 1s. 6d. (144 pills).

Periodical bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache, and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals a grain of Barbados aloes, mixed with a little capsicum and a trace of pure olive oil soft soap to form a pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. Costs 1s. 1d. per box (144 pills) or 2s. 7d. (432 pills).

Fretfulness in a child is a sign of ill-health; don't scold him, give him a carminative liver powder. Formula 503, Shadforth Prescription Service, is typical of this class of powders. They remove constipation, correct acidity, stop fretfulness, cool the blood, and assist teething. Price 1s. 2½d. per box (24 powders); two sample powders for 1d.

Muddy or sallow complexion, also acne, boils, certain forms of eczema and unsightly pimples cannot be cured in a day, but the following prescription will vastly improve you in two or three weeks: Arsenic (1-100 grain), dried sulphate of iron ($\frac{1}{2}$ grain), calcium sulphide (1-5 grain), extract of nux vomica (1-16 grain), extract of gentian (1 grain), in one pill. Take one pill after each meal. Costs 1s. per box (72 pills), and is well worth a trial.

Deeper-seated blood impurities, which, like hidden plagues, silently destroy the tissues, or, more openly, manifest themselves in sores and ulcers, may be arrested and finally expelled by the following: Potassium iodide (2 grains), syrup of iodide of iron (5 drops), mercuric chloride (1-64 grain), solution of arsenious and mercuric iodides (2 drops), tincture of nux vomica (2 drops), in one pill. Dose: One or two pills thrice daily. A box containing 72 pills costs 1s. Hundreds of sufferers are feeling their way to health by means of these prescriptions. You are recommended to obtain them, post free, at the prices named, from Mr. William Shadforth, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. S.M. 14), 63, Grove Road, Bow, London, E.

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Preface by SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

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THE REAL CURE FOR

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NO DIET RESTRICTIONS.

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are especially valuable to Travellers, and Sportsmen in Eastern climates, as in addition to their exceptional qualities of definition, brilliant illumination, and large field of view,

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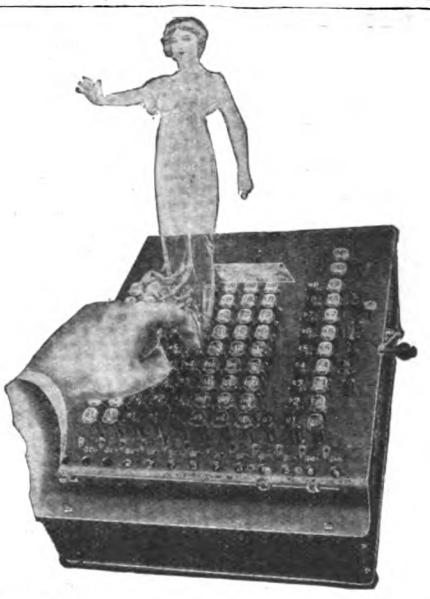

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AFTER 27 years' constant experimenting, inventive genius has produced an Adding and Calculating Machine that cannot make a mistake, and that compels accuracy on the part of the operator.

This New Model "Controlled-Key" Comptometer embodies new and exclusive features in adding machine construction designed to safeguard accuracy by ensuring correct operation.

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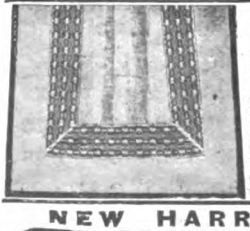

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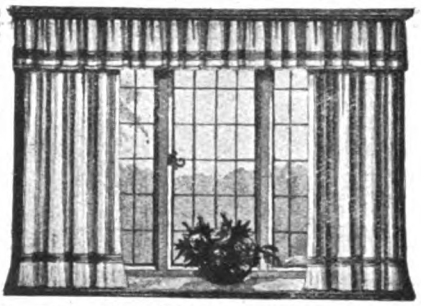

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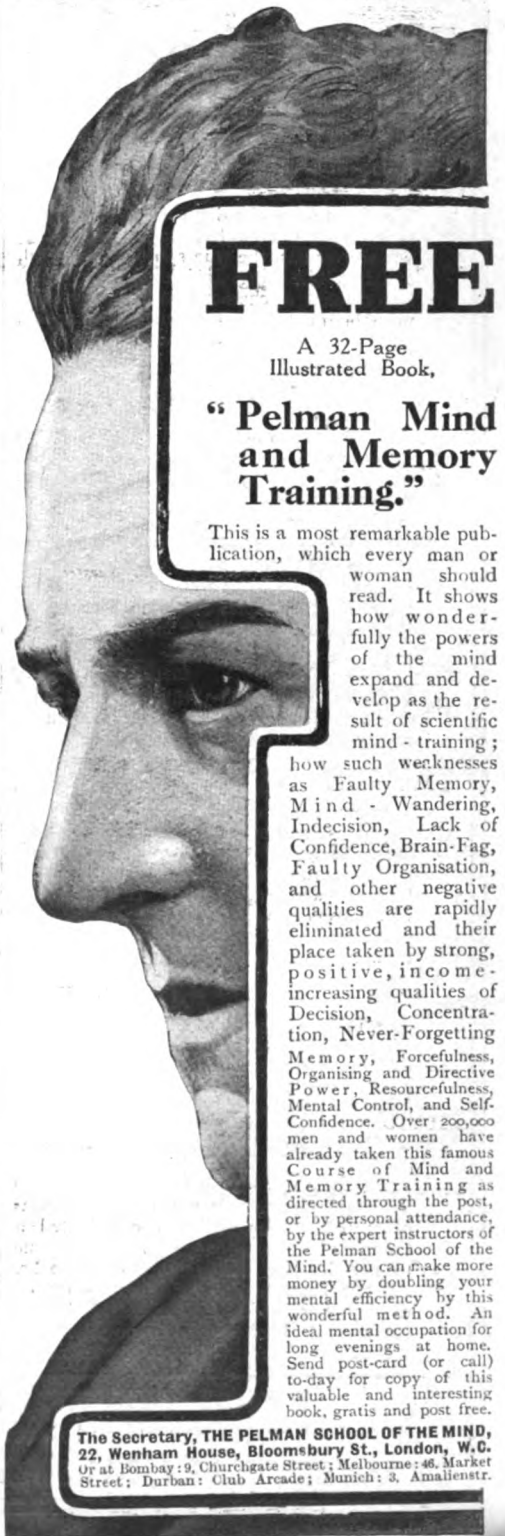

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MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE-DE-LUXE

is made of purest cane sugar, the freshest butter, and thick rich full cream. Being made by Mackintosh's, it is made as a toffee *should* be made. But its creamy flavour is not exclusively a luxury for the children. Grown-ups eat it, and enjoy it, too. Ask the confectioner for it.

MADE ONLY BY
JOHN MACKINTOSH, Ltd., HALIFAX.

For the man who "knows," nothing else but "Johnnie Walker" is quite good enough. You never hear "the man who knows" ordering "whisky." He always says "Johnnie Walker" because it is just as easy and much safer———and it makes no difference where———for it is obtainable everywhere and everywhere guaranteed the same superior quality.

"White Label" is 6 years old. "Red Label" is 10 years old. "Black Label" is 12 years old.

To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always enough to maintain our unique quality.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.

The Vanity Box.

Interesting Selections from the World's Smartest Beauty Articles.

Simple Recipes Most Effective.

HOW many women exclaim as they behold their ugly complexion in the mirror, "If I could only tear off this old skin!" and, do you know, it is now possible to do that very thing! Not to actually remove the entire skin all of a sudden; that would be too heroic a method, and painful, too, I imagine. The worn-out cuticle comes off in such tiny particles, and so gradually—requiring about ten days to complete the transformation—it doesn't hurt a bit. Day by day the beautiful complexion underneath comes forth. Marvellous! No matter how muddy, rough, blotchy or aged your complexion, you can surely discard it by this simple process. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at your chemist's, apply nightly like cold cream, washing it off in the mornings.

* * * * *

IT is easy to remove superfluous hair temporarily, but to remove it permanently is quite another matter. Not many women know that for this purpose such a simple substance as powdered pheminol may be used, applied directly to the hair. The recommended treatment is designed, not merely to instantly remove the hair, but also to eventually kill the roots entirely. Almost any chemist could supply an ounce of pheminol, which quantity should be sufficient. * * * A simple way to quickly neutralize disagreeable body odours is to dust the armpits occasionally with powdered (white) pergol.

* * * * *

I WAS much interested to learn from this young woman with the beautiful glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallax for me," said she. "It comes only in ¼ lb. sealed packages, enough to make twenty-five or thirty individual shampoos and it smells so good I could almost eat it. Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful, even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself.

* * * * *

HOW often one hears the lament, "I have tried everything on the market, and my hair comes out in handfuls." Not so surprising either when you come to think it over. Hair tonics to be effective must be fresh, and there is no earthly reason why every woman should not make her own lotion at home. The finest vegetable tonic I know of is made by mixing a packet of boranium with ¼ pint of bay rum and adding sufficient water to fill a half-pint bottle. This lotion rubbed briskly into the scalp sets the hair roots tingling with new life, and will, if persevered with, give you back your "crowning glory."

* * * * *

IS powder necessary? I say, emphatically, No! There is a simple lotion which can be easily and cheaply made at home and it is at the same time both effective and beneficial to the complexion. Cleminite is a splendid substitute for face powder, which is at the bottom of many complexion troubles. Get about an ounce from the chemist's, and dissolve in four tablespoonfuls of water. The result is a fine clear liquid, which instantly gives the face, neck, or arms that peach-like bloom of perfect health. There is nothing to equal it for greasy skins, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—[ADVT.]

The Piano de Luxe

The Grand "Pianola" Piano represents the highest and most luxurious point of development ever reached in the piano-making industry.

To the rare depth and quality of tone that characterises only the most costly of grand pianos, to the most distinctive design and richest of casework, is added the inestimable advantages of the "Pianola."

The

Grand "Pianola" Piano

(Steinway, Weber, or Steck)

may be played in the ordinary way by hand or by means of music-roll. The inclusion of the "Pianola" action in no way affects its splendid tone or alters the artistic lines of its appearance.

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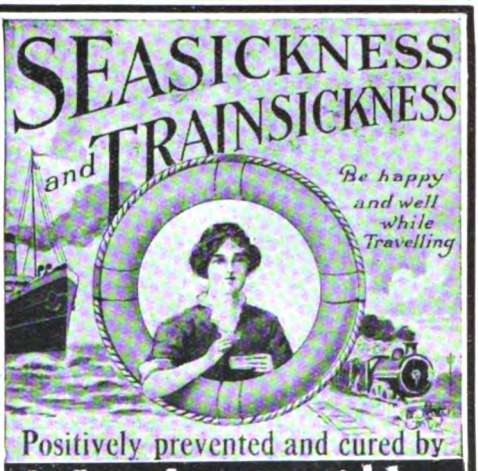

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A luxuriant smoke possessing character, mildness, and a delicate and subtle aroma. **3d.** each, 5 for **1 1**, 50 for **10 3**. Flor de Dindigul Extra (extra choice), **4d.** each, 50 for **15 -**. Sold everywhere, or from the Importer—

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They give with every movement of the head, and do not chafe the neck.

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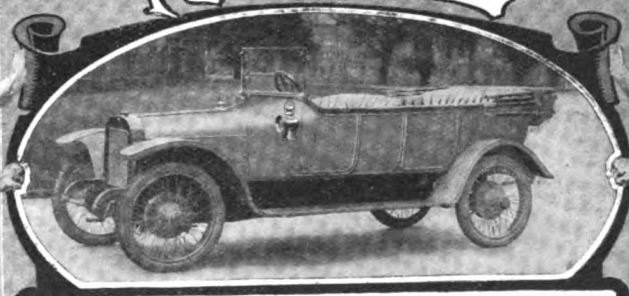

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You'll find the secret of the Colleen's complexion in the soft-as-velvet lather of McClinton's "Colleen" Soap—the *only* toilet soap that is entirely free from animal matter and skin-destroying mineral soda.

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Get a box of "Colleen" Soap from your Chemist to-day. You will never appreciate real skin comfort until you have experienced the smooth, soft-as-velvet lather of this delightful Irish Soap.

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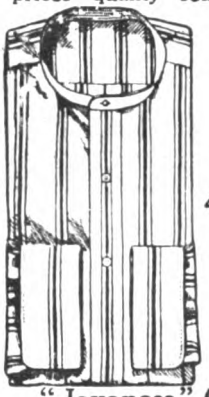

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It is easily rolled up, can be used on either side. Perfectly VENTILATED at sides and ends. A most luxurious bed, giving universal satisfaction.

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Patent 19681.

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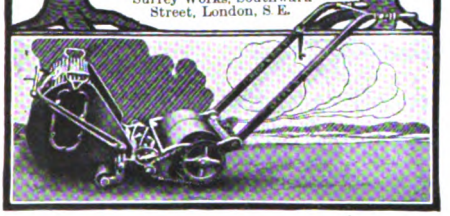

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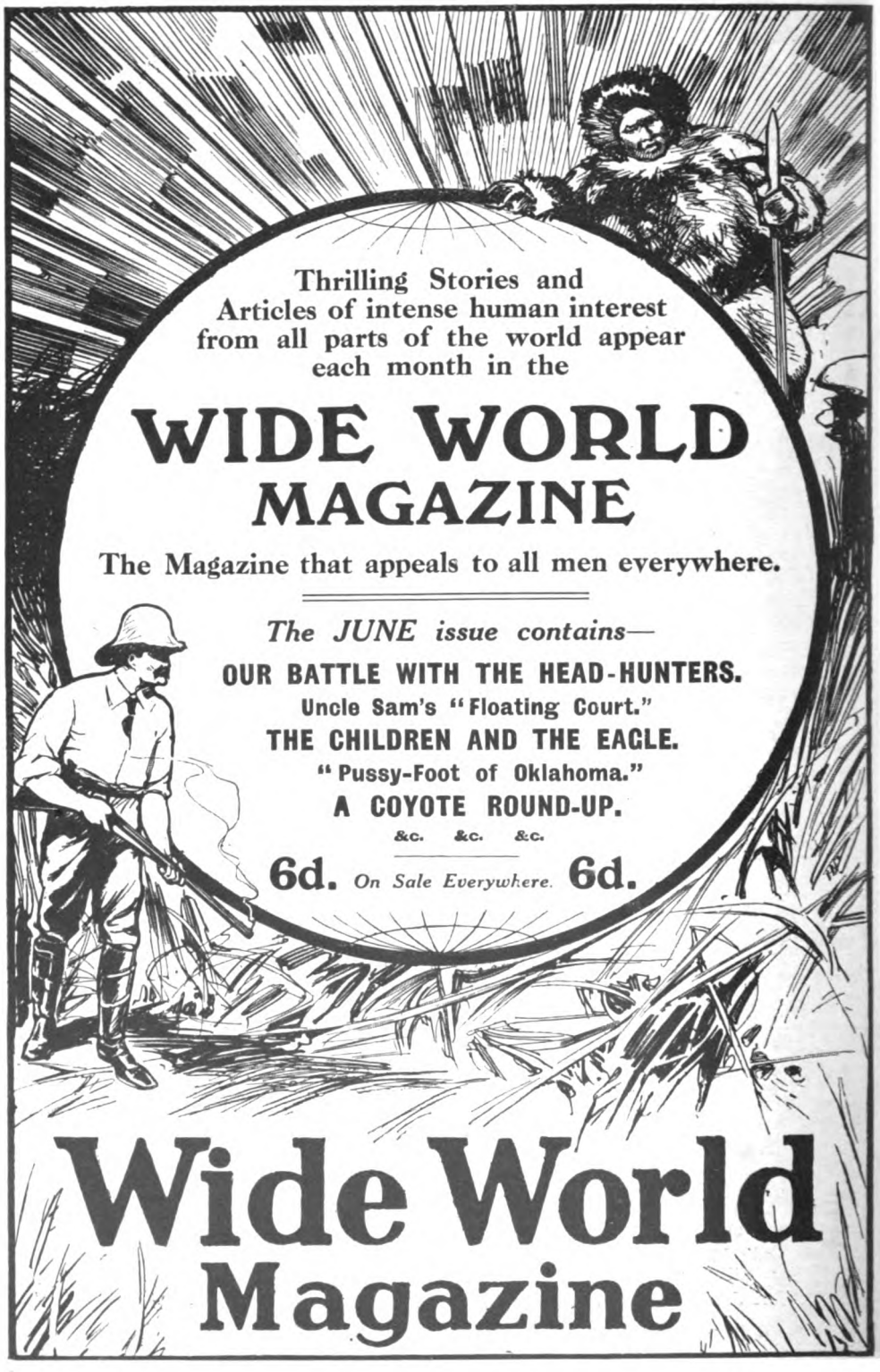
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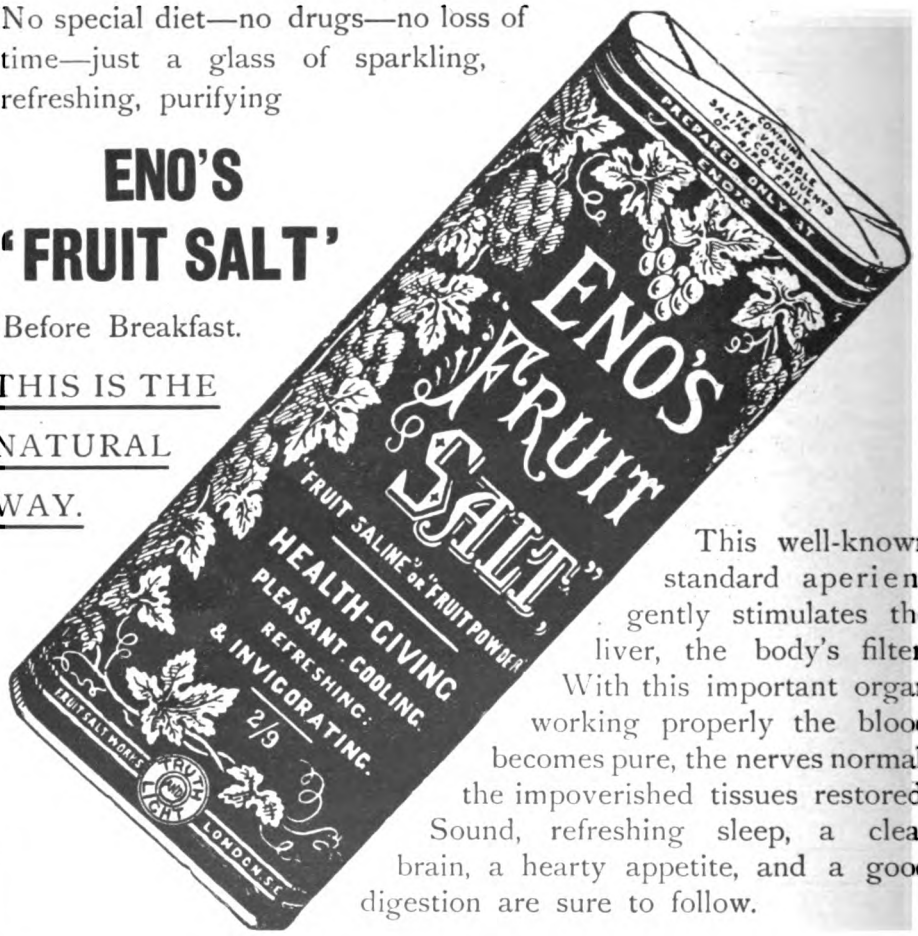

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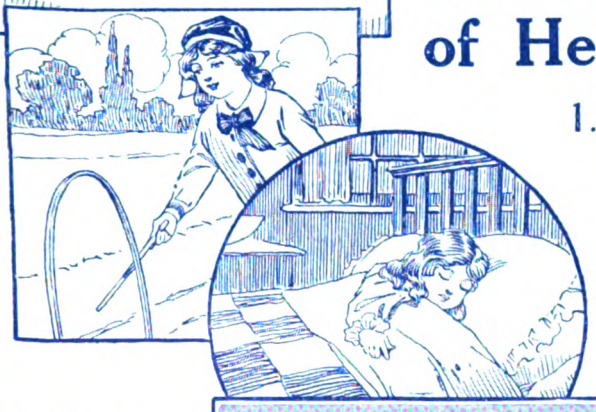

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